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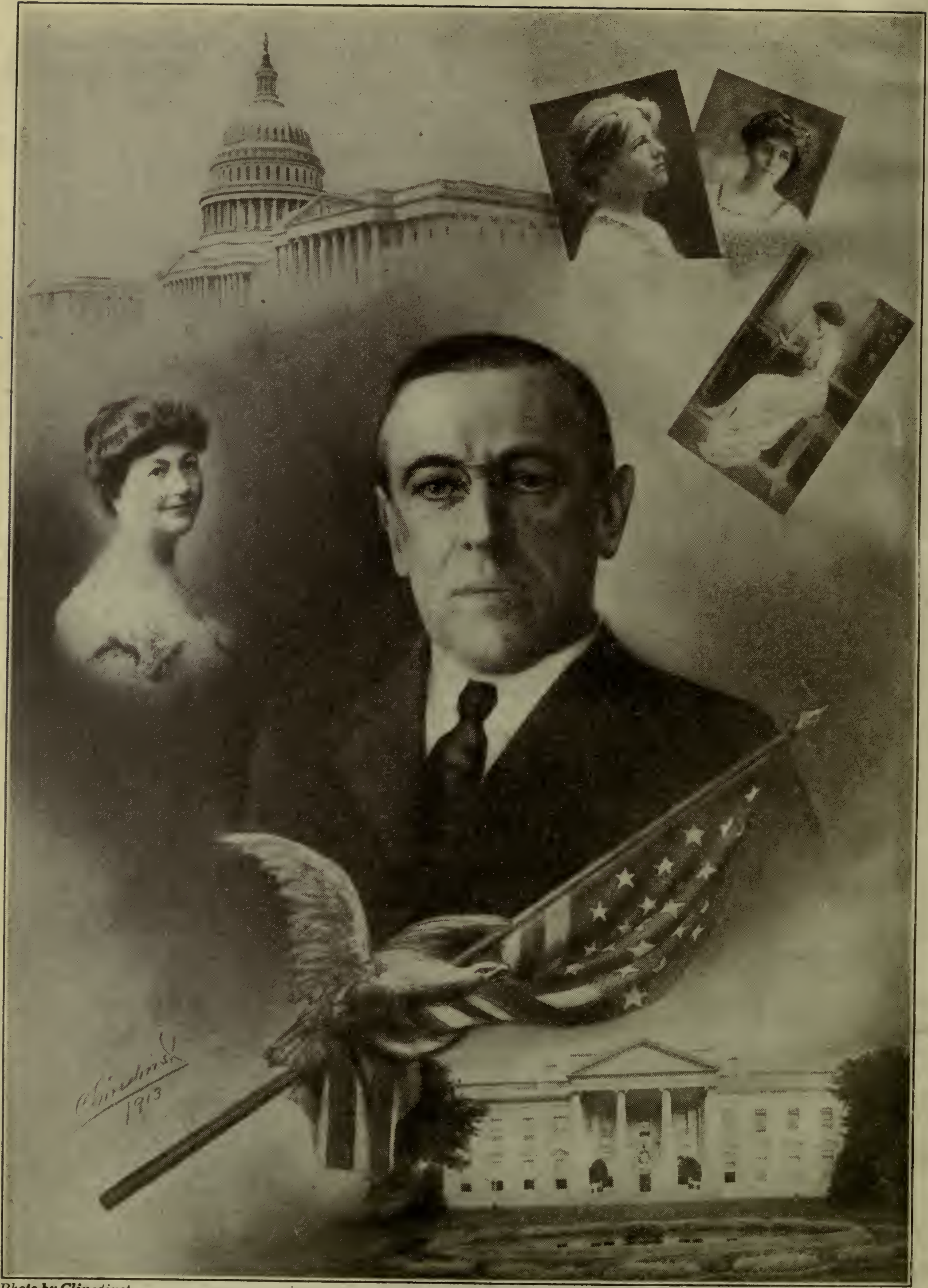
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NEW OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON AND HIS FAMILY

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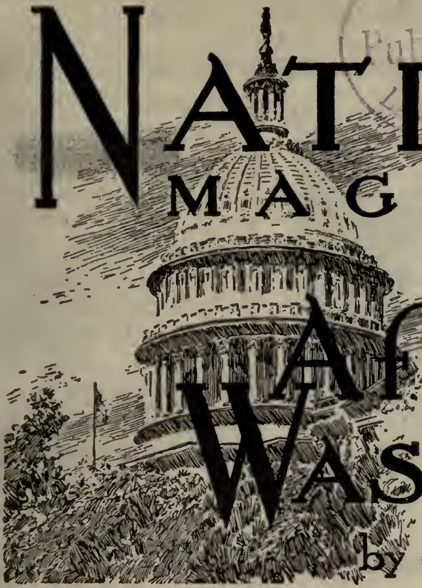


Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

DESPITE the efforts made to preserve simplicity in the preparation for the inauguration, the advent of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States suggested the days of the Coronation of King Edward, which I witnessed in 1903. There had not been a coronation for many years when Edward VII was crowned, and it was an event long looked forward to by the English. In the same way it had been many years since a Democratic President had passed up the Avenue in Washington, and when Woodrow Wilson took the oath there was keen anticipation among the faithful. It was not so much hero worship as it was an opportunity for the people to focus their admiration on an individual and give expression to party patriotism so long submerged under the Republican votes of other years.

* * * * *

NOT since the close of the Civil War in 1865 has Washington had such a largely attended inauguration, and as one watches the passing panorama the thought comes, "Who next?" This seems to be one of the phases of a republican government that cannot be understood by the members of the diplomatic corps. One noted exception to this case is the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, the British ambassador, whose retirement is greatly regretted in America. As the author of "The American Commonwealth," which has gone through several editions, and his recent book on South America, Ambassador Bryce will live in history as one of the most popular English authors in America. As he watched every detail of the ceremonies on Inauguration Day, one could understand why this little man with full gray beard had been able to write so interestingly and exhaustively on American politics. In chatting with me shortly before leaving the procession for the Senate gallery he told of his early experiences in Dakota years ago. He said that gathering information for his book, "The American Commonwealth," now regarded as the standard text-book on America, was not achieved by browsing in a library or poring over ancient volumes. More than any European he has been a first-hand, personal observer of American political life.

Photo by Clinedinst

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WOODROW WILSON AT STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

As I mingled among the diplomats in the Marble Room on this occasion, it seemed a pity that the enlargement of the Senate Chamber will do away with the old Marble Room where so many great men have gathered and held conferences of vital import. Where else but in the shadows of the Marble Room could a Senator meet a constituent with more grace and ease? It has none of the austere air of an office building—no desks or office stools to indicate commercial activities, but simple, deep-seated sofas and chairs, and a magnificent marble-topped table. Then there is an unparalleled view out over the capital city, which has occupied the abstracted gaze of many a Senator when trying to think a way out of the political complications suggested by the argumentative bombardment of earnest constituents.

* * * * *

IT was my opportunity to study closely for more than an hour the face of President Wilson, and it suggested a study in smiles. There was the gracious, sympathetic smile of McKinley, brought to mind by the deep blue eyes and his puckered lips and kindliness; the staccato, toothsome smile of President Roosevelt with its tinge of sarcasm and its merry sparkle; the genial Taft smile with its diaphragmatic laugh, and now for four years it will be the Wilson smile—just a quiet parting of the lips that may be considered either polite or quizzical, but has nothing to remind one of the Roosevelt grin or the expansive beaming of Mr. Taft. President Wilson seems to smile often, but not always because he is amused, or because he is expressing real emotion, but in formality or politeness. There is nothing in the smile to indicate whether he accedes to or disagrees with the proposition, but a sort of "I will take it under consideration." There is no irony in it: it is simple politeness, courtesy and chivalry.

Basking in the smiles of a President today is very like the experience of the courtiers of old when they sought to win favor in the sight of kings and queens. In the quietude of it all it seemed almost stupendous to think that in this man was centered control over the disbursement of thirty millions of dollars in salaries to be paid in presidential appointments alone. And when on his first day in office President Wilson decreed that no applicants for office would be received in person, but that the members of the Cabinet should be consulted, it awakened much curiosity in the mind of the observer on the reviewing stand. Despite the banishment of the office-seekers, the throng of visitors continued, and the flood of letters on the President's desk indicated that a new calling list had been established at the White House.

* * * * *

NATURALLY during Inauguration week I knew that hundreds of readers would be interested in details concerning the personnel of the new administration, and I began a series of calls by seeking out Secretary Tumulty (pronounced with the accent on the Tum and not Tumul-ty, or anything like tumultuous). The new Secretary to the President was duly carrying out executive orders that no office-seekers are to be admitted.

Joseph P. Tumulty is a real secretary of action. Always alert he comes out of his room to keep the newspaper boys informed as to such matters as are given out inside. He is popular and frank spoken, and handles an enormous number of people in short order and true diplomatic style. Tumulty has grown up with the Wilson movement and is one man certain to develop. His blond hair is growing sparse a-top, but his keen blue eyes are deep-set, and with a big cigar at hand he knows just how to meet and greet people, whether newspaper men or diplomats. Attired in a salt and pepper gray suit, with a modest necktie of yellow shade setting off his auburn hair, he is a perfect type of the live American secretary. On the first day at the White House he demonstrated his ability of meeting and handling people and managing matters political in his own comfortable way. It seems to matter little to him whether he is in New Jersey or Washington.

Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT WILSON AND SECRETARY JOSEPH P. TUMULTY

* * * * *

THE first representative of a foreign government to greet President Wilson was an envoy from King Alfonso, the Marques de la Vega Inclan, the royal commissioner delegate, who has already selected a site at the Panama Exposition at San Francisco. President Wilson received from Marques Inclan his first message from a European ruler. Personal good wishes were exchanged, and there was a significance when the Spanish envoy told of the elaborate plans his country was making for their exhibit at the Panama

Exposition. In 1918 Spain plans an elaborate exposition of her own at Castile, and the Panama Pacific celebration will be of interest as setting Spain a standard. President Wilson elicited the information that reports of King Alfonso's visit to the United States were unfounded because it would be impossible for the Monarch to be absent from his country for any length of time. Alfonso has, however, expressed a keen wish to visit America, in which country he feels a hearty personal interest.

Later when the Philippines were mentioned to the representative of the ancient rulers of the Islands, there was a queer little twinkle in his eyes.

* * * * *

THE close of the Sixty-second Congress found Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, pro tempore President of the United States Senate, with the honor of swearing in the new president of that body. Senator Gallinger as the presiding officer was especially fitted for dispatching business, for his long experiences and service have made him the dean of the Senate. During the month preceding he was kept busy signing the receipts of the messengers as they brought in the electoral votes of the states. One woman, representing her sex for the first time in the electoral college of the nation, reported Utah for Taft. The mileage for election mounted up to a high figure. The Arizona delegate was lost on the way, but the Senatorial clock was accommodatingly set back in order to allow him to arrive on time.

Senator Gallinger as one of the leaders will occupy the Minority Conference room across the hall upstairs over the district room where he has long presided. Since March 4th, he has been the senior member in point of service of both parties of the Senate. He has been a member of the District of Columbia Committee for twenty-two years and during his administration has carried out many important improvements, including the Senate Office Building, which will always remain a monument to his energy in advancing the nation's capital.

A printer boy and later a practicing physician he has been accounted for years the busiest man in the Senate. He is always at work, always in his seat, and has occupied his desk perhaps longer, hour for hour, than any other senator. During the impeachment trial of Judge Archbold he felt it was his duty to be there, and was on hand early and late hearing testimony with that characteristic conscientiousness of a New England representative. The new twenty million dollar Union Station, Connecticut Avenue Bridge (one million dollars), District Building and reclamation of the Potomac flats are a part of the record in District of Columbia improvements during the years that Senator Gallinger served on the committee. The banquet held at Washington on the occasion of his seventy-fourth birthday was a fitting tribute to the service of the sturdy and energetic Senator from the old Granite State.

It was in 1862 that Dr. Gallinger hung out his shingle as a physician at Concord, New Hampshire. He immediately began to take an interest in schools and churches, while the cause of temperance and the public health enlisted his attention as well as his co-operation in early days. A ready speaker and debater he was always busy at home, for as his neighobrs at Concord declare, "Doctor Gallinger never secured any success in a dead calm." He first went to the State legislature, served in the Constitutional Convention, then followed State Senator, and since has had a legislative experience more extensive than most of his coadjutors in the Senate. With the exception of two years intervening between his service in the House of Representatives and the Senate, he has been in active public life since 1882. When in the House of Representatives he delivered a notable tariff speech entitled "A Plea for New England," of which more than a million copies have been printed and distributed.

The correspondence files of Senator Gallinger with his constituents covers almost every known topic, but amid the stormiest scenes he remains the same genial, kindly leader, who has always retained the affection of his people. At his home in Concord, and summer home, "The Poplars," in Salisbury Heights, Senator Gallinger continues busy, the same as in the whirl of activities at Washington, and it was a splendid tribute from his Democratic colleagues that his personal appointment of a postmaster at Concord was confirmed, although the other fifteen hundred appointments were held up. This was a tribute to the fairness of Senator Gallinger as a presiding officer. In many a hotly contested parliamentary debate he has won his point, but always by fair methods. The people of New Hampshire may well be proud of the sturdy veteran who represents them in the Senate, and administered the oath of office to the Senate's new president.

RECEIVING WAR NEWS FROM MEXICO AT THE WHITE HOUSE. THE MESSAGES ARE IMMEDIATELY SENT THROUGH TO THE PRESIDENT

* * * * *

THE last meeting of the Gridiron Club at Washington before the retirement of President Taft was made the occasion of the presentation of a gold gridiron as a mark of the esteem of the Washington correspondents, who are members of this club. The dinner was a notable one. There was the usual din at the beginning after the Inaugural procession had marched into the banquet hall. There were Princeton professors, the "Wanta Eta Pie Frat" and the "In Bad Club," and a roar of laughter greeted the shout, "Where is the Houn' Dog Club?" Then memories of Baltimore were awakened. There was an allusion to "Mr. William of Cincinnati" and "Mr. Theodore of Oyster Bay," while there was a discord in the band triyng to play "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" with Keller's "Hymn of Peace" going on at the same time.

President Wilson was impersonated as closeted with his cabinet beginning to frame a message, then Miss Democracy came along hunting for her mascot, while Gridiron songsters trilled merrily concerning "Schedule K." The late songs and old favorite operas were utilized. The "Gobble Duet" was revived with the words changed to "Office, office, office, bah," etc.

It was a merry program, and gathered about the table were representatives of nearly every branch of government from sedate justices and dainty diplomats to new postoffice clerks. Many visitors came from afar and it was in all a distinguished gathering, for the Gridiron Club always has some of its victims present in person, and no President, present, past or prospective, has ever escaped.

* * * * *

ONE thing I especially remarked about Inauguration Day that not once during all that day of jubilation was the name of Roosevelt mentioned or thought of. One ubiquitous reporter made an inquiry among a number of people and found that during all that day of triumph and change not one had even thought of Theodore Roosevelt and of that spectacular occasion eight years ago when he was re-elected after his succession to the presidency occasioned by the death of William McKinley. This fact is not commented upon as indicative of the Colonel's loss of prestige or power, but as showing how the memories of great men and occasions are lost in the wild acclaim and enthusiasm of the moment.

* * * * *

NOW and then a delicate point comes up in the procedure of the Senate that sets the wiseacres to discussing. Senator William Alden Smith, in trying to force matters along at the close of a session which was being obstructed by retiring senators, shook his fist in the face of his colleagues, and declared that if they did not desist he would be forced to remind them that their term of service expired at 12.01 a. m. March fourth rather than at high noon of that day, twelve hours later. Literally the term of senator expires when March fourth comes in, but tradition extended the time to high noon March fourth, when the clock is held back until the business of the session is completed.

The question was also brought up whether Woodrow Wilson was the twenty-seventh or the twenty-eighth president. This is because Grover Cleveland served two terms with one term intervening, which would make a dual personality if twenty-eight is the accepted number. The custom of calling Mr. Wilson the twenty-seventh president therefore prevails.

It was a striking scene when seventeen senators retired and seventeen new senators were sworn in. Now to use Vice-president Marshall's metaphor the question is, "If the Senate is the blinders of the harness, is the House on the other side only the crupper," with which fine allegorical distinction it will be decidedly necessary for the leaders to watch the breechings and crupper as well as the blinders and the bit.

During his first day in office Vice-President Marshall was uncomfortable because he could not put himself at his ease as when at home, lawyer-like, he rested his feet on the table in his room. The cynosure of all eyes in the Vice-President's room, the nervous, wiry Hoosier insisted that he felt like a monkey in a cage. So he closed the door, put his feet on the table, and felt at home.

Photo by Clinedinst

THE CROWD WAITING FOR ADMISSION TO THE WHITE HOUSE MARCH 5, DESPITE THE PRESIDENTIAL MANDATE, "NO OFFICE SEEKERS ALLOWED"

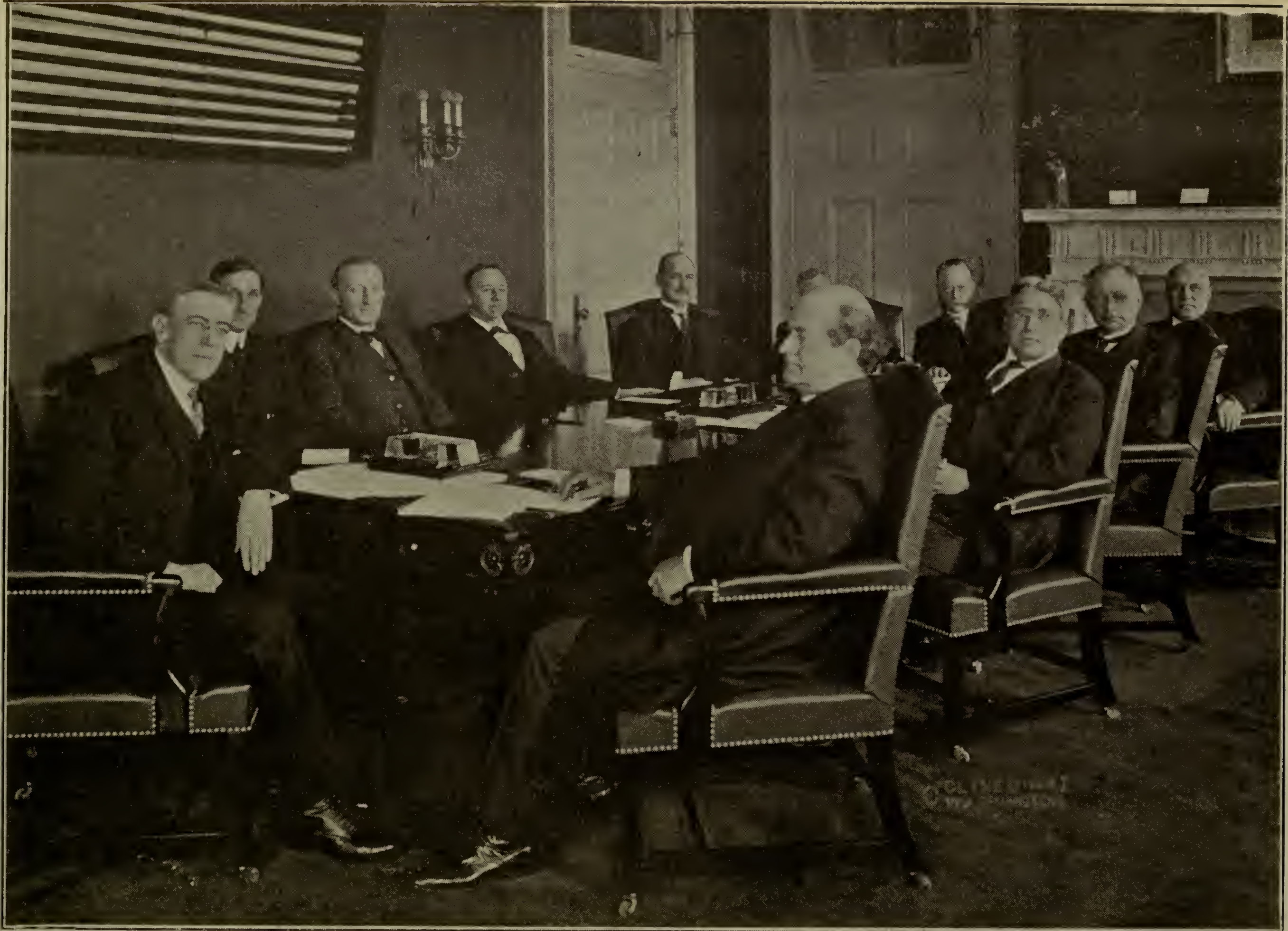
Hereafter the handsome old clock and the mirrors for which Adams was denounced for his extravagance will reflect the exceeding peace of the new Vice-President, resting serenely with his feet on the table, when the door is securely closed.

* * * * *

TAKING the first photograph of the new cabinet was an event that occasioned a great stir, for it was the first picture ever taken of a cabinet of ten members. Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor arrived in time to have his infantile creation represented in the great council gathered about the table. The personnel of the Cabinet is an interesting study. Half of the members are Southern born, and all range in age closely to fifty years. There are two Wilsons, Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson, and President Woodrow Wilson, but the President's surname soon loses its identity in the conduct of official affairs, for it is always "The President," or "Mr. President."

An interesting study was made by a student of history as he watched the various members of the Cabinet enter. There was the long, lean form of Secretary of the Treasury William Gibbs McAdoo, the young man who made the Hudson Tunnel Tube possible; who will now be able to look more dignified in approaching the financiers in New York than formerly when trying to raise money for his great operations. Already he has been christened the Talleyrand of the new administration.

Secretary of Commerce William C. Redfield is the only one of the group who wears a beard, and many jokes have been made at the expense of his



PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS CABINET IN THE CABINET ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

(*From left to right*) The President; William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; James C. McReynolds, Attorney-General; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce; Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior; Albert S. Burleson, Postmaster-General: Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War; William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State auburn burnsides. The oath was administered to William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, by Justice Hughes. It was an interesting scene when the new members of the cabinet were sworn in. Secretary Bryan was the first to take his oath on the day previous, and immediately after the ceremonies, turned and grasped the hand of Mrs. Bryan. His first official act was to sign the commissions of his nine colleagues in the Cabinet. Franklin K. Lane, the new Secretary of the Interior, took the oath of office in the Supreme Court room, and in every case there was a hearty good feeling and consultation between the outgoing and incoming Cabinet ministers. At the Agricultural Department a notary public appeared and David F. Houston of Missouri qualified as Secretary, with Governor Folk, retiring Secretary Fisher and former Governor Francis as witnesses. The good-byes of three thousand employees of the Agricultural Department were given the retiring secretary in the new Agassiz Museum in the evening. J. C. McReynolds, the only member of the Cabinet whose democracy has been challenged, took the oath in a business-like way before the Court of Appeals and went into consultation with Mr. Bullitt, the solicitor-general. Two oaths of office were given to Albert Sydney Burleson, postmaster-general, one to discharge the duties of his office and the other to support the Constitution of the United States. Postmaster-General Hitchcock responded to the brief address made by the incoming cabinet minister. There was a business-like discussion between the two and a gratifying tribute paid to Mr. Hitchcock on the genius displayed in the organization and results of his department.

At the War office Lindley M. Garrison was sworn in and afterward held a reception at which all the army officers in the city were presented by Major-General Leonard Wood. Secretary Stimson's dignified farewell was much applauded. The new head of the War Department when questioned in regard to the situation in Mexico replied wittily, "I have just broken in and am not ready to break out." There was a bit of romance connected with the choice of Josephus Daniels for the Navy Department, as he was a relative of Lieutenant Bagley, the only officer in the navy killed during the Spanish War. There were many personal friends present from the old home town of Raleigh to see Secretary Daniels sworn in. The retiring secretary, Mr. George von L. Meyer, gracefully expressed his appreciation to the newspaper men, the heads of naval departments and their assistants as he bade them farewell. Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor and Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce both took the oath of office in retiring Secretary Nagel's office, where an informal reception was held.

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THE closing minutes of the Sixty-second Congress found "Uncle Joe" Cannon in the Speaker's chair. At the call of his old friend, Speaker Clark, Uncle Joe presided once again over the House of which he has been a member for more than forty years. A wild cheer greeted him as he mounted the rostrum, and an affecting farewell followed. With a resolution of thanks, a tribute was paid by Minority Leader Mann to Speaker Clark, who was presented with a watch. A silver fruit stand was presented to the retiring parliamentary clerk of the Speaker, Judge Charles Crisp, who has been elected member of Congress from Georgia. He is a son of former Speaker Crisp, and will be one of the most thoroughly trained members of the new

MR. ARTHUR FREIDHEIM, THE CELEBRATED RUSSIAN PIANIST WHO HAS BEEN ENTERTAINING LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCES ON HIS AMERICAN TOUR

Congress. His father was one of the most popular Speakers the House ever had, and the remarks of his son brought back vivid memories to a number of the older Democratic members who had served in the House when the late Charles Frederick Crisp was in the Speaker's chair.

* * *

IN the Senate are preserved some of the formalities of the early days of the Republic. When the ballots were brought to the Senate and the announcement made, finally and officially, that the election of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States was effected last November, the ceremony was so formal that even the page boys, who had the distinction of bearing the boxes into the Senate Chamber, seemed to be impressed. This is one of the occasions when the House and Senate joined together in an official function. The old-time prejudice between the Senate and the House has been eliminated in recent years. The Senate is being recruited from members of the House who maintain their friendships at the other end of the Capitol even after they have donned the Senatorial toga. Then, too, there are many ambitious young members of the Lower House who coming into the Senate side linger to listen and dream of the years to come. And as election days come and time goes on, many of these same young Representatives find themselves walking down the aisle of the Senate Chamber, taking the oath with an air of one whose dreams have come true.

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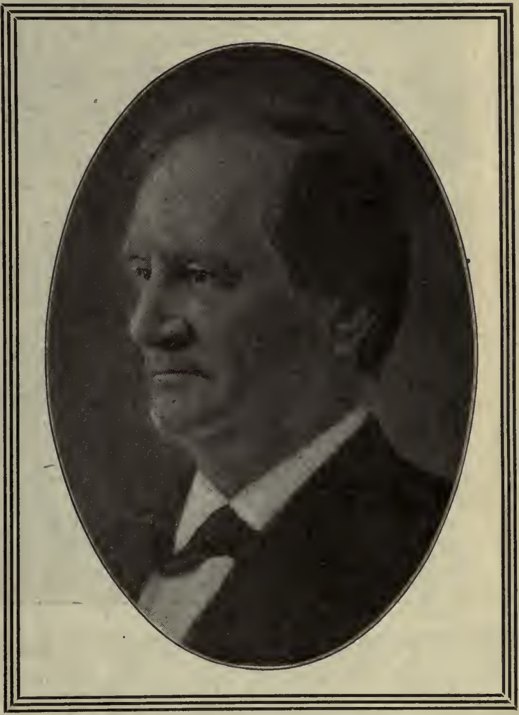
SPEAKING of new Republican leaders in the Senate, there seems to be an enthusiastic following of Senator Borah of Idaho, for the reason that he has never separated himself from his party, although he is active and prominent in Progressive legislation. He is the senator who saved the Labor

Department, created by one of the last bills signed by President Taft, and such little acts, often the result of a momentary impulse, sometimes have much to do with a successful political career. The ability of Senator Borah is unquestioned. His constituents in Idaho recognize in him the calibre of a senator who has long years of useful service ahead of him, and although geographical location has been a conspicuous feature in the past in determining leadership, it is becoming less so in these days of rapid communication, when any one part of the country seems almost adjacent to another. Then, too, old-time political boundary lines have been somewhat obliterated, and carrying Illinois, Indiana or any "doubtful state" is not so much due to one man as to effective leadership in political strategy and principles.

Senator Borah wore a white carnation and one of his happiest smiles as he faced the majority on the opposite side of the Senate chamber and took his place among the minority. As the sceptre of power passed from one aisle to the other one could mark the changes of expression in the faces of the men. On the Democratic side there was the glint of victorious leadership, while a flash of aggressive opposition radiated on the side that had just relinquished its own long lease of power.

* * *

ONE of the most conspicuous figures in the Inaugural parade was Hollow Horn Bear, the leading Indian Chief from the Rosebud Sioux agency of South Dakota. Six feet, three inches tall and of splendid feature and proportion, it is claimed that from his photograph was taken the engraving on the five dollar silver certificate. For the parade he was dressed in the full garb of an Indian Chief, and made a most impressive figure. The thousands who cheered the gallant chief along the line of parade were shocked a week later to learn of his severe illness, soon followed by his death, in Washington. For years Hollow Horn Bear had been known as the ideal Indian, not only because of his physical perfection, but because of his exceptional qualities as a man.



JUDGE ALPHONSO TAFT, THE FATHER OF WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. HE WAS A MEMBER OF PRESIDENT GRANT'S CABINET AND HIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS ONE OF TWO HUNG IN THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM, THE OTHER BEING THAT OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT

He was regarded as a gifted orator, and had always been the spokesman of his people at any council of the Indians or in any negotiations with the

Federal Government. He brought with him, during his recent visit to Washington, a beautifully carved pipe, and made a personal presentation of it to President Wilson, with a fitting and graceful statement.

In later years he has stood for the best in the upbuilding and betterment of his people, and in every way exercised his good offices in co-operation with the Government in treating with his people.

He was in the battle with Custer on the Little Big Horn, 1876, and was conspicuous for his bravery and heroism. Later, however, he changed his course and was a special representative and friend of the Government in seeking peace between the United States army and the Sioux after the battle of Wounded Knee, in South Dakota, in 1890. Following the Custer massacre the Government disarmed all of the Indians of the Sioux nation and took from them their ponies, for which they were compensated. This was done with the object of keeping them upon their reservations. During the recent visit of Hollow Horn Bear he called upon the Secretary of the Interior. He recognized the rifle that had been taken from him more than thirty-five years ago, and retained as a conspicuous trophy. It was gracefully turned over to him and with great pleasure and satisfaction he hoped to carry it home.

Photo by Clinedinst

THE LATE CHIEF HOLLOW HORN BEAR, WHOSE DEATH SOON AFTER THE INAUGURATION FESTIVITIES, IN WHICH HE TOOK AN IMPORTANT PART, WAS GREATLY REGRETTED BY OFFICIAL WASHINGTON

Hollow Horn Bear had long been a friend of Senator Gamble of South Dakota, and frequently visited him to talk over matters affecting the interests of his people. The Senator, during his long service, took an especial interest in the welfare of the Indians and in legislation to promote their progress and development.

There are upwards of twenty thousand Indians within the State of South Dakota. Not many years since the entire western half of the state was embraced within the Indian Reservations. These have been gradually opened to settlement. During Senator Gamble's service in the Senate he has passed through that body measures opening to the white settlers nearly twelve million acres of these lands, and representing substantially one-sixth of the area of the entire State. Only two small counties remain unaffected in the Pine Ridge Reservation.

Senator Gamble has the fullest confidence of the Indians of his state and is known to all the Sioux of South Dakota as "Cetan Tanka," meaning Big Hawk. His Indian constituents joined with him in sincerely mourning the passing of Chief Hollow Horn Bear.

* * * * *

DURING the Inauguration thousands of people made their first visit to Washington. The impressions of everyone are worth study, for we like to know what other people think, aside from our own impressions. As thousands were making their first pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, the impressions of the poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, were recalled. He made his first visit to Mount Vernon in 1816. As a New Yorker, he insisted that New York was the best place for a residence; Baltimore he thought resembled it most; Philadelphia had attractions for a literary man; but Washington he described as "a mere desert" with its "Goose Creeks," swamps and marshes. He stopped for a time on the field at Bladensburg and looked over the White House left in ruins by the British soldiers, the debris of the battle being still scattered over the field. There is just the same colloquial touch in this account as in the letters written home today by the young man or young woman who visits the historic birthplace of Washington and attempts to tell the home-folks all about it.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE
A popular and able ruler assassinated by a degenerate Greek at Saloniki

Halleck describes seeing Mrs. Madison at a theatre, where "a number of amateurs were murdering a play." He describes her as a very handsome, dignified personage, who presided at the levee in a style not excelled by European courts. The suavity of manner and the grace and demeanor of polished society amid the rude pioneer surroundings of Washington greatly impressed him. The observer of today sees the stately city with its buildings, avenues, parks and residences radically changed, and more than realizing the dream picture of President Washington, who saw in the unreclaimed site the future glories of the great capital. Have we gained socially as well or have we lost that grace, suavity and gentility of manners that charmed the visitor to Washington in early days?

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THE retirement of Senator Shelby Cullom and "Uncle Joe" Cannon from Congress snaps the last living link associated with the days of Lincoln. What a happy gathering it was in Washington when "Uncle Joe" received the kind and affectionate greetings of friend and foe and proved his agility by dancing the hornpipe on the polished floor of the East Room in the White House. The political passions of the campaign have passed, and

"Uncle Joe" retired with the affectionate regard and kind appreciation of even the home folks who helped to defeat him. In all the fifty years of his public service and with all his responsibilities as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations he has left behind not one blot or taint on his record as an honest public servant. What more could be said?

Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT AND MRS. WOODROW WILSON AT UNION STATION, WASHINGTON

DURING the closing days of the administration Postmaster-General Hitchcock gave many demonstrations of the advantages of postal savings and parcel post, both established under his administration, and his annual report made public shortly before he left office suggested several important improvements, especially in parcel post. He would extend the eleven-pound limit, and include books in the list of articles which may be forwarded by parcel post.

During the Hitchcock administration the postal deficit was eliminated and a surplus established, and the retiring Postmaster-General believes that even greater economies can be achieved. Stinging sarcasm showed through even the staid official language when attention was called to the franking system, whereby 300,000,000 pieces of mail have been carried free through the mails, representing a loss to the government of more than $20,000,000.

As is evidenced in Mr. Hitchcock's report the practical operation of the parcel post shows many kinks that must be straightened out before the new system will meet the exactions and demands of the American people for parcel service. The people have been too long educated in holding carriers responsible for damages and reimbursement when packages went astray to entrust their parcels to Uncle Sam if he assumes no responsibility. There must also be an adjustment of rates to obviate those cases in which packages coming by parcel post across the continent exceed letter postage, thus leaving express companies the successful competitors.

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IT was indeed a novel scene presented by the Senate the day after inauguration. In nearly every row there were new faces, and to me the most impressive feature of the transition of administrative power from one party to another was when "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," as it were, from the right hand (Republican) side swept across the aisle the sceptre of power to the left or Democratic side. Originally the leaders of the party in power announce what is to be done and it is done, and the other side sits acquiescent, but this time the ponderous form of Senator Hoke Smith arose, and acting, as he said, in behalf of Senator Kern, offered a resolution for a committee to notify President Wilson that the Senate was in session. Senators Kern, Smith, Martin, Lodge and Root were the five chosen to wait upon the President, and the first business acted upon was the confirmation of the Cabinet. There were many changes of seats on the Senate floor, and "first come first served" was the order of the day. Senator Clark of Wyoming took the seat of the veteran, Senator Cullom, in the front row. Senators Jackson, Pomerene and Owen also moved into the front row and the new senators modestly appeared on the outside edge of the chamber on both sides.

Photo by Clinedinst

SENATOR WM. P. JACKSON OF MARYLAND, WHO IS NOT ALTOGETHER A NEWCOMER IN SENATORIAL CIRCLES, HAVING FILLED OUT THE UNEXPIRED TERM OF THE LATE SENATOR ISIDOR RAYNER

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TWO officers at the State Department who will continue in office are second assistant secretary Alvey A. Adee, who entered the service in 1870 as secretary of the legation at Madrid, coming to Washington in 1877; and Wilbur J. Carr, director of the consular service, who has been so thoroughly identified with the reconstruction of the service that he seems to be indispensable. The Mexican war clouds were dissipated during the inaugural festivities, but after the handshakings and congratulations were over, the department "went right away" for business, and the flood tide of talk and discussion of the situation again rolled on.

The first ambassador to pay his respects to the President was the Japanese Viscount Sutemi Chinda. Among the thirteen governors who graced the portico at the inauguration was John K. Tener of Pennsylvania, the only Republican governor to appear at the Democratic inauguration. But, as was laughingly remarked, an inauguration would seem incomplete unless Pennsylvania was well represented.

The secret service men who have been so long attached to the presidential retinue continue with President Wilson: James Sloan, L. C. Wheeler and Richard L. Jervis, and the alertness of these lynx-eyed men when the influx of strangers poured into the executive office indicated the responsibility of their work until they became familiar with the many new faces.

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AS one by one the bands and regiments left Washington after Inauguration and the stands were being torn down, and all evidences of the festivities removed, the capital became a lonely, commonplace city to the thousands of tourists who had never seen it save in Inaugural dress. The Avenue presented a sharp contrast to that wonderful spectacle when the bands were playing and the gayety of the crowds overflowed in dancing the "Turkey Trot" and other stunts in true holiday spirit.

The successful management of the greatest Inauguration ever known in Washington was especially creditable to Colonel William Corcoran Eustis, Chairman of the Inaugural Committee, and his corps of assistants. At no other inauguration has all Washington been so enthusiastic and unanimous in preparing for the advent of a new administration. As there was an alliterative charm in the "Win with Wilson" at the Baltimore Convention, "Washington's Welcome to Wilson" seemed fitly to harmonize the beginning and the end of a triumphal progress to the White House.

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FAMOUS men are seen in all their glory at Washington just now. Men who have influence and standing under the new regime thrill with satisfaction as people look on them and say "there he goes"—"there's so and so." It is altogether exhilarating and irresistible. The personal popularity of Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan is due to the fact that everyone seems to know him. He has been through many of the ups and downs of having attentions and non-attentions, but it is all the same to him. In Room 212, where diplomats are usually received, he met the large gathering of his friends and admirers. The number of official plums which he has at his disposal make Secretary Bryan and the State Department a magnet for office seekers.

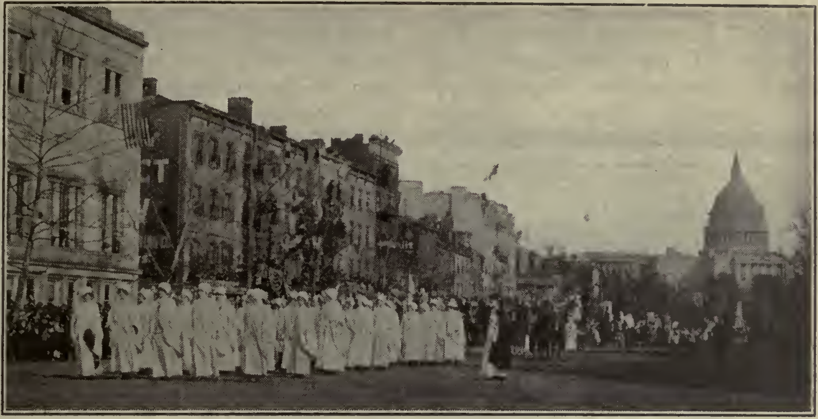

Photo by Clinedinst

THE NATIONAL SUFFRAGETTE ASSOCIATION MARCHING IN THE SUFFRAGETTE PARADE

The Inauguration of President Wilson

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

HISTORY will record the Inauguration of 1913 as a double event. The woman's pageant of March third was a brilliant overture to the official formalities of March fourth. The Suffragettes seized the opportunity to make it more than a mere inauguration display—they turned the day preceding into a rousing demonstration of the power and growth of the sentiment "Votes for Women."

The interim of sixteen years elapsing between the advent of a Democratic president brought thousands of the faithful to Washington. From every state and territory, and especially from New Jersey, the state of the new President—everybody was there. Every train that stopped in New Jersey during the first days of March picked up pilgrims for Washington. There were soldier boys in uniforms, staid business men in silk hats, brushed up for the occasion; women in hats and hoods, and boy scouts in khaki. Even President Woodrow Wilson in leaving Trenton put aside his prejudices against the silk tile, succumbed to tradition and bowed his farewell, silk hat in hand.

The leave-taking of the President from Princeton was simple and home-like. The neighbors gathered and with fluttering kerchiefs bade him "Godspeed" in the raw March winds. As usual, he looked after his personal baggage, and laughed as he marked it "Woodrow Wilson, White House," feeling sure that it would reach its destination. Half a thousand Princeton lads came with him to Washington, and there were many "cheers and tigers, too," for the spirit of Old Nassau ran rampant. The opportunity for the old college to share with her alumni in the inauguration of a President had not occurred since the time that James Madison, a Princeton man, was made President.

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The city of Washington again showed its wonderful elasticity. It seemed to expand like a rubber balloon under the crush. Trains from all sections of the country poured into the palatial Union Station gateway like a rush in the Chicago loop. The great train sheds and rotunda were thronged with people, and little aisles were made among the masses through which recently arrived travelers passed with suitcases and jaunty air. The automatic train announcers sang the song of prompt arrivals and departures amid the clang of locomotive bells and the swish of steam. Crowds to greet you, crowds to push you in—crowds everywhere, early and late. The people were merry and chatty and each one seemed to express in action and words, "this is our government, our buildings and our Inauguration." Even the radiating streets and avenues of Washington were greatly mixed in distributing the great mass of humanity. The Avenue cars crept along in solemn procession amid the inaugural decorations. The yellow fluttering flags of "Votes for Women" were everywhere in evidence, while the flaming red of the "Antis" was also seen. It was a brilliant pageant of colors. On Sunday evening the lights across the Avenue began to twinkle and cluster about the alternate electric pendant lights of red, white and blue. The wave of light faded away in the distance and illuminated the stately Capitol which seemed like a ship in the sea of darkness. Searchlights played first on the dome, then back upon Washington monument, then swung the arc-light upon the fluttering flags over the Senate and House of Representatives, showing that Congress was in the throes of an all-night Sunday session. Silhouetted against the dark shadows of the night, long, streaming searchlights ring-streaked the sky like an Aurora Borealis. On the tip of the dome twinkled the electric light, the beacon star which would not set until the business of the Capitol was finished. The great building on the hill blazed like a factory working overtime.

Photo by Clinedinst

NEARING WASHINGTON IN THE "HIKE" OF THE SUFFRAGETTES. THE PILGRIMS CARED NEITHER FOR PELTING RAIN NOR MUD

In the corridors of the Capitol during the night session the visitors peeped through doors, first at the House and then at the Senate. The House was having a recess and the floor was deserted, but the papers strewn on the desks seemed eloquent of the scenes in which they had played a part. On the Senate side, with President Gallinger in the chair, matters were moving swiftly. The bells rang as the roll call of members proceeded in swift succession under the pressure of the closing session which seldom fails to reveal the old historic struggle between the two houses of Congress. At the entrances of the Senate were rows of conspicuous pegs with names clearly marked—first the President, President-elect, with Senator Crane and various leading senators. Each had his name over a seat, and it suggested memories of an old schoolhouse.

In and about the doors of the galleries were throngs pleading with the door-keepers for just a peep. There were sixteen small babies less than a year old at the Capitol that evening, for fathers and mothers were determined to witness Congress in session at night, one sight that even their little ones could not make them sacrifice. The baby eyes blinked as they looked about, some laughing, some crying, and as one smiling Senator remarked, "Who knows but some of these babies may some day be President of the United States?" A fond mother who was standing nearby with a tiny girl tugging at her skirts, pointed toward the little one and said: "Who knows but she may yet be President of the United States?" The Senator bowed gallantly and echoed "Who knows?"—for you cannot disassociate the Inauguration from "Votes for Women."

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In the Statuary Hall, originally used by the House of Representatives, were ranged the statues of celebrities from the various states, and in the night shadows stood mute and silent the simulacra of men whose voices once rang out clear and boldly under the dome in the infancy and youth of the Republic. Under the canopy of night the great Capitol humming with the unfinished business of a past administration, took on a weird fascination and became a fairy land of enchantment to the wide-eyed tourist.

Everywhere there was an air of preparation. Seats lining the avenue and everywhere were taken for the parade. The stand was already prepared for President Wilson to take the oath of office. Inside were the rails to divide the "distinguished guests" and those who were not guests.

The greatest activity, however, on Sunday night, was at the suffrage headquarters on F Street. Down in the little, stuffy, half-basement room, gaily decorated with yellow banners, there was no standing room and every one of the managers was trying to talk at the same time, planning for the great parade. Further down F Street was the anti-suffrage headquarters, with banners of blazing red. There was perhaps not so much excitement here, though it was plain to see that the battle was on between the yellow and red—a revival of the "War of the Roses" between Lancaster and York of old English history.

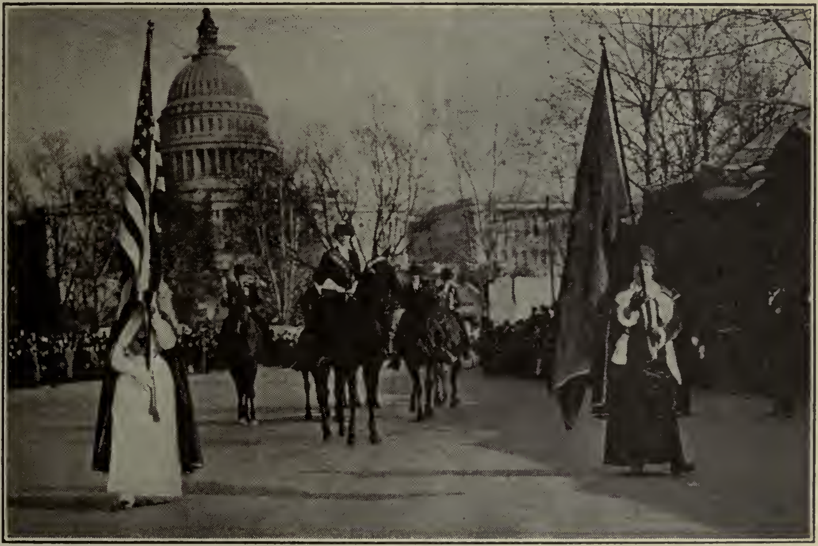


Photo by Clinedinst

START OF THE GREAT SUFFRAGETTE PARADE, SHOWING GRAND MARSHAL MRS. RICHARD COKE BURLESON (MOUNTED) AND HER AIDES

On Monday, the day before Inauguration, the weather was cold and blustery, but that did not dampen the determination of either the suffragettes or the anti-suffragettes, for the third of March was absolutely their own. Afternoon traffic stopped on the Avenue and the throngs began to gather. Such a scene will never be paralleled. The brilliant yellow was prominently displayed on every side, meeting the wave of red at every turn, as I went down the Avenue, not this time on a prancing charger as in the McKinley regime, looking first to right and left, finally reaching the Treasury Building. On the steps of the Treasury Building, facing the broad Potomac, was enacted a tableau, the like of which was never witnessed in the country. It was an allegorical tableau designed by Miss Hazel MacKaye, the daughter of the famous dramatist. It had all the intensive powers of opera and grand opera, and the charms of the Greek drama. The steps of the great Treasury Building had been given to the women "by an act of Congress," and were held against all intruders, even the moving picture men.

Photo by Clinedinst

"LIBERTY"—THE TABLEAU OF THE SUFFRAGETTES ON THE STEPS OF THE TREASURY BUILDING

As I looked on the great columns of the Treasury Building it reminded me of a scene of an ancient play. First came "Columbia," with a blare of trumpets and unfolding her mantle of rich blue revealed the stars and stripes as a lining. Followed "Justice," personified by Miss Sarah Albert, with her retinue, in purple robes with uplifted swords to the strains of "Tannhauser." Gracefully they came as if groping to find the truth, and when they saw "Columbia," they took their positions in line. When the heroic strains of "Aida" were played Miss F. F. Noyes, the noted Greek dancer, appeared, a veritable Greek goddess with diaphanous robes of cerise. She swooped down with flying feet and with a freedom and abandon of movement expressed the spirit of "Liberty." Each received in turn the favor of "Columbia." "Peace," represented by Miss Lawson, appeared in pure white, as the tinkling of a bell gave the cue to the bandmaster below the steps. She held in her hand a white dove, and as she advanced down the steps, the dove was released and it flew direct to the White House, near at hand, a harbinger of peace for the coming administration. The last was "Hope," portrayed by Miss Mildred Anderon, in a variegated robe of rainbow hue, capricious and gay, coming down the steps with a retinue of younger girls, carrying balloons of various colors to represent the bubbles of hope. As the group gathered for the final tableau on the stone steps in the shadows of the great columns, it made a picture that neither memory nor custom can ever efface.

Although the procession was slow in arriving on schedule time, the women with bare necks, arms and feet, braved the elements until orders were given to retire to the Treasury Building and await the parade. Here among the offices occupied by staid and dignified members of the President's cabinet, the gaily costumed and thinly-clad women assembled. As they sat on the winding stairs, radiant in purple, red, yellow, white and violet, they made of the dimly lighted corridors of the Treasury Department a dream of beauty that demonstrated to all who beheld it that taste and sentiment are always dear to the hearts of the American people.

One glance down the Avenue showed it solidly blocked with people, a spectacle never before witnessed on Pennsylvania Avenue with a procession in progress. From the Treasury Building and for one mile hence to the Peace Monument, along both sides of the street, covering every building and point of observation, were solid masses of humanity. The United States troops were mustered and an opening made through the living, surging sea of faces for the procession to proceed. When the advance column approached the Treasury Building the participants of the tableau again appeared, this time en masse, to the measured strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." As they came down the steps they reassembled, and the radiant colors seemed to blend like a rainbow, presaging no more deluges of blood in the carnage of war.

The marchers could not resist turning their eyes to look on the allegorical and yet breathing spectacle, and with their own band at their head the "tableau" swung into line and joined the procession.

At the head of the procession Mrs. Richard Coke Burleson, grand marshal, rode with her mounted guards, and her stately herald, the beautiful Miss Inez Milholland, certainly made a splendid escort for the Amendment Float—"We demand an Amendment to the United States Constitution, enfranchising the Women of the Country." The countries where women have full suffrage were represented with a float and each one of the countries was impersonated by a woman from that country, including Norway, Finland, New Zealand and Australia. The countries where women have partial suffrage included Sweden, Denmark, Iceland and Great Britain, and countries where women are working for suffrage are Turkey, Persia, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Germany and China. One float represented "Bible Lands" and was most impressive, depicting Deborah, Miriam and Huldah. Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley was in charge of the float, "As It Was in 1840," showing the first leader of the Movement for the Emancipation of Women standing alone, scorned by her own sex and facing a black wall of prejudice. This wall was dissipated and the various decades were represented.

"The Women of 1848" represented the first Woman's Rights Convention in this country in Rochester, New York, all arrayed in crinoline, with a dainty suggestion of lavender. Colorado was the first state to represent woman suffrage and was given the post of honor. The "Liberty Bell" appeared in line adding its deathless inspiration.

The women farmers were under the leadership of Mrs. Clara Taylor and made a most impressive picture. The man at the plow and the woman with the wheat were pastoral in their simplicity, and formed a very appealing argument for the benefits to both sexes resulting from cooperation whether in voting or working.

Photo by Clinedinst

"HOPE," PRESENTED IN THE TABLEAU OF THE SUFFRAGETTES

The college women made one of the largest delegations in line, and the women lawyers, doctors, pharmacists and wage-earners all told their story. Actresses were represented by Miss Lola LaFollette, the daughter of Senator LaFollette.

Along the line of parade it was distinctly an American crowd. I stood at the foot of the steps where a tableau was given, beside a journalist from Australia, and several other foreign newspaper men, and in different words and phrases each man expressed his admiration for American women. The taste and dignity of the mothers, wives and sweethearts in America were such, they agreed, as to make any man proud of them, no matter what he thought of "votes for women." That slogan "Votes for Women," seemed to be everywhere. It was even on the muffs carried by the women in the crowd.

Another striking hit was made by a little fellow, who made his way among the throng with a large cluster of toy balloons. President Wilson's face was painted on them against the vivid yellow, emblematic of hope. The balloon man had a larger bunch than was safe, and at a sudden gust of wind his small aeroplane ascended and there was a shriek as his legs dangled in the air—but only for a moment.

Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT-ELECT WILSON UPON HIS ARRIVAL IN THE UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, READY TO LEAVE FOR HIS HOTEL

Moving picture men were everywhere present. The police would put them out, but they would bob up again, rush up on the steps to get a view of the tableau or march alongside "General" Rosalie Jones as she passed by in the famous khaki robe in which the suffragettes walked from New York to Washington. Yes, the picture men were always there, and the same night the people were looking at the procession on canvas in the theaters. Girls riding astride had something of the dash of modern horsemanship, but there was a beauty and grace about those who rode in side saddles that would make the eyes of P. T. Barnum himself sparkle at the glories of the pageant.

In nearly every division there were a number of men marching, and when Senators and Congressmen from the states in which the woman suffrage now prevails appeared there was a ripple of applause. The only thing that seemed to strike a false note was the float intended to portray factory children and their conditions. Something evidently was wrong, because the young folks in the float were round and plump, and they laughed and made merry with an appearance that belied the purpose of the scene.

Through all the impressiveness there was a gleam of humor. There were boys marching along with tiny red, white and blue sunshades looking as effeminate as possible, and a laugh from even the suffragettes greeted the boys who bore dummies indicating how men will look later. There were colored suffragettes wearing the classic garb of students and a corps of nurses with the name of Florence Nightingale over white skirts and gray cloaks. Robin Hood cloaks were the order of the day—Robin Hoods in white, Robin Hoods in green, and vivid shades of blue, in fact, every shade of the rainbow was represented in line. The procession marched down the ellipse in front of the White House and on to the hall of the Daughters of the Revolution, where the great success of the day was concluded in a memorable meeting, and "every woman" talked it over in true feminine fashion. In the line were Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Suffrage Association, Doctor Anna Shaw, Mrs. Belva D. Lockwood, and many other women whose names had long been famous in history. A tribute was paid to the memory of Susan B. Anthony by the Syracuse, New York, delegation, carrying a large banner with the magic date of 1848. It was altogether a revelation of what sixteen million women in the country are doing toward shaping their destinies.

On the evening before the fourth of March the streets of Washington were thronged. Governor Wilson had arrived in the afternoon and went to the White House to pay his respects. He attended a smoker at the New Willard and stopped at the Shoreham Hotel. Peacock Alley was filled to overflowing. Souvenir post cards were being addressed by the millions. Everyone was writing them, because the home folks must have some souvenir of Inauguration Day, and Inauguration means something to American citizens.

The success of the woman's pageant was the leading topic of conversation. The women talked until it seemed that they had no enthusiasm left for the ceremonies of the day that was to come, but when the martial music of the West Point Cadets bands floated out, the hearts of many maidens fluttered as they looked upon this branch of the stern masculinity which was to have its turn on the morrow. After the march, the boys had a good time from eight to ten, for martial dignity was set aside, and the cadets had the privilege of calling "Maj" to the Major and "Cap" to the Captain, with the familiarity of folks at home. The uniforms and military bearing of the officers, however, gave evidence of the martial spirit; yet after all it was a big, rollicking peace gathering, and the dove of peace, let loose the day before, was everywhere apparent.

The grind on Capitol Hill continued throughout the night, and the clock, according to custom, was set back. As the wee, sma' hours advanced, late comers and goers felt the chill of the winds from the west, where the coldest day of winter was indicated by the Senate weather chart.

Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT WILSON GREETING THE PRINCETON BOYS, IN RESPONSE TO THEIR OVATION

But nothing daunted, the thousands in Washington looked confidently forward to a balmy inaugural.

* * *

FOUR times have I witnessed the Inauguration of a President of the United States, and each time have felt I was simply using my eyes for the readers of the NATIONAL. While there is sometimes an impulse to attend functions as a distinguished guest, comfortably sequestered in a corner, the old reportorial instinct always dominates as Inauguration Day dawns.

Early in the morning the crowds began

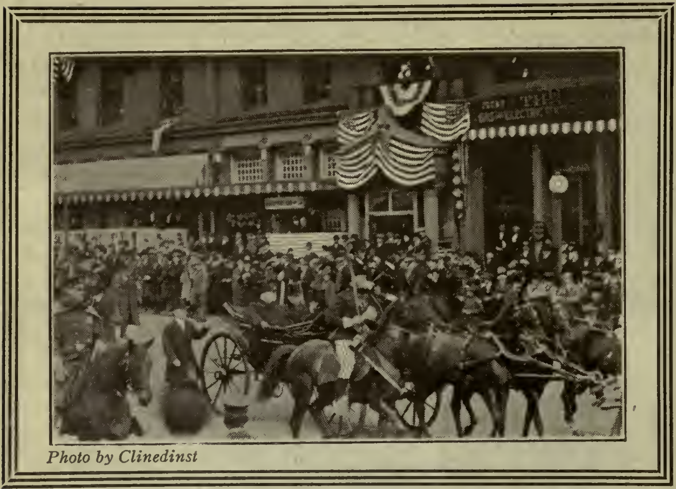


Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT TAFT AND PRESIDENT-ELECT WILSON ON WAY TO THE CAPITOL, BEFORE THE OATH OF OFFICE WAS ADMINISTERED

to gather in the Avenue. It was a typical American crowd, good-natured and rollicking. Bands were playing and everybody seemed happy, while they waited for those vital few moments at high noon when a quiet, scholarly man would stand on the east steps of the historic Capitol with uplifted hand and kiss the Bible; and thus change the administration of a great government.

The policemen were assisted by twenty-five hundred Boy Scouts, and the trains brought in the new arrivals by thousands. From the Shoreham Hotel, citizens Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Riley Marshall took their leave for the White House. They were met by President Taft, and a few moments later the carriage containing President Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Senator W. M. Crane, and Senator A. O. Bacon wheeled down the Avenue, with the Essex troops in gleaming yellow and white as a guard of honor. In the carriage following was Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana with the black horse cavalry of the Culver Military Academy as escort. The scene of going to the Capitol is always impressive because of its simplicity, and of the contrast with the great parade that follows.

Arriving at the east steps of the Capitol the two men stood for some minutes on the steps like players looking over the audience before the rise of the curtain. Into the Senate side they filed, and in the President's room William Howard Taft gave an exhibit of how to veto and sign bills with celerity. The prospective members of the new Cabinet also joined the procession. At the other end of the Marble Room the diplomatic corps represented forty-five states in uniforms heavy with gold lace and gay decorations. An informal meeting was held in the Marble Room between William Jennings Bryan and different ambassadors. This scene was simple in its formality. Mr. Bryan wore a single white lily in his buttonhole, which seemed appropriate, for he was talking with M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, on the subject of Peace. Everything seemed to go simply and smoothly. Senator Crane was looking after details. The Senate continued in session up to twelve, and backward the clock was turned, for the last business of the Sixty-second Congress had to be transacted before the new Vice-President could be installed.

With stately tread the Supreme Court justices, in their black robes, passed down the center aisle, and the diplomatic corps filed in. The galleries were filled and made a brilliant frieze to the scene. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Marshall were interested spectators. The House of Representatives arrived in a body, and every inch of space in the Senate Chamber was cleared. The oath of office was administered to the Vice-President by Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, president pro tempore of the Senate. After the unique address by the Vice-President in which he facetiously committed himself to the sentence of "four years of silence" the seventeen new Senators were sworn in and signed the Constitution at the Clerk's desk.

At the side of the desk was Speaker Champ Clark with a white carnation in his buttonhole. The gallery remained seated while the procession filed out on the east steps of the Capitol.

* * *

On the same spot where President Taft delivered the inaugural address four years before, Woodrow Wilson began his inaugural speech. The air was sharp, and he wore a plain black overcoat and gray gloves. Although he had learned much of the address, he read it from manuscript and struck a popular note with the declaration that it was a "day of dedication and not of triumph."

The scene outside can never be forgotten. Directly in front of the inaugural stand were the West Point Cadets with their natty tall caps and white trousers, and on the opposite side the boys from Annapolis. As they opened up the crowds rushed in toward the Speaker's stand and the exercises proceeded. Looking back over the stately Capitol dome, one felt the freedom of it all. High up on the dome were spectators. Flags were fluttering among the great seats extending the entire length of the Capitol, and peeping above the seats was the statue of Columbus. Opposite was the stately Library building and the great throng of people.

After the inaugural ceremony, Mr. Taft rode back to the White House with the new President, and the resonant cheers that greeted the carriage were inspiring. The great parade followed, with the Essex Troop of New Jersey and the Black Horse Troop of the Culver Military Academy in the lead. It made a thrilling scene. There was Major-General Leonard Wood and the army contingent, headed by the West Point Cadets. The stalwart young regulars with the yellow facings of the cavalry, the red of the artillery, and the blue of the infantry, made one feel that after all there is nothing that can take the place of the military organization on such an occasion, as indicative of the power of a great government. Down the Avenue the parade continued. Fifteen governors with civic and military organizations were in line. The procession, of course, was simply marching men, but the significance of it was more than that. When the Virginia Light Guards swung along and the different governors bowed to right and left, those who had witnessed the last inauguration were impressed with how completely the "dramatis personae" is changed every four years. The college boys of Princeton, and the law students in caps and gowns, the Tammany delegation, led by Chief Hollow Horn Bear and his staff of Indians, all made most impressive features.

Down along the back streets on the old cobblestones that served Washington in early days I pushed my way among the lumber yards to reach to the White House, a mile distant, ahead of the parade. Swinging around the executive avenue leading to the White House there was a fitting climax to a great day, facing the reviewing stand. The irrepressible photographers got underneath the reviewing stand and burst out the boards and stuck their cameras through until it looked like an old-time fortress, except that cameras instead of guns were shooting at the President. The police did their part in keeping the camera men away, and no sooner it seemed had the cameras been adjusted than the photographers, alas, were routed out. How inconsistent it seemed that the camera and newspaper men should be thus bandied about, when they are really the eyes of millions of

Photo by Clinedinst

THE ESSEX TROOP OF NEW JERSEY CAVALRY, WHOSE HONOR IT WAS TO ESCORT THE PRESIDENT-ELECT TO THE CAPITOL people, and the impressions gained by the country at large are from these very men who are driven about trying to get pictures or information. From these pictures and these impressions, public opinion concerning any great event is crystalized, and it seems unfortunate that those who mould this opinion should not be given a better opportunity to learn things at first hand.

* * *

All credit is due to the Washington policemen who handled the surging crowds in a manner that was really marvelous. It wasn't a disorderly crowd, but it was a determined crowd—people wanted to go just where they could not go, and they took a childish pleasure in eluding the officers of the law. With a look of victory on her face one lady of dignified bearing whispered to her companion: "See how I got by that policeman when he wasn't looking!" "Getting by the policemen" seems to be the one impulse of a crowd at times, but the lesson of the third of March and the tumult in the crowds at the women's pageant made the police more strict in keeping the wide expanse of Pennsylvania Avenue clear for Inauguration Day.

Washingtonians bore up nobly under the inconveniences they were obliged to suffer. In the rush the elevators worked slowly and the telephones seemed not to connect, but everyone was good-natured just the same. The elevators were laughingly called "Republicans" and many enthusiastic Democrats insisted "what are you kicking about—you've got four years to wait anyway." The lively anticipation for favors to come was indicated in the rush of the office seekers, who arrived with the crowds.

The badge man was busily plying his wares. There was not an individual but was decorated with some badge announcing the state or town from which they hailed, and overcoat sleeves were also banded. Dignified derbies were decorated with gay colors.

As the parade passed, many stood on boxes eager to look into the faces of the men in line, while the marchers stepped

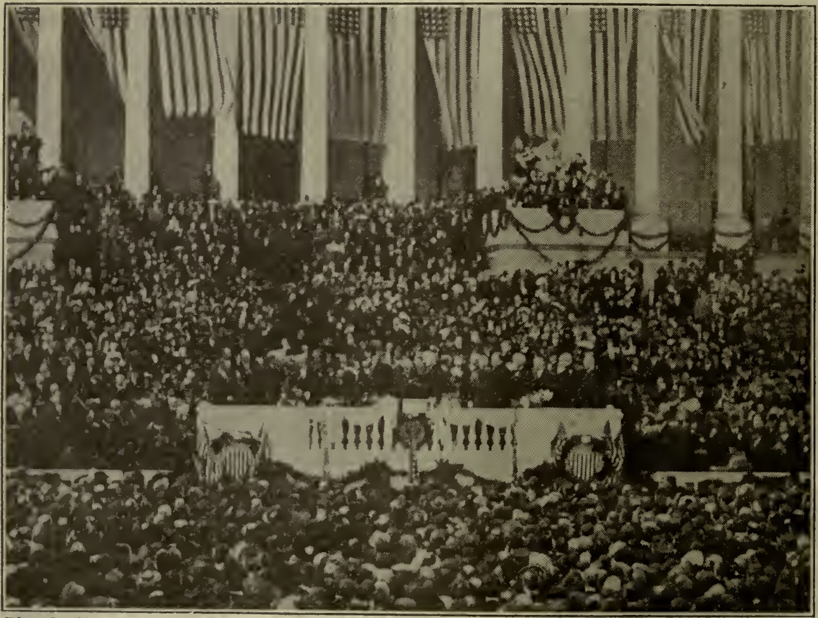


Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT WILSON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE

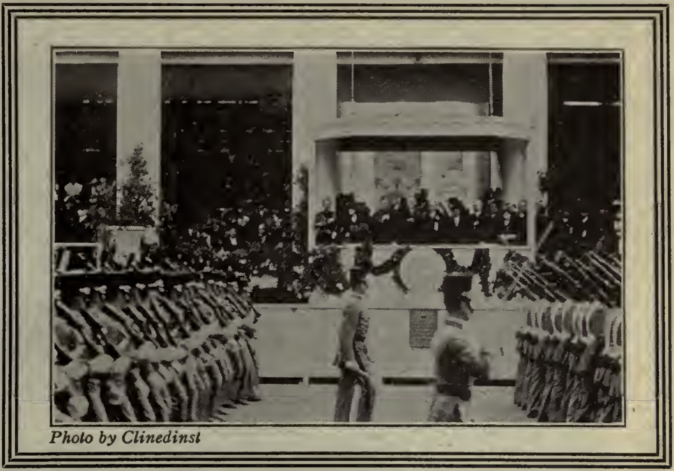


Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT WILSON AND VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL REVIEWING THE WEST POINT CADETS

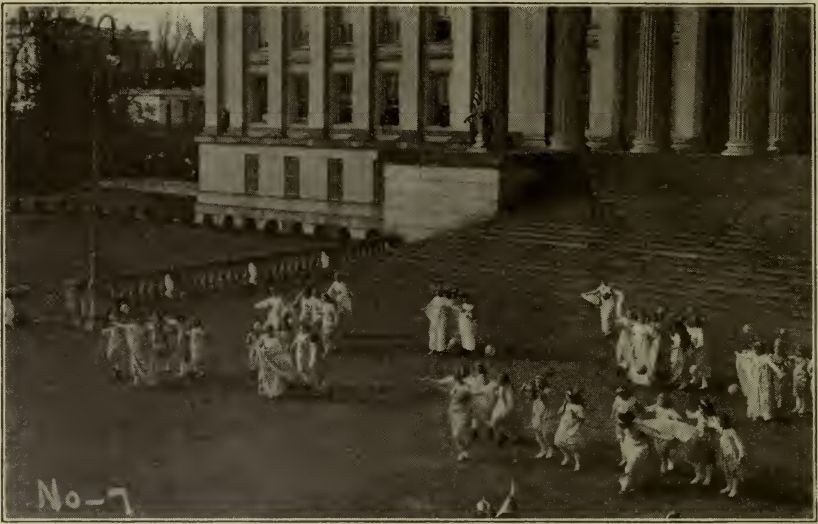
as if inspired by the great throngs. It was a long parade and after the first hour the crowd spent its time between cheering and eating its lunch. It was strictly a sandwich-fed crowd. There were some sandwiches that were not subject to the rules and regulations of the Pure Food Department, there were some with suspicions of butter, some with meat, and some with a veneer of meat, but everyone managed on slender fare that day, including President Wilson, who had only a hasty luncheon with the Inaugural Committee before hurrying back to witness the parade.

From his seat in the reviewing stand, the President seemed deeply impressed with the parade and gravely saluted whenever the flag passed. In the seats on his right and left in the reviewing stand were the members of the new Cabinet and many distinguished guests, including the diplomatic corps and members of the Supreme Court and Congress. Secret service men were alert as the visitors passed over the raised bridge to the presidential reviewing stand, which was a replica of Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello. The electric lights began to twinkle while the procession was still passing and the crowds rushed to the hotels for a hasty dinner preparatory to a thrilling night.

Hardly had the darkness gathered when there was begun one of the most brilliant displays of fireworks that has ever been witnessed. There were immense, richly garnished old-time skyrockets, and almost blinding sharp electric flashes that seemed to indicate the arrival of some electric sage, and as the heavens were rent by innumerable bombs, even the stars above seemed dull in comparison to the clouds of red,

Photo by Clinedinst

THE NEW AND FORMER PRESIDENTS POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHERS. "SMILE, PLEASE"



THE GRECIAN TABLEAU OF THE SUFFRAGETTES ON THE TREASURY STEPS

white and blue stars that floated through the air from the portico of the White House. The throngs gathered on the Mall heartily demonstrated their appreciation. It was a weary, footsore and tired, though happy crowd that shuffled back to the street cars. The Court of Honor seemed especially interesting in the late hours of night. The brilliant electric lights threw their shadows underneath the stately statues at one end, indicating the joy and purpose of the incoming administration and at the other end the pensive reflections of the outgoing government.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Taft and his family had left for the South, and the crowds seemed as if loath to have him go, shouting "We want you to stay longer!" but the decree of the sovereign voter had spoken and the mantle of executive authority had fallen on the shoulders of Woodrow Wilson. With a happy expression on his grave face as he entered, the new President and his wife and daughters quietly took up their residence in the White House, realizing that for four years at least, this stately, historic mansion will be their home.

Monologue—The Call of the Race Track

(All rights reserved)

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

SCENE: A hotel room; enter a woman in modish costume; big hat, many plumes, floating veil, fluffy hair, gloves in her hand. Walks to table and tosses down her gloves, and stands while speaking.

SPEAKS:—They say it is a long lane that has no turn. Well, it has been a long, long lane; and now the turn has come.

(*Sits down and looks into space with dramatic expression.*)

SPEAKS:—At the turn I see two roads: one leads to the right, into quiet ways: industry, peace, home. A little house in a sheltered country spot; a chicken farm; a vegetable garden; honest work in the open air all day, healthful sleep at night; what they call the simple life.

(*Laughs and continues.*)

A queer life for me to long for; but I do, I do. It means independence, clean living, and, at the end, a Christian burial. There is a pretty little graveyard only a stone's throw from my coveted chicken farm, and there is a sign which says, "Plots for sale." It looks very inviting for the final rest after a long, hot, weary journey. Oh, such a weary journey.

(*Silence for a moment, then continues.*)

That is where the road to the right leads. The other fork at the turn of the path leads to the left.

(*A look of terror creeps into her face. She gazes into the shadows of the room and shrinks back in horror. Then she gets up and walks over to the dressing table. Takes out revolver and looks at it in silence. Lays it down and speaks.*)

I always said it was a coward's end. I say it now. But I *am* a coward. I cannot go on in the old way—I cannot.

(*Takes up revolver and looks at it with increasing fear.*)

But would it bring me forgetfulness and sleep? What if it is true, that suicides awake in a shadow land with their powers of suffering intensified by remorse, and surrounded by other wretched beings. That would be Hell!

And my baby is not there; my beautiful, beautiful baby—my Angel. Oh, God help me.

(*Covers face with her hands and sobs. Then defiantly continues.*)

Well, it is a choice between Hell here, and *there*—if I lose. (*Then with sudden intensity*). But I cannot, I must not, I *will* not lose! God would not be so cruel now when I want to give up all the old follies and sins, and live a decent life. Surely he will help me!

(*A brief reverie and then laughs nervously.*)

SPEAKS:—It seems queer, I suppose, to expect God to take an interest in a horse race and to listen to a sporting woman's prayer. But when her soul's salvation depends on having that prayer answered, I wonder wouldn't God listen, and understand? I have sworn to Him that if he lets me win, I will never see another race so long as I live; never put one cent on a horse; never play a game of cards or roulette, for money, never touch drink again. And I *mean* it! This morning I went out and sold my last diamonds. And I have put the money on Salvator. If I win, I will have enough to buy the little bungalow, and the chicken ranch and the vegetable garden I saw yesterday, and I will live there till I die. I will even go to church once every Sunday.

(*Walks past the mirror and smiles at her reflection.*)

What a sensation this costume would make in the little New England church. And it is the only decent gown I have left.

But I will sell this too to the second-hand store, and buy suitable clothes for my new life—if I win. If I lose—well, somebody will donate a shroud for the dead pauper, I reckon!

(*Sits in silence again for a few seconds.*)

Speaks:—That little place in the country gave me the homey feeling for the first time in —well, no matter how many years. Never since we left our cottage and went to the hotel to live, have I known that feeling until yesterday. Home! It is a good word! It was such a mistake when we gave up our home. But the baby had died, everything reminded me of her; and so my husband said we would try hotel life. It was there he fell in with the bookmakers; and one day he came home from the races and tossed *this* in my lap.

(*Takes out a diamond brooch and looks at it.*)

"Dear, I am a rich man," he cried; "I have made a fortune in the last two days on the races. We will sail for France to be present at the Grand Prix. You shall have diamonds and beautiful gowns and travel and see the world. All our troubles are past."

My God, if he had only known! Could he have foreseen what lay ahead of us! I was so young; a mere country girl married to the man I loved—the man who loved me. And so when I was suddenly flung into the glare of city life, and race tracks, and night suppers, and theatres, I lost my head. One day I made a bet on a horse. I won. My husband was proud of me, poor man! He was proud when a few months afterward men called me the Mascot of the Race Track. But his pride did not last long. The call of the race track had sounded in my ears, and it made me deaf to the voice of reason, judgment, love. It was like the roar of Niagara, where you are unable to hear the voice of the dearest one on earth.

(*Silence for a moment.*)

I have thought since that the whole thing began for me the night my husband gave me the brooch. To own this glorious cluster made me dizzy with joy. I believe diamonds are the frozen tears of women who have fallen from the high estate to which God elected them. When a woman gets a love of diamonds in her blood, it eats and eats and eats into every moral fibre.

But I loved the thing! and how I coveted more of them!

(*Laughs sarcastically.*)

Well, I had them, necklaces, rings, ear pendants, chains, brooches; and all have gone to feed the ravenous paw of the race track fiend. Since the night it was given me, what burning paths my feet have trod. It has been a long lane, a long lane, and the turn is near!

(*Drops on her knees and lifts her face in prayer*).

Prays:—Dear God, hear a sorrowing woman's prayer. I want to be good. I want to give up the old life. But there are so few paths open, dear Lord, to repentant women. You know it is not at all like being a repentant man. The world doesn't give us the same chance. I am sure you will understand. I am making this last bet to get out of the old sinful rut. My only way back to peace is through the path that led me to ruin. I know how bad I have been; but, dear Lord, I think it would have been different with me if the baby had not died. But I want to be given a chance to live a good life, and to go where she is when I die. I am putting my last cent on Salvator. I promise to live an honest, true life, if I win, and to help everybody I can to save other women from listening to the call of the race track.

Let Salvator win, dear God. Amen.

(*Rises and goes over to the dresser. Stands with lifted face and eyes full of pleading—while one hand rests on the revolver.*)

(*Curtain falls between her and a boy in jockey costume who comes out and recites:*)

HOW SALVATOR WON

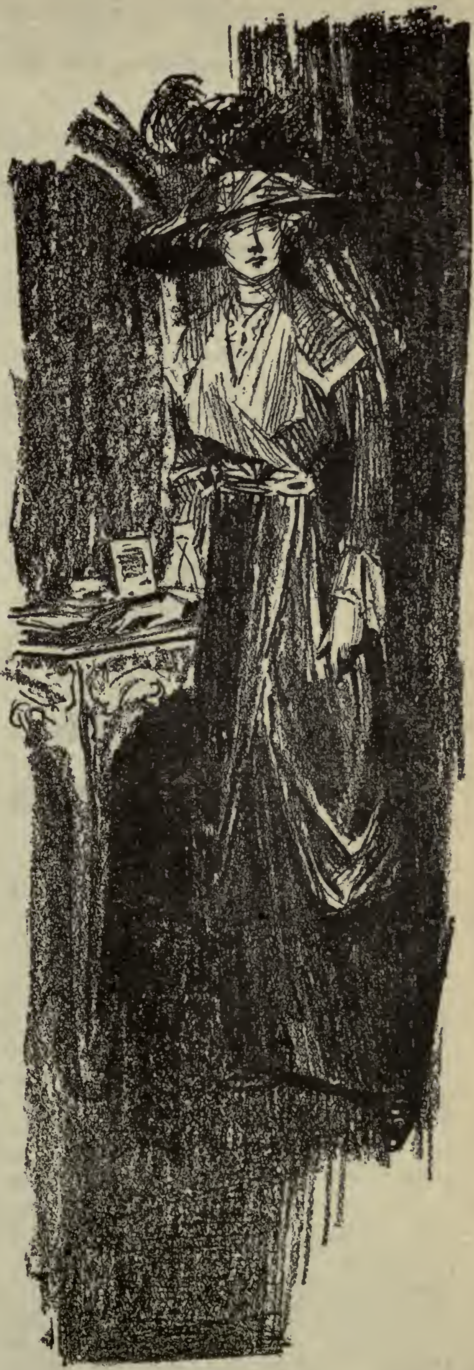
The gate was thrown open, I rode out alone
More proud than a monarch who sits on a throne.
I am but a jockey, yet shout upon shout
Went up from the people who watched me ride out;
And the cheers that rang out from the warm-hearted crowd,
Were as earnest as those to which monarch e'er bowed.

My heart filled with pleasure so keen it was pain
As I patted my Salvator's soft silken mane;

And a sweet shiver shot from his hide to my hand
As we passed to the multitude down to the stand.

The great waves of cheering came billowing back,
As the hoofs of brave Tenny rang swiftly down the track;
And he stood there beside us, all bone and all muscle,
Our noble opponent well trained for the tussle.
That waited us there on that smooth, shining course.
My Salvator, fair to the lovers of horse,
As a beautiful woman is fair to man's sight—
Pure type of the thoroughbred, clean-limbed and bright—
Stood taking the plaudits as only his due,
And nothing at all unexpected or new.

And then, there before us the bright flag is spread,
There's a roar from the grand-stand, and Tenny's ahead;
At the sound of the voices that shouted "a go!"
He sprang like an arrow shot straight from the bow.
I tighten the reins of Prince Charlie's great son—
He is off like a rocket, the race is begun.
Half way down the furlong their heads are together,
Scarce room 'twixt their noses to wedge in a feather;
Past grand stands and judges, in neck-to-neck strife,
Ah, Salvator, boy, 'tis the chance of your life.
I press my knees closer, I coax him, I urge,
I feel him go out with a leap and a surge;
I see him creep on, inch by inch, stride by stride,
While backward, still backward, falls Tenny beside.
We are nearing the turn, the first quarter is past—
'Twixt leader and chaser the day-light is cast,
The distance elongates, still Tenny sweeps on
As graceful and free limbed and stiff as a fawn;



"What a sensation this costume would make in the little New England church, and it's the only decent gown I have left"

His awkwardness vanished, his muscles all strained—
A noble opponent, well born and well trained.

I glanced o'er my shoulder, ha, Tenny, the cost
Of that one second's flagging, will be—the race lost.
One second's weak yielding of courage and strength,
And the daylight between us has doubled in length.
The first mile is covered, the race is mine—no!
For the blue blood of Tenny responds to a blow.
He shoots through the air like a ball from a gun,
And the two lengths between us are shortened to one.
My heart is contracted, my throat feels a lump,
For Tenny's long neck is at Salvator's rump.
And now with new courage grown bolder and bolder,
I see him once more running shoulder to shoulder.
With knees, hands and body I press my grand steed;
I urge him, I coax him, I pray him to heed!
Oh, Salvator! Salvator! list to my calls,
For the blow of my whip will hurt both if he falls.
There's a roar from the crowd like the ocean in storm,
As close to my saddle leaps Tenny's great form.

One more mighty plunge, and with knee, limb and hand,
I lift my horse first by a nose past the stand,
We are under the string now—the great race is done,
And Salvator, Salvator, Salvator won!

WHEN I AM OLD

By FLORENCE L. PATTERSON

NAUGHT would I ask of selfish ease,
To sit and idle through the hours
Beside the hearth or 'neath the trees.

Counting the years I dare not pray
That I may hold intact the powers
Which make my life so blessed today.

But I implore the strength to keep
A deep and ready sympathy
With those who laugh and those who weep.

And I would crave discerning eyes,
The beauty of the earth to see,
The glory of the evening skies.

Give me a joy in all things gay,
And set me not so far apart
I may not hear the children play.

And when my vesper song is sung,
Grant me, O God, a youthful heart,
Let me remember I was young.

Words and Acts

by Lottie A. Gannett

Author of "The Magic Hour," etc.

DONALD!" said Prudence in a voice heavy with surprise, anger and mortification, as she vigorously nudged her husband with her elbow, "stand up, don't you hear the band is playing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and—"

"Eh?" asked her husband, awakened from his day dream in which he had sold the brown mare for a very goodly figure. He half arose from his seat, then dropped defiantly into it as Prudence went on:

"All the neighbors are lookin' at you!"

"Well, let them look," he answered. "They have nothing better to look at here. I'll no be badgered into sittin' or standin' because some of the neighbors think I ought to do it," and he closed his mouth in a stubborn line, and folded his arms across his breast, then looked around at the faces of his neighbors with a fierce glare from under his bushy brows.

Poor Prudie suffered all the pains of the socially condemned, for to sit while the "Star Spangled Banner" was being played marked one as a "foreigner," to be which was almost a crime in the little country town on the outskirts of which she and Donald lived on a prosperous and well-kept farm.

Though Donald was Scotch to the "backbone and far further" as he would tell you himself, he had always taken a keen interest in the happenings of the country of his adoption, and had always been among the first to promote and push along anything that was started in the way of a civic celebration, so all of the inhabitants of the little country town had accepted him as one of themselves. Not that it made a particle of difference to Donald McKay whether they did or not, but it did make a great difference to his little birdlike wife, Prudie.

They had come to town today to be present at the dedication of the new schoolhouse, and the townspeople, taking advantage of the fact that this affair would bring a lot of strangers into the town, had decided to hold a fair in the village streets.

Prudie had started off so happily with her big gruff husband, that is, he was gruff to everybody but his little wife, and to her, for forty years, he had been gentleness itself. She tried to remember this as she stood beside him while the well-known and dearly loved strains of the patriotic song shattered the atmosphere—for what the village band lacked in melody, they made up in volume—but try as she would, she could only think of the stubbornness of the man as he sat there quietly with his arms folded defiantly across his broad breast. She blinked back the tears of mortification. Her day was spoiled, she told herself, and she might just as well go home.

Donald, looking up from under his bushy brows, saw the flush of anger spread over his wife's face, saw the angry toss of her head.

"Prudie's a bit vexit wi' me," he said to himself, "I'll no let on I ken it, and she'll coom aroond all right."

"There," she said as she dropped on to the seat beside him, "are you satisfied, you have made me the laughin' stock of the whole village with your pig-headed stubbornness?" Prudie was very angry, and she was not very choice in her terms.

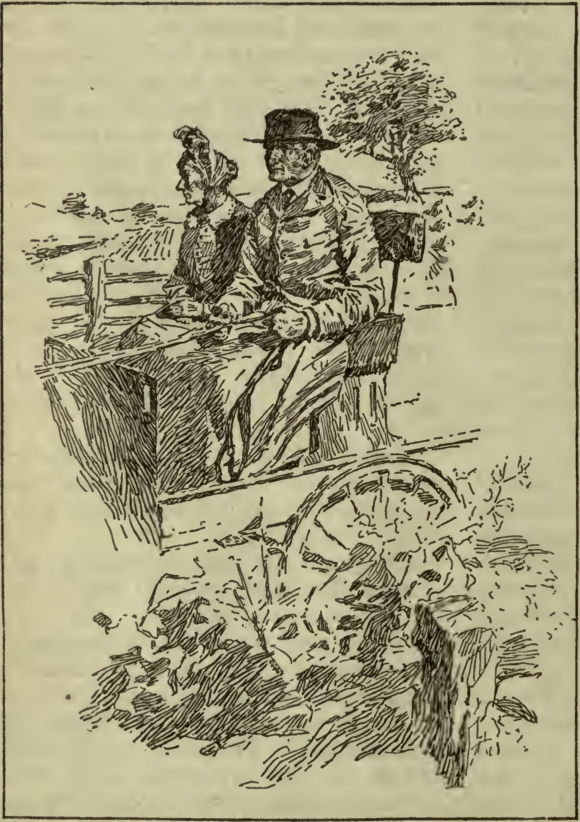
"Made ye the laughin' stock of the village, ha' I?" Donald asked. "Then I'm thinkin' if it makes ye the laughin' stock of the village because ye're man refuses to participate in a bit o' balderbash over a mere bit music, I'm no sorry aboot it."

"Of course you're not," Prudie retorted, now thoroughly angry, "and I shan't stay here another minute where everybody is pitying me for being married to such a mule of a man."

"Ye'll not," Donald replied, "then, we'll go home."

Not for a minute did he think his wife was in earnest, but he felt it would be beneath his dignity to give in. The truth was, he did not know how to climb down from the position he had taken.

Silently he led the way to where old "Whitey" was tied. Silently, his wife walked beside him. Donald was now as sorry as man could be for the quarrel, but he could not say the word that would have brought out the sun again.



"Oh!" she thought as she looked sideways at the big brown-clad figure by her side, as he sat there hunched over. "I wish I was a man! I'd beat you! Yes, I would, I'd beat you!" she said to herself.

With his usual slow manner he unhitched the horse, then turned to help his wife into the carriage. To his surprise he found she had already climbed in. This was something she had never done since they were married. Prudie was very, very feminine, and she always took full advantage of her prerogatives, and while she was quick and birdlike of movement, and her husband big, heavy and slow, she always waited patiently until he lifted her to her seat.

Donald knew now that Prudie was angrier with him than she had ever been before, and she felt she had cause for being. She had a brand new bonnet and dress for the occasion, matching exactly, in soft gray silk, and under the brim of the bonnet she had tucked a little piece of lavendar ribbon. She knew it looked nice over her gray hair and blue eyes, and pink cheeks, and when she had stood before Donald that morning in fear and trembling that he would say it was too gay for an old woman of sixty, he had taken her in his arms and had kissed her lips, once, very slowly, very deliberately, but the look in his eyes had made her old heart thrill.

"But she wouldn't think of that now," she told herself. "He was a mean, stubborn old man, and he had spoiled her day that she thought was going to be so beautiful, and that she had planned for for so many weeks. Just because it wasn't one of his squeaky old Scotch tunes, played on a nightmare that sounded like a million cats in mortal combat, and because it wasn't one of his country's airs, he wouldn't rise. She would never forgive him for this, no, never!" she told herself with tight shut teeth. "He should have risen out of respect for her, because it was something that pleased his wife, even if he could not conjure up a single spark of patriotism in his withered old heart!"

"Giddap, what's the matter wi' ye, Whitey Boy?" Donald asked in a matter-of-fact tone to the horse. This fact somehow made Prudie angrier than ever. That he could sit there and think of such ordinary things when his wife sitting beside him was just seething, was almost too much for the little gray dovelike woman.

"Oh!" she thought as she looked sideways at the big brownclad figure by her side, as he sat there hunched over, the reins resting lightly between his fingers, he looked like a great eagle—"I—I—almost—don't—like you; I wish I was a man! I'd—I'd—beat you! Yes, I would, I'd beat you!" she said to herself.

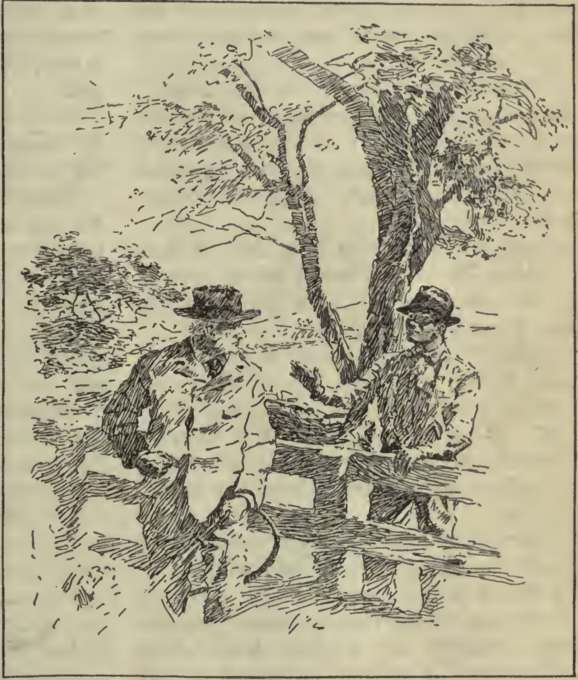
And so they reached their own home. Donald, remembering how Prudie had climbed into the carriage without his assistance on leaving the town, made no offer to assist her to alight, but started at once to take care of the horse.

By some curious method of reasoning, known only to angry women, Prudie felt that this was the climax, knew now that Donald was nothing but a great unlovable brute, and as she watched his tall, ungainly form as he went toward the barn with the horse following after him, she decided she would not live another day with him.

"I'll leave, that's what I'll do, and I'll do it right now, this minute. I'll go to my room and pack at once," she said.

So thinking, she marched off to the house, with head carried very high, eyes straight to the front, and soon she was deep in the task of packing. She stopped for an instant, and leaned against the window, looking out. This was a pretty place, this home of hers with its long stretch of meadows, its cluster of trees, its orchard abloom. The garden too, that she had planted with her own hands, Donald, of course, doing the spading—he always relieved her of all the heavy tasks, she must say that for him—but now she was going to leave it all.

Where should she go, she asked herself. She would not go to her sister Charity's, because Charity had never liked Donald—just as if Donald wasn't worth a dozen of Charity's husband—but she was forgetting, he wasn't anything to her any more. She knew where she could go, she could find a place at Cedar Hurst, a man had called at the farm only the day before and had asked her if she knew of a good motherly woman he could get to take care of his place and his three motherless children. She had not thought much about it at the time, but this just showed that "the Lord will provide," and it had been sent to her for just this purpose.



"Because for what they git oop they play about a bit o' rag?" "Wad ye say that again?" Donald asked, and Oleson all unsuspecting, innocently and obligingly complied.

She didn't like children much since her own had married and gone so far away, and she was getting a little old to take care of them rightly; she felt more as if she wanted someone to take care of her, but then, one can't have all they want in this world. She sighed and broke off—"Why, there's Donald now," she thought.

Donald had come around to the front as she stood looking out.

"The little woman's angry wi' me," he

said to himself, "I'd no do anythin' to vex her for the world." He got busy with the plants for a while, then shaking his head, he continued his strain of thought. "But I'll no' be driv' to do things because a passel o' old bodies are lookin' on, and it no shows good feelin' just to stand in the sun bareheaded while a passel o' loons torture the vitals out o' some instruments.'

"Good-day, Neighbor Oleson," he said in response to the greeting of that person, who had come and stood looking over the fence while old Donald watered the plants with the hose.

"You no bane gone to the doin's," Oleson asked, and then without waiting for a reply went on, "I no bane gone neder, it mak' me sick. They play the 'Spangles on the Stars' and everybody git him oop—it mak' me sick—"

"And for why does it make ye sick, Neighbor Oleson?" Donald asked quietly.

"Because for what they git oop they play about a bit o' rag?"

"Wud ye say that again?" Donald asked more quietly still, and Oleson, all unsuspecting, innocently and obligingly complied. Then a big hairy hand reached over the fence, and grabbed him where the sound started from, and the sound stopped.

Oleson hadn't the faintest idea why he was being choked, but he did know he did not like it, so he started in to try to stop it. Being about twenty years younger than Donald, and a great deal lighter and spryer, he not only stopped it, but he started in to give Donald a dose of his own medicine.

Donald fought valiantly, but he was no match for his younger antagonist, and soon he was gasping for breath and reaching out and grabbing nothing. Then things got black and he dropped.

Just then something happened, and to this day, Oleson nor Donald never knew exactly what it was, but down the path came a little gray figure like a streak of light. Oleson felt something strike him in the face, found the light shut out from his eyes, gasped for breath and almost choked to death. Then stepping hastily backward to avoid this soft, choking thing that covered his face no matter which way he moved, he suddenly tore up about a yard of soil, then settled to rest on the path.

Donald, scrambling to his feet, caught the little gray fury in his arms and held her as he said:

"Leave over, lass, he's had enough, he's no a Baptist." But Prudie paid no attention to him, and it was only when Donald thought to run and turn off the water that Oleson stopped giving an imitation of a fountain.

Oleson picked himself up and stood looking in bewilderment after Prudie and Donald as they walked toward the house, the former resting in the hollow of her "gude mon's" arm.

"I wonder why she bane soak me?" he asked apparently of the birds, but the birds wouldn't tell, so he pursued his oozy way down the street.

Not a word was spoken by Donald or Prudie until they were within doors, then Donald, forcing his now shaking wife into a rocker, said:

"Sit ye doon, lass, I've had enough of sittin' and I'll do the standin' wherever ye say after this."

And Prudie just smiled.

The Poor Little Feller

by Horace Hazeltine

Author of "The Sable Lorcha," "Little Boy Blue," etc.

WIND-driven across the rails which shone wet in the glare of the station lamps, the rain beat in under the roof of the deserted platform until its concrete pavement was all awash; and Elmer Willetts, in yellow oilskins, a sou'wester and rubber boots, coming around the corner of the building, from the village street, caught full-faced the slanting lash of the storm. Down the line the last train in was being shunted onto its siding. He could see its lights and the waving lantern of the brakeman who had thrown open the switch. At this hour, usually, the station was closed. Seldom did the agent wait long after the 10.38 had discharged its few passengers. But tonight the electrics still blazed, and the waiting-room windows still threw their gleaming white shafts into the outer murk. Drawing nearer Elmer had a further surprise. From within the station came a veritable riot of boisterous merriment—hoarse laughter and strident shouts.

To shift in a few days responsibilities which have become a habit is less easy than may be imagined. For five years and more Elmer Willetts had been Shoreham's town marshal. He was, in all that time, its one and only peace guardian; and so the irregular, the out-of-order and the out-of-place had become for him his one constant quest. A week ago he had turned over his place to a successor; but it was not in reason that he could at the same time make of himself a new man. The disorderly and the exceptional still held for him their lure, though his badge of authority to right them was now another's.

In the waiting room he found ten or a dozen men and youths grouped about a little lad of possibly eleven years, but small for his age; and, with a few possible exceptions, they were all in a state of hilarity which Elmer realized at once was about the cruelest merriment he ever had encountered. For they were guffawing at the little fellow's weird grimaces, bodily contortions and strangely crude and unintelligible efforts at speech.

"You darn fools," he cried angrily, "stop it! Don't you see the boy's half-witted?"

They turned to him with a sudden silent show of respect. And then, as if remembering all at once that he was no longer possessed of the official right to dictate, most of them turned back again, with a sort of laughter that was doubly irritating. One of the bolder of the younger men caught the child by a protruding ear and tweaked it, with:

"Show the Captain how you can dance, sonny!"

But before the words were well uttered, his own ear was between hard-gripping fingers, and he went reeling abruptly backward, to fall in a heap on one of the settees which skirted the wall.

"Marshal or no marshal," said Willetts, "I'll not stand to see a kid mistreated; and the sooner you understand it, Jim Potter, the better off you'll be."

At which juncture a diversion ensued. The half-witted boy ran to his champion and fairly jumped into his arms. And the big man in oilskins gathered him up against his dripping shoulder as though he were an infant.

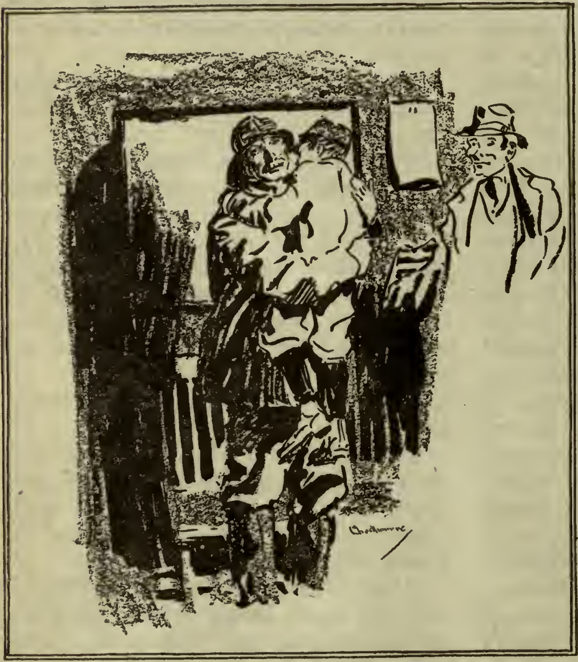
"All right, little one," he murmured, "I'll see they don't tease you." He turned to a man in uniform on his right. "Where'd he come from?" he asked.

"Can't tell," was the answer. "Got on the last car of my train, somewhere up the road this side of Breezeport. I found him snuggled up in the corner of a seat just as we were leaving Avondale. Passengers said he'd been there for an hour or more. We telegraphed back, all along, but nobody seems to know who he might be. Now we're trying to get Lem to take charge of him, till he's identified."

"And where's Lem?" Willetts asked. The man spoken of was his successor, Lem Hanks, the new town marshal.

"We got him by 'phone, at last, up at the hotel Richmond. He's on his way down here."

The boy was seeking to warm his cold fingers inside Elmer's collar. "Poor little feller!" said the ex-officer kindly, as he unbuttoned his yellow oilskin.



"You leave him to me," Willetts interrupted. "I'll be responsible for him"

The door opened to admit Hanks, a smallish man, with a gray beard.

"How'm I going to take care of a kid?" he asked, in a tone that was as indicative of inefficiency as his words. "The old woman where I board won't have a child in her house. And there ain't no appropriation for takin' a room at the hotel for foundlin's."

"What's the matter with the lock-up?" shouted Jim Potter, and in fear of Elmer, made a dash for the door.

"I guess that's the only place," returned the marshal. "But it's pretty chilly tonight, and there ain't no bedclothes nor nothin'—"

"You leave him to me," Willetts interrupted. "I'll be responsible for him."

Elmer carried the boy home, wrapped in his waterproof, through the drenching northeast storm. Then he built a fire in the spare room stove, and Matilda—he had been married just four months—undressed the waif and put him snugly to bed, using one of Elmer's flannel under shirts as a nightgown. They left the door open between the spare room and their own, so they might hear him in the night should he want anything. He had gone to sleep very promptly, and in their desire not to wake him, they talked in whispers only, as they prepared for bed.

"Isn't it awful that he should be weak-minded?" said Mattie. "He's rather a good-looking child; all except his eyes, and they make me feel like crying. They're so sort of hollow. There don't seem to be anything in them. Do you suppose his parents were cruel to him? They must be very poor. His clothes show that. Just that cheap khaki, and his under-clothes are of the coarsest. Wouldn't you think they'd take special care of a silly, helpless child like he is? Instead of letting him run loose, and travel alone?"

"And he can't speak a word that we can understand. That seems the worst of it," whispered Elmer. "I wonder if his own people can understand that stuttering gibberish he gets off! Poor little feller!"

Mattie woke Elmer out of his first sleep. She was crying. "Oh, dear," she whimpered, "if our baby should be like that, I think I'd die."

"No, you wouldn't," he told her. "You'd love it all the more because it was helpless; and so would I."

But in spite of their caution in speaking low, their ward awoke presently with a scream, and both of them sprang up and ran to him. Vainly they strove to calm him. He was frightened at first, and then excited, talking incessantly that pitiful jargon which so bewildered them. Neither of them closed their eyes again. Toward morning, however, the child quieted a little, but did not sleep, and when the dawn came, Elmer got into his clothes and helped Mattie dress the "little feller," and the morning being bright and clear after the night of storm, he took him out for a walk, bidding his wife go back to bed for a few hours sleep.

They walked to the ocean, and stood together on the sandy beach, watching the sun, new-risen and garish, mount from behind strips of purple cloud, and suddenly set the sea ablaze with glorious splendor. And the boy laughed at the spectacle, with what seemed to Elmer almost sane appreciation and enjoyment.

After a while they sat down, and the youngster played quietly and contentedly with the sand, only stopping now and then to throw himself impulsively, as if in spirit of gratitude, into his protector's arms, and to worm his little fingers and some of the sand as well inside his collar.

At seven o'clock the trolley cars began running, and Elmer took his charge for a ride to Bay Neck and back, which he found had a further soothing effect, the lad sitting very still throughout the entire trip.

On the way back, they got off at the railroad station, and Elmer bought the morning papers, in the hope of learning from them something of the little one that had been thrust by Providence upon his care. But there was nothing.

When a week went by, and there was still no hint from any quarter as to the foundling's identity, Elmer took the "little feller," as he still called him, to the State Orphan Asylum, at Brantford, but brought him back again the same evening. The asylum had no place for imbecile children.

"It looks as if we'd have to adopt him," he told Mattie.

To which she protestingly replied: "Why, Elmer Willetts, what are you thinking of? Adopt him! You seem to forget that you haven't a cent of salary coming in any more, and that our little savings aren't going to last forever."

"I'll get work," he said confidently. "I'm a carpenter, you know, and I could have gone to work two days ago, if—"

"If it wasn't that you had the 'little feller,' to look after. I know. And it's that I'm talking about. What will become of him, while you're working. I'm sure with this house to look after, I can't be taking him trolley riding, and down to the ocean, and a dozen other things you do for him."

"No," he said simply, "I don't suppose you can, Mattie; but at the same time, we can't turn him into the street, can we?"

Two days later, Elmer was coming out of the post office with the lad gripping his fingers as usual, when he ran into Joel Harper, one of State Senator Andrews' henchmen, a burly, sandy, florid person who had done yeoman service in the supplanting of Willetts by Hanks as town marshal.

"Hello, Elmer," he said as cordially as though he had worked on his side instead of the other. "I've been looking for you."

"I wasn't far away," was the answer. "What's the trouble now?"

Harper glanced at the boy, suggestively. "There's likely to be a lot," he said, with less cordiality, "unless you can do some explaining. And from what I hear, that's not going to be easy."

"Who am I accused of killing?" Elmer asked with a half smile. "That's about the only thing I haven't been charged with by you fellows."

"It ain't killing this time. It's abduction," snapped the other.

The ex-marshal, drawing the boy closer to him, burst into a laugh.

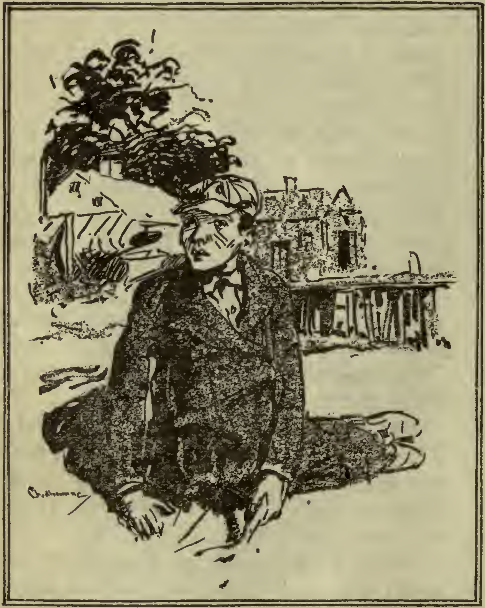
"All right," he said. "I can stand for that, I guess."

"Meantime, I'll take him back to his folks," and Harper put a hand on the child's shoulder. But the little one wriggled away with a shrill cry of alarm and throwing both little arms about Elmer's legs, clung to him in a panic of fear.

"Not if I can help it," replied his protector, gathering him up like a baby. "And I think I can."

"I was hoping to make it light for you," came the retort. "Now it means something more serious. You'll be arrested inside of the next fifteen minutes—just as soon as I can make the charge and get Lem Hanks to serve the warrant. That boy you've got there is the son of Senator Joe Andrews."

Elmer Willetts made no reply. The news was so unexpected that it struck him dumb for the moment, and he stood abstractedly stroking the fair head which lay cuddled against his shoulder. When he did speak, Harper was gone, and what he said was:



The youngster played quietly and contentedly with the sand

"Poor little feller!"

He would have waited there, exactly on the same spot, for the marshal's arrival, but the lad became restless, after a few minutes, so to hasten matters, he walked down the street a couple of blocks to the office of Squire Pierce, the justice of the peace, and gave himself up.

When the Squire had taken the screaming child from him and fixed the bail, which the octogenarian president of the Shoreham bank, one of his staunchest friends, who happened to be in the suddenly gathered assemblage, promptly furnished, Elmer shrugged his shoulders, smiled a little grimly, and started for the door.

A dozen or more pressed around him with questions, but he had nothing to say. He paused for just a moment to thank the good old bank president who wrung his hand and called him, "Ellie, boy," and then, discouraging companionship, he walked meditatively homeward.

And so that poor, half-witted little chap was Jim Andrews' son! It struck him as odd that Andrews, with all his reputed wealth, should not have dressed his boy better. And how did it happen that with such parentage he should be found traveling at night alone on a railway train? And why was it that there had been nothing in the newspapers about the boy's disappearance? Answers to these questions seemed more important to him than consideration of his own personal plight, because he didn't regard it as a plight. Everybody knew how he came to have the child in his possession and what a slave he had been to him. Andrews was his enemy, he knew, but he would not be able to distort the facts in the present instance. It wasn't like the election of a majority in the town council to rob him of the marshalship, just because he had arrested the Senator for speeding through the streets, in that big green car of his. He would have arrested the President under the same circumstances. It was a part of his duty as marshal, and never once in the five years he had held the post had he flinched from duty.

Mattie wasn't a bit frightened over the turn of events either, when he told her about it. She went just as cheerily about the preparation of supper as usual, humming snatches of song meanwhile, and pausing now and then to make observations on the matter as they suggested themselves.

"I never believed I'd miss him so," she remarked, as they sat down to table. "He was here less than ten days, and yet—"

"Yes; poor little feller!" said Elmer.

After the supper things had been cleared away, there was a knock on the front door, and a minute later Elmer opening it admitted the old bank president.

"It's Mr. Smithers, Mattie," he called. "Come into the parlor."

Mr. Smithers, who was weazened and wrinkled and wore a straggling white beard, was a nervously energetic gentleman in spite of his eighty odd years. He had talked to several persons since the formalities in Squire Pierce's office, and he had come to let "Ellie, boy," know just what he had learned.

"Harper's got the whole thing framed up," he said, "and the way he's going to make it appear is this: You have been sore at the Senator, ever since he lost you the marshalship, and determined to get even. He's been getting threats for some time—anonymous of course—but saying that he would be struck in his weakest place. That boy of his was his weakest place. To have an imbecile child was a sore spot with him. He never let it be known even, if he could help it. Harper says you knew about it, because the boy was in the automobile the day you stopped him racing through Elder Avenue. He says you had a confederate at Breezeport steal the youngster from the Andrews grounds and eventually smuggle him on a train for Shoreham. Then you turn up here at the station and instead of letting Hanks take the boy and find his parents you carry him off yourself, and try to hide him away in the State Orphan Asylum at Brantford. Hanks is going to testify against you and so is Jim Potter; and they've got the Asylum superintendent too."

Elmer smiled and Mattie, turned pallid by the arraignment, sat gravely silent.

"If he'd given it to the newspapers," said Elmer, "he'd had his boy back the next day."

"But he wouldn't do that," returned Mr. Smithers. "He wouldn't advertise to the world that he had a feeble-minded son. He just put the police on it, and a few of his political lieutenants like Harper."

"What do you think about it, Mr. Smithers?"

"I don't know what to think," was the old man's answer, "except that with a fair trial you're bound to be acquitted. But can you get a fair trial? If Joe Andrews picks the jury, you're gone. He owns every judge in the county as it is. And you know he's got it in for you, Ellie. So I've been thinking that maybe it would be better for you to jump your bail. I'm willing to stand the loss. Some day, maybe, you can pay me back."

Tears came into Mattie's eyes, but Elmer just got to his feet and went over and grasped the old man's withered hand.

"I can't tell you how I thank you, Mr. Smithers," he said, "but I'm going to stay and take my chances. If Justice is dead in this county, Providence is still alive, and I'll bank on that."

Elmer and Mattie sat up late that night, talking the problem over. Neither of them was inclined to discount the power of the State Senator, even though he had practically no evidence to back his contention. At length, however, the light was turned out, and they were half way upstairs, when the night stillness was rent by a throbbing clamor, and both came to an abrupt halt.

"It's an automobile stopping outside," Mattie whispered. And even as she spoke the sound of impatient knocking reverberated through the little house.

Elmer sprang down the steps and ran to answer, turning on the lights as he went. As the door swung open something was thrust into his arms, and a woman's voice cried:

"Save him for us! Save him! He's been having one convulsion after another, and begging for you between. Nothing we could do would quiet him."

Mattie, close behind her husband, recognized the mother tone. "*She* could understand him," she thought with a sob.

Elmer wrapped his long arms about the bundle and hugged it close, a great joy, in no wise selfish, suddenly risen within him.

"The poor little feller!" he murmured soothingly, "the poor little feller!"

* * *

Planting Skyscrapers in Old New York

by Bennett Chapple

OLD Father Knickerbocker, of famed Dutch ancestry and thrift, prided himself upon the exceeding fertility and matchless products of his carefully tilled gardens. In the old days every street in New York was lined with flower pots, and the white stone flagging that marked the quaint doorsteps was kept spotlessly clean, while the town pump, the favored meeting place of sweetheart and swain, was the conspicuous landmark of the village.

What would Old Father Knickerbocker say if he could see the New York of today? To him it would seem as if the historic legend of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" had literally come true, for where the old-time gardens and the gabled-roof cottages once stood, now tower the mighty business skyscrapers, those magnificent tributes to American industrial supremacy, whose tops lose themselves in the mist on a foggy morning, like the peaks of mountain ranges.

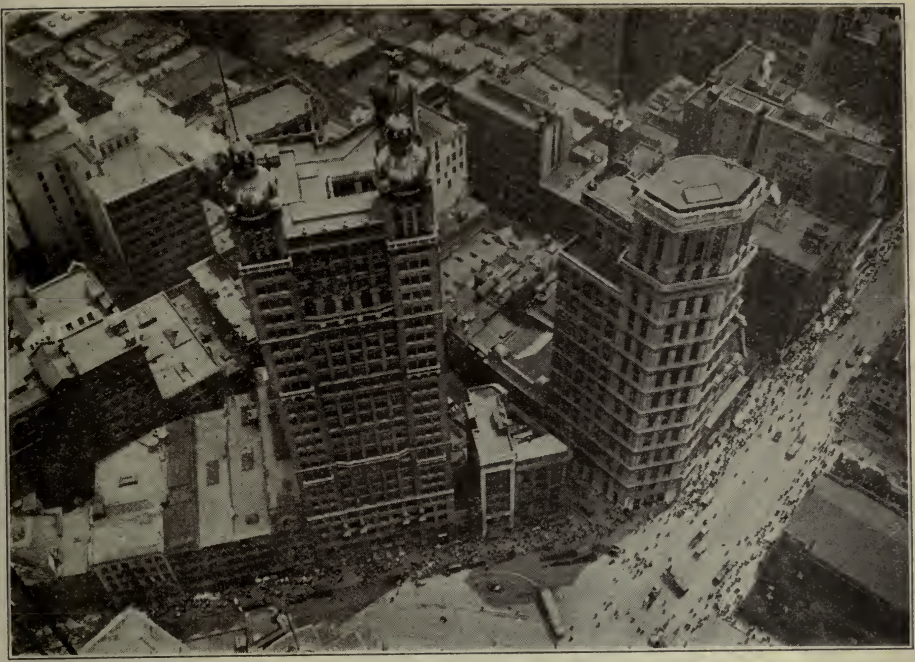
A view from one of the unfinished piers of the old Brooklyn bridge, taken thirty years ago, shows the lower part of Manhattan a group of low-lying buildings with the tower of Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street piercing the sky with its needle-like point. Along the shore line lie the old square-rigged sailing vessels of the time. Today a picture taken from the same spot shows the towering skyline of New York, and the spire of Trinity Church is lost like the traditional "needle in a haystack"—of brick and mortar. The planting of skyscrapers in the little old gardens of New York has made this city the wonder of the ages.

Down somewhere in the midst of this mountain of brick, steel, stone and mortar is the old Tower building at 50 Broadway, a modest structure of ten stories, and pointed out as the "daddy" of the modern skyscraper because it was the first building in the world in which the modern steel framework now so common was used. The architect who conceived the great possibilities of the use of steel framework in the construction of high buildings on the narrow lots of New York City was Bradford L. Gilbert, and he lived to see his idea adopted in practically ninety-five per cent of the building operations in the large cities of the country.

But his plans for the Tower building were considered so radical that many of the largest contractors of the time refused to bid upon the work, and rival architects shook their heads in doubt or laughed in open derision. Considering the fact that the whole future of the skyscraper construction, which has made possible the great cities of today, hinged upon the question of obtaining a builder who had faith in the plan and would risk reputation and money in carrying it out, the name of the builder of the Tower building plays a very important part in skyscraper history.

The builders were two young men who as boys worked together side by side, learning their trade as bricklayers in the famous old town of Belfast, Ireland. John Dawson and William Archer formed the firm of Dawson & Archer early in life, and they have been together ever since, becoming one of the most prominent firms of building contractors in New York and vicinity. Mr. Archer preceded his friend to America by a couple of years, and when Mr. Dawson landed on the dock in New York to join his friend he had but twenty-eight cents in his pocket.

"What did New York look like with only twenty-eight cents in your pocket?" I asked him.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE TOP OF THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING UPON THE PARK ROW BUILDING, FOR MANY YEARS THE TALLEST OFFICE BUILDING IN THE WORLD

"I didn't see it. I was too busy looking on the dock for Archer, who had a job for me," he responded with a twinkle in his eye.

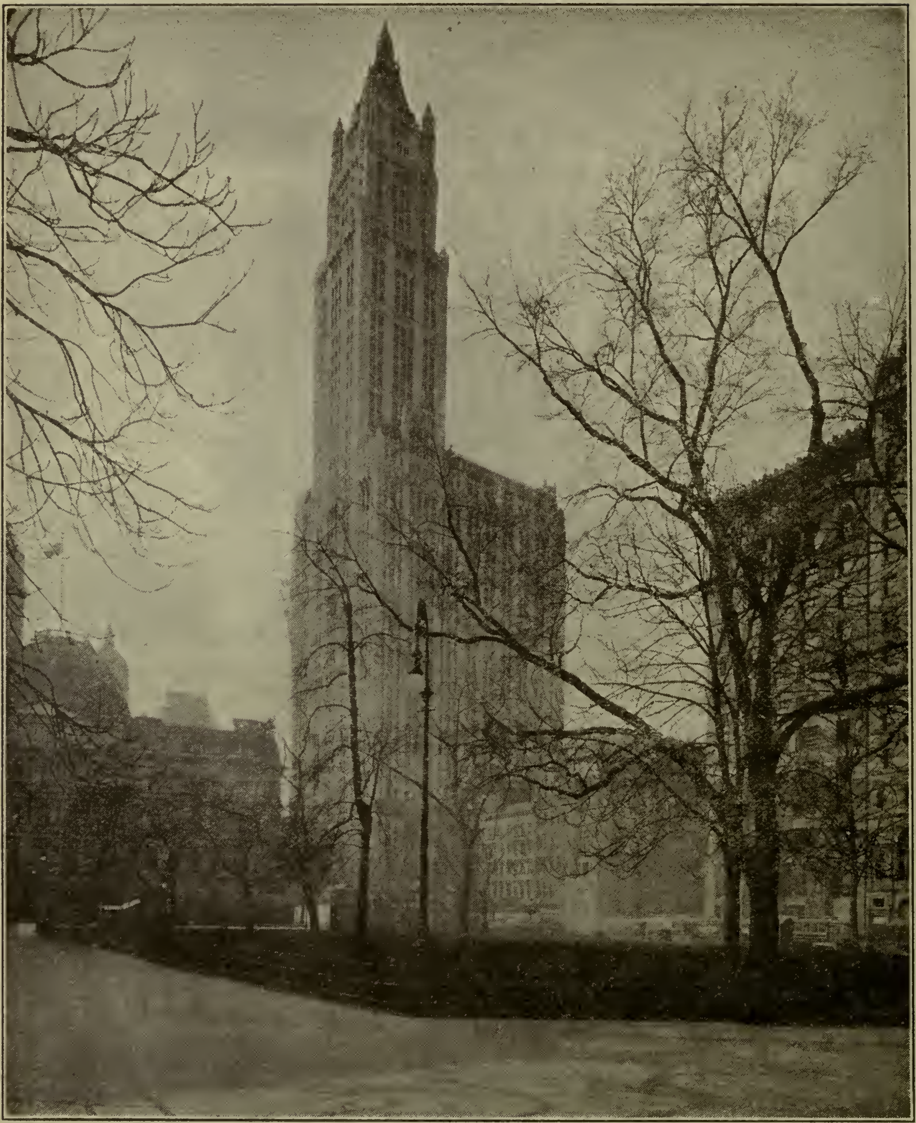
Ten years to a day these hard-working hustling young journeymen had so made themselves felt in the throbbing life of the city as to carry off the biggest building job of the day, the Criminal Court building. When they accepted the contract to build the Tower Building they had won their spurs in the building profession of the great city, and their experiment with the new idea of skeleton construction was watched eagerly on all sides. Many people from surrounding cities came to view the work as it progressed, and the building was the sensation of the day.

The two red-cheeked boys from Belfast little realized that they were revolutionizing the whole manner and method of building construction as they worked out problems which seemed almost unsurmountable. But so sure were they that the skeleton construction of steel would become generally adopted that they advised Mr. Gilbert, the architect, to patent his idea, which, had he so done, would have brought him untold wealth.

* * *

Following the successful completion of the Tower Building the city of New York entered upon its epoch of skyscraper construction. The Park Row building, thirty-two stories in height, erected by this same firm of intrepid builders, was for many years the tallest office building in the world, and is today rivalled only by the Singer, Metropolitan and Woolworth buildings.

For there is indeed rivalry among the skyscrapers of New York. The Singer building held its position as the highest building in the world only to lose its distinction to the great Metropolitan Tower, which now must yield its supremacy to the new Woolworth Building. The Singer and the Metropolitan Buildings were monuments to great and successful businesses; the Woolworth Building is a monument to a man—a monument that pays interest upon the investment, while the recipient of the honor is yet alive to enjoy it.



THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK, FIFTY-FIVE STORIES HIGH, THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD

The new Woolworth building is supremely beautiful, entirely aside from its distinction as the tallest building in the world. Its gothic outlines seem to shine through its terra cotta walls like a beautiful figure draped in a gown of sheerest white. Its tall, slender pose might have been copied from a fashion journal, so real and lifelike it is; so positively unlike any other building of brick and mortar and steel. It is modern sculpture work in steel and terra cotta; it is the architect putting soul into his work, is the builder setting the enamelled clay along ribs of steel, it is the dream of inspiration fulfilled in enduring architecture in the mind of the owner.

Mr. F. W. Woolworth has given to the world its greatest architectural scenic-effect, painted against the blue back ground of the heavens, where men may look up and see the glow of sunrise and sunset scintillating on its silvery walls like a benediction of Nature itself. To the millions who walk the streets of New York its charm is irresistible. It is a picture that never grows wearisome to the passing throng as they lift their eyes in contemplation of the artistic and beautiful. To-day looking down from the Woolworth building the Park Row building appears almost diminutive. Fifty-five stories or 780 feet up in the air turns New York into a miniature city. Tiny street cars and tinier people seem to dot the ribbon-like streets. As one small lad put it, "It makes all your uncles look like 'a(u)nts.'" With but very little strain upon the imagination it seems possible to reach out and push over the lesser skyscrapers.

* * *

That section of New York City which lies along Fourth Avenue between Union Square and Thirty-fourth Street has seen marvelous examples of rebuilding since the skyscraper furor fastened itself upon American city life. A little more than four years ago the avenue was a part of the nondescript "East Side" with a motley array of saloons, employment bureaus, auction rooms, second-hand stores and cheap restaurants. The buildings for the most part were of the "dead level" three story type, built of brick, ragged and dilapidated in appearance. True, clustered around the crossing at Twenty-third street, the Metropolitan Life Building, the Mercantile Building and the United Charities presented an oasis in the dreary wilderness of dry rot, but only for a few hundred feet, where the street cars again ran into the desert poverty of the great city.

It is of course apparent that the building of the subway the entire length of Fourth Avenue was the keynote of its awakening. But it was nearly eight years before the business life of New York City realized the possibilities of this district, and then publishing and manufacturing concerns came flying over like a flock of crows to a fat cornfield.

The NATIONAL was one of the first institutions to locate its New York office in this region. Some wise investor had caught a sufficient glimpse of the future of the section to impel him to tear down two unsightly brown stone houses and erect a modest seven-story office building. It was called the Camera Building—an appropriate name, too, for from its windows might be seen the houses of wealthy old New Yorkers, who observed the intrusion with very poor grace. One could even imagine them making wry faces from behind heavily curtained windows as one passed to and fro to the office. But human endurance finally reached its limit, and one by one the old homes were deserted, as their owners went further up town.

PARK ROW BUILDING

Until the building of the Singer tower it was the tallest office building in the world. It was erected by Dawson & Archer, the builders of the old Tower building, the "daddy" of skeleton construction

It began to look like "The Deserted Village," and during the general exodus I too began to wonder if it were not a mistake after all to have an office in this new district.

JOHN DAWSON
Who with his boyhood friend and partner, William Archer, changed the sky line of modern cities through the building of the first steel skeleton skyscraper in New York city

As I left the building one day I came across a neighbor who was walking along slowly, head screwed sideways, taking in with practiced eye the long row of buildings. His work was that of demolishing buildings, and I jumped at the happy conclusion. The renaissance of Fourth Avenue had begun.

"Well, Mr. Schede," I inquired, "are you getting ready to do your spring plowing?"

"It looks that way," answered the man who has destroyed more buildings than any one else in the world, "they're going to turn these buildings under and plant some skyscrapers." And they did, they surely did, and you never saw such a crop of only four years' growing.

WILLIAM ARCHER
Recently candidate for State Treasurer of New York, and junior member of the firm of Dawson & Archer, which has been conspicuous in the rebuilding of New York city

Many of the newer buildings of New York are built of rough texture brick in different shades and colors. The result is very pleasing to the eye. A majority of the new Fourth Avenue buildings have been constructed of this material, and the new McAlpine Hotel at Thirty-Fourth Street and Broadway, the largest hotel in the world, is built almost entirely of tapestry brick. A heavy investment of capital was necessary to build this moderate priced commercial hotel. Its twenty-five stories contain fifteen hundred rooms, with a working force of fifteen hundred people. The usual features of a modern hostelry have been greatly supplemented by unique arrangements providing one separate floor to women and another for the exclusive use of men. The traveler can under proper restrictions apply for a room on either of these floors at the same rate as elsewhere in the house, and enjoy the privacy of a well-regulated club with skilled maids or valets for personal service.

But while the lower end of Fourth

THE NEW $180,000,000 GRAND CENTRAL STATION IN NEW YORK
Called the "Terminal City" because the buildings include every phase of city life, from hotels to amusement halls

Avenue has seen wonderful changes it is the completion of the new Grand Central Station by the New York Central Lines at Forty-Second Street that will go down in history as one of the marvelous feats of engineering and building. Seventy-nine acres of houses and business blocks were demolished and in their place has arisen a new $180,000,000 railway station. The station proper lies squarely in the center of Fourth Avenue and the street is carried over head on both sides of the new building. Here as in the modern skyscraper the era of steel construction is manifested. A terminal city of buildings, hotels, apartment houses, clubs, convention, amusement and exhibition halls are built over the thirty-two miles of track where eight hundred trains come and go each day under the power of silent, clean, powerful electric motors, giving to New York a new civic center. One hundred and eighteen thousand, six hundred tons of steel were used in the work. During the building of the new station more than $3,000,000 was

THE FIRST SKYSCRAPER
Of steel skeleton construction in New York, showing the old telephone poles

spent in temporary construction in order that the constantly moving traffic should not be delayed.

With the basement floors of the terminal city taken up with railroad tracks and switches, the heating and power plant is crowded out of its usual place and is distributed away up on the second and third stories. Every new ideal found in the construction of the new station has been tested in so far as possible by the public. It is a stairless station, every decline or ascent is made by long ramps like the gang plank of an ocean liner, of course much wider and easier of ascent. The idea is centuries old—it had simply been forgotten. Men and women, big and little, tall and short, lean and fat, empty handed and baggage laden, find the stairless station a boon.

* * *

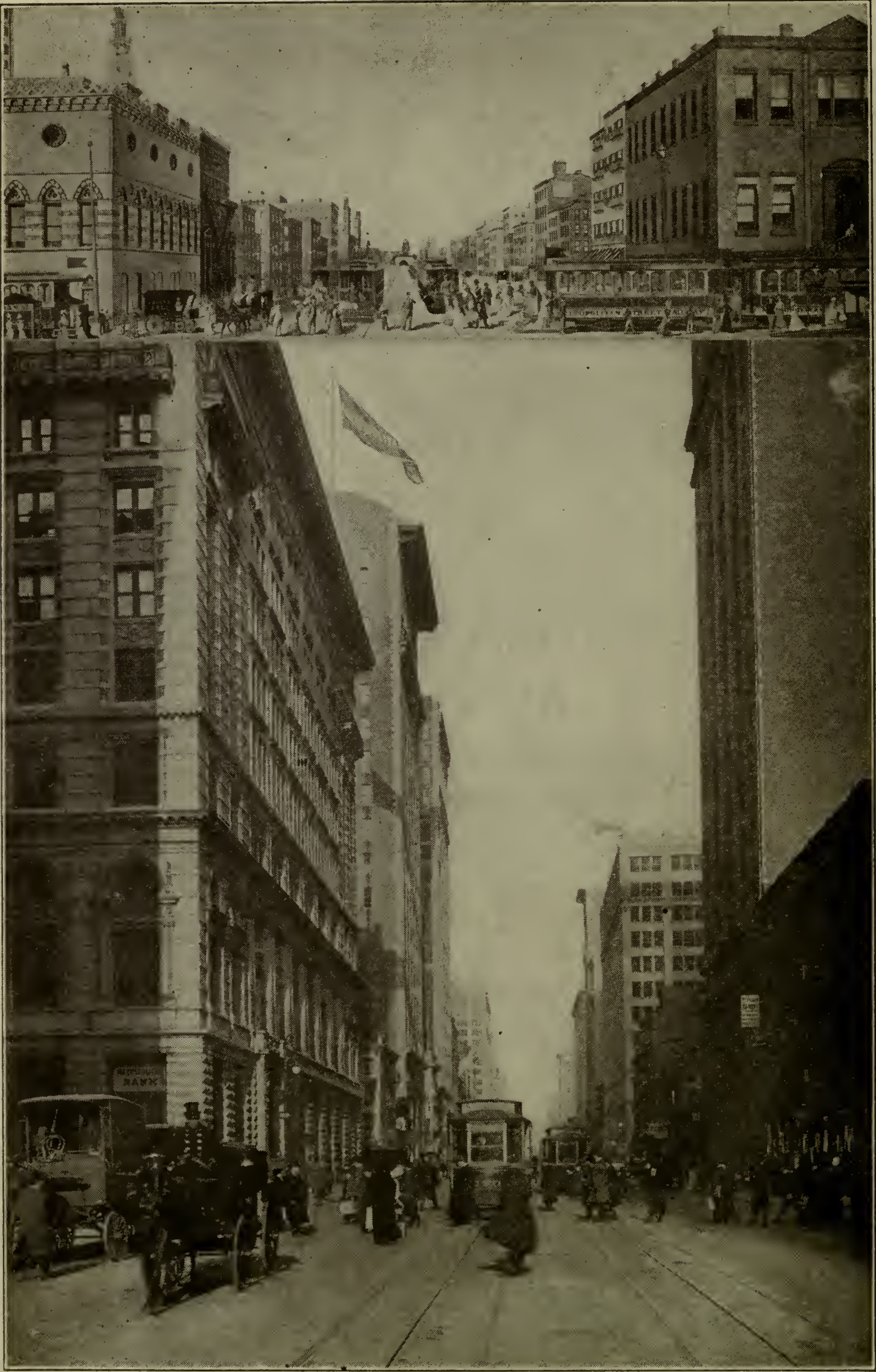
Who shall say that New York's great buildings have not a subtle influence upon its citizens as reflected in the era of "big business"? Big buildings, big business, big corporations, big everything. New York in the last twenty-five years has outgrown itself half a dozen times. Where will the sky line stop? New buildings reaching skyward a thousand feet have been projected, a height greater than that dreamed of by the architects of the tower of Babel, whereat the confusion of tongues drove men apart from the fertile plain of Shinar.

COMPENSATION

By Marion Everett Hayn

A CITY street where poverty holds sway,
Half-clothed, anaemic, stunted, old of face,
The narrow, ill-paved street their only place,
A crowd of little children shout and play
With broken hockey-stick, a battered ball,
A wooden wagon dragged from some ash heap.
The brassy sun at last has dropped to sleep
Below the tenements so crowded, tall.

A breeze springs up. The children think no more
Of noon-day heat that sapped their very life.
A hurdy-gurdy stops—wild joy is rife.
Small children creep from every narrow door.
Pain, hunger, want, each cruel earthly woe
Forgot, the children sing and shout and dance.
So doth the poor of earth seize smallest chance
For keen enjoyment that the rich ne'er know.



FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, BEFORE AND AFTER ITS REBUILDING

Olaf Hoff—His Work

by Flynn Wayne

IN a world growing busier every day the transportation problem is paramount. Quicker, safer and more convenient plans for getting from one point to another are ever unfolding in the brains of inventors and builders, whose thought is constantly centered upon the difficult problems of transportation.

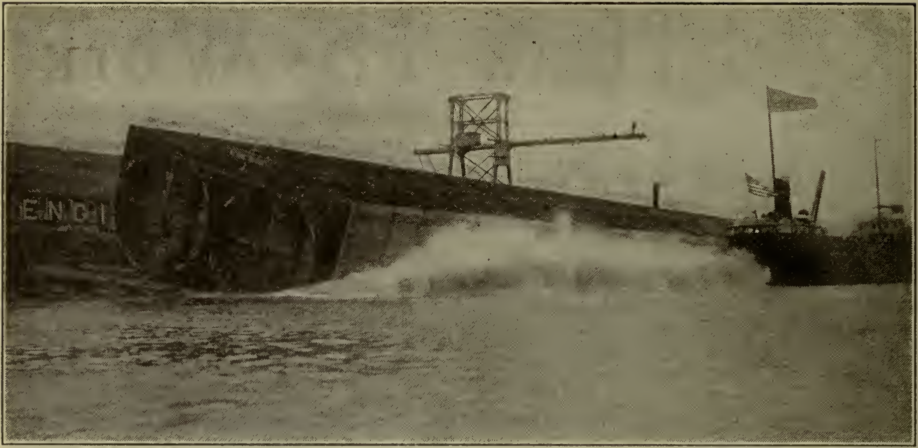
Overhead construction has seen its greatest development in the present day. The age of steel has brought with it wonderful possibilities in structural work. Skyscrapers that have sent the sky-line of New York to dizzy heights; the colossal bridges that span the East River to Brooklyn, are notable instances of the wonderful development of the use of steel for expeditious transportation and the varied needs of a great city.

The builders of subways who delve like burrowing moles underneath the congested streets of the city are largely dependent on the use of steel, which, mined and molded, shaped and riveted again, returns to mother earth to aid man in conquering the congestion of city streets. Under men still bolder great caissons were sunk from each side of the historic Hudson to give "under river" transportation within three minutes instead of slow cumbersome fog-delayed ferries. It took faith to believe these things could be done, to get the money to prosecute the work. It took a heavy toll of human lives through ignorance and experiment. But advancement counts neither money nor lives in its measure of results for the general good, and the victims are indeed brave soldiers fallen in the relentless march of progress. Tubes and tunnels were accepted as necessary, and the wonder was, how did the world get along without them? The problem still unsolved was a satisfactory method of building "under water" tubes and tunnels without the necessity of resorting to dangerous air caissons in which to carry on the work. Many problems of similar construction awaited the day when the building of tubes under the rivers should be robbed of its costly feature of accidents and lives, and reduced to a comparatively simple problem of dollars and cents.

Olaf Hoff, a sandy-haired Norwegian-American in New York, was among those who were pondering this problem. A graduate of the Polytechnic School of Christiania, Norway, young Hoff came to America and entered the employ of the Keystone Bridge Company.

OLAF HOFF

Two years later he went to Mexico and later his work—steadily bringing him to the forefront—took him to Minneapolis, where he built the first steel railroad bridge across the Mississippi River at that point. In 1901 he became engineer of bridges and buildings of the New York Central lines. Under his direction most of the rebuilding of the bridges of that great railway system was accomplished with



LAUNCHING OF A SECTION OF THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNEL—ONE OF THE GREATEST FEATS OF MODERN ENGINEERING

little delay to its tremendous traffic. When the opportunity came to Mr. Hoff to go into business for himself he resigned his position, but hardly six months had passed when a problem of the Michigan Central Railway began to interest Olaf Hoff. The river at Detroit had to be kept open for navigation, a bridge was practically impossible, a tunnel built by old methods impracticable by reason of the tremendous expense, and yet the enforced use of ferries to carry the trains across the river greatly interfered with the efficiency of the road. Here was a difficulty that called forth the best ideas of the country's most noted engineers.

The final solution of any problem is striking a balance between necessity and cost, and Olaf Hoff turned all his inventive genius into the work of building railway tunnels under water. His plans were accepted and the successful completion of the Detroit tunnel two years ago marks a hard struggle, gamely fought, and gloriously crowned. Mr. Hoff's idea, stated briefly, was simple in the extreme. He built two great tubes of steel, laid them in huge cradles arranged in compartments for receiving concrete, launched them like barges into the river, towed them to their proper place and sank them to the bottom, which had been dredged to allow a forty foot clearance for the boats above. The sections of the tunnel were laid and joined together like the tubes of a water main. The concrete was poured into the compartments about the steel tubes and solidified in a few days—even under water. Encased in a shell of solid reinforced concrete the tubes will stand for ages. Not a life was lost in the work and the expense was considerably less.

In the further work of building tunnels under the rivers of New York City the success of Mr. Hoff's method at Detroit attracted wide attention and he and his associates were successful in securing the contract to build the new four track tunnel under the Harlem River, connecting Manhattan with its fastest growing region, the Bronx. The dredging of the ditch across the river bed and the drilling of the rock for the approaches is now well under way. The big steel tubes for the tunnel are being built and some day, at the word of command, the fleet of steel tubes will sail forth to sink—sink gloriously to the bottom, there to become transformed into links of steel and concrete to bind closer than ever the busy life of a great metropolis.

And among its passengers when the tunnel is finally completed may be one, with sandy hair now streaked with gray, whose blue eyes behind rims of gold will calmly scan the morning paper. But who of his fellow-passengers would know, unless they were told, that it was Olaf Hoff, the builder of the tunnel—the man who has saved countless lives of future tunnel builders and toilers.

SCENE FROM "WITHIN THE LAW," BY BAYARD VEILLER, IN WHICH MISS JANE COWL PLAYS THE PART OF MARY TURNER, A FALSELY ACCUSED SHOP GIRL WHO LEAVES PRISON BITTERLY RESOLVED TO MAKE MONEY DISHONESTLY, BUT TO KEEP "WITHIN THE LAW"

Personality on the Stage

Discussed by Leading Actresses

by Ann Randolph

"PERSONALITY is the greatest asset on the stage today." So said a great producing manager in an address reported in the evening papers. "What do you call personality?" a press representative was asked.

"Personality is when," he answered confidently in small boy fashion, "the audience speaks of going to see an actor rather than a play. As a case in point—Hattie Williams and Richard Carle are over at the Colonial playing in 'The Girl from Montmarte.' Will half the audience remember the name of the play to tell the folks at home? Won't they say, 'We saw Hattie Williams and Richard Carle?' That's the safest way to distinguish."

Miss Williams herself was sought out for an expression on the subject. Personality, she agreed, had a good deal to do with success on the stage and she believed that a playwright could, without jeopardizing his art or his province, write a play to fit the personality of almost any star, making it a good play in the bargain. And while a hundred critics and still more playwrights may rise to descry both personality and the "star system" and Miss

Williams' view of the matter, yet there are still more hundreds left to agree with her. Professor Brander Mathews—and he is a true student of the drama—recalls in his "Study of the Drama" that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" to suit Burbage's histrionic talents. We know that Moliere, the greatest of French dramatists, wrote most of his "star parts" for certain actors.

Miss Williams was not inclined to argue her point. She really "hadn't given it much thought," and preferred that evening to talk about more pleasant subjects, such as home, and friends, and amusing conditions she had met in various travels. She also gave out rare bits of philosophy and good cheer that were typically Hattie Williams. And there it is: *Personality* bobbing up again!

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS, NOW CO-STARRING WITH RICHARD CARLE IN "THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTE"

She was interested in the argument advanced by one of our young playwrights as to an actor's sinking his personality in character parts. Extensive quotations were given, and even de Goncourt's ultimatum (recently employed to good effect by Mr. George Jean Nathan), "The part of a great actor is to make people forget even his name when he is on the stage," was repeated. Miss Williams listened attentively.

"Very well, then," she said humbly, "sink your personality if you will,"—here a pair of dazzling brown eyes began to twinkle and a Hattie Williams smile to form—"***sink***, but don't ***drown***.

"Remember, there's a difference," she called down the corridor after a laughing good-night was said, "sink, but don't drown."

* * *

The sympathies of Miss Mary Nash, who plays the part of Wanda Kelly in Belasco's production of "The Woman," are with the playwright. "The great artist should be able to sink his personality in a character part," she said decisively. "I think it's the play every time. The actor's value is in his interpretation of the playwright's characters. Personality never dominates a great play." She recalled that even the wonderful personality of Ethel Barrymore could not carry "The Silver Box," an unpopular play, to success. "It's the lines," said Miss Nash frankly, "that win an audience rather than the personality of an actor. I've seen it in 'The Woman' and other plays. The same lines are applauded by audiences night after night. At some performances the actor renders those lines with much more feeling than at others. But there is no difference in the applause. . . . Yes, it's the lines."

Miss Nash believes that actors who are artists feel the parts they play. "Of course I know what is said about parts being only 'studied impersonations,' " she said, "but I think you have to feel a part when you play it. You may not in private life agree with the views of the character you play, but when you play it, you have to be that character.

"Take Wanda Kelly, for instance. She is a real person, with her own ideas and ideals. They may not be my ideals, but just the same I can feel as she must have felt through the entire play."

This view is the more exceptional in that Miss Nash began her stage career with "personality" actors, for she first played as ingenue with Hattie Williams and Sam Bernard, and has since supported Ethel Barrymore and Zelda Sears. "Pretty little ingénue parts," however, did not appeal to Mary Nash, even at the tender age of seventeen, when she took Marie Doro's place in "The Girl from Kay's" with Miss Williams and Mr. Bernard.

Miss Nash's story of how she happened to get her start on the stage is too amusing to let pass, even though it be a digression from our subject. In some way she learned that Miss Marie Doro was leaving her part in "The Girl from Kay's." She hastened to the manager and made an application. The argument was in her favor: she could "make up" to pass for Miss Doro, being about the same size, and best of all she could wear Miss Doro's clothes. Everything was coming out beautifully when "What's your experience?" asked the manager. Here was a trap for the unwary beginner. With success in her hand should she whimper, "I've never been on the stage," and suffer curt dismissal? "I've had experience in stock," replied Miss Nash, and drew on performances booked by her father to supply names and parts. The manager was properly impressed and told her to come for rehearsal, while she tripped away with her contract and prepared for a stormy session "bribing father," who himself books many stock and vaudeville productions. "But, after all, I really got on the stage because I could wear Marie Doro's clothes," says Miss Nash.

MISS MARY NASH, WHO HAS MADE A STRIKING IMPERSONATION OF THE TELEPHONE GIRL, WANDA KELLY, IN DAVID BELASCO'S PRODUCTION OF "THE WOMAN"

MISS VIOLET HEMING, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD ENGLISH ACTRESS SUPPORTING MR. GEORGE ARLISS IN "DISRAELI";

"I've always been lucky on the stage," she declares, if one suggests that she is very young to be doing "leads." "Then on account of my father, my sister Florence and I have almost lived in the theater since we were babies." Sister Florence, be it known, is one of the chief delights of "Within the Law," in which she characterizes "Aggie Lynch," the Buffalo con woman. It is a pity that, quite unknown to Sister Mary, Miss Florence could not have been induced to contribute her sentiments as to personality. As it is, nothing can be hoped for but the single statement: "Whatever *my sister Mary* says!"

* * *

"Personality and the Press agent—those are the two big P's that make for success," said Miss Violet Heming, leading woman with Mr. George Arliss in "Disraeli." "It's personality every time. All the great successes on the stage owe everything to personality. I believe in acting on personality, not in trying to sink it. Perhaps I'm still like the matinee girl, but I can't enjoy a play unless the hero or heroine looks the part. The greatest actress may be able to *act* a young part with admirable art, but I'd rather see a girl who looked like the heroine perform it, even with less skill.

"I think an actress ought to develop a personality. Then the other big P—the press agent—he has a lot to do with an actress's success. If he keeps her name before the people in the right way, she can't help but profit by it."

MISS HELEN LOWELL, STARRING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN "THE RED PETTICOAT," A LIVELY MUSICAL COMEDY

Miss Heming is a most ambitious young person. She is a pink and white English beauty, still in her teens, and since she came to America from the Isle of Man, where her father owns a theater, she has played "Wendy" in "Peter Pan," has created the title role in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," played Rose in "Daddy Dufard," Doris Moore in "The Deep Purple," and is now having her best success as Lady Clarissa Pevensey in "Disraeli." Of course she wants to star—to have her name "up in lights"—and there isn't any doubt that her dream will be realized. But when in years to come that personality is known from coast to coast and the name "VIOLET HEMING" is duly "up in lights" on Broadway, there is one who will remember the old days of "Disraeli" at the Plymouth, when between the acts and in various waits, the subject of personality was abandoned at intervals for certain solemn christenings—christenings of costumes, hats and slippers worn by Lady Clarissa Pevensey, and of various dolls, toy dogs and other articles that adorned the crowded dressing table. Yes, everything had its name. There was the gown Polly Poppleton, whose green was too bright for the taste of its wearer, and Vera Violetta, the dainty figured dress of the third act. Algernon, a dainty china cup, reposed on one end of the dressing table. And then there were sundry hand glasses, cologne bottles, picture frames, even chairs, each of which Violet Heming had invested with—*personality.*

* * *

"Personality never yet brought a poor play to success," said Miss Helen Lowell, who is starring for the first time in "The Red Petticoat," after striking successes in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "The Lottery Man."

"Even the wonderful personality of Maude Adams or of Ethel Barrymore could not keep a bad play from failure. Of course, an actress who has become famous through her personality and has a large following, may be able to 'carry' a play that is perhaps only fair, or indifferent—but the play always comes first." Miss Lowell maintained that a good play with a fair cast stood a better chance of success than a fair play with the strongest "personality" as its star; because often the good play, to her thinking, inspired the fair actors to marvelous interpretations, while the indifferent play left them nothing to do but struggle in the shadow of the star.

"Many stars have made the mistake of expecting to dominate a play completely," said Miss Lowell, "and have been satisfied with a poor supporting company. They have let the other parts be acted poorly in order to make their personality more striking in comparison." This, said

Miss Lowell, was not only unfair, but a mistake. "Since I have starred," she said, "I have wanted the best possible company, and insisted that every member of the company be given a chance. It may be that some audiences will not like the star; then if the supporting company be poor, the whole performance for the auditors is spoiled. On the other hand, even if the star does not appeal to them, some of the smaller parts artistically done, or a good chorus in musical comedy, may change the whole aspect."

Miss Lowell is an exceptional woman and an exceptional actress—she is "different." Managers would call her a "type," and make of her a "personality"—but "the play comes first," she emphatically declares.

* * *

"When it comes to a question of the artistic value of personality," said Miss Jane Cowl, the leading woman of "Within the Law," the season's most successful melodrama, "one may discuss it relatively. There can be no question of its appeal commercially. It seems to me that this is particularly true of actresses. It is a question whether the feminine clientele of a favorite star, such as, for instance, Miss Barrymore or Miss Adams, would care to see her personality entirely submerged beneath an unrecognizable make-up. You may point to 'Peter Pan' as a refutation of this idea, but Miss Adams' success in that character was certainly two-thirds as much accountable because of what she brought to the role as because of the material which Mr. Barrie furnished for her so delightfully.

"One hears older actors discuss with some bitterness the fact that managers select 'types' to fit parts. Most old players believe that an actor should be capable of playing any role, and so far as mere reading of the lines is concerned, this ought to be true. But the day of the tie wig has gone past with the day of the credulous audience. On the modern stage we have 'to show them.' It is a cruel truth that the playgoer will no longer accept any substitute for youth and beauty in a role calling for those attributes. In the case of great genius, an audience may bring respectful attention and even affection to lay upon the altar of art. But it does not forget that the artiste is *as* she is even while remembering *what* she is."

* * *

There is probably no more brilliant actress on our stage today than Miss Dorothy Donnelly, who created the role of "Madame X" in America.

MISS DOROTHY DONNELLY, THE CREATOR OF THE ROLE "MADAME X," NOW PLAYING IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," A DRAMATIZATION OF ROBERT HICHENS' POWERFUL NOVEL

"I've never thought much about playing on personality," Miss Donnelly said. "I have usually done character parts. The personality given to such parts comes instinctively. After you have learned a part, the character takes life and becomes a person. Something tells you what she will do and how she will do it. That same instinct will even give you the tone of her voice—it did me when I played 'Madame X.'" The same must be true of "Domini Enfilden," which Miss Donnelly is now playing in "The Garden of Allah." Originally cast for the part by the authors, Miss Donnelly was starring in her own play, "Princess Zim Zim," when "The Garden of Allah" opened, and Miss Mary Mannering played the role until Miss Donnelly was free.

Dorothy Donnelly comes of stage stock. Her father, Thomas E. Donnelly, was for many years lessee and manager of the Grand Opera House, New York. Miss Donnelly made her first stage appearance in the stock company of her brother, Henry V. Donnelly, at the old Murray Hill Theater, New York, which has turned out so many prominent actors. After three years in stock, she appeared with Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune," and created various roles until her great success was made in "Madame X."

MISS EMMA DUNN
Whose sympathetic interpretation of "Mary Slade," the old-fashioned wife in "The Governor's Lady" is a splendid example of histrionic art

MISS MARY YOUNG
One of the most successful American actresses in stock. In private life the wife of Mr. John Craig, the versatile manager of Castle Square Theatre, Boston

Miss Donnelly believes in keeping stage standards high. Even if a play or its acting is "above the heads" of an audience, she believes that the audience is uplifted—that "they begin to have glimmerings." She likes to convey impressions to her audience by suggestion, for "the more we see," she insists, "the less we are able to feel." She is a warm champion of realistic drama, and holds that sentimental plays, like sentimental stories, are harmful even if entertaining. Plays in which uncultured, illiterate little shop girls, with nothing save pretty faces, are claimed by wealthy young dukes and lords, and "live happily ever after" are the abomination of Miss Donnelly. "These plays are bad for girls to see," she declares. "They are carried away with dreams of the impossible. They become discontented with the earnest, steady-going 'beaux' of their own class and often wreck their whole lives waiting for something they never will get and do not deserve. Because, after all, we get what we deserve, and we have to work to deserve anything.

"I love people who work because they have to," says Miss Donnelly. "I love America, where everybody works, and I wouldn't live abroad under any condition." And thus Miss Donnelly turned discussion from the vexed subject of the play, personality or impersonation: "Success comes only from work," she sighed.

* * *

"It's instinct that makes an actor," said Miss Emma Dunn, whose interpretation of "Mary Slade," the pathetic little wife in "The Governor's Lady," brings tears to the eyes. "Personality or impersonation—I don't think it's either. Or rather, it is something greater than either—it's instinct, or to go still further, it is spirituality. That is what makes an actor great. It isn't the brain, with a studied impersonation, or the physical appearance linked so closely with personality; it's something inside—instinct, soul, spirituality. This *makes* you play a character as the playwright intended, sometimes even bigger than he dreamed of."

This instinct does not confine an actor to "types," as proved by Miss Dunn's career. The parts Miss Dunn has played in "The Easiest Way," "The Warrens of Virginia," "Mother," and "The Governor's Lady" are as far apart as the poles. To illustrate the power of instinct, Miss Dunn gave her experience with the part of "Annie," the colored servant in "The Easiest Way." After she had accepted the role, she consulted with the manager as to where an "Annie" could be found in real life, so that the character might be studied. "Annie's" prototype was discovered in a lodging house among the West Forties in New York. "What shall I have to do," asked Miss Dunn, "go there and take a room in order to study her?" After much thought she decided to remain at home and study the part, depending on instinct for the rest. "I said, 'If you have it in your soul to play that part, you will play it without watching any woman or studying her manners to give it life.' And as I learned the part, that something inside told me just what Annie would say and do." This is the same influence of which Miss Donnelly spoke in impersonating "Madame X."

"Then again," said Miss Dunn, "I think that the greatest artist is the one who can keep an even balance between the subjective and the objective. David Warfield is such a man. Thinkers say that keeping this fine balance of the subjective and the objective is what has made Shakespeare immortal." Intellectuality shone through every utterance of this wonderfully magnetic actress, yet she is essentially a home woman. "Art cannot yield everything," she says. "It cannot give happiness. Neither can satisfied ambition, if ambition is ever satisfied. But a husband and a family"—here the splendid eyes lit up as Miss Dunn proudly took out photographs of her husband and the two charming little girls who complete their ideal household. To be happily married and enjoy the companionship of a husband and children is Miss Dunn's idea of happiness. Her idea of real success is the same. And to this, spirituality, or instinct, contributes as it does to artistic success.

* * *

"Personality means a great deal on the stage," said Miss Mary Young, the leading woman of the Castle Square Stock Company, Boston, and the wife of John Craig, its actor manager. "Character parts—impersonations—are much easier than 'straight' parts that have to be played on one's own personality. A beginner is very often a success in a character part, because he has a well-drawn character in the lines of the play to build from, but it takes years of experience to act oneself—that is, what we call a 'straight' part." Mr. Craig, who was drawn into the discussion, agreed that acting on one's personality was hardest, but nine out of ten parts, he remarked, were characterizations. Miss Young suggested that there might be a difference in opinion as to what constituted a character part. She hesitated about pronouncing "Madame X" a character part—"one has to put so much of oneself into it." Mr. Craig maintained that after the first act, "Madame X" was strongly characterization, but just then the curtain was about to rise on "Believe Me, Xantippe" (the John Craig prize play for 1912), and Mr. Craig made a hasty exit, thus leaving the field to the lady of the house.

"An actress who plays in stock has to fight against personality," said Miss Young again. "Personality carries with it mannerisms, and one has to be versatile to do stock roles. An actor whose mannerisms show through every part he plays becomes tiresome. Stock audiences come to see the play, not the actor.

"I think that Mr. Craig's versatility has had a great deal to do with his success. One week he may play 'Hamlet' and the next 'The Fortune Hunter,' and perhaps the next a sympathetic role like 'The Prince Chap.' These changes keep out mannerisms. After all," Miss Young summed up thoughtfully, "I don't think that acting on personality makes for success—in stock companies at least."

* * *

Thus from a group of our representative actresses we have many different ideas touching on the popular subject of stage personality, each in relation to success. There seems to be no way of dividing or classifying these opinions. And so the discussion goes on—among actors, among playwrights, among critics. Audiences who could settle the matter if they would refuse to take sides. They enjoy a powerful play with strong character parts, but they likewise enjoy the winning personality of their favorite "star," who comes every season or so with new "vehicles."

Miss Donnelly has suggested that the whole vexed matter could be decided upon if the term "personality" could be accepted in its real and highest sense. But according to the popular definition—the definition quoted at the beginning of this sketch—there is no settlement in sight.

Back t' Hum

By William Edward Ross

GOLDEN fields an' sun-kissed brooks;
Same ol' wealth o' shaded nooks
Where a-dreamin' I would lie,
Plannin' for the by-an'-by,
While from off my unwatched hook
Pilferin' trout th' wrigglers took
Though ol' Shep would grumble, grum—
Gee, I'm glad I'm back t' hum.

Back to hum where in th' door
Ma's a'-standin' as o' yore
Ringin' that ol' dinner bell
Jes' as if I couldn't smell
It a-cookin' at th' stile
Where I paused to rest awhile;
So for one more feed I've come—
Gee, I'm glad I'm back t' hum.

Wealth enough for any man;
Chicken sizzlin' in th' pan,
Sweet potatoes, crisp an' brown,
Jersey milk to wash 'em down,
Snowy biscuits, home-made jell,
Pies 'bout which the poets tell;
Apple dumplin's? Well, I swum!
Gee, it's good t' be t' hum.

Back t' hum an' attic room,
Picturin' goblins in th' gloom,
Snugglin' warm twixt snowy sheets
Where th' roses fragrance greets
Jaded nerves an' sets 'em right—
Mother whisperin', "Son, good-night."
Breeze a-sighin', mm, mm, mm,—
Gee, I'm glad I'm back t' hum.

Back t' hum an' peace an' rest
Back t' where love's golden test
Paints with beauty wrinkled brows,
Decks gray hair with laurel boughs.
Back t' hum an' kith an' kin,
Back from strife an' toil an' din,
Back t' happiness I've come—
Gee, it's good t' be t' hum.

"Second Class"

From Sydney to New Zealand

by Henry Lawson

WE were delayed for an hour or so inside Sydney Heads, taking passengers from the Oroya, which had just arrived from England and anchored off Watson's Bay. An Adelaide boat went alongside the ocean liner, while we dropped anchor at a respectable distance. This puzzled some of us until one of the passengers stopped an ancient mariner and inquired. The sailor jerked his thumb upwards and left. The passengers stared aloft till some of them got the lockjaw in the back of their necks, and then another sailor suggested that we had yards to our masts, while the Adelaide boat had not.

It seemed a pity that the new chums for New Zealand didn't have a chance to see Sydney after coming so far and getting so near. It struck them that way, too. They saw Melbourne, which seemed another injustice to the old city. However, nothing matters much nowadays, and they might see Sydney in happier times.

They looked like new chums, especially the "furst clarsters," and there were two or three Scotsmen among them who looked like Scots and talked like it, too; also an Irishman. Great Britain and Ireland do not seem to be learning anything fresh about Australia. We had a yarn with one of these new arrivals, and got talking about the banks. It turned out that he was a Radical. He spat over the side and said:

"It's a something shame the way things is carried on! Now, look here, a banker can rob hundreds of wimmin and children an' widders and orfuns, and nothin' is done to him, but if a poor man only embezzles a shilling, *he gets transported to the colonies for life.*" (The italics are ours, but the words were his.)

We explained to this new chum that transportation was done away with long ago, as far as Australia was concerned, that no more convicts were sent out here, only men who ought to be, and he seemed surprised. He did not call us a liar, but he looked as if he thought that we were prevaricating. We were glad that he didn't say so, for he was a bigger man.

When we got through the Heads someone pointed to the wrong part of the cliff and said:

"That's where the *Dunbar* was wrecked."

Shortly afterward another man pointed to another wrong part of the cliffs and observed incidentally:

"That's where the *Dunbar* was wrecked."

Pretty soon a third man came along and pointed to a third wrong part of the cliff and remarked casually:

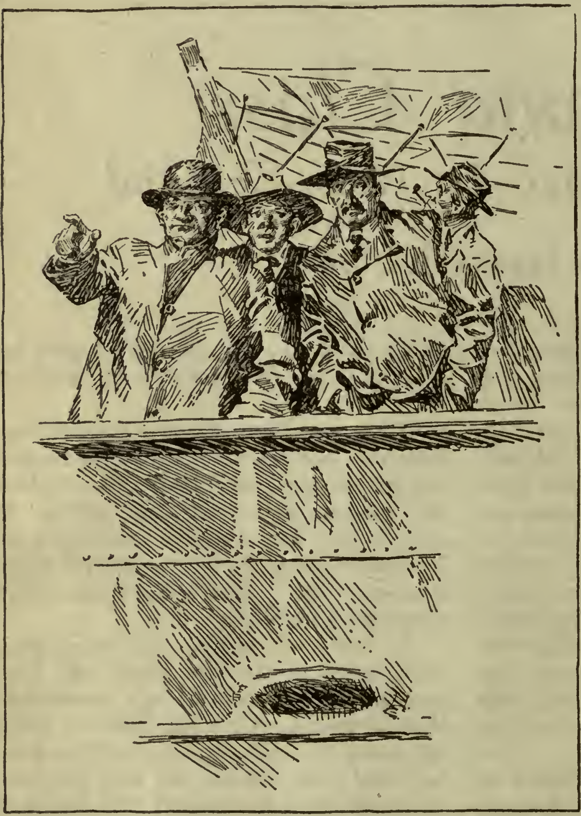
"That's where the *Dunbar* was wrecked."

We moved aft and met the fourth mate, who jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the cliffs in general, and muttered condescendingly:

"That's where the *Dunbar* was wrecked."

It was not long before a woman turned round and asked:

"Was that the place where the *Dunbar* was wrecked, please?"



Someone pointed to the wrong part of the cliff and said: "That's where the Dunbar was wrecked"

We said "Yes," and she said "Lor'," and beckoned to a friend.

We went for'ard and met an old sailor, who glared at us, jerked his thumb at the coast and growled:

"That's where the *Dunbar* went down."

Then we went below, but we felt a slight relief when he said "went down" instead of "was wrecked."

It is doubtful whether a passenger boat ever cleared Sydney Heads since the wild night of that famous wreck without someone pointing to the wrong part of the cliffs and remarking:

"That's where the *Dunbar* was wrecked."

The Dunbar fiend is inseparable from the Australian coasting steamers.

We traveled second class in the interests of journalism. You get more points for copy in the steerage. It was a sacrifice, but we hope to profit by it some day.

There were about fifty male passengers, including half a dozen New Zealand shearers, two of whom came on board drunk; their remarks for the first night mainly consisted of "gory." "Gory" is part of the Australian language now —a big part.

The others were chiefly tradesmen, laborers, clerks, and hard-up bagmen, driven out of Australia by the hard times there, and glad, no doubt, to get away. There was a jeweler on board, of course, and his name was Moses or Cohen. If it wasn't it should have been—or Isaacs. His Christian name was probably Benjamin. We called him Jacobs. He passed away most of his time on board swapping watch lies with the other passengers and good-naturedly spoiling their Waterburys.

One commercial traveler shipped with a flower in his buttonhole. His girl gave it to him on the wharf and told him to keep it till it faded and then press it. She was a barmaid. She thought he was "going saloon," but he came forward as soon as the wharf was out of sight. He gave the flower to the stewardess and told us about these things one moonlight night during the voyage.

There was another—a well-known Sydney man—whose friends thought that he was going saloon, and turned up in good force to see him off. He spent his last shilling "shouting," and kept up his end of the pathetic little farce out of consideration for the feelings of certain proud female relations, and not because he was "proud"—at least not that way. He stood on a conspicuous part of the saloon deck and waved his white handkerchief until Miller's Point came between. Then he came forward where he belonged. But he was proud—bitterly so. He had a flower, too, but he did not give it to the stewardess. He had it pressed, we think (for we knew him), and perhaps he wears it now over the place where his heart used to be.

When Australia was fading from view we shed a tear, which was all we had to shed, at least we tried to shed a tear, and could not. It is best to be exact when you are writing from experience.

Just as Australia was fading from view, someone looked through a glass and said in a sad, tired kind of voice that he could just see the place where the *Dunbar* was wrecked.

The new chum came along and asked us whether the Maoris were very bad round Sydney. He'd heard that they were. We told him that we had never had any trouble with them to speak of, and gave him another show.

"Did you ever hear of the wreck of the *Dunbar?*" we asked.

He said that he never "heerd tell" of it, but he had "heerd" of the wreck of the *Victoria*.

The first evening passed off quietly, except for the vinously-excited shearers. They had sworn eternal friendship with a convivial dude from the saloon, and he made a fine specimen fool of himself for an hour or so. He never showed his nose for'ard again.

Now and then a passenger would solemnly seek the steward and have a beer. The steward drew it out of a small keg which lay on its side on a shelf with a wooden tap sticking out of the end of it—out of the end of the keg, we mean. The beer tasted like warm but weak vinegar, and cost sixpence per small glass. The bagman told the steward that he could not compliment him on the quality of his liquor, but the steward said nothing. He did not even seem interested—only bored. He had heard the same remark often before, no doubt. He was a fat, solemn steward—not formal, but very reticent and irresponsive. He looked like a man who conducted a religious Conservative paper once and failed, and had then gone into the wholesale produce line, and failed again, and finally got his present billet through the influence of his creditors and two clergymen. He might have been a sociable fellow, a man about town, even a gay young dog, and a radical writer before he was driven to accept the editorship of the aforesaid periodical. He probably came of a "good English family." He was now, very likely, either a rigid Presbyterian or an extreme freethinker. He thought a lot anyway, and looked as if he knew a lot, too—too much for words, in fact.

We took a turn on deck before turning in and heard two men arguing about the way in which the *Dunbar* was wrecked.

The commercial travelers, the jeweler, and one or two new chums who were well provided with clothing, undressed deliberately and retired ostentatiously in pajamas, but there were others—men of better days—who turned in either very early or very late, when the cabin was quiet, and slipped hurriedly and furtively out of their clothes and between the blankets, as if they were ashamed of the poverty of their underwear.

It is well that the Lord can see deep down into the hearts of men, for He has to judge them; it is well that the majority of mankind cannot, because if they could the world would altogether be too sorrowful to live in; and we do not think the angels can either, else they would not be happy—if they could and were they would not be angels any longer—they would be devils. Study it out on a slate.

We turned in feeling comfortably dismal, and almost wishing that we had gone down with the *Dunbar*.

The intoxicated shearers and the dude kept their concert up till a late hour that night—or, rather, a very early hour next morning, and at about midnight they were reinforced by the commercial traveler and Moses, the jeweler, who had been visiting acquaintances aft. This push was encouraged by voices from various bunks, and enthusiastically barracked for by a sandy-complexioned, red-headed comedian with twinkling gray eyes, who occupied the berth immediately above our own.

They stood with their backs to the bunks and their feet braced against the deck, or lurched round, and took friendly pulls from whisky flasks, and chyacked each other, and laughed and blowed and lied like—like Australian bushmen; and occasionally they broke out into snatches of song—and as often broke down. Few Englishmen know more than the first verse, or two lines, of even their most popular song, and when elevated enough to think they can sing, they repeat the first verse over and over again, with the wrong words, and with a sort of "ta-ra-ra-rum-ti-tooral. Ta-ra-ra-ra-rum-ti, ta-ra-ra-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum-tum-ti-dee-e-e," by way of variation.

Presently—suddenly it seemed to our drowsy senses—two of the shearers and the bagman commenced arguing with drunken gravity and precision about politics, even while a third bushman was approaching the climax of an out-back yarn of many adjectives, of which he himself was the hero. The scraps of conversation that we caught were somewhat as follows. We leave out most of the adjectives.

First Voice: "Now look here. The women will vote for men, not principles. That's why I'm against women voting. Now, just mark my—"

Third Voice (*trying to finish yarn*): "Hold on. Just wait till I tell yer. Well, this bloomin' bloke, he says—"

Second Voice (*evidently in reply to first*): "Principles you mean, not men. You're getting a bit mixed, old man." (Smothered chuckle from the comedian over our head.)

Third Voice (*seeming to drift round in search of sympathy*): "You will?" sez I. "Yes, I will," he sez. "Oh, you will, will yer?" I sez, and with that I—"

Second Voice (*apparently wandering from both subjects*): "Blanker has always stuck up for the workin' man, an' he'll get in, you'll see. Why, he's a bloomin' workin' man himself. Me and Blanker—"

Disgusted voice from a bunk: "Oh, that's damn rot! We've had enough of lumpers in Parliament! Horny hands are all right enough, but we don't want any more blanky horny heads!"

Third Voice (*threateningly*): "Who's talkin' about 'orny heads? That pitch is meant for us, ain't it? Do you mean to say that I've got a 'orny head?"

Here two men commenced snarling at each other, and there was some talk of punching the causes of the dispute *re* horny heads, but the bagman interfered, a fresh flask was passed around and some more eternal friendships sworn to.

We dozed off again and the next time we were aware of anything the commercial traveler and Moses had disappeared, the rest were lying or sitting in their bunks, and the third shearer was telling a yarn about an alleged fight he had at a shed up country. Perhaps he was telling it for the benefit of the dissatisfied individual who made the injudicious remark concerning horny heads.

"So I said to the boss over the board, 'You're a nice sort of thing,' I sez. 'Who are you talking to?' he says. 'You, bless yer,' I says. 'Now, look here,' he says, 'you get your chefiue and clear!' 'All right,' I says, 'you can take that!' and I hauled off and landed him a beauty under the butt of the listener. Then the boss came along with two blacklegs, but the boys made a ring, and I laid out the blanks in just five minutes. Then I sez to the boss, 'That's the sort of cove I am,' I sez, 'an' now, if you—' "

But just here there came a deep, growling voice, seemingly from out the depths of the forehold—anyway there came a voice, and it said:

"For the Lord's sake give 'er a rest!"

The steward turned off the electricity, but there were two lanterns dimly burning in our part of the steerage. It was a narrow compartment running across the width of the boat, and had evidently been partitioned off from the top floor of the hold to meet the emigration from Australia to New Zealand. There were three tiers of bunks, two deep, on the far side, three rows of single bunks on the other, and two at each end of the cabin, the top ones just under the portholes.

The shearers had turned in "all standing"; two of them were lying feet to feet in a couple of outside lower berths. One lay on his stomach with his face turned outwards, his arm thrown over the side of the bunk, and his knuckles resting on the deck; the other rested on the broad of his back with his arm also hanging over the side and his knuckles resting on the floor. And so they slept the sleep of the drunk.

A fair, girl-faced young Swiss emigrant occupied one of the top berths, with his curly, flaxen head resting close alongside one of the lanterns that were dimly burning, and an Anglo-foreign dictionary in his hand. His mate, or brother, who resembled him in everything except that he had dark hair, lay asleep alongside; and in the next berth a long, consumptive-looking new chum sat in his pajamas, with his legs hanging over the edge and his hands grasping the sideboard, to which, on his right hand, a sort of tin-can arrangement was hooked. He was staring intently at nothing, and seemed to be thinking very hard.

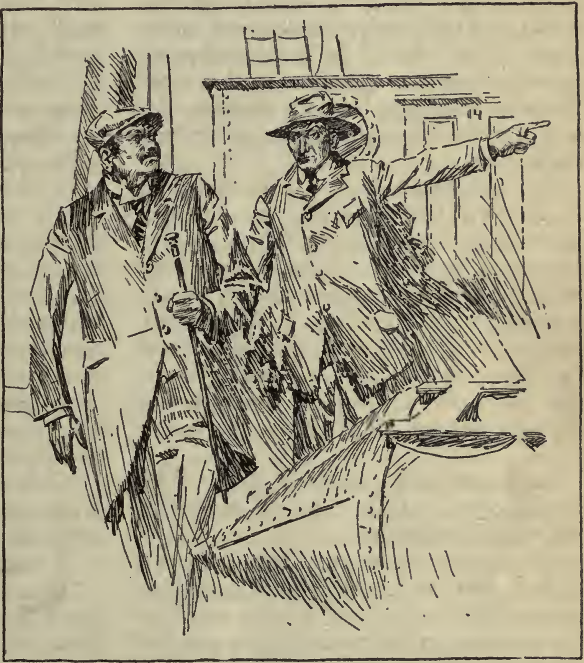
We dozed off again and woke suddenly to find our eyes wide open, and the young Swiss still studying, and the Jackaroo still sitting in the same position, but with a kind of waiting expression on his face—a sort of expectant light in his eyes. Suddenly he lurched for the can, and after awhile he lay back looking like a corpse.

We slept again and finally woke to daylight and the clatter of plates. All the bunks were vacated except two, which contained corpses apparently.

Wet decks, and a round, stiff morning breeze blowing strongly across the deck, abeam, and gustily through the open portholes. There was a dull gray sky, and the sea at first sight seemed to be of a dark blue or green, but on closer inspection it took a dirty slate color, with splashes as of indigo in the hollows. There was one of those near, yet far-away horizons.

About two-thirds of the men were on deck, but the women had not shown up yet—nor did they show up until towards the end of the trip.

Some of the men were smoking in a sheltered corner, some walking up and down, two or three trying to play quoits, one looking at poultry, one standing abaft the purser's cabin with hands in the pockets of his long, ragged overcoat, watching the engines, and two more—carpenters—were discussing a big cedar log, about five feet in diameter, which was lashed on deck alongside the hatch.



Holding his arm out like a pump handle and his fore-finger rigid

While we were waiting for the *Oroya* some of the ship's officers came and had a consultation over this log and called up part of the crew, who got some more ropes and a chain onto it. It struck us at the time that that log would make a sensation if it fetched loose in rough weather. But there wasn't any rough weather.

The fore cabin was kept clean; the assistant steward was good humored and obliging; his chief was civil enough to freeze the Never-Never country; but the bill of fare was monotonous.

During the afternoon a first-salooner made himself obnoxious by swelling round for'ard. He was a big bull-necked "Britisher" (that word covers it) with a bloated face, prominent gooseberry eyes, for'n-aft cap, and long tan shoes. He seemed as if he'd come to see a "Zoo" and was dissatisfied with it—had a fine contempt for it, in fact, because it did not come up to other zoological gardens that he had seen in London. The fellows reckoned that he ought to be "took down a peg" (doncherknow) and the sandy-complexioned comedian said he'd do it. So he stepped softly up to the swell, tapped him lightly on the shoulder and pointed aft—holding his arm out like a pump handle and his forefinger rigid.

The Britisher's face was a study; it was blank at first and then went all colors, and wore, in succession, every possible expression except a pleasant one. He seemed bursting with indignation, but he did not speak—could not, perhaps; and, as soon as he could detach his feet from the spot to which they had been nailed in the first place by astonishment, he stalked aft. He did not come to see the zoo any more.

The fellows in the forecabin that evening were growling about the bad quality of the "grub" supplied.

The Sydney man said that the roast beef looked and tasted like something scraped off the inside of a hide, and that the potatoes had apparently been plucked before they were ripe, for they were mostly green inside. He evidently meant the last remark for a joke.

Then the shearer's volcano showed signs of activity. He shifted round, spat impatiently and said:

"You chaps don't know what yer talking about. You want something to grumble about. You should have been out with me last year on the Paroo in Noo South Wales. The meat we got there was so bad that it uster travel."

"What!"

"Yes, travel! take the track! go on the wallaby! The cockies over there used to hang the meat up to the branches of the trees, and just shake it whenever they wanted to feed the fowls. And the water was so bad that half a pound of tea in the billy wouldn't make no impression on the color, nor the taste. The further west we went the worse the meat got, till at last we had to carry a dog chain to chain it up at night. Then it got worse and broke the chain and then we had to train the blessed dogs to shepherd it and bring it back. But we fell in with another chap with a bad old dog, and this dog led our dogs astray—demoralized them—corrupted their morals—and so one morning they came home with the blooming meat inside of them, instead of outside—and we had to go hungry for breakfast."

"You'd better turn in, gentlemen. I'm going to turn off the electric light," said the steward.

The yarn reminded the Sydney man of a dog he had and he started some dog lies.

"This dog of mine," he said, "knowed the way into the public houses. If I came to a strange town and wanted a good drink, I'd only have to say, 'Jack, I'm dry,' and he'd lead me all right. He always knew the side entrance and the private doors after hours, and I—"

But the yarn did not go very well—it fell flat in fact. Then the commercial traveler was taken bad with an anecdote.

"That's nothing," he said, "I had a black bag once that knew the way into public-houses."

"A what!"

"Yes, a black bag. A long black bag like that one I've got there in my bunk. I was staying at a boarding-house in Sydney, and one of us used to go out every night for a couple of bottles of beer and we carried the bottles in the bag, and when we got opposite the pub, the front end of the bag would begin to swing around toward the door. It was wonderful. It was just as if there was a lump of steel in the end of the bag and a magnet in the bar. We tried it with ever so many people, but it always acted the same. We couldn't use the bag for any other purpose, for if we carried it along the street, it would make our wrists ache trying to go into pubs. It twisted my wrist one time and it ain't got right since—I always feel the pain in dull weather. Well, one night we got yarning and didn't notice the time was going and forgot to go for the beer till it was nearly too late. We looked for the bag and couldn't find it—we generally kept it under a side table, but it wasn't there, and before we were done looking, eleven o'clock went. We sat down round the fire feeling pretty thirsty, and were just thinking about turning in when we heard a thump on the table behind us. We looked round and there was that bag with two full bottles of English ale in it. Then I remembered that I'd left a bob in the bottom of the bag, and—"

The steward turned off the electric light.

There were some hundreds of cases of oranges stacked on deck and made fast with matting and cordage to the bulwarks. That night was very dark, and next morning there was a row. The captain said he'd give any man three months that he caught at those oranges.

"Wot are yer givin' us?" said a shearer. "We don't know anything about yer bloomin' oranges. . . . I seen one of the saloon passengers moochin' round for'ard last night. You'd better search the saloon for your blasted oranges, an' don't come round tacklin' the wrong men."

It was not necessary to search our quarters, for the "off-side" steward was sweeping orange peel out of the steerage for three days thereafter.

And that night, just as we were about to fall asleep, a round, good-humored face loomed over the edge of the shelf above and a small, twinkling gray eye winked at us. Then a hand came over, gave a jerk, and something fell on our nose. It was an orange. We sent a "thank you" up through the boards and commenced hurriedly and furtively to stow away the orange. But the comedian had an axe to grind—most people have—wanted to drop his peel alongside our berth; and it made us uneasy because we did not want such circumstantial evidence lying round us if the captain chanced to come down to inquire. The next man to us had a barny with the man above him about the same thing. Then the peel was scattered round pretty fairly, or thrown into an empty bunk, and no man dared growl lest he should come to be regarded as a blackleg—a would-be informer.

The men opposite the door kept a lookout, and two Australian jokers sat in the top end berth, with their legs hanging over and swinging contentedly, and the porthole open ready for a swift and easy disposal of circumstantial evidence on the first alarm. They were eating a pineapple which they had sliced and extracted in sections from a crate up on deck. They looked so chummy and so schoolboyishly happy and contented that they reminded us of the days long ago, when we were so high.

The chaps had a talk about those oranges on deck next day.

The commercial traveler said we had a right to the oranges because the company didn't give us enough to eat. He said that we were already suffering from insufficient proper nourishment, and he'd tell the doctor so if the doctor came on board at Auckland. Anyway, it was no sin to rob a company.

"But then," said our comedian, "those oranges, perhaps, were sent over by a poor, struggling orange grower, with a wife and family to keep, and he'll have to bear the loss, and a few bob might make a lot of difference to him. It ain't right to rob a poor man."

This made us feel doubtful and mean, and one or two got uncomfortable and shifted round uneasily. But presently the traveler came to the rescue. He said that no doubt the oranges belonged to a middleman and the middleman was the curse of the country. We felt better.

Toward the end of the trip the women began to turn up. There were five grass widows, and every female of them had a baby. The Australian marries young and poor, and when he can live no longer in his native land, he sells the furniture, buys a steerage ticket to New Zealand or Western Australia, and leaves his wife with her relations or friends until he earns enough money to send for her. Four of our women were girl-wives, and mostly pretty. One little handful of a thing had a fine baby boy, nearly as big as herself, and she looked so fragile and pale, and pretty and lonely, and had such an appealing light in her big, shadowed brown eyes, and such a pathetic droop at the corners of her sweet little mouth, that you longed to take her in your manly arms—baby and all—and comfort her.

The last afternoon on high seas was spent looking through glasses for the Pinnacles, off North Cape. And, as we neared the land, the commercial traveler remarked that he wouldn't mind if there was a wreck now—provided we all got saved. "We'd have all our names in the papers," he said. "Gallant conduct of the passengers and crew. Heroic rescue by Mr. So-and-so, climbing the cliffs with a girl under his arm, and all that sort of thing."

The chaps smiled a doleful smile and turned away again to look at the Promised Land. They had had no anxiety to speak of it for the last two or three days, but now they were again face to face with the cursed question, "How to make a living." They were wondering whether or no they would get work in New Zealand, and feeling more doubtful about it than when they embarked.

Pity we couldn't go to sea and sail away forever, and never see land any more—or at least not till better and brighter days—if they ever come.

SCHOOL LESSONS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

DON'T you remember the winding path
That led to the schoolhouse door?
'Round the orchard and thro' the lane
It wound forevermore!
Didn't you learn in paths of life
This lesson day by day—
That tho' the pathway wind and wind
Where there's a will there's a way?

Don't you remember the dog-eared books,
The high-flown words and stubborn sums,
The history with its battle scenes,
And pictured flags and fifes and drums?
What was the lesson of it all?
Why, just to be stanch and true;
To look to yourself for all your aid,
And paddle your own canoe!

Don't you remember the red-cheeked lass
With glad gold curls and dancing eyes,
That burst on your soul in all her charms
Fresh as a breath of paradise?
That was the sweetest thing of all
When all of the song is said—
Say, was the lesson learned by you
That faint heart never won fair maid?

Jimmy Wilson's China Pants

By John E. Weik

THE professor looked up over his gold-rimmed eye-glasses.

"Mr. Wilson," he said, "will you please begin the translation. I believe the lesson starts at *haec quisque*—does it not?"

Jimmy arose and fumbled at the pages of his Juvenal.

"Yes, sir," he said, and paused. What did he know about today's lesson?

A minute dragged on its slow length while the unfortunate young man frantically struggled to grasp the meaning of the complicated sentence that lay before him on the white and little-used page. The hostile Latin words stared him in the face. He gave up.

"Professor," he said, closing his book and looking at the shining spectacles that were levelled at him, "I am not prepared today."

He stated the case simply and directly, and the professor replied in like manner. "Why not?" he inquired.

Again Jimmy was placed in a tight situation. What in the world should he say was his reason? Not athletics, by any means. The professor was a disciple of the old school, and as such hated the very name of any sport that was not connected with his cherished Latin or with books of some kind or other. The professor was a complete old fogey, thought Jimmy swiftly in passing. But time pressed. He must say something. What in the dickens should it be? Various answers shot through his mind; then two unrelated words came together by some chance and stuck together. To this day he cannot tell why. Just as the mouth under the glistening eye-glasses began to open to frame another paralyzing question Jimmy replied subconsciously.

"Sir," he said, "it was my China pants."

The next minute he was inwardly cursing himself for his brainlessness and temerity. The class tittered. The professor sat with his hands convulsively grasping the arm of his chair and his glasses fixed at the luckless youth in a dumfounded gaze.

"Your *what?*" he almost bellowed out.

Jimmy was in a horrible plight. He tried to think of two words or a single word that would sound like the wonder-inspiring phrase he had just spoken. But his mental faculties seemed to have atrophied. He could only vacantly repeat what he had just said.

"It was my China pants. I lost my China pants."

"And what, pray," inquired the professor, "is—or are—China pants?"

Now he was in the toils indeed. But he rose to the occasion. His mind had come back to him.

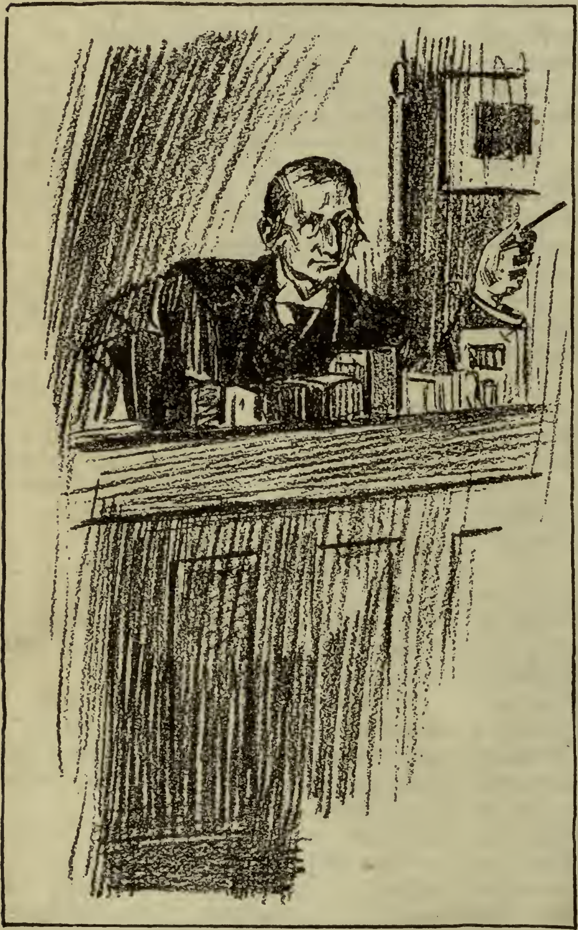
"Sir," he said clearly, "I can hardly explain that now." There was another titter from the class. "But," he added, seeing a puzzled and slightly displeased expression cross the features of the professor, "I will show you what I mean late tonight. I will bring it—some—" he was struggling for the proper pronoun—"over to your residence this evening. Will that be all right with you?"

"Certainly," said the professor with a benignant smile. "Also," he added, "if I am satisfied with your explanation I will count this recitation of yours a pass instead of a failure as it now stands."

"Thank you, professor," said Jimmy, and thankfully seated himself.

But this condition of thanks was external, not heartfelt. He had only jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. China pants! What should he do?

The rest of the class recited. The hour passed on slowly. Jimmy sat with his eyes fastened on his book, but his heart felt like a cold sodden lump of dough. The situation was undoubtedly amusing—but it was not vouchsafed to James T. Wilson to appreciate this aspect at its fullest extent. For him the case had other sides which it was necessary to view with great circumspection. First and foremost, the professor was quite a choleric personage, and very mercuric in his likes and dislikes. Jimmy could not tell but what this very black mark—as it most probably would stand—would be the turning point which would prejudice the professor against him for the rest of the semester. In that case no effort on his part could avert the dire calamity of the failure which would be in store for him. And failures are quite serious things for athletes. As a lesser cause for disgust Jimmy reflected that he would be a butt of ridicule for the next week. How his friends and fraternity brothers would shout—"China pants—China pants—Wow!" Jimmy shuddered at the thought.


The professor looked up over his gold-rimmed glasses. "Mr. Wilson," he said, "will you please begin the translation?"

Our friend had suddenly taken a great dislike to himself. Of all the forty-seven kinds of unmitigated asses in the world he was undoubtedly the worst. If he had to flunk why didn't he do it gracefully and with dignity instead of standing up before a large class and voicing a combination of words that no one in his right mind had ever dreamed of before? Yes, he would fail flatly, and he deserved to fail.

The class ended, and he left the room in a half daze. He passed a certain queen among the girls on the steps, but he barely raised his cap to her. A student came up, slapped Jimmy on the back with force and emphasis, and cried "China pants!" with a choking voice. Jimmy returned a sickly smile. The fun had begun.

Other classes ensued. Ten—eleven—twelve o'clock struck on the great old bell in the tower. The students poured out and hurried to dinner, Jimmy among them. Disgust and despair had not dulled his appetite—nothing dulls, or is allowed to dull, the appetite of a man on the varsity squad.

Over at the fraternity table Jimmy was glummer than usual. Everybody noticed the fact. Some few had been present at that fateful Latin class, and they regaled those who sat beside them with accounts, varied and pungent, of the circumstance of the China pants. Soon the whole table was rocking with laughter. Jimmy stood it all with Spartan fortitude.

"But tell us," they pleaded, "what you meant. What *are* China pants, anyway?"

To each and every inquiry of this nature Jimmy returned only a slow wink. He would rather have them think that the words had some hidden and abstruse meaning behind them than that they were merely the utterances of a maniac.

The telephone bell rang. A freshman, prompted by certain glances in his direction, arose with trepidation and hurried to answer the jangle. "Beta Tau House," he called into the 'phone. "All right, I'll call him," he added a moment later.

"Wilson wanted at the 'phone," he yelled into the dining-room. Jimmy arose languidly and stepped to the transmitter.

"Hello!" he said, and at the answer his features contorted themselves into a grimace. It was Dicky Varden who had called him up—and Dicky Varden was most emphatically a nuisance. What the devil!—

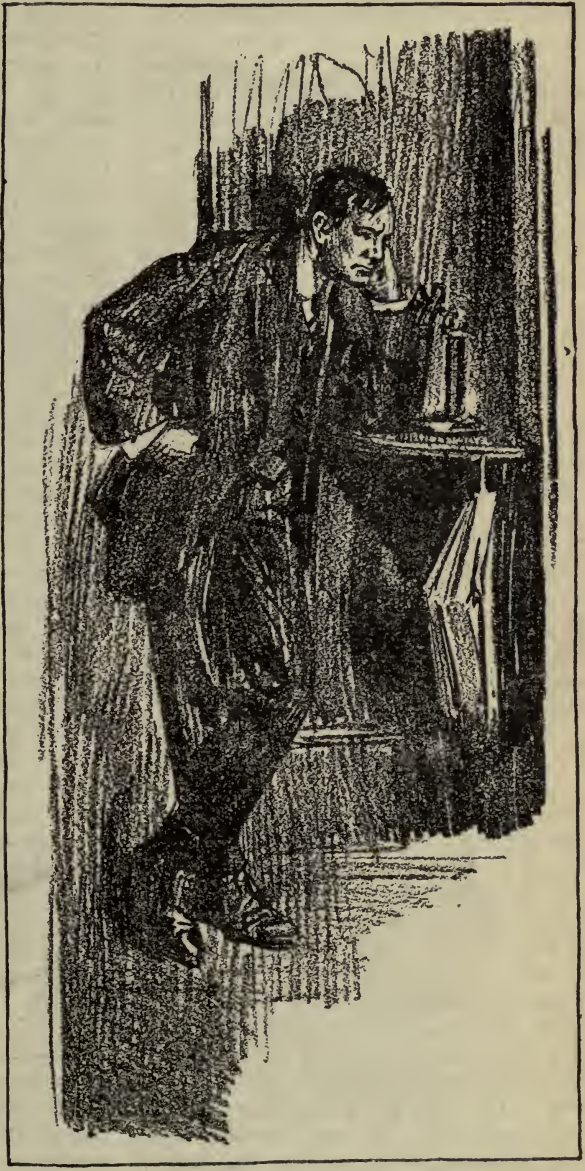
"Well, what do you want?" he said into the transmitter with unconcealed impatience in his voice.

"I wanted to know whether you wouldn't come out early again today to football practice so that you and I could kick the ball around a little by ourselves," was the reply.

Out of some respect to Dicky's feelings Jimmy stifled the "Oh, Lord!" of disgust that arose to his lips. "All right," he called into the telephone lifelessly.

He hung up the receiver and plumped himself into a big leather chair. He had had enough dinner. He lay back further in the chair. The voices from the next room came to him only in a dull hum. The room was almost oppressively warm.

To cut a long tale short, he went to sleep. It was only a cat-nap, for some fifteen minutes after his first drowsy nod a rush of fellows from the dining room through the parlors awoke him with a start. He arose and walked away with hazy memories floating around in his mind of a most disagreeable dream that he had experienced. It had seemed to him that some powerful personage had taken two immense costly brilliantly painted vases, and had tied them one over each of his



"Well, what do you want?" he said into the transmitter with unconcealed impatience in his voice

legs, so that he looked as if he were wearing a pair of stiffly starched Dutch trousers. He remembered wondering how in the world his feet went through the bottoms of the vases with so little resistance. After this he had been forced to run at full speed down the street. He had understood in some way that he must not fall and break the vases. But nevertheless he stumbled—his body lurched forward—and his dream faded away like a mirage.

The dream left a distinctly bad taste. Good heavens! he thought. How long would those fool words haunt him? China pants! Would he never hear or see or think the last of it? He tried to search his mind for any impressions that might have led up to his unexpected explosion in the latin class that morning, but could find like unto those two words nothing that he had ever heard before in his whole life. Undoubtedly the personal Devil himself had put the expression into his thoughts with dire intent.

He looked at his watch. It said five minutes after two. He reflected that he must be getting over to the gymnasium to play football with Dicky Varden. He wrapped himself up in a brilliant new mackinaw that he had lately purchased and left the house.

Thirty minutes later saw him out on the lonely gridiron gamboling around with Varden. Dick was a funny little chap. Every motion he made was comic. Jimmy would stand far up the field and send down a long punt. Varden would wait eagerly, run about with jerky little steps, place himself with open arms and a do or die look on his face, and finally let the ball thump into his chest with a noise that could be heard half a mile away. Then he would poise the pigskin with extreme care in his hands, drop it end over end, and kick with his stubby little legs as though his whole life depended on it. The ball would never go over twenty yards. Jimmy would have to run far toward Varden even after the ball had stopped rolling.

The two played in this fashion for a long while, then others came out to the field and joined in. Soon both the scrub and the regular teams were there in full force. The coach arrived with the trainer. The bleachers at the side of the gridiron began to be spotted by black groups of onlookers. The scrubs and the varisty lined up and began to scrimmage.

It was at the end of the first quarter of the regular scrimmage that the left end of the varsity eleven sprained his ankle and left for the gymnasium limping. The coach said "Damn!" not so very softly, and began to look around for a substitute. "Where's Egbert?" he demanded.

"He's got a bad charley-horse," was the reply from four or five sources.

"Hmm," said the coach thoughtfully. "I hate to put in any of those fellows that are playing on the scrubs because we can't afford to weaken the scrub team. The Lord only knows it's weak enough as it is." He stood with head bent.

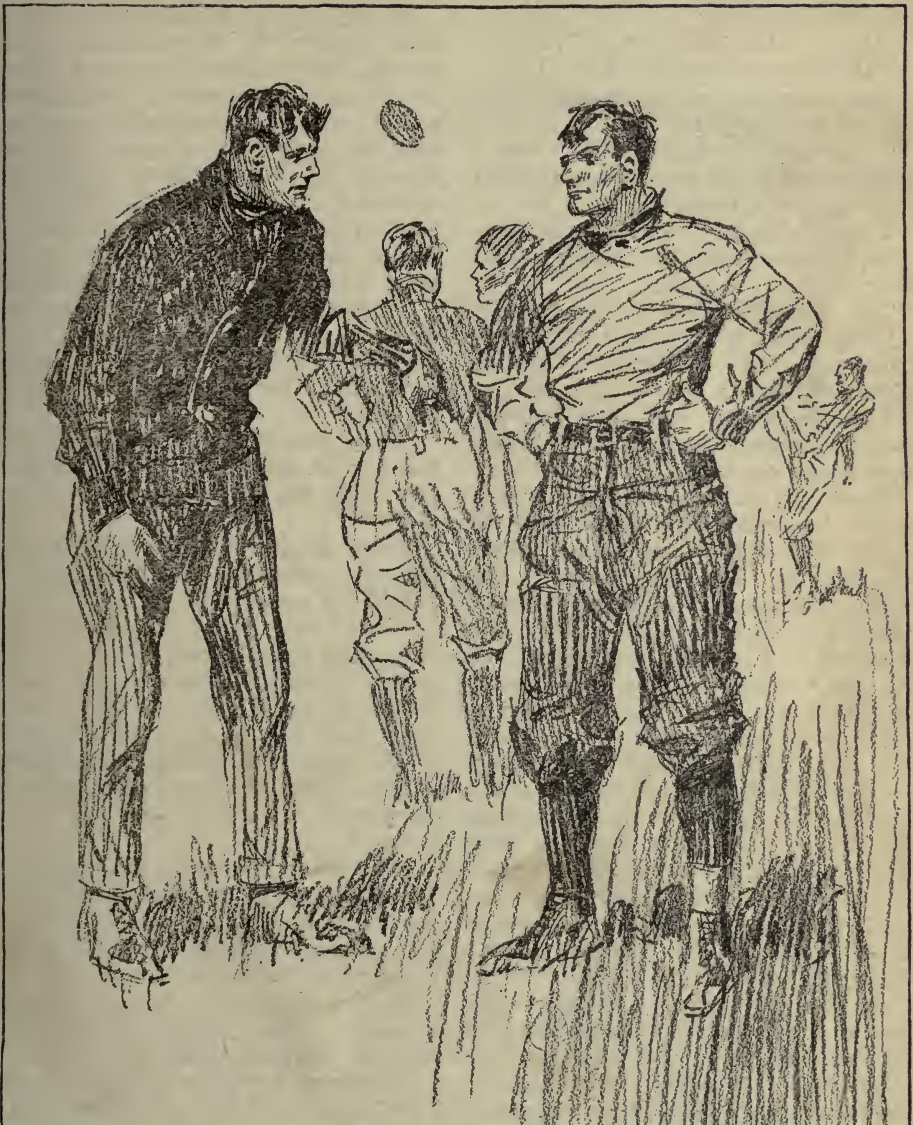
Jimmy was standing among the varsity men in a lazy posture, resting from his previous exertions as star half-back. The strong wind swept against him in gusts from the banked cloud-masses in the western sky, cooling his hot body. He felt extremely comfortable in the short lull. Lazily he let his ears take in the comments of the coach; lazily he let his eyes fall on the long line of substitutes that lay ranged along the sidelines. A little apart from the others was Dicky Varden, raised up on one knee, his whole small stocky body ranged forward in eager anticipation. Dicky was always hopeful, although never yet had he been called upon. Jimmy saw Varden, and in his own feeling of deep-breathing contented rest after exertion his whole being went out to the little fellow waiting there so hopefully. He forgot the annoyance of Dicky's frequent importunities to "come out and kick the ball around by ourselves." Filled with a sudden inspiration he ran over to where the coach was mentally reviewing the substitutes.

"Coach!" he cried. The coach looked up pleasantly. Jimmy was a favored personage.

"Well, Jimmy?"

"Why, say! Why can't you try out Dicky Varden at end?"

"Varden—Dicky Varden? Who in the—Oh, yes! I know who you mean now!" The coach gave a laugh. "Him?" he said explosively.



The coach gave a laugh. "Him?" he said explosively.

"Yes, him!" Jimmy returned with a smile. "Why don't you try him once?"

"Hmm," said the coach. "Varden!" he called out a moment later.

Dicky stood up in astonishment. "Did you call me?" he said.

"Yep," said the coach. "Come here."

Varden came up as fast as his short little legs would carry him.

"Go in at left end," said the coach.

Dicky moved toward the scrubs in glad surprise.

"The varsity!" yelled out the coach.

Dicky opened his mouth in still greater amazement, then obediently he trotted toward the varsity left end position.

The men on the two teams smiled—then the battle began once more at the word of the coach.

It was the varsity's ball. For a time straight line-bucking was used. Then the signal was given for a long end run around the right by half-back Jimmy. The pigskin was snapped. The quarterback, agile and quick, tossed it to Wilson. The latter caught it and started around toward the right, but three tackers were converging toward him, and he saw that he must inevitably be thrown back, perhaps for a loss. His eyes roved about the field with the speed of lightning. Away over at the left he saw Dicky Varden eagerly watching him make his run. Dicky had a clear field—nobody had thought very much of intercepting him. So Jimmy yelled "Varden!" sharply, and made a long pass to the diminutive left end. The ball whistled through the air end on in a perfect throw. Dicky stood there, braced and waiting as always, with a firm confidence that any toss from his hero Jimmy's hands would be faultless. He caught the ball solidly, and ran down the field with it clasped to his chest in the grip of a drowning man. The goal-posts were only a short distance away. Dicky ran between them and fell panting on the grass, covered by a mass of struggling men.

When he arose his face was red, but radiant with pleasure. The stands were cheering him. There were cries of "Varden! Varden!" An impromptu yell-leader got up and led nine rahs for the new hero. There were tears of joy in Dicky's eyes, and he looked at Jimmy with deep gratitude in his gaze.

The rest of the game passed off in a blaze of glory for Varden. No matter that he made no more twenty-yard runs—he only made two blunders. Two blunders looked exceedingly small when compared with the amount of scorching criticism some of the others received. And when the long shadows began to fall athwart the field, and the tired team left clad in their sodden sweaters, Dicky, as he trotted along beside Jimmy, was extremely happy.

"Jimmy," he said, "I'll never know how to thank you enough!"

"Thank me!" said Jimmy, in feigned surprise. "What have you got to thank me for?"

"Plenty enough. Why, do you suppose that I didn't see you telling the coach that you would like to see me put in at left end?"

Jimmy laughed shortly. Then silence fell for a time as they walked slowly toward the gymnasium.

"Dick," said Jimmy at last "do you know what a fix I'm in?"

"No," replied Varden solicitously. "What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard about my break in the Latin class—about me replying "China pants" to some fool question of the prof?"

"No."

Then Jimmy related the whole incident, and pointed out the consequences that would probably follow up his rash act. "You know what a fierce old duck the professor is!" he ended up.

Dicky laughed; then became instantly repentant. He apologized four or five times in rapid succession.

"Laugh all you want to," said Jimmy. "I'd laugh too if I wasn't in such a fix. You know what a flunk means to my athletics," he added bitterly.

"Yes, I know," said Dicky seriously. He thought a minute. Then suddenly he slapped Jimmy on the back.

"I know what you can do!" he exclaimed. "I can help you almost as much as you helped me this afternoon. It's like the old fable of the mouse aiding the lion. Listen, here!" He laughed. "If I fix you something to take to the professor after supper will you promise not to look inside the package that I'll give you?"

"Sure!" replied Jimmy.

"All right, then. It's a bargain." They shook hands on it.

In the Juvenal class the next morning the professor made an announcement.

"I wish," he stated, "to exonerate Mr. Wilson from any suspicion that may have rested upon his integrity during the past twenty-four hours. He gave, if you remember, the cryptic words, 'China Pants' as his excuse for the unprepared lesson that he brought up. Here is his explanation."

He held up before the gaze of the class a book brilliantly bound in red and gold. On the carmine back was printed in bold letters:

CHINA PANTS FOR BREATH

By the Honorable

Wi Lung Chang

The class gave a loud laugh. When the merriment had subsided the professor continued, "I have read the work, and find it a most interesting sociological study indeed. Mr. Wilson, your last recitation stands as a very creditable pass."

THE OLD FLAG

By WALTER G. DOTY

LET it quietly wave o'er the breasts of the brave
  Where they sleep in the mountain or dell,
Or, high on the staff, let it dimple and laugh
  In the breezes that love it so well.
Oh, banner of light, with your crimson and white,
  With your field of the heavens' own blue
And your glorious stars brighter made by the scars
  That our heroes have suffered for you:

    Float ever, droop never, forever, old flag!
    Though the armed world assail you, what coward would lag
    To rise in defence of our beautiful flag?

By a thousand campfires have the vows of our sires
  Ever been that the flag should still reign;
And they battled and bled till the rivers ran red,
  But the flag floated free from all stain.
Let us keep it unfurled to enlighten the world—
  Right's emblem as ages go by.
Ever glad to the sight is that banner so bright
  As it ripples in glory on high.

    Float ever, droop never, forever, old flag!
    Though the armed world assail you, what coward would lag
    To rise in defence of our beautiful flag?
      For our fathers have taught
      That our lives are as naught
    When compared with your safety, O glorious flag!

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By George Ethelbert Walsh

(*Continued*)

SYNOPSIS—James Everard, an eccentric old man living alone, is found dead in bed after the visit of a one-armed stranger. Suspicion of foul play is not proved, and it is supposed he died of fright. His nephew, Allen Halliwell, attends the funeral. At the cemetery four evil-looking men under the pretext of friendship for the deceased attempt to search the coffin. That night in the house a beautiful woman burglar is caught ransacking the old man's desk. Halliwell, struck by her beauty, lets her have the papers she is looking for. In his city home Halliwell is attacked by the four men at midnight, and but for the timely appearance of the woman again he would have been killed. She refuses to disclose her name or identity. Halliwell's valet is attacked. In the confusion the woman disappears. She later sends word to Halliwell asking him to go on a long voyage to help her.

CHAPTER VII

There wasn't much to do after that except to wait for further development of events. To be sure Allen Halliwell was more restless than ever, and he was constantly looking for the appearance of the woman who had so suddenly become involved in the little drama of his life, but after the strange account of his valet's meeting with her in the street at night he was not sure just when or how she would communicate with him again.

He remembered the words repeated by Williams. *He would have to prepare right away for a long voyage if he was willing to redeem his promise made to a woman.* What voyage? And whither?

A normally sane man with little of the adventurous life back of him, Halliwell at times looked upon his present mental state as nothing else than an obsession, and was half inclined to view the whole quixotic affair in the light of a joke. For the sake of a pretty face he had strayed from the ordinary paths of a quiet, humdrum existence to build air castles and dream fancies in the realm of romance.

Nevertheless he obeyed the message repeated to him by Williams. He put his house in order, as it were, and prepared for eventualities. He accepted the message literally.

Before many days there came in his mail a small note written in an unfamiliar hand. He opened it with no special interest, but a single glance at the signature sent the blood pulsating through his veins. He read:

Dear Mr. Halliwell:

You promised to serve me if the time should ever arrive when I needed you. I do need you now—need you as no woman ever needed a man before. But how to explain so you would understand in a brief letter is beyond me. Besides, time is precious. You must come to me now and trust me—come prepared for anything. I may need you for only a few minutes, or may be for weeks and months. I do not know how this desperate adventure may turn out. I am all confused and frightened and at times desperate. I would withdraw from it, but there is something stronger than my wishes or pleasure drawing me on. It must be done, no matter what the consequences. As for myself, I do not care. The thing that hurts is to involve another in my own troubles, yet in a way you owe it to me as a small atonement for the misdeeds of your dead uncle. That is why I call upon you. Will you come?

Una Ruthven.

P. S. If you will respond to this appeal, meet me at the end of Pier 25, North River. I will wear a dark cloak with a red hood for identification.

Halliwell read the letter over several times. There was no date to it and no time appointed for the meeting. Was this an oversight, or was his patience to be

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tested by making him haunt the pier indefinitely?

"Well, I'll camp out there for a fortnight," he said grimly, folding the letter and replacing it in his pocket.

Then he called Williams.

"I am going away," he said to his valet, "on an important mission, Williams. I really don't know just when I will come back. There's a possibility of my taking a sudden trip to Europe. In that case I may not return for months. If I don't return I want you to understand that it is all right. I will leave enough money for you to keep things running here in the usual way."

"Yes, sir," answered Williams, though he could barely restrain a gasp of surprise.

"Do not be alarmed if I do not return for six months," continued Halliwell, "and I will rely upon you to explain to anyone who may inquire after me—any of my friends or business associates."

Halliwell arranged his desk and jotted down a few notes for Williams' guidance. The bell rang and the valet went to the door. When he returned he handed his master a yellow envelope. The telegram was brief.

"Tonight at eight, pier 25, North River."

There was no signature, but Halliwell understood.

"I will leave tonight," he said to Williams, "and you must not feel any alarm for my safety if I do not return. Good-bye, Williams!"

He rose and much to his man's surprise grasped his hand and shook it.

"Good-bye, sir. I hope it isn't anything troubling you, sir."

"No, Williams, on the contrary it's something that may mean a good deal to me—a great happiness. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir, and God bless you, sir!"

* * *

Halliwell descended in the elevator as calmly as if he intended to make a brief social call. He went down to his bank and made some arrangements for money to be delivered to Williams, and then walked briskly to Pier 25. It seemed the most unlikely place in the world for a romance. There were still some hours to pass, and he walked to his club, met a few friends, smoked and played billiards before ordering a good dinner. After a smoke he set out for the pier.

The city was alight with a million sparkling lights as he walked along the main thoroughfares and finally swung into a side street and continued his journey to the rendezvous, which at night was a lonely, deserted place. A few straggling lights attempted to dispel the gloom, but only succeeded in throwing half of the pier in greater shadow.

Halliwell walked the full length of it in a leisurely fashion, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, but the place appeared to be entirely deserted. Even the watchman was off duty. The lights on ferry-boats and tugs flashed merrily up and down the river, and the water gurgled softly as it rushed past the end of the pier.

By the aid of an electric light Halliwell looked at his watch to see the time. It was a few minutes after eight. He strolled back and forth, a little nervously and impatiently.

Then suddenly out of the gloom a shadow seemed to rise almost in front of him. Halliwell seemed conscious of it before his eyes actually saw it, and then in the fitful light he caught sight of something red.

Hastily approaching he said softly, "Una, I am here."

The red hood was instantly raised and placed over the bare head, covering all except the features from view. The outside of the hood was dark like the rest of the cloak, and the figure was no longer conspicuous by its badge of color.

"Come," she said quietly, placing a small hand on Halliwell's arm. He thrilled at the touch and obeyed. Then she stopped and faced him.

"I don't know whether I have the right to ask you to go," she said falteringly. "Are you willing to imperil your life for—for my sake?"

He lifted the small hand to his lips and kissed it.

"I would go to the ends of the earth to serve you, Una," he said simply. "You know that. Now lead."

Still she hesitated. They stood very near the end of the pier, with the shadows of the dark river broken only by the fitful spluttering of a distant arc light. There was something uncanny and grewsome about the scene—and romantic.

"Why do you hesitate? Is there anything—"

A hand suddenly sought his, and a slight pressure warned him to silence. A boat was approaching the pier, coming out of the blackness, and low voices could be heard somewhere out on the water. Halliwell suddenly felt himself pulled behind a tier of empty crates loaded on the dock. He yielded without resistance and waited.

The boat landed at the pier and several men leaped out. It seemed to Halliwell from his hiding-place as if the figures under the arc lamp had familiar lines, but he could not determine accurately. Their voices were purposely lowered as they walked away.

The meaning of all this was in keeping with the rest of the mystery. Was Una purposely trying to avoid these men or was it that she dreaded meeting even strangers at that hour? She stood in breathless alertness watching them until they disappeared from view.

All the time Halliwell was conscious of the warm fingers clinging to his.

"They have gone," she breathed finally, in great relief. "Now come. We have only a little while. Can you row?"

"I was on the rowing crew at college. I don't think I've forgotten how to pull an oar."

"Then get in and help me, please. Quickly, for time is precious."

Halliwell found himself standing before a small boat anchored at the end of the pier. It was so dark that he could barely distinguish the seats. He dropped lightly into the bottom, and then turned to his companion. He extended both hands to assist her, but she was by his side before he could do more than lightly touch her hand.

There were two pairs of heavy oars which the men had dropped carelessly in the bottom of the boat. Halliwell placed a pair in the row-locks, while Una unfastened the rope at the bow and cast off from the pier. Then she seized the other oars and joined him in rowing.

"Can't I do it alone?" he asked, bending toward her.

"No, for we must hurry. The men may return before I can get back with the boat."

Halliwell pulled a good stroke and he soon sent the craft flying out in the river. Once away from the pier he said:

"We haven't any light. Isn't it dangerous? One of these tugs might run us down."

"We can't carry a light," she replied nervously, tugging away at her oars. "We would be seen. You watch the tugs on the port side and I will look out for them on the starboard."

Halliwell smiled and wondered how much seamanship his companion knew. They pulled out into mid-stream in silence. Halliwell felt that he was there to obey and not to ask questions. Later all of these strange events might have a meaning, but for the present they were all part of a jumbled dream.

* * *

The joy of being in the same boat with the woman he loved was enough for the moment. He watched her slight figure bend and sway with each sweep of the oars, and wondered at the strength she put into her strokes.

As he bent forward his head came close to hers, and he could see the curve of the neck and shoulders each time a passing tug or ferry-boat cast a path of illumination toward them. The red hood of the cloak was showing again, for it had fallen back from her head, revealing all the glory of the golden hair, the clear-cut brow and oval cheeks.

Halliwell experienced a delicious sense of perfect bliss and rowed rhythmically with the sway of her body, keeping stroke with her so evenly that their oars dipped as one. Strangely enough, he was in no hurry to end this strange journey.

Suddenly she slackened her stroke and turned her head. Halliwell glanced into the eyes so close to his, but they were looking past him out into the darkness.

"Pull slowly now," she directed. "We're almost there."

"Where?" he asked, turning his head.

"Be careful!" she warned. "Don't bump against the side."

Halliwell looked up and saw the black hulk of a boat towering above their heads.

They had rowed close under the stern of the dark craft, and with one oar he fended off. A chain was dangling over the side, which he seized with one hand.

"Do you want to board her?" he asked.

"Yes, but we must climb up the chain. Can you do it?"

Halliwell smiled at this question. Could he do it? To him the more important question was, Could she do it?

"Then go up," she said when he nodded.

"But you? Are you coming, too?"

"Yes, but you go first."

"I'd rather have you go first," he suggested. "I can help you better that way."

She gave him a queer little smile and began to climb. She was soon on deck and waiting for Halliwell as he came up hand over hand, even extending a slim hand as if to help him.

"Please hurry," she said. It's getting late and the men may return."

Halliwell bowed and followed her.

It seemed more like a yacht than a ship, an old yacht that had been rebuilt and refitted. There was little time to examine her closely, for Una led him swiftly along the deck to the cabin. A dim light was burning there, but the place was deserted. The yacht itself was apparently abandoned, for they encountered no one.

Once inside the cabin she turned to him and said quickly and nervously, "You will be safe here, but for the present you'd better hide in there. It will be a little close, but it's the only safe place. Stay here where no one can see you until I come."

She turned as if to leave the cabin.

"Can't I do something more to help you?"

"No, I must return with the boat."

"Row back to the pier alone?" he asked, dumbfounded.

She nodded and walked out of the cabin.

"But it isn't safe for you to go back alone in the dark."

"Please do as I wish," she begged, "and hide."

VIII

Halliwell heard her move swiftly across the deserted deck, and a few moments later there was a splash of her oars in the water. She had left the yacht and he was alone on it.

He whistled softly to himself.

"I wonder now," he said softly under his breath, "if this is a case of kidnapping."

He began to examine his surroundings. By the dim light of the suspended oil lamp he could see that the cabin was neatly and comfortably furnished. He opened one of the lockers, and whistled softly again. It was filled with all the finery of a woman's apparel.

Hanging from a hook on one side of the wall was a woman's coat and hat, and tucked away in a corner was a pair of stout little storm shoes. A subtle perfume filled his nostrils. It was like the odor of a lady's boudoir.

"Whew!" he remarked, "I'm a prisoner all right, but the chains are made of silk."

He sat down on a chair and started to light a cigarette, then blew out the match with the wry remark, "No smoking in my lady's boudoir. I'll wait."

He waited for what seemed an interminable space of time. Every time a passing tug swished the water near the yacht he listened intently, expecting to hear the clanking of footsteps on the deck.

He looked at his watch and counted off the seconds and minutes. It would take her at least fifteen minutes to row back to the pier, and as long to return; that would make half an hour, not counting any delay on the pier. But was she coming back and, if so, would she be alone?

It was barely twenty minutes since she left the craft, and again Halliwell rose from his seat and made a tour of inspection of the cabin. It had been un unusually handsome cabin in its day, finished with mahogany and rosewood, but use and wear had sadly dimmed the luster of the polished brass and woodwork.

Leading from the main cabin he found a smaller compartment that at one time had evidently been partitioned off with portieres, but was now separated by a thin wall of cheap pine. The rough boards were out of harmony with the rest of the woodwork, which betrayed its recent construction.

Heavy curtains hung at the windows of the cabin, so that one inside could completely shut himself away from all curious eyes. An old sea-chest, with heavy brass hinges and an antiquated lock, was stowed away in one corner. Halliwell studied the ancient article and kicked the lid with the toe of his shoe. It was locked.

He raised the heavy curtain of one window and peered out into the black night. He could see the lights of the river boats dancing back and forth and in the distance the bright glow of the city itself.

A drop of rain splashed against the glass as he looked, and then a thick drizzle began to obscure his vision of the river and city.

"A nasty night on the water," he murmured. Then he added, as his thoughts sped to her, "She'll get wet coming back."

A river vessel tooted its shrill whistle close under the stern of the yacht. Two more followed in quick succession. Halliwell heard the angry snarls of some tug captain and the quick retort of another. Silence followed as the tug plowed away into the distance.

There was a splash of an oar, a guttural cry, a clanking of chains, and a moment later the sounds of heavy footsteps on the deck. Halliwell dropped the curtain instantly and pulled it into position to shut out the night. The footsteps were followed by muffled voices.

He retreated to the small compartment opening into the main cabin and waited. Una's injunction had been to hide there, and he obeyed her literally, using one of the frayed portieres to make his presence still more inconspicuous.

There was no light in this compartment, and the dim rays from the cabin lamp barely penetrated to the threshold. Unless a search was made, it would be hard to discover him.

Here he waited, wondering at the strange adventure into which he had been led. Outside he could hear the shuffling of many feet and the murmuring of several voices. Once or twice the voices passed close to the cabin window, and he could almost make out the words uttered, but they quickly drifted away and were lost in the distance.

No one attempted to enter the cabin or to peer through the heavily-curtained windows. Once a footstep approached the door and halted there. Halliwell was sure that a hand was placed on the knob, and he waited expectantly for someone to enter. But the steps retreated and all was silent again.

* * *

For perhaps half an hour Halliwell waited and listened, growing more impatient with each passing minute. He was tempted more than once to emerge from the cabin and learn what all the noise and bustle meant.

Then his curiosity was satisfied by a sudden throb and tremble of the yacht, followed by the pulsations of an engine and the churning of the water astern.

The yacht was under way!

For a moment Halliwell stood rigid. His saner self was coming to the surface. What fool's trap had he permitted himself to enter. Aboard a strange craft, with steam up, and heading down the river for the open sea! He silently cursed himself for a fool and started for the door. It might not be too late yet to escape from the vessel. He reached the door, twisted the handle and found it locked.

Idiot that he was, he had not tried the door before. Yet he could not remember hearing Una lock it behind her when she left him. Had someone else returned to do this service for her? Perhaps that accounted for the footsteps near the door.

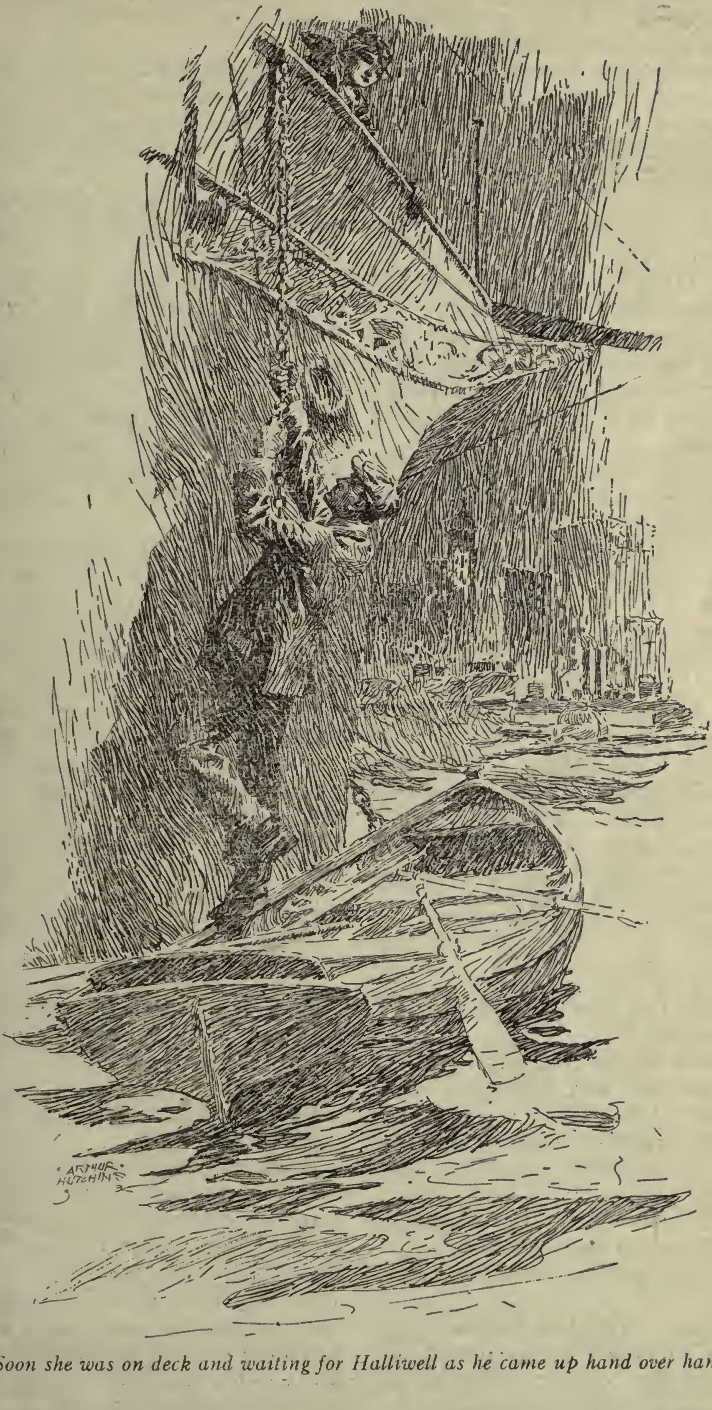
Halliwell stood just behind the door to listen. After all, there was nothing to be gained by rashness. If he was trapped in the cabin for any evil purpose, his enemies would be sure to place a guard outside. He turned toward the windows as a possible means of escape. They were too small. No one could enter or pass through them. There was no other exit from the place.

"A tight little trap," he muttered, "but many a man has passed through tighter places. I wonder now what they want of me."

Unconsciously he stepped back and struck a match. Lighting his cigarette he added grimly, "I guess I can use my lady's boudoir now for a smoking room. She probably won't mind."

He smoked thoughtfully, gaining courage and his wits as he puffed the fragrant weed. Twice he started for the door as if to throw his weight against it, and each time thought better of it and retreated.

Meanwhile the yacht was gaining speed.


ARTHUR HUTCHINS

Soon she was on deck and waiting for Halliwell as he came up hand over hand

He could tell by the throb of the engines that they were steadily increasing the pace. The swish and swirl of the water under the bows and stern indicated this as much as the throb and tremble of the craft.

"Ten miles an hour at least," he muttered, looking at his watch. "At this rate we will be in the Narrows in half an hour. After that—well, it's time to do something."

He walked to the cabin door, determined this time to break his way through it. He twisted the knob with one hand—and the door opened easily to his touch.

He was almost precipitated into the arms of another entering. He jerked back and prepared to use his fists, but the light from the cabin lamp fell upon the face of Una Ruthven.

She was pale and wet, the rain dripping in dew drops from her hair. Her eyes were a little startled as she came face to face with him. An exclamation of surprise fell from her lips.

"You startled me," she murmured, catching her breath.

Halliwell stood obtrusively in the doorway. She made a motion as if to enter or close it, but his foot blocked it.

"I am sorry I startled you," he said quietly, "but I was getting a little tired of my close quarters. I thought I'd take a stroll on the deck. It's raining, I see."

She looked at him questioningly. Then seeing his determined foot on the threshold, she said in a little frightened voice:

"But you cannot come out yet."

"No?"

He laughed grimly.

"I suppose you want to keep me here until we get out to sea?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"Yes, you must stay here until—until we're far away from land."

There was evident distress in her voice and eyes, but Halliwell was in no mood to notice it.

"But if I decided that I've had enough of this prison, what can you do?"

"Oh, but you promised to—to help me," she cried.

He nodded. "Yes, but how does this help you? Who are the men outside, and what do they want of me? Where are we going?"

"You must wait until—"

"I'm through with waiting," he interrupted. "I want to know what all this means."

Their eyes met in a duel. She had recovered from her agitation, and a cold, proud glint shone from the eyes. Then slowly she moved back from the threshold and said:

"You are at liberty to withdraw. It is not too late. We have not passed the Narrows yet."

The way was clear. She no longer obstructed his path, but now that he was free to go, he lost the desire. Freedom was not what he wanted—not without her.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, stepping back in the room so that she was free to enter or close the door. "I didn't know what it all meant. It seemed so like a trick, and—"

Her steady gaze made him uncomfortable. She did not move or show any inclination to accept his apology.

"I will stay here," he added, after a pause, "until you give me the right to leave."

"You mistrusted me," she replied finally, a troubled look in her eyes. "But I do not wonder. It was asking too much. You are at liberty to go now. I will see that you are put ashore. They"—pointing to the men on the deck outside—"will be only too glad to put you ashore."

She waited for him to decide. He smiled reassuringly, shaking his head negatively.

"I stay," he said.

"Then you must—"

She did not finish the sentence. A deep voice out of the darkness spoke, interrupting her speech and sending the blood pulsing into her cheeks.

"Who are you speaking to? What's up down there?"

Halliwell heard the heavy tread of a foot shuffling along the wet deck. He had barely time to slip back into the darkness of the cabin before a bushy head was thrust around the corner.

In that quick glance he recognized the dark, forbidding countenance of Blacky, he of the huge shoulders and elephantine limbs. The pig-like eyes of the giant were looking past the girl into the dark shadows of the cabin. Halliwell held his breath. Had the man seen him?

* * *

From his shadowy recess he could see the two at the door, but a moment later he was confident that neither could see him. Una's face suddenly lost its worried look and she turned to the man with a light laugh on her lips.

"It was this cabin door," she replied lightly. "The lock catches every time I try to open it. I must have spoken aloud. Did you hear me?"

"I thought someone was speaking to you," Blacky answered.

"It must have been my echo," Una answered pleasantly. "There, it's all right now." She opened and closed the door to see if the catch worked. "Thank you for coming and looking after me," she added.

Blacky cast another furtive glance around the interior of the cabin and said:

"If any of the men trouble you, let me know. I'll see that they let you alone."

"Thank you, but the men are very polite and thoughtful. I don't think I need worry."

"No, you needn't worry so long's I'm around."

Halliwell did not like the expression that came into the man's eyes. There was more warmth than the circumstances warranted. Una looked into his face with a dazzling smile.

"I know that, Blacky. Thank you very much."

He took the extended hand and completely concealed it in one of his big, hairy paws. He would have carried it to his lips had she not gently disengaged it.

Halliwell could have struck him for the ravishing look which he bestowed upon Una.

"You must come to me, little girl," he murmured in a low voice, "if anything troubles you. If one of those dogs so much as touches you, I will kill him."

Una held herself steadily, forcing a smile to her lips, but Halliwell could see the loathing and fear that were struggling to the surface.

"Thank ycu again, Blacky," she replied. "But I must have rest now. I am very tired. It has been a hard night for me."

"Yes, yes, but you've been plucky."

He placed a hand familiarly on her arm, patting it as a grizzly might pat its victim before devouring it.

"Good-night," said the girl faintly and moved across the threshold.

She closed the door gently in his face, but he remained standing outside, and Halliwell stood perfectly still in his dark corner. Una turned up the wick of the lamp and busied herself about the small cabin. She, too, knew that Blacky was outside watching and listening.

Did he suspect anything?

IX

The yacht continued its progress down the bay, reeling off the miles swiftly and easily. The jar and vibration were slight, showing that the engines and machinery were in good condition, even if the hull was slightly worn and faded by long use.

For fully ten minutes Halliwell did not dare to move or speak. When he heard a slight shuffling noise outside, he was not sure that it was made by the retreating footsteps of Blacky.

In those ten minutes his mind was alert and active. He was trying to connect the sequence of events, which, beginning shortly after his uncle's death, had crowded so rapidly one upon another. But the more he tried to explain the reason for them, the more he became hopelessly involved in the mystery.

One thing was certain. He was embarked on a strange voyage, and without the knowledge of the men who were running the expedition. He had been smuggled into the cabin by Una without their consent or permission. Her desire to reach the yacht and get the boat back to the pier before the men returned to embark was now all clear to him.

He was angry with himself that he had suspected her motives. She had brought him along for some purpose which he could not fathom, but whatever this purpose he realized that it would involve him in danger.

When the footsteps had shuffled away from the cabin, Una stopped suddenly in her work and crept close to the door to listen. Then she walked to the window and applied her ear. In this attitude she remained for some time, then with a sigh moved away.

Halliwell was about to emerge from his concealment, but she anticipated him. Reaching his side, she motioned him to silence, and in a whisper said:

"You saw him?"

Halliwell nodded. "And the others? Are they the same men who visited me the other night?"

She nodded in turn, and Halliwell shrugged his shoulders. "A pretty tough crew. Any others in it?"

"No one except Mango, the cook. I engaged him for my private use. He will come in here, but no one else."

"Can you trust him?"

"Yes, he has been with me a good many years. His mother was my nurse."

"And he knows I'm here?"

"No, but I must tell him. He will keep silent."

Halliwell looked at the girl admiringly. She was very pale and her eyes were made more brilliant by the dark circles under them. She was very tired.

"You need rest," said Halliwell gently. "You are worn out."

His words touched her. The lips trembled, and the tears moistened the eyes.

Suddenly she broke down and wept, softly and silently, but none the less violently. Halliwell reached out a hand in sympathy, but he was an awkward consoler.

"There! There!" he murmured. "Don't cry—don't. It will all come out right. Please don't."

But her nerves were too overwrought for immediate control. After a moment she dabbed at her eyes with a small handkerchief, and looked up with a wan smile on her lips.

"What must you think of me?" she asked pathetically.

Halliwell dared not trust himself to answer. It was no time for sentiment, and he could not speak without betraying his own emotion.

"It is not for myself," she said again. "I—I could stand it. But I should never have asked you to come along. I—I—"

Another outburst of weeping interrupted.

"I am glad you did ask me," Halliwell replied stoutly. "I shall never regret it."

"But you don't know what danger there may be ahead."

"I know that I'm with you," he said quietly, "and that is enough for me."

"You are so kind," she faltered. "I needed you, and I thought—"

She broke into a torrent of self-accusation.

"Oh, it was wrong of me! I see it now! I had no right to risk another's life. It was selfish of me. It was—"

Then suddenly raising her head she added with a new light in her glorious, tear-dimmed eyes:

"But it isn't too late yet. We're not away from land. You can leave. Yes, I will make them send you ashore in a small boat. I will do it."

She started toward the door.

"Una," he cried, taking her arm, "I am not going ashore. Do you hear? I'm going to stay here and protect you while you are in any danger."

"No, no," she cried. "Let me go!"

"Never!"

"You must! You shall! Release my arm!"

Her eyes flashed, but Halliwell held her firmly in his arms.

"If you don't let me go," she threatened, "I shall scream and then—"

"Then," he finished, "they will come in here, and finding you struggling in my arms, they will kill me."

"Not if I order them to take you ashore."

"You have great faith in them," he replied. "In your sight they might obey you, but once out of it, do you think they would? I wouldn't give a cent for my life then."

"What could they do?"

"Drop me overboard or knock me on the head. Would you ever know what became of me after they once got away from the yacht? No, Una, I've embarked on this trip, and I must stay on it to the end. It is too late to retreat now."

Her hands dropped listlessly from his shoulder, and a worn, almost haggard expression came into her eyes. She was calm and unresisting.

"I suppose you are right. It is too late."

"Yes," he said, "it is quite too late. And now I wish you would trust me with your secret."

"There is too much to tell now," she answered. "I am weary and need rest. Some other time—tomorrow perhaps."

Halliwell looked disappointed. "But at least you can tell me why you smuggled me aboard this yacht," he said.

"You know that," she replied. "I needed your protection."

"You were afraid of Blacky and his men?"

"Yes. They—they were very good to me—helped me—but lately I have suspected them. I got a crew to go with us—men I picked up—but they all disappeared and didn't show up. I tried to get others, and they treated me in the same way. It worried me, and then I got frightened. I thought there was something wrong. I found that I was going to sail with only Blacky and his men. They did let Mango stay, but he's only a boy."

"Why didn't you refuse to go?"

She looked up, startled. "Refuse to go?" she cried. "Why, you don't understand. I have been dreaming and planning for this trip since I was a small girl. I've slaved to earn money to pay for the expedition, and I put all my fortune in it. Refuse to go? How could I? No, I would go if I knew it meant death or worse."

* * *

Halliwell shuddered at the intensity of her emotion. She looked scarcely more than a child to him, sitting there with her hair falling luxuriantly over her shoulders, eyes bright with the intensity of her purpose.

Poor girl! He was sorry for her! But his admiration for her pluck and bravery was greater than his sympathy. In a moment of weakness she had turned to him as the last possible source of help. She needed him on the voyage to protect her.

The thought of it sent a little thrill of joy through him. She had trusted him after all. The trust was more to him than the revelation of her secret.

"Blacky, I suppose," he remarked after a pause, "would resent my presence on the yacht."

"Yes, that's what I'm afraid of," she confessed. "At first it seemed so easy and simple. You had promised to help me—and besides I thought you owed something to me because of your uncle—and I trusted you. I smuggled you aboard when the men were ashore. I knew the yacht was deserted. I thought that you could stay here near me until we got well out to sea, and then—"

"Then?" he repeated.

"Then I thought it would be so simple. You could go up on deck with me, and they would not dare touch you. They could not turn around to land you, and I would have someone to rely on—somebody besides Mango."

"I see," Halliwell murmured, "and now you don't think they will be so considerate of my feelings. They might take a notion to drop me overboard some dark night, and then—"

"Please stop!" she interrupted, raising a hand. "I see my mistake now. They may kill you, and—and I shall be responsible for it. Oh, if I had only thought of it! I was so worried and frightened that I thought of nothing but myself. I was selfish—wicked."

"Una," he said, "you have nothing to blame yourself for. It is all as I could wish it. I am glad that you brought me aboard. If I had only armed myself now—"

She jumped from her seat and walked toward the old iron-bound sea chest. With a small key she opened it.

"There," she said, "is our supply of weapons. I brought them along for Mango and myself—if we needed them." Halliwell gazed upon a veritable collection of firearms—a small arsenal, in fact.

"I think," he said, "that with these we can hold the cabin against a superior force for some time."

"Oh, but we must not fight unless it is necessary. There may be no need of it."

"No, but in the event of hostilities I like to feel that I can give a good account of myself."

He lifted an automatic pistol from the box, a short-barrelled, ugly-looking weapon, capable of spitting forth a continuous stream of leaden bullets that would kill a man at six hundred feet.

"There's enough for Mango and myself," he reflected. "If he's a good shot, we can make a stout fight."

"You forget that I'm with you," said Una. "I can shoot straight, too. It will be three against five."

"I'd rather make it two against five,"

Halliwell replied. "I could fight better if I knew you were safe in the background."

She smiled and shook her head.

"But there," she said, with a laugh, "we're talking about things that may never happen. We must keep this war chest closed and locked until needed. We must not invite trouble."

"No, but I fear when I first show myself there will be war."

She looked at him curiously, her lips half opening as if to speak.

"Couldn't you stay in here and keep away from the men?" she asked hesitatingly.

"You mean," he returned, "you want me to hide in the cabin until we reach the end of the trip?"

"Yes, if you could. Mango would bring your meals here. Everything would be made comfortable for you. The men will never enter the cabin. That was understood at the beginning. The whole cabin is for me, these two rooms, and they will not invade it."

"If they do," Halliwell retorted ominously, "they will find a surprise party. Yes, I will do as you wish and remain here."

She looked a little doubtful and added: "I'm afraid it is asking a good deal. It will be quite a long voyage, and the cabin will grow hot when we reach the tropics."

"Then we're bound for the south?" he asked.

"Yes, far south, and then—no, it will be like imprisoning you. It will never do. You must show yourself on deck. We must take the chance."

"Well, for the present," said Halliwell reassuringly, "I will keep out of the way. This is not like a prison. It's luxury itself. I am content to stay here indefinitely. We won't force issues until necessary."

She smiled gratefully.

"Thank you. You are very good—so good that you make me regret my hasty act more than ever."

"If that is it," Halliwell laughed boyishly, "I will be the other extreme. I'll make myself so bad that you will want to get rid of me."

She smiled and looked at her small jeweled watch. "I think I must have rest now. It is getting late. Good-night!"

Halliwell withdrew to his room. The evening was young yet, but the rolling and pitching of the yacht indicated that they were on the ocean, headed to some distant point which he could not guess or imagine.

With the throb of the engines and the heavy trampling of feet on the deck outside there was mingled the ticking of the cabin clock, which told him that all was well inside. The consciousness that he was close to Una brought sweet sleep. The morrow might hold strange adventures for him, with danger and even death, but for the present all was well, and he was content.

(*To be continued*)

THE NAMELESS HERO

(FIREMAN NUMBER EIGHTEEN)

Entombed amidst the laughing flames that well
And shriek unto his soul in mocking glee
He scrawls with fingers dipped in ruddy hell
His bloody name across Eternity!

—*Harold Skinner.*

Uncle Sam's Treasure Vaults

by John Gordon

SURVEYING the four years' work in the various departments at Washington the changes in governmental routine are marked. In making farewell calls I found Secretary Franklin MacVeagh enjoying his noon-day lunch of pumpkin pie and cheese and a glass of Potomac water following a long conference with the General Supply Committee.

He brought to the Treasury Department the experience gained from years of large business activities, and his annual reports are both interesting and instructive. The succinct opening pages of each report briefly tell the story. His first report in 1909 started with a chapter on "Estimates," a thorough and fundamental study of this difficult topic. "Economies" naturally followed, in which the policy of cutting off avoidable expenditures and the improved handling of government work was outlined. He deplored the tendency of over-estimating the possible reduction in appropriations through improved administration or other distinctively executive retrenchments, and in every instance his calculations reveal the conservative calculation of a business man who must consider competition and profits. The result of his inquiry into the organization and methods of the Treasury Department is now to be seen in an aggregate reduction during his administration of 542 places in the Department at Washington. This has been accomplished by simplifying the methods of the Department, and it has been brought about so gradually and considerately that no one has been thrown out of employment, as the normal resignations and deaths have equalled the number of places eliminated. The total number of places abolished in the entire Treasury Department, including the services outside of Washington, during his administration, is 1915. And this while the volume of business handled was increasing and the standard of efficiency was being raised.

HON. FRANKLIN MACVEAGH

There was also in his first report a suggestion that a "budget" such as is prepared in England should be adopted, and he called attention to the fact that it was the absence of anything like this in our government that led to extravagant appropriation. As pointed out by him, Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, began with a budget, but the plan was never fully realized because of a distinctive separation between the functions of legislative and executive branches of the government.

In his first report Secretary MacVeagh grappled the difficult situation occasioned by the decline of the two per cent government bonds to about par with the probability that further issues would send them to a discount. It was commonly thought that the public would view a higher interest rate with disapproval, but the Secretary presented the subject with perfect candor, declaring it was high time to realize that there was no market for a two per cent bond as an investment; that the premiums which had been realized by the sale of two per cents were entirely due to a limited, and in some degree fictitious, demand on the part of national banks. He went before the Committees of Congress and in the face of vigorous opposition secured authority to sell three per cent bonds which do not carry the privilege of being used as a basis for bank currency. Fifteen millions of these were sold at a premium of $1,291,274.19. As the level of interest rates has since been upon a rising scale all over the world our two per cents undoubtedly would have gone to a discount but for the Secretary's foresight and determination in this matter.

Banking and Currency Reform have been constantly upon the Secretary's mind, and throughout his administration he has lost no opportunity to urge the importance of the subject. In 1910 he declared that panics, meaning thereby the mad rush of depositors upon banks, were no longer necessary or respectable, and that our system might be fairly called a panic-breeding system. In his last report he places this subject first in the order of consideration, and insists that a panic is as unnecessary and avoidable as an epidemic of smallpox. "You can have an epidemic of smallpox," he says, "if you disregard all that science has provided as a preventive. You cannot possibly have an epidemic of smallpox if you will apply the simple means that science has provided." And so he has applied the spur in every annual report and numerous public addresses.

He encouraged the national banks to avail themselves of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act by forming currency associations, eighteen of which have been organized at his instance in important cities and districts, in order that its provisions might be promptly utilized in an emergency. Recognizing the insufficiency of the Act he yet regards it as far from unimportant and urges that its term be extended in order that the country may not be wholly unprotected in the absence of more comprehensive legislation.

He has urged the necessity of foreign banking facilities related to our own banking system, pointing out that other countries had a great advantage in foreign trade by reason of such connections. At various times he has also urged giving a larger scope of action to national banks, pointing out that they are much more restricted in investments than the state banks, and showed that the national banking system had become a potential institution despite a very marked handicap in this regard.

* * *

Among the most important reforms of Secretary MacVeagh's administration has been the reorganization of the Customs Service. Incidentally, the sum of $8,200,000 has been collected on account of undervaluations and frauds in the post, but that is the smallest part of the gain. The service has been cleaned, rehabilitated, and established upon a business-like basis, with checks and safeguards which will protect it against lapse into the old conditions. The inspection of steamship baggage (for years regarded as a joke) has not seemed quite so humorous under the regulations of this administration. At New York alone the revenues from travelers' baggage have increased from an average of $890,688 for the four years preceding this administration to over $2,000,000 in 1912.

With all that he has accomplished for the improvement of the Customs Service his recommendations reach further. He urgently proposes a reorganization of the entire system under which merchandise is appraised.

For many years the existence of numerous unimportant customs districts, where the total revenues did not equal the salaries of the useless officials, has been a standing joke. Other secretaries have recommended reform in the organization, but it remained for Secretary MacVeagh to press the proposal persistently enough to secure authority from Congress for the changes.

Secretary MacVeagh has been distinguished over most of his predecessors for the enlightened consideration which he has given to the value of art in every possible form of governmental activity. He expresses this in his comments upon the repeal last year of the Tarsney Act, under which the Treasury was authorized to have plans for public buildings prepared outside of its own architect's force. He takes the broad ground that as our federal government is the largest builder of buildings ever known in the world building in every part of the country, it cannot avoid affecting in a pronounced degree the architectural taste, knowledge and enjoyment of the whole nation. To his mind "it is absurd that any single architectural office, whether a government office or any other, ought to design every one of the large government buildings turned out annually when those buildings are charged with a mission of architectural education to every part of the country."

Fortunately the architectural work for the new buildings which are to house the great departments of State, Justice and Commerce and Labor has been contracted for under Secretary MacVeagh and he has given a most interested supervision to the designs. These buildings will be a great addition to Washington.

The Secretary's interest in art is also evidenced in the new paper money, designs for which were prepared under his authority by Kenyon Cox. The fact that the bills are smaller in size not only makes them more convenient to the public but will effect a large annual saving to the government for all time.

Again, in the new nickel five cent coin, the artistic consideration is uppermost. The old coin answered the purpose as a counter in trade, but the new has a national significance. The real Indian head and the Bison are characteristic of this country. They belong to it alone, and the piece takes rank as one of the noble coins of the world.

The improvements upon the fine old Treasury Building, and in the rearrangement of the offices, deserve attention, and so does the new and novel scheme of laundering soiled paper currency now established in successful operation.

* * *

One of the most difficult problems of his administration was presented in the collection of the Corporation Tax. Numerous questions, in which the lawyer's technical view and the business man's practical grasp were contrasted, arose, and it is highly creditable to the head of the department that they were solved with so little friction and with such good results.

In the General Supply Committee, established under Secretary MacVeagh's initiative, is to be seen the beginning of a new Bureau through which great economies are expected. It represents a plan to consolidate the purchases of the vast volume of common supplies, heretofore made by each branch of the government independently, under one agency. It is apparent that there are large possibilities for intelligent management here, and it is natural that a man trained in business should see them.

Heretofore the law under which gold certificates have been issued has required that such issues be made only against United States gold coin. With something over one thousand millions of gold coin in the Treasury vaults it was apparent to Secretary MacVeagh that the conversion of bullion into additional stores of coin was wholly useless, particularly as almost the only call for the redemption of gold certificates is for the purpose of exporting gold, and exporters usually prefer to ship bullion instead of coin. He urged upon Congress that a portion of the reserves could be advantageously kept in bullion, thus saving the cost of coinage, and his recommendation was adopted. A further economy was accomplished in the Mint service by reducing the number of coinage mints from four to three, and the Secretary has vigorously advocated the closing of a number of superfluous assay offices, maintained at various points in the West for the supposed purpose of encouraging and accommodating the mining industry.

The Treasury Department under Secretary MacVeagh has been a strictly non-partisan business organization. He has repeatedly dwelt upon the importance of divorcing the Civil Service completely from politics, and in his last report takes occasion finally to declare that "it is impossible to maintain full efficiency or full character in the Customs Service or in any other service, unless it is rigidly separated from the influence of political organizations, no matter to what party they belong." That is the principle upon which the Civil Service has been conducted under him. He has sought to build up a strong, permanent staff, competent to carry along the routine public business, without interruption and with the highest efficiency through changing administrations.

* * *

The Secretary has been particularly interested in bringing all of the transactions of the Treasury with the business world to a practical, expeditious, modern system. In short, he has wanted the Treasury to do business by the most approved methods and agencies employed by private firms. It grated upon his nerves to have it said, as it often is, that the government's methods are archaic, and he early set about improving them. In his first report he commented upon the absurd spectacle of a detail from the Navy carrying $30,000 in cash through the streets of New York from the Sub-Treasury to the Custom House to pay duties on Navy importations and of a return trip from the Custom House to the Sub-Treasury, by the representatives of the Collector, with the same money, all because the Collector could not legally accept a check of the Navy Department upon the Sub-Treasury. Through his efforts Congress passed an act under which it is now permissible for collectors to receive certified checks upon any national or state bank. This in itself was a long step toward the adoption of commercial methods, but Order No. 5, which went into effect on February 1, 1913, practically abolishes the old independent treasury system, which Daniel Webster said was modelled after the Treasury of Darius, of Persia, 500 B. C. The theory of the independent treasury was that the government should collect its revenues in cash, keep them in its own vaults and make its disbursements in cash over the treasury counters. The inconvenience, cost and absurdity of the system has been dilated upon for years, but without the authority to receive payments in bank checks no change was possible. With this permission Secretary MacVeagh has worked out a complete revolution in Treasury methods. Hereafter all Treasury disbursements will be by checks drawn on the Treasurer at Washington, but all depositary banks will cash these checks, subject of course to the usual precautions. Every depositary bank thus becomes an office of the Treasury for this purpose, and more depositaries will be created if necessary in order to have an office in every locality where government payments will be made at par to the creditor. Heretofore small creditors of the government, who had no claim for gratuitous banking accommodations, pensioners in many instances, have had to submit to a discount upon their remittances in order to have them cashed. Hereafter all depositary banks will cash them at par, a notable improvement in public service.

Nearly all the government's revenues are now received in the form of bank checks, and under the new system these daily receipts will be distributed to the depositary banks to meet the daily payments. Thus the government's income and disbursements will constantly clear through the banks.

Summing up the chief characteristics of Secretary MacVeagh's administration, it is seen to have been efficient, dignified, progressive and enlightened. He has accomplished valuable results in the reorganization and simplification of routine methods; in dealing with the larger problems of fiscal policy he has successfully brought the government into line with the most approved commercial practice; the administration has been thoroughly practical in the sense of being thoroughly business-like, and yet it had been responsive to all humanitarian and artistic considerations. It is not too much to say that he has left the great Department over which he has presided for four years upon a distinctly higher plane than it has ever occupied before.

Shall It Be a United New England?

by Mitchell Mannering

THE grand jury of New York has got out the paddle for New England—whack—whack—whack— and Charles S. Mellen, the one-time blue-eyed Lowell lad whose life has been spent in building up the railroad service in his home section, is the victim. The proposition of becoming a railroad president today is indeed a serious one. He is confronted with almost as many hazards as the president of Mexico, especially if his position brings with it the necessity to plan for the commercial, industrial and agricultural development of a section which has been crowded with vigorous competition. The combat of New England against New York and southern ports for her share of transcontinental traffic has marked an interesting epoch in the history of railroading and Mr. Mellen has been at the bottom of the fight. His life work has been concentrated upon the success and safety of the New England railroad lines. His administration has been eminently successful, but, as he recently declared, his work has been that of running railroads rather than newspapers, and meantime sensational journals have taken advantage of the situation and have begun a turgid campaign to poison the minds of the people.

One incident illustrating the venom of the attacks upon Mr. Mellen and his work is enough to stir the blood of any fair-minded person. When he was summoned to testify at the State House in Boston he was met by a representative of a Boston newspaper and asked to pose for a snapshot. His associate, Vice-President T. E. Byrnes, mentioned that the time was short, but President Mellen said, "No, this time I will give the newspapers more consideration," so he posed. "Please smile," shouted the photographer, and he smiled. That evening the picture was printed labeled, "Mellen. Giving New England the Laugh," and below it the photograph of a woman's dead body being taken from a railroad wreck of several months before. This ghastly picture in a paper was handed Mr. Mellen as he went that night to the bedside of his daughter, who was ill. The smiling photograph he gave the reporter that morning to show his good will, was prostituted to stir up passion and ill-will toward him. Even a bruiser will not "hit below the belt," and such tactics only brand the journal that would stoop to this perpetration of infamy. With this sort of photographic treatment by a newspaper, what can be expected of the text? Is all based on as false and unfair a policy? For more than a third of a century, Charles S. Mellen has been identified with railroad service in New England. In forty-four years of practical railroad experience his one purpose has been transportation as safe and sound as it can be made, and he has proved that he can furnish it. There is scarcely a hill or valley in New England with which he is not familiar. The development of the summer resorts in New England as the playground of America is a work that has aroused his enthusiasm, but Boston as a great terminal railroad yard and ocean port connecting with substantially all the railroad systems of the country, bringing raw materials by land or sea at the lowest freight costs, and taking away the manufactured products at the lowest possible rates, is the one great dream of this true son of New England. With New England on the map of the ocean and rail routes of the world, taking her rightful place again as one of the nation's most important ports with a harbor filled with shipping as in the early days, he will feel that his work is well done.

In the sharp competition of late years New England has been at a disadvantage; it has had to fight the railroad world for its very industrial existence. This naturally led to Mr. Mellen's conception of a united industrial New England and a united transportation system east of the Hudson River with a conviction that "in union there is strength." The concentrated traffic of New England constitutes a traffic defense that is unassailable, and a power for promoting still more industries to add to that traffic. President Mellen has not let any opportunity slip by that meant more business for New England.

To protect the hard-coal supplies outlet and ensure a water route to the West he secured the Ontario & Western and the Rutland Railroads, and like an aggressive general arranged to keep his lines of communication open. Steamship lines to New York, maintaining terminals at a cost of millions of dollars a year, helped to knit together the New England system with an unrivalled freight dispatch system between the great centers. Canadian lines would naturally be inclined to build up their own seaports, but Mr. Mellen felt that they should transact business over New England lines for the good of all. His idea was not to secure a monopoly of Canadian business or to force the business of a great continental line to one city or port. His plan meant good service not only to a few little railroad stations alone but to all of the fifteen hundred stations in New England, thus opening wide the doors, through natural channels, to every manufacturer in New England for the lowest possible freight cost. Thus the extravagance of "apparent competition" was eliminated and lower rates resulted by all working together.

Through all these developments ran the old story of conflict. The progress of the world is made by eliminating useless waste, but it is seldom accomplished without the bitter opposition of older methods. In developing the railroad industry Mr. Mellen has had to combat with the same situation that faced the service itself in early days, when opposed by the stage drivers.

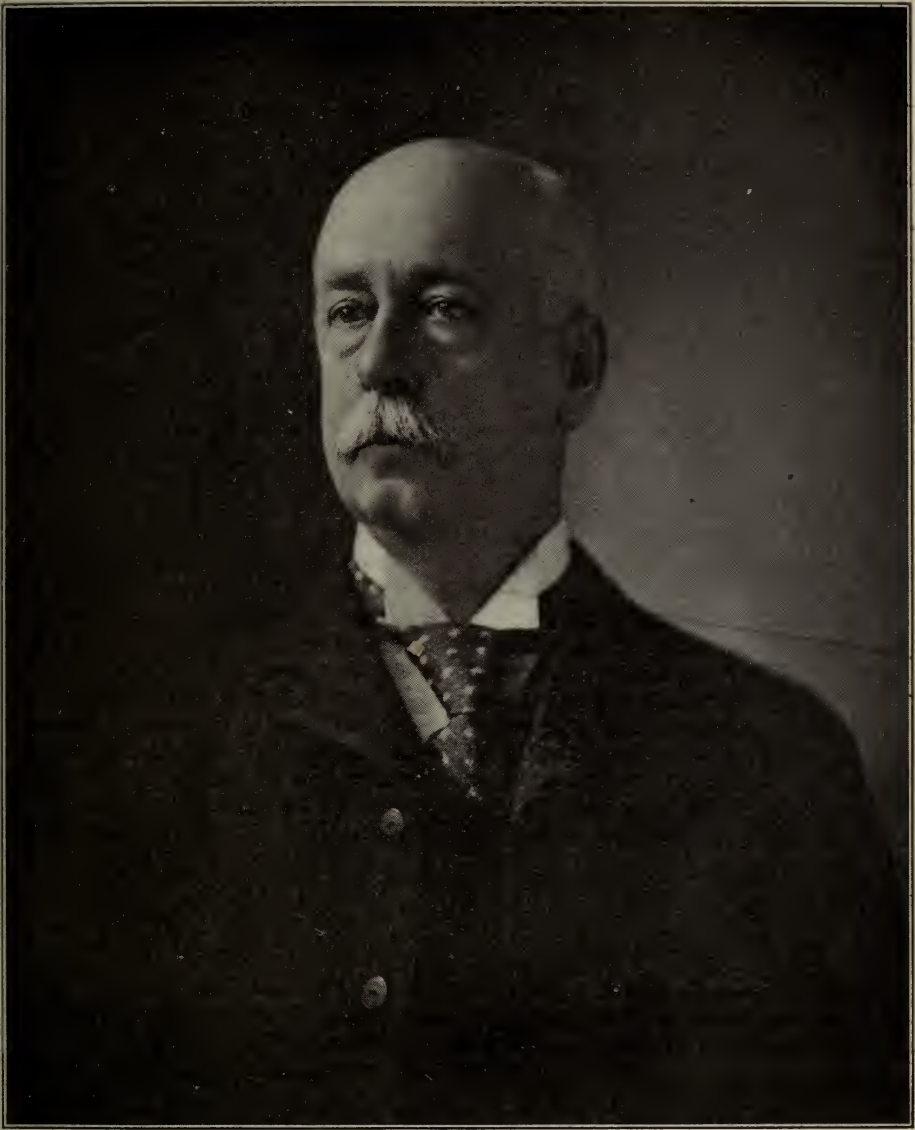
The matter of fixing rates is no longer a railroad prerogative—it rests with the Inter-State Commerce Commission—therefore making that rate as low as possible by obvious and logical reasons seems to be the crime with which Mr. Mellen is charged by his enemies.

* * *

The cap sheaf of Mr. Mellen's campaign for industrial New England was an advertisement of three simple words: "Sail from Boston." The words made an instant appeal to the great stream of tourists coming from all sections of the country who believe that "Seeing Boston" is a fascinating overture to a trip abroad.

In all parts of the great West and South there are thousands of people who dream of some day visiting those historic New England localities associated with the chief events of the early days of the Republic and revivifying memories of the history lessons of their youth. For some time Mr. Mellen had recognized the superior service that could be rendered travelers by sailing from Boston, and at the psychological moment he began his novel and aggressive campaign. "Sail from Boston," however, meant more than an invitation to tourists. It was a ringing challenge to rival ports. Unwittingly Mr. Mellen had stirred up a hornet's nest. He was attacked; his railroad was attacked; the port of Boston was attacked; New England was attacked. "Sail from Boston" became a watchword like "Danger Third Rail."

"Monopoly" was the cry. "Investigation" was the demand. Facing the storm with a courage admired by friend and foe, Mr. Mellen attempted to point out the facts, showing how dangerous it would be at this time to retard the development of Boston and commercial New England, whether it be effected through an attack on him and his railroads, or upon any other interest vitally concerned in the promotion of New England traffic and business. Manufacturers, shippers, and wage-earners alike were made to see how interdependent and inter-related are New England interests, and that the one vital point is to secure such an effective co-operation of all important interests as will solidify New England against the aggressive forces that have so long feared the progressive spirit of New England in a



MR. CHARLES SANGER MELLEN

President of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and a leading citizen of New England

unification, not for restraint but for the expansion of trade under the same rate regulations prescribed by federal authority for other sections of the country.

As the facts of the recent investigation were revealed, the people of New England began to see that underneath this attack upon them and their industries lay an attempt to sacrifice Boston's rightful heritage as a great Atlantic seaport.

In the past New England has been able to hold her own. The spirit and hardy courage that faced Pitcairn at Lexington, fired the first volley at Concord and fought unswervingly through the troublous times of the new-born republic, were equal to the onslaught of the great nation across the seas. The same spirit will not quail now before the lusty giants of the South and West. Millions of dollars of the savings of the people invested in New England railroads and industries are endangered and affected by the creation of a prejudice against the lines established by home-made capital, by rivals of New England.

* * *

Thus every man, woman and child in New England is vitally concerned in this question. Pay-rolls that represent the very sustenance and life cannot be sacrificed to hysterical passion. The wage envelope of every individual in New England is just as certainly affected by the outcome of this inquisitorial and unfair attack as that of any railroad magnate. The homes, libraries, schools, parks and other modern improvements which have made New England enterprise a national inspiration must not be shattered. The just rights and interests of labor and capital in all New England must and shall be preserved in an indissoluble union of interest.

In the final analysis the whole proposition simmers down to the simple question whether New England industrial interests will stand together united or disintegrate. There can be no alternative. "In union there is strength," the axiom proclaimed by Abraham Lincoln in the dark days of the Civil War prevails in business, as well as in national affairs. No good can come of a movement born in hatred, nurtured in wrath, stirred by discontent and fanning the passions of envy and greed. The people have begun to see the light through the vision unfolded by Mr. Mellen in his projects, and while insisting on curbing and regulating the powers of monopoly, fair play will demand simple justice. The one thing with which New England is pre-eminently concerned is not the individuality of Mr. Mellen or of his bitter assailants; it is the logical solution of the transportation problem of Boston and New England. Who is to solve it—railroad men or politicians? The latter have no remedy to offer and would doubtless be as impotent at practical railroading as Mr. Mellen would be at politics, lacking the tact and suave oratorical powers that sound so well though mean so little, but that nevertheless get the ear of the public.

These conclusions come to every unprejudiced mind after a survey of the situation, gathering together all the facts and foreseeing the inevitable. It is only a repetition of the old story; the prophet is sometimes without honor in his own country; but time will vindicate the aggressive, clear-minded judgment of the men who have gone fearlessly forward in making developments demanded by the exigencies of their time.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profits, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

—*Bacon's "Maxims of the Law."*

Joaquin Miller's Last Message

by The Editor

WATCHING with age-dimmed eyes the westward glory of the declining sun, which all humanity has believed to be the course of the spirit's flight to other realms, Joaquin Miller died amid the glories of the Sierras he loved. Only a few weeks before his passing I had planned a trip to California and "The Hights," expecting to look again upon the beloved face of the poet-laureate of the West.

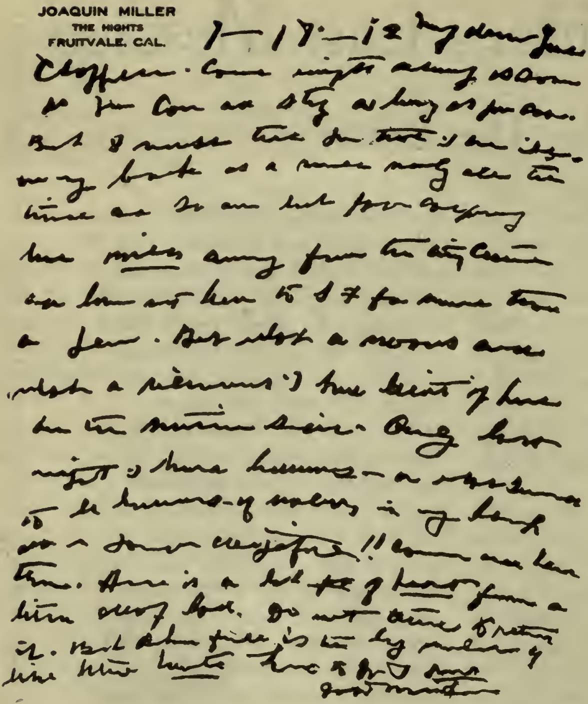
Millions of people of many races who have found in his works an inspiration will offer a sincere and tender tribute at the passing of the "good gray poet." Joaquin Miller was more than a poet: he was a man, in the full and unmeasured sense of the word. How I used to love to sit at his feet and drink in the wisdom and heart-sincerity of his liquid phrases as they flowed from his lips! There was something in his very voice that the printed page can never portray. His cabin at Washington is already a memorial, his cabin in the Sierras is a shrine, and the world over, wherever hearts beat with human impulse, the sweetness and charity of Joaquin Miller will continue to live in the lines he has written.

The records reveal that Cincinnatus Heine Miller—for so he was christened—was born November 10, 1841, in the historic old Wabash district, Indiana, and moved with his parents to Oregon when he was nine years old. The trip across the plains was a schooling for the lad that left a life impression, for crossing the prairies in those days, with the wild winds sweeping, facing hostile Indians and pushing on and on toward the Western sun, was the work of an explorer. In the '50's the young man mined in California and mingled with men in the rough on the frontier. Here was developed that broad human sympathy which never abated, or lost faith in humanity. In 1860 Joaquin Miller returned to Oregon and studied law, but the poetic fervor of Blackstone and Kent were not sufficient, so he threw leather bound books aside one day and engaged in Idaho, in 1861, as an express messenger for Wells Fargo and Company. Trusted with the treasures of others, armed to the teeth, he enjoyed the thrilling life of wild west adventure.

In 1863, the *Democratic Register*, published at Eugene, Oregon, was edited by the retired express messenger. His sympathies with the South were keen and discussion waxed fierce, but even in those warlike days his editorial pages indicated the strong leaning toward poesy. He practised law in Canon City, Oregon, and was judge of Grant County in 1866, but the call to the East was strong in 1870, and he went to London and published his first book of poems, those poems which had been written under the inspiration of Western life. The book was favorably received and Joaquin Miller became a literary lion. Several years later he was active in newspaper work in Washington where his cabin still remains one of the sights in the parks, and is now to be taken to the Pan American Exposition at San Francisco.

He has resided in Oakland, California, since 1887, but when the cry of gold in 1897 came from far-off Alaska he felt the old fever of the days of '49, and went to the Klondike. His last years have been spent in his cabin overlooking San Francisco Bay, on "The Hights," which he described to George Wharton James as "three miles east, one mile perpendicular."

His earthly pilgrimage as a gallant, romantic, chivalrous and lovable soul was finished as he would have wished it. The enthusiasm of the lovable young boy who started out in the heyday of youthful ambition to throw himself into the vortex of Western life, sixty or seventy years ago, never subsided with age. His invasion of Nicaragua with Walker was undertaken not from a lawless lust of conquest and



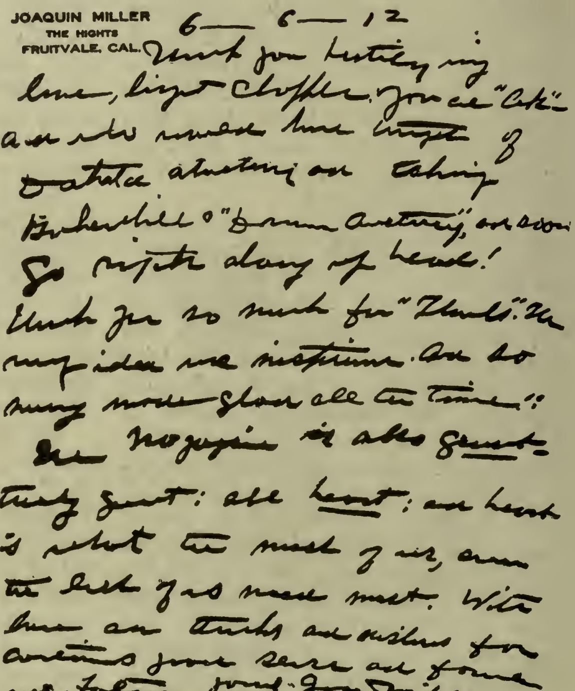
JOAQUIN MILLER
THE HIGHTS
FRUITVALE, CAL.

7-17-12

7-7-12 — My dear Joe Chapple, come right along as soon as you can and stay as long as you can. But I must tell you that I am ill on my back as a——— nearly all the time and so am but poor company. I live miles away from the big cities and have not been to San Francisco for more than a year. But what a——— and what a———I have ...nt of here on the mountain side. Only last night I heard———or what seemed to be——— of wolves, in my bunk, and it was delightful!! Come and hear them. Here is a bit of heart from a little scrap book. Do not trouble to return it. But——full is the big——and like——— ———.

Love to you and yours,
JOAQUIN MILLER

Editor's note—This letter has never been completely translated.



JOAQUIN MILLER
THE HIGHTS
FRUITVALE, CAL.

6—6—12

6-6-12 — Thank you heartily my live, bright Chapple. You are O. K. and who would have thought of Dakota attacking and taking Bunker Hill? "Divine Victory" and so on, go right along up head. Thank you so much for "Throbs." The very idea was inspiration and so many made glad all the time. The magazine is also truly great; all *heart*, and heart is what most of us, even the best of us, need most. With love and wishes for continuous good success and fame and fortune. Yours,

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE LATE JOAQUIN MILLER, THE POET OF THE SIERRAS desire for booty, but from love of adventure and perhaps a desire to release Nicaragua from constant revolution. Few today can understand how the people of the Southwest in "the Forties" suffered at the hands of the petty Spanish officials whose despotic authority was only matched by their cruelty and greed. The conquest of California and the West for America was due to the intrepid spirit of these Americans who believed they were right in their conviction that the spirit of the republic should extend from coast to coast. Joaquin Miller went to Nicaragua, took part in many contests of desperate valor against great odds, and was captured by the English with Walker, who was turned over to Nicaraguan justice and executed. Miller escaped to embalm the memory of the leader whom he had followed and loved in his "With Walker in Nicaragua," one of the principal motifs of his first volume, "Songs of the Sierras." In this same volume we find voiced his love of the wild, and affection for the California Indians, who for the most part were hunted down without pity or justice. Those who winced under his severe criticisms in early days learned to know and love the veteran to whose broad, cosmopolitan love for humanity were joined limitless hospitality and ready generous recognition of budding genius. His "boys" made the sunset of his life glow with the radiance of their untiring love in his later years. As indicated in the letters which are herewith reproduced, Joaquin Miller was all *heart;* and what a verdict it is that one who had lived so long amid so many thrilling adventures and dangers would come to the final conclusion that "heart" is what the most of us need—just simple, old-fashioned heartfulness.

As may be seen from the reproductions given in these pages, Joaquin Miller's handwriting was as illegible as that of Horace Greeley, but somehow in his indiscriminate lines there was a power to the last. "Blow soft, ye winds of the Sierras," for every American that looks upon the stately mountains of the West will ever regard them as monuments to the memory of the poet who loved them with their mantles of white glistening in the Westward sun. Westward, on westward, the great soul has passed to the Golden Beyond, but he has left humanity a rich heritage in his immortal verse and in the memory of a life that radiated love and heartfulness.

THE ENDING OF THE TRAIL

(In memory of Joaquin Miller)

HIGH up the misty mountain side the winding trail grows dim,
And there in silence deep and grand the Lone Guide waits for him;
Across old Sierra's snow-capped crest the path drops to the west,
Somewhere down there the rough trail ends—the camp-fires gleam and rest;
Rest for his weary soul, and dreams far sweeter than he knew
When giant fir trees sheltered him, and cutting north-winds blew.
O'er desert wastes of shimmering snow and miles of barren plain,
Where tireless jackals called their own, behind the wagon train.

He was a bard of sweetest tongue, his heart was tried and true;
His songs the dearest ever sung beneath God's arching blue,
He loved the desert and the stream, the mountains and the sea,
He loved the west land best of all because the west was free;
And now he takes the unknown trail toward the paling west,
The phantom trail we all must take—the way to peace and rest;
Beyond the far-off timber-line, beyond all human ken,
He followed in the Lone Guide's steps, from out the haunts of men.

—*Will D. Muse.*

The Denver Live Stock Show

by Alden B. Swift

IT is not so many years since business leaders of the East took little stock in the prediction that Chicago would develop into a great industrial center; but witness the amazing development of Chicago in these comparatively few years! Today, less than a century old, the city stands pre-eminent in many lines of business and as a shipping center, with the hands of its commerce drawing upon every section of the nation.

The history of Denver is the history of Chicago repeating itself; conditions surrounding the upbuilding of the two cities have been much the same; their beginnings were equally modest; the same type of sturdy, rugged pioneers gave them being. Therefore, there is much in common between the two cities, and business men of Chicago are predicting a growth for Denver as spectacular as that which has given Chicago prestige in the affairs of the world.

The tie between the two cities has been strengthened by the rapidly developing live stock and packing industry of Denver. The state of Colorado is expected to greatly advance in the production of live stock during the next few years as the result of geographical location, climatic conditions, transportation facilities and the educational work along this line that has been done; and the growth of Denver's packing industry has been so marked that the occupants of the western city now proclaim proudly that Colorado's capital soon will rival Chicago as the packing center of the nation.

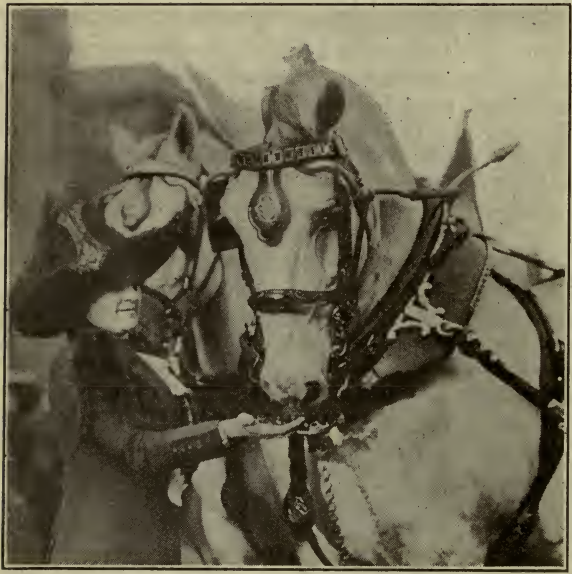
Be that as it may, the progress of Denver as a live stock market and packing center has been of a proportion to amaze the mere observer of current affairs, and it is safe to predict a remarkable growth in the city within the next decade. The live stock and packing industries alone are sufficient to lead the city to great industrial prosperity; Chicago admits a very large part of its rapid development was due to the stock yards activities, and the same is true of St. Louis, Omaha, St. Joseph and other cities where the various branches of business centering around live stock have been carried on extensively.

The informed reader realizes that the last few years have witnessed a redistribution of the live stock industry of this country. As a direct result of the shortage in the production of beef cattle, the quantity of beef for public consumption has been largely reduced, with the inevitable result that the price has advanced, and—what is of marked significance—the export beef business of the United States, which up to a few years ago was one of the leading industries of this country, has almost ceased.

In view of this condition and the gradual awakening of the country to the importance of this problem, the Western National Live Stock Exposition, held at Denver January 20 and the five days thereafter, was of tremendous value as showing the farmer and cattle man of the West, as well as of the entire country, the urgent need of the revival of the beef cattle raising industry on the large scale on which it was conducted up to a few years ago. This can be accomplished, of course, only by educational work that will show the farmer and small ranchman how to raise live stock profitably, and the Denver exposition included every phase of educational thought and work that the professors of the Western agricultural colleges have been working out since the live stock industry was beset with serious obstacles.

To understand the fundamental causes of the disintegration of the American live stock industry, one need only study the recent accounts of this nation's changes and progress; for it is in the progress of the West along certain lines that the causes of the falling off of the once enormous live stock industry lie. The West excelled as a territory for the production of live stock not only because of desirable climatic conditions, but because of the vastness of the range on which great herds of the world's choicest beef animals were bred and matured.

As the population of the country increased with the rush of immigration, the government deemed it advisable to open up much of this Western land for settlement, and a large part of this territory that had yielded vast herds of cattle was converted into farming land. Much of this land was and remains scarcely adapted for farming purposes, other land that at first showed little promise has been made to yield with the aid of irrigation, and still other land proved worthy of the task of the farmer. With the advent of the settler, of whose history we have seen much in picture and literature, the outlook of the cattle-raiser changed. No more were there the wide stretches of range land on which his cattle could roam and multiply. Little by little the large ranchmen went out of the business of raising cattle, and in their places appeared the farmer, truck-gardener, or merely a squatter, whose business consisted in little more than holding the ground he had gained.


THEY ARE AS GENTLE AS KITTENS

The New West thus sees a different layout from that observable a decade or little more ago. There are dozens of men, each in control of a small tract of land, where one dominated ten to fifteen years ago. And it is to meet the new condition and to adjust such conditions to the West and western industry that such educational expositions as the Denver Live Stock Show are held. The intention of the founders is to emphasize the need and importance of increased activity in raising live stock in the West on small land holdings and to call attention to the profits therein. The small farmer and ranchman, unaccustomed to the West, has had the impression that there could be little profit in live stock raising, since the large ranchmen had gone out of business, little realizing that it was their coming to the West and their development of the country agriculturally that had caused the producers of cattle to cease their activities. Thus it was that the upbuilding of the West by the settlers who went in for farming was ultimately the undoing of the live stock industry of that vast territory.

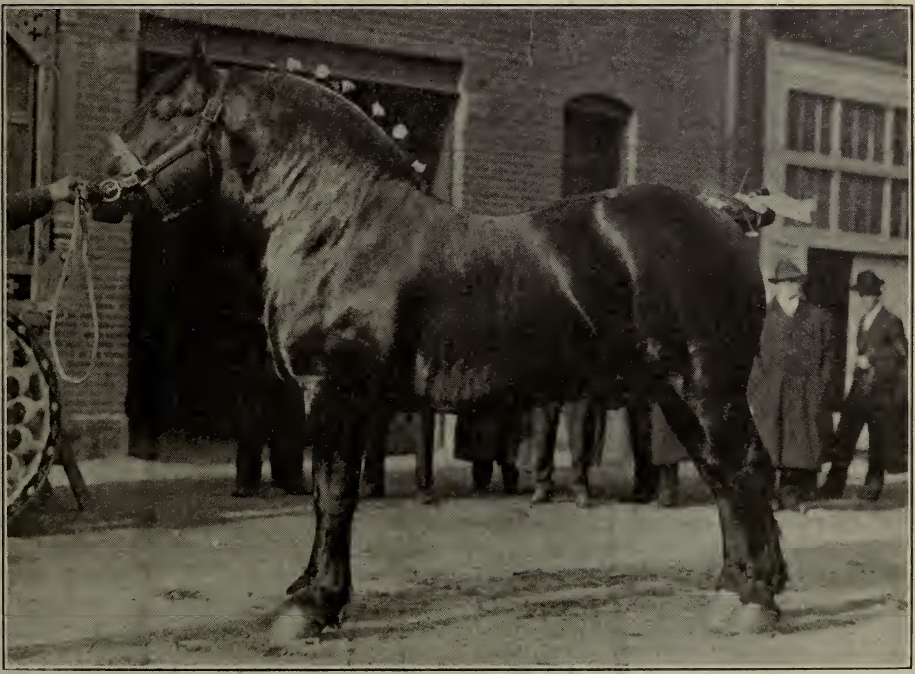
Now it is the plan of men at the head of the large Western live stock markets—as shown at the Denver show—to revive the live stock industry by influencing the many farmers and ranchmen to raise a few head of cattle each, where in former years the few big ranchmen raised great herds of stock. In this way it is hoped and believed the West will come into its own again as a cattle-raising country, and the position of the United States as a world beef-supplying nation may be restored.

But this cannot be unless other sections of the country co-operate with the West in reaching this ultimate settlement of the live stock problem now confronting us. Many years ago the farmer of the Middle West also raised live stock. Later, as the ranchmen in the Far West broadened their activities and the farm yield of the Middle West was so greatly increased, the farmers of these Middle Western states decided that they would do better by procuring their live stock in the number needed from the West, and devote all their land, time and attention to farming. In this way the entire country came to look to the Far West for its live stock, and when the conditions of this new territory interfered with the production of live stock, the condition described came to be. The promoters of the Denver stock show, like those of the International Live Stock Exposition, held annually at Chicago, and the agricultural educators who have given much careful thought to the subject, are encouraging farmers, large and small, in every section of the country to go in for live stock raising, pointing out the profits in net receipts at market and in the increased fertility of soil from the animals.

During the past year there has been a decided improvement in the local demand for mutton, and it is expected from now on there will be a steady increase in the consumption of mutton in this territory, and this demand can easily be supplied by the Denver plants. . . . The demand for hogs during the past year has been strong on all the markets, and the bulk of the Denver supply had to come from the territory east of Denver. . . . The packing operations in Denver represent a total value of live stock slaughtered of $8,764,000. This means approximately a volume of business of more than $12,000,000."

Governor Ammons of Colorado, speaking recently before the directors of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, predicted that within twenty years the Denver live stock market would double the population of the city. He pointed out what the live stock industry had done for Chicago and other cities where live stock markets had been established.

The Denver packing plants are being enlarged and the stock yards widened and improved, so that the capacity for handling live stock and packing the meat products will be generally increased. The directors of the yards have spent lately about $350,000 in improvements. Plans have been made for further improvements, which will be extensive. The packers have expressed confidence in the future of Denver as a live stock market, reasoning that the trend of the packing business always is close to the



A SAMPLE OF THE FOUR-FOOTED ARISTOCRACY EXHIBITED AT THE DENVER STOCK HOW

(1) AT THE DENVER HORSE SHOW (2) MISS LOULA LONG DRIVING NUTPICK
(3) LIEUTENANT W. D. McEMERY, FORT LOGAN, COLORADO

source of supply. Fifty years ago the center of the packing industry was in Buffalo; it moved from there to Ohio and later to Chicago.

A visitor from afar left the National Western Stock Show with one thought predominant over the many impressions of the great Denver exposition. Uppermost in his mind was the realization of the vastness of things in this great western country, of the infinite field and scope for tremendous activity and achievement and of the great destiny the future holds for this wonderful new territory.

Five days spent with the big, virile, buoyant westerners who crowded the exposition building at the Denver show left one rather dubious of any superior happiness to be found in a bustling eastern or midwestern city, so does the spirit of these big-souled people grow on you. But it is not alone in their genuineness, their whole-heartedness and their hospitality that the eastern visitor finds charm, this phase of the western personality affecting more the social life; it is the enthusiasm of the man from Colorado or Wyoming or Idaho or any of the western states over the work he is doing for the upbuilding that strikes you, compels your interest and makes you feel that with such a spirit in its people, the country lying beyond the Missouri River has great things in store for it.

There are great stretches of land yet to be tenanted and developed; there are great industries to be established and large activities to be given motion; there are fortunes to be made, and there are a great creative people who are working with all their might to propel the West to this era of big achievement.

* * *

The National Western Stock Show of 1913, with 125,000 visitors from all over the West—all talking and boosting the West from every conceivable vantage point—was of a significance that can be realized only by those who have been in touch with the western situation, who have felt the throb of an increasing, pulsing life in this territory.

"Educate, improve, upbuild!" was the slogan of the stock show. This vast exposition was not merely a display; it was a school whose teaching penetrates into the remotest section of that intermountain region, a revelation of what has been, what is and what can be. And what a revelation it was! Only those of us who attended and brought away a memory of the innumerable evidences of the producing power of the West as forcibly illustrated at the Stock Show can have a fair idea of what the exhibits of cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and agricultural products actually revealed. A number of speakers dwelt on the importance of the show in the upbuilding of Colorado, but it will more than upbuild Colorado; it will make for a larger agriculture, live stock industry and generally increased business throughout that part of the West for which Denver is naturally the central point.

Every feature of the great show was designed to call attention to the possibilities of Colorado and her sister states and to show how the farmer, the stock raiser, the dairyman and the poultry fancier can increase their production and profit with a minimum of effort. In this highly important educational work the Denver show is backed by the agricultural colleges of the western states, about whose achievements volumes could be written without a waste of time or effort. The State Agricultural College of Colorado has worked wonders in the development of all rural pursuits in that state, as have also the state colleges of Missouri and many other western states. Informed readers know that the Iowa State College has a reputation for the dissemination of practical agricultural knowledge that extends into other countries.

It appeared to the writer that nothing that could instruct and benefit the man who came to the show to learn how to advance his interests was left undone. The farmer learned how to fertilize and plant to maintain fertility and produce the largest possible yield; also the various ways that the various kinds of soil are to be treated. The stock-raiser learned economical methods of feeding, how to promote the health of his stock, how to fatten and prepare them for market—in short, how to squeeze every possible bit of benefit from the minimum of expense out of his industry. The men in various activities touched upon by the educational features of the show learned much to their advantage. Such details as wool-handling received educational treatment, which proved of general interest to the stock show visitors.

THE CAVALRY DRILLS OF ARMY OFFICERS FROM FORT RILEY AND OF PRIVATES FROM THE MOUNTED SERVICE SCHOOLS AT FORTS RILEY, RUSSELL AND LOGAN WERE SPECTACULAR FEATURES AT THE HORSE SHOW

The sight presented by the coliseum and the various sections of the buildings wherein the show was held was a very remarkable one. The coliseum was elaborately decorated and a gay crowd occupied every inch of available space to watch the parades of live stock, the horse show events and the various other features of interest on the program. In the other display places, every stall was occupied by pure-bred live stock of which any nation of the world could be proud. The value of the exhibits aggregated hundreds of thousands of dollars, representing millions of dollars invested in the live stock industry. The buyers of live stock left approximately $1,500,000 in Denver. The world's record for high prices paid for

LAWRE

"Feeder" cattle was broken when a prize lot brought $12.25 per one hundred pounds.

The National Western Live Stock Show consisted of five shows in one, and each of these included a number of individual displays of wide interest and educational value. Four of these abounded with interest for farmer and stock man, and the fifth hardly could lack interest for anyone. The five divisions of the exposition were: The live stock show, the horse show, the poultry show, the agricultural exposition of the Rocky Mountain region and the baby show.

Of the live stock display, too much could not be said or written. Much of the show cattle was bred in Colorado, a fact that gave color to the boast of a number of cattle-raisers that Colorado is the greatest feeder cattle state in the Union. The live stock production of Colorado is by no means confined to cattle, however, for the number of hogs is increasing and they are of an exceptional quality. Colorado bacon is a well-known market product; in this direction lies a still further great opportunity for development.

A remark made by Prof. W. J. Carlyle, dean of the agricultural school of the University of Idaho, to a group of stockmen at the show was pertinent.

"It used to be Denver and the East," he said, "it's Denver and the West now, with Denver at the head of the great and rapidly-growing cattle industry."

* * *

The plaint of the old cow man often was heard at the Denver show, for these men of the old days find it hard to accustom themselves to new conditions. One day John E. Painter, an old-time stock man of Roggen, Colorado, was reminiscing to a number of other men who had seen the West under conditions quite different from those of the present, and this was part of what he was heard to say:

"The old days of the range are gone. We can't turn our cattle loose on the prairie as we used to. We've got to conform to law and custom. A few years ago we didn't have much law or custom here in the West, and a fellow could do pretty much as he liked, provided he was able to take care of himself. Now we must produce on the pasture and feed lot, and to accomplish anything we have to feed something of higher class and in shorter time."

In second position at the exposition, of course, stood the Horse Show. While the interest shown in the stately animals in this display was great, it hardly could be expected to equal that in the live stock show, which represents the great western industry. The Horse Show was largely social and attracted great crowds of society people from many western cities. Miss Loula Long, a Kansas City society girl, who has been a stellar attraction at the Denver horse shows for several years, won many blue ribbons again. The cavalry drills of army officers from Fort Riley and of privates from the mounted service schools at Forts Riley, Russell and Logan were spectacular features of the horse show. This horse show now ranks with the other three great horse shows of the country—those given at Madison Square Garden, New York City, the International at Chicago and the Royal at Kansas City.

THE ZANG STABLE OF PERCHERONS

The Agricultural Exposition was made up of exhibits from all the Rocky Mountain states. One of the interesting displays here was a monster pile of beets on a platform, illustrating this large Colorado industry. The exhibits here were in charge of the deans of the agricultural colleges of the several states represented. In this show the visitor was shown how wonders can be worked with nature, for rich products were there from land that not many years ago was a barren waste. So much for scientific agricultural development and irrigation. Much of the benefit was effected through fertilization and raising live stock.

From the agricultural display the visitor wandered in to see the Poultry Show, and there found not a little to interest him. Poultry raising has become more of a business in the western states than most of us realize. It is carried on extensively and profitably. Prof. W. E. Vaplon, a poultry expert, showed model poultry houses and gave interesting lectures on the most advantageous ways of handling and raising poultry. The exhibit was in charge of W. C. Schuman, a poultry fancier of Denver.

And now we come to the Baby Show, which because of its novelty and its natural appeal held strong interest for many throughout the show. This section of the exposition was displayed at the Savoy Hotel. Properly called, it was a Eugenics Contest, but the women in charge permitted the public to call it a baby show, provided they used the word "scientific."

There were three departments of this show. One was of an educational nature covering the baby's health; the second being a child welfare exhibit, and the third charts illustrating the application of the Mendelian law of heredity. The object of this display was to show what normal infancy is and what superior infancy may be; to teach conditions of normal and improved parentage and encourage the intelligent care of children. Scientific authorities showed how to bring children nearer physical and mental perfection. Mrs. Mary T. Watts of Audubon, Iowa, president of the Iowa Mothers' Congress, was in charge of this exhibit.

Governor E. M. Ammons and his family saw most of the show, accompanied by United States Senator and Mrs. John F. Shafroth. Toward the end of the exposition the Colorado executive made this characteristic comment:

"This show is a hummer. It surpasses anything ever given in the intermountain region. The stock show was twice as good as last year and the agricultural exposition the best thing I ever saw." Governor Ammons was president and the other officers were H. W. Moore, Brush, Colorado, vice-president; Fred P. Johnson, secretary; John B. Calkins, treasurer, and J. R. Mahon, superintendent.

The thousands of visitors to the stock show were greatly impressed with Colorado as a live stock producing state. A number of authorities on live stock production urged Colorado stock men to finish cattle in Colorado in addition to sending the stock to other states to mature at a certain period in their development. By so doing the Colorado producers were told that they could add to their present activities in profitable live stock husbandry

THRONGS OF ADMIRERS WATCHED THE GIANT DRAFT HORSES WHICH WERE BROUGHT TO THE EXHIBITION AT DENVER FROM THE GREAT SWIFT STABLES IN CHICAGO

"Denver is one of the best and most rapidly growing stock markets in America," said Wellington Leavitt, expert judge of cattle with an international reputation. "The stockmen in this section should fix their attention on the possibilities in finishing their steers. This is now the greatest feeder market in the land. That means that cattle raised in Colorado and the adjoining states are shipped East and the profit on the finished product and all the employment and investment is also shipped East. Naturally there is no reason for this; all the conditions for finishing you have here in Colorado.

"Turn your attention to raising forage crops and you can prepare your cattle for the block at home. The prize steer at the Chicago International was finished on the same feed as you have here in Colorado. That steer was from Canada and never tasted corn."

The tendency is to move the packing houses and allied plants to the source of supply, and you have but to take advantage of this. Colorado is out of the corn belt, but you can raise alfalfa, peas, oats and barley. These make ideal finishers. Learn to finish your own cattle; remember the feeders sell for thirty-five per cent less than fat cattle.

Colorado produces the best bacon in the world, because, principally at least, of the better finishing qualities of small grains. Your bacon is even better than the celebrated Danish and Holland product. Properly handled, there is a great future there for Colorado.

Time only can measure the value of the Denver stock show. It looks as though the future for Denver as a market and for the entire West as an agricultural, live stock and industrial country will be bright indeed. Denver will be the new metropolis of the country, the Chicago of the West, if the officials and stockmen of Colorado and nearby states will keep constantly for their slogan "More and Better Live Stock."

THE BULL TEAM

THE sturdy bull, with stately tread,
  Submissive, silent, bows his head
And feels the yoke; the creaking wain
Rolls leisurely across the plain;
Across the trackless, treeless land,
An undulating sea of sand,
Where mocking, sapless rivers run;
  With swollen tongue and bloodshot eye,
  Still on to where the shadows lie,
And onward toward the setting sun.

With tearful eyes he looks away
To where his free-born brothers play
Upon the prairie wild and wide;
He turns his head from side to side;
He feels the bull whip's cruel stroke;
Again he leans against the yoke.
At last his weary walk is done.
  He pauses at the river's brink,
  And drinks the while his drivers drink,
Almost beside the setting sun.

—"*Songs of Cy Warman.*"

A Masterstroke of Progress

by George Eustace Temple

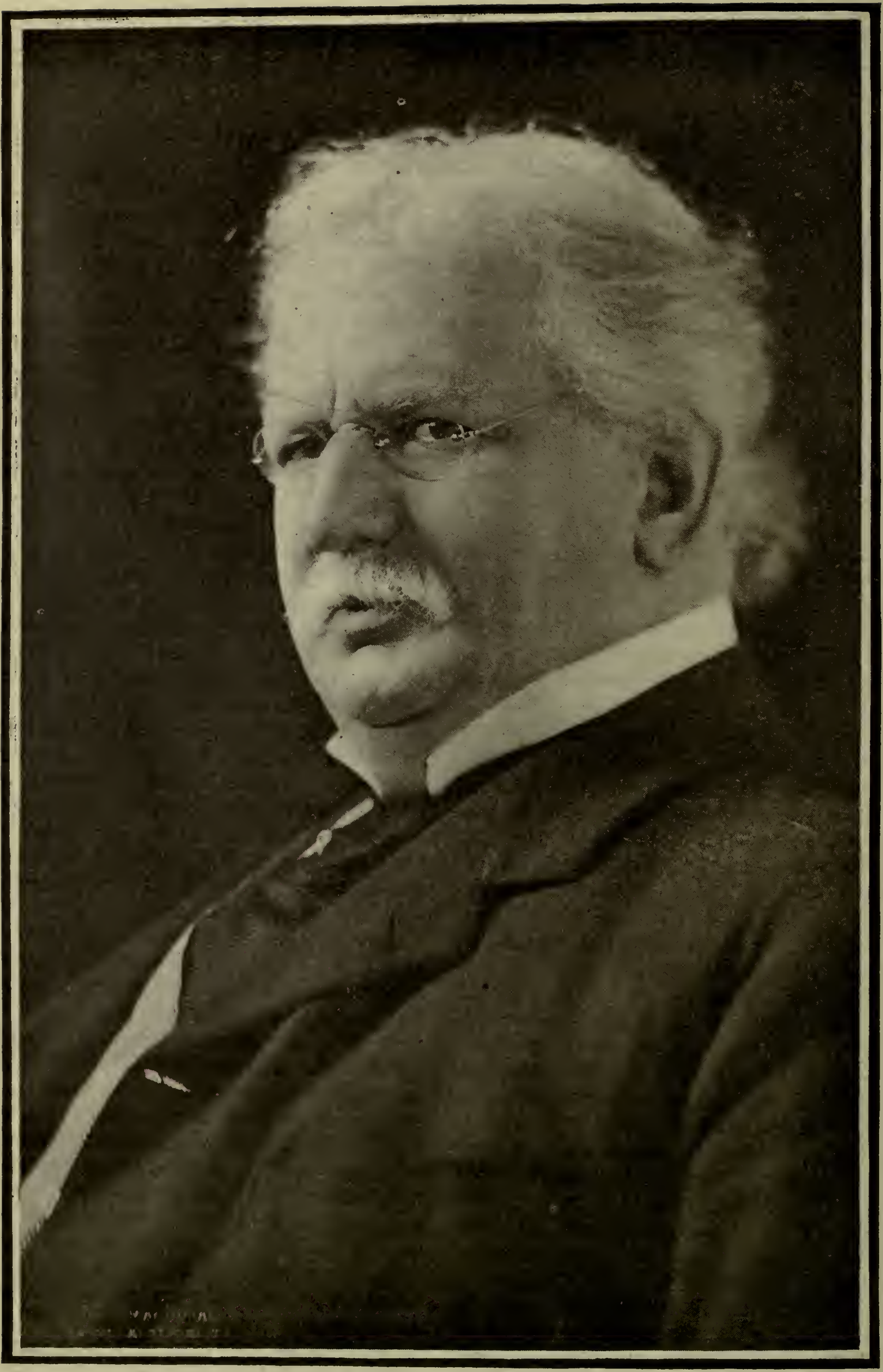
TEN million dollars in a single sum to secure for nearly two hundred thousand employees substantial assistance in the event of sickness and accident—that is the masterstroke of masterstrokes in the upbuilding of the world's greatest single public utility corporation, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the associated companies commonly known as the Bell system.

Not alone will this fund provide against sickness and accident, but it will ensure for every employee a protection in old age. This is certainly a courageous departure for capital to make of its own initiative, but it is a departure with which the head of this great system, Mr. Theodore N. Vail, is heartily in sympathy. In these days of social unrest, when labor is agitating employer's liability as a fundamental economic necessity, when the relations between capital and labor are strained almost to the breaking point, it is pleasing to see a great corporation take, of its own initiative, such a progressive step. If other corporations would also move forward in the march of progress, unrest and anarchy would not shout from the housetops and street corners, nor would the agitator be able to inflame.

Already this action on the part of the Bell System has been nationally approved. A thousand editorials have spoken—editorials penned by the trained observers in the editorial chairs and periodical watch towers throughout the land. Everywhere there is practically unanimous approval and congratulations on the consummation of the far-reaching plan, for it is recognized that the great underlying principle is one not of charity, but of sound business justice.

* * *

It is the first industrial movement of sufficient importance to focus the attention of the whole country simultaneously upon a solution of life's problems that should eventually cure poverty and make benevolent charity as unnecessary as it is unscientific. The abolition of poverty is the abolition of conditions that make for poverty. Non-employment, through sickness or accident, is the primary cause of unrest, and the inability to meet the steadily rising cost of living, while providing for the rainy day, is the recognized source of labor's worriment. The marvelous growth of business and the tendency toward great business corporations has automatically altered the scheme of employment. The co-operation of great numbers of people working together was the only solution of the great industrial problem which had to be met. As great American institutions grew larger and larger, the people became frightened at that which their co-operation had built up. The individual man was losing his identity, and the organization was looked upon as a bloodless thing of hard factors and figures. The old saying, "corporations have no souls" seemed a true saying. It was an evolution filled with despair to the workingman. But there was another side to the shield. The great corporation was not bent upon eliminating every vestige of humanity from its ponderous machinery, but was working out problems of economic justice to its employees, absolutely impossible to institutions of smaller size. The evolution of corporations and big business has shown the necessity of making some adequate provisions for employees, to promote contentment and efficiency. Especially is this true of a great public service corporation such as the telephone company, where an interruption of its service would cripple every business in the country. Wise provisions must be made to insure the happiness and contentment of its employees, before a business, however large, can be really called successful. It is the unwritten law of corporations, backed by public sentiment and approval.



MR. THEODORE N. VAIL
President of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. The masterstroke of his extraordinary business career has been to provide a ten million dollar pension fund for all employes of the Bell System

The office boy or telephone girl who starts to work may now know what has never been true before, that in return for reasonable, faithful, intelligent work, the cost of illness, accident, non-employment, or even death, so far as it affects others, are now as much a part of the Saturday's payroll as if a balance in the savings bank was placed at the credit of the beneficiary.

* * *

Benevolent giving is fundamentally wrong. There ought to be no need for it, and so long as our methods of life and living allow it, so long will we be wrong. Millions of money are devoted to temporary alleviations, that should have been spent on the principle that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." When we can realize as a nation and as individuals that the price of an ounce of prevention is worth the price of a pound of cure in the matter of relieving poverty, we have taken a long step forward.

It is interesting to observe that this broader, wider view of life, this larger vision of the duty of big business to take care of its responsibilities, that it shall not create paupers out of faithful servants, has come about largely through the growth of big business itself. So long as a business is small, the head of it feels that he is able to protect each individual case as he feels justified. "My wife's sick today" was quite enough to bring an expression of sympathy from the employer to the employee, but as institutions grow to gigantic proportions like the Bell system, with nearly two hundred thousand employees, it is not wise to leave to whim and chance the things that, though small and individual in themselves, are collectively the very keynote to harmony and efficiency in any great business.

Dreams of the time when there shall be not only an abolition of poverty but an adequate safeguard of every avenue and gateway that leads to poverty, are at last taking form and shape under the great captains of industry who, like Theodore N. Vail, with a wisdom born of kindly sympathy and appreciation, with one stroke of the pen sets nearly two hundred thousand people independent of actual want, and calls it neither charity nor benevolence, but rather an act of justice and of modern business development.

With the growth of big business has come these benefits, for the progress of the world is a constant evolution and change. We could never return to former conditions; the telephone and telegraph have so annihilated distance and time as naturally to bring allied great institutions, although located in different cities, closely together. Independently it would be well-nigh impossible for local companies to insure and pension employes except as required by the liability law. In the case of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, however, this one large company is able to underwrite all its smaller allied companies, and by reason of the concentration of power and wealth, to do much that is impossible for the smaller companies individually. Thus the great corporations today not only obtain greater efficiency at minimum cost, which the public shares in reduced cost of service, but also maximum benefits to those who have given their years to learning the business.

It is a great business movement, built on the basis of justice to the employee, and every one of them knows it.

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The prevention of poverty is a wonderful idea. Above all it wipes out any necessity for benevolent charity and kindred makeshifts of our present system, and sets up the beacon light of hope for future generations. Poverty does not mean sickness, distress and lack of money alone; it means a denial of the privilege of being normally happy. The right of "liberty and pursuit of happiness" was the keynote of the Declaration of Independence, and one is as necessary to the welfare of the nation as the other.

The pursuit of happiness may mean different things to different people. To the young man it may mean an assured income and the sickness and accident provision that will enable him to ask his sweetheart to become his bride. To the young girl it may mean the right to spend a few dollars more to set forth her womanly charms in the most attractive manner without the fearful spectre of the "rainy day" staring her in the face. Little things?

No! Big things to every working young man and young woman.

The sickness, accident and pension plan of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is altogether one of the boldest conceptions of a practical benefit fund ever inaugurated. Every aspect and phase of the question from every angle has been considered. It is practical, intelligent, unselfish interest, properly wrought out in a plan where the one predominating purpose is justice to all concerned. This pension goes even further than old age insurance and is possible because of the efficiency of the management and the workers of the telephone and telegraph company. It is not giving something for nothing, but turning back to efficient employees what they are justly entitled to receive under the new order of modern economics. It is a vindication of modern democracy, and carries out all the objects and purposes of progressive civilization without uprooting the inherent initiative and hope of individual advancement. It effectively eliminates class distinction, because it is based primarily upon an adequate reward for service rendered. The advantage of uniting all these organizations for this purpose makes service in one company count for service in another company. For instance, a man or woman serving in the telephone company going to the Western Union or Western Electric, never forfeits his service record, because service in any of these associate companies counts for the pension benefits. When one stops to realize what this means in eliminating the horror of want in old age, and giving an assurance that is even more liberal and quite as substantial as the pension system of the government itself, it must necessarily prove a potent factor in eliminating that discontent that grows from the fear of want in old age. Every employe has the strongest assurance ever offered by any corporation distributing pay envelopes that his work is even more assured of reward than that of the many thousand individuals struggling for a livelihood in individual occupations. The whole scheme contemplates such a unification and co-operation of effort as would have delighted the philosophic dreamers of old, for it furnishes to every individual employee about all that could be reasonably desired, and what more does anyone get out of life in a material way than a living, food and shelter, and happiness and protection in old age?

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In the administrative and executive work in the greatest telephone company in the world, Mr. Theodore N. Vail has proven himself to be one of the greatest and most humane men of his time. He has been recognized as a leader in business pioneering and has solved problems which have baffled the genius of statesmen up to the present time, in plans for old age insurance. He has taken an advance step which will not only have its influence on other corporations in bringing about a better adjustment of affairs between labor and capital, but he has pointed out to the government itself the way of real progress, showing that the welfare of all must be reduced in the last analysis to the welfare of the individual; that each individual must do his part in any plan of co-operation, and that the old selfish bickering, hatred, agitation and envy must be eliminated not only from among the rich and well-to-do, but all along the line. In the new pension plan there is a generous recognition of the brotherhood of man, which is not only businesslike, but statesmanlike in its ultimate effect. It should prevent inconsiderate opposition to the plans of men of large affairs and large corporations, who are looking to the welfare of patrons, and who realize that the interests of employees and patrons cannot be ignored in building up an enduring and permanent public or private service corporation which shall reflect essentially and specifically the ideals of the great republic of which they are a part.

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A Texan's European Studies*

by Frank Putnam

IV

Paving in Four World Capitals

THE subject of paving in the three great cities of Europe furnishes an interesting comparison: Berlin, paved throughout, or in very large part, with velvet-smooth asphalt, kept in perfect repair, washed and swept daily, the long, wide reaches of it shining like golden highways under the night lamps. Paris, muddy after a day or two of wet weather, much wooden paving in bad repair, ditto asphalt, making a swift taxicab ride thereon to remind the traveler of the old song, "The Rocky Road to Dublin." In Paris I found city workmen patching wood block paving with blocks of pine which had not been creosoted—a very shiftless procedure. In London, in the Strand, I found city workmen repairing wood block paving, using creosoted blocks, and laying them close together—the new way of building this kind of pavement, I was told. The old plan was to lay the blocks with an appreciable open space between them, to allow for expansion of the wood under summer heat or winter rain. The result of course was that the blocks wore round at the edges and in time resembled a highway of cobblestones. Nowadays wood block is laid close up, and surfaced with a thin sheet of tar, on which is sprinkled sharp sand, that quickly grinds to an asphalt smoothness. When these blocks—heart pine properly creosoted—are correctly laid and surfaced, on a well-made concrete base of eight to twelve inches depth, the finest pavement yet known to man is the result. It is nearly noiseless; it is easily cleaned; it is resilient, and spares the tender feet of horses, which are ruined in a few years on cobblestone and only less quickly on brick, and it is not slippery, like asphalt under rain, or when washed. In New York I found city workmen taking up old asphalt paving and laying creosoted wood block; but they had not laid down a proper concrete foundation, and so were wasting the taxpayers' money. The foreman on the New York job told me he knew how the work ought to be done, but he was there to do it the way it was ordered done. He said that on another street an "experiment" was being made laying down uncreosoted wood blocks. That "experiment" means graft; it can't mean anything else. It is like experimenting with thatched roofs to reduce fire hazard.

The German cities use more of asphalt than of all other materials in paving their streets. They are as zealous to keep their city streets clean as old-fashioned New England housewives were reputed to be in their kitchens—no doubt are so still. It is a common sight in any German city to see a horse, or a team of horses, resting comfortably on sides or haunches, having slipped and fallen on the wet asphalt, while their drivers unhitch the traces and utter a few timely thoughts on the subject of slippery pavements. It took me a week to figure out why the one-horse hacks—droschkes they call them—were equipped with brakes, ready to the driver's hand, and frequently used. To look at most of the horses, you would never be able to believe them possessed of sufficient energy to run away, so why the brake? Due to the slippery pavement. The driver can check his horse quickly, steady him down a wet slope or around a slippery corner.

Nevertheless, it was a comfort to me to see how clean the Germans keep their asphalt streets, after wading mud and riding over variegated rough and ready highways in American cities.

We in Houston have near at hand unlimited supplies of raw materials for both asphalt and wood block pavement, and if we stick to these home products, and lay them down thoroughly from the start, we ought to be able to get our streets as well paved as those of any German city inside of a dozen years, allowing of course for the doubling of the present street mileage within that period.

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* The last of a series of articles by Mr. Frank Putnam, the well-known editor and publicist, upon his impressions of municipal government in the chief cities of Europe.

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German Respect for Law and Order One of the things which apparently escapes the attention of most scribbling travelers in Germany is the double line of fruit trees along the public roads. There are several thousand miles of these trees on either side of public roads in Northern Germany. Most of them are apple trees. You know what would happen to those apple trees in any American state. Boys would pick the fruit green—too impatient to wait for it to ripen, and likely enough they would break down the trees getting the fruit. What happens in Germany? The public authorities sell the fruit crop to contractors at from two hundred dollars to five hundred dollars per mile, and applies the proceeds of the sale to the upkeep of the roads. Boys do not steal the apples. Nor is it necessary to maintain a policeman every one hundred feet to prevent such mischief. Why are the German boys so much more respectful of property rights than American boys? Is the difference racial? I hardly think so. It's a difference of training, probably. I'm inclined to believe the universal military training, with its constant strict insistence upon obedience to law and order, and the strong element of moral training in the public school curriculum, added to the knowledge that offences against public property will be promptly and severely punished, accounts for the safety of the public orchards which line the roadways of Germany. Respect for the law, and for other people's rights, seems to be ingrained in the German character. You must have noticed it in the lives of our German-born American citizens.

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I would like to have had time to learn exactly in what way the Germans achieve a harvest of thirty-four bushels—national average—of wheat per acre, on lands much longer in cultivation, and obviously less fertile, than our American wheat lands, which produce an average of less than fifteen bushels per acre. In a general way, of course, I know they do it by feeding the land with fertilizers, by wiser selection of seed, and by more thorough preparation of the soil. The Kaiser is said to have determined that, so far as possible, German farms shall produce the food of the German people. This explains the high protective tariff levied by Germany on imported meats and other foodstuffs, and the prohibition laid upon importation of canned meats. Rich land owners, working their fields with wage or tenant labor, are the chief beneficiaries of Germany's protective tariffs—the old guard that has always dominated the Prussian government and through Prussia has dominated imperial fiscal affairs.

The Kaiser's government is right now scheming ways and means to raise the living conditions of the workers on German farms. There as here too many of the best young men, needed on the land, have been attracted to the manufacturing cities by the promise of regular cash wages, higher than are paid in the country, and by the opportunities for social enjoyment afforded by the cities. A good many farm boys, after serving their time in the active army, are loth to go back to the dreary, bare, lean life of the farms; they recruit the regiments of industry in the cities. The German social insurance policy—developing first among friendly societies of town and city workmen, and, when taken under the government's wing, advancing first and most conspicuously in the city field, is now being stretched to cover workers in the country places. The effort is to reach a better balance between the attractions of country and city life, to make the country worker as well off, with respect to wages, hours of labor, housing, education and opportunities for social entertainment, as his city brother.

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Here is a distinction between America and Germany: over there the nation's ablest men are devoting their ability to planning for social—national—welfare, being quite aware that national strength rests absolutely upon individual well-being. I don't mean, when I say the ablest men in Germany, mere windy theorists, but the ablest practical men, men who know how to, and do, manage governments and big industries. Here in America our ablest men are primarily (some of them, apparently, wholly), concerned with promoting their individual prosperity, and not at all concerned for the general welfare. If we are to get up even with Germany in the organization of our industries, and our governments, we must somehow enlist the interest of our ablest men in social thinking and social leadership—the Morgans, Rockefellers, Carnegies and Harrimans, as well as the perennial reformers who can frame a theory but have never created an institution, nor met a payroll.

When I went to Germany I was almost convinced that nothing short of a political French Revolution—a ballot submergence and dispossession of the intellectuals who control American industries and governments, by the allied hand workers—could ever awaken our intellectuals, our industrial and political captains, to a sense of their duty better to safeguard the workers whom they employ. The program of the American Socialist party seemed to me, scanning the field of our affairs, to be the best available program to effect this awakening. I did not at any time delude myself with the idea that such a shift of control would be permanent; I felt sure it would not be. The French Revolution shifted the intellectuals to the bottom of the social order and brought the economically and politically incompetent to the top, for a little while. While at the top they taught the intellectuals a lesson concerning the prime duty of intellectuals who control the governments and industries of a people. That lesson was written in blood, and the decapitated intellectuals supplied the writing fluid. Contemplating the yearly record of a half million American workers—men, women and children—killed or crippled in our industries, and thereafter left without any adequate governmental safeguard against want for themselves or their dependent families: this in contrast with the swift and reckless acquisition of enormous wealth by the intellectuals, wealth coined out of the sweat and blood and tears of the neglected workers—contemplating this spectacle, I say, I had become almost convinced that nothing short of some such drastic lesson (administered to our political and industrial intellectuals by an insurgent laboring class), as that which the laborers of France administered to the French intellectuals in the Eighteenth Century, could enforce recognition by our intellectuals of their duty to society as a whole. I did not believe our lesson would need to be written in the blood of our intellectuals, although it seemed certain, in view of organized labor's increasing tendency to meet legal violence by organized trust employers with illegal violence on their own part, that the political revolution would be hastened and sanctioned by our middle class as a means of escape from an intolerable condition of industrial guerilla warfare.

I was never able to believe that our intellectuals, being politically dispossessed of their present ownership and control of our social industries—railways, mines, lumber, oil, monopolized manufactures, telegraphs, etc.—would long suffer control of these industries, even when owned by the government, to remain in untrained hands. I could not doubt that, whether under private or public ownership, the intellectuals would shortly reassert their superior fitness to manage these properties, and the insurgent laborers, having politically thrown off the yoke of private ownership selfishly administered, would quickly be content to let control pass into the hands fittest to hold it.

What I have seen in Germany has convinced me that our laborers will be satisfied to have their governments and industries managed by the intellectuals, provided the intellectuals will administer governments and industries with decent regard for the welfare of all concerned. I have been convinced also that we can escape the political revolution which seemed to me to menace this country, if the Democratic party, newly entrusted by the people with control of all branches of our government, will under Woodrow Wilson's humane and enlightened leadership, enforce upon the private controllers of our great industries—as it can—this decent regard for the welfare of the workers.

Colonel Roosevelt's new party was first to launch in this country a proposal to adopt here a large measure of the social insurance which has given added stability to German industries and governments, and has immensely improved the condition of the workers of Germany. But the people did not want Colonel Roosevelt for President. Instead they chose a man whom they apparently regarded as more cautious but no less actively concerned to promote their welfare, and with more concern for the preservation of the democratic ideals which are the animating spirit of our national life. I believe President Wilson possesses not only the knowledge of the facts, but the strong will, the political skill and the deep-down human sympathy which should be the equipment of the President who is to lead the American government in effecting the readjustment of our laws to match our new industrial organization. I believe President Wilson will lead in this great work.

German laborers in several occupations had instituted friendly society insurance, safeguarding perhaps one-fifth of all the wage-earners of that country, before Bismarck's government attempted to assume governmental control of industrial insurance. Bismarck saw that the condition of the German wage-earners was bad, very bad. He was a great statesman. He knew his country could not attain its best development until its workers were well housed, both at home and in their shops and mines, decently paid and admitted to conditions compatible with intelligent self-respect. He knew Germany could not thrive at the top until the people at the bottom were made reasonably comfortable and secure against involuntary poverty, resulting from injury, death, sickness or penniless age. So he, with his control of the powers of an absolute monarchy, laid the foundations for national control and enlargement of the social insurance system which more than anything else is responsible for the fact that today Germany is able to maintain sixty-six million people in better than average health and comfort upon an area hardly more than three-fourths as large as that of Texas. Today twenty million German workers are protected by the social insurance laws of the German nation against want due to sickness, injury, death or old age. Germany is, in my opinion, the most intelligently organized nation on the globe, if we waive for the moment the limitations placed by that government upon the exercise of the suffrage by its humbler citizens. They have much less political liberty than Americans, but they have legal safeguards against the economic mischances of life far superior to any possessed by our own workers.

Inevitably, wages in Germany are much lower than in America, for the same kind of work. Wages started lower in Germany. Wages there can be lower, because German workmen have not the same desperate need laid on them to amass a little fund for self-protection against want due to sickness, accident, death or old age. But wages in Germany are steadily advancing. The social safeguards provided by the German governments are steadily being enlarged. This progress is chiefly due to the rising demand of the workers for it. This demand is expressed politically through the social democratic party of Germany, now the largest numerically in the empire. Germany's industrial intellectuals, the geniuses who have conceived and brought into being the vast new industrial institutions of the empire, are almost if not quite as stubborn in defense of their personal profit as their American compeers, our "captains of industry." But they are forced gradually to yield increasing shares of their profits to the workers—forced by the fear of nationalization of their industries and the utter loss of their private profits.

Under whatever name—socialist, social democratic, liberal, labor, progressive, or simply the old-fashioned, plain Democratic party—the urge for a larger measure of economic liberty, liberty where it is most practical and valuable, is being felt throughout the civilized world. It is felt in America. Our governments must yield to it, and will yield to it, or they will be swept aside to give place to governments carrying into office precise instructions to this effect from the people.

I think it singularly fortunate that we are to have as President during the next four years a man who besides being a skilled executive of genuinely democratic instincts, is also a great scholar, with the great scholar's statesmanlike vision of these mighty world forces, and a working knowledge, as I am informed he has, of exactly what has been done by Germany and other nations in readjusting the world's legal organization to meet the new conditions created by the recent revolutionary changes in the world's industries.

America started upon a level infinitely above that of Germany or any other nation—the level of democratic equality between man and man. This is our most valuable possession. We must not suffer a rising aristocracy of wealth to break down our democratic ideals. When these go, our greatness as a people goes with them. We may be, collectively, rich beyond comparison with any nation in the world's history, but we shall be poor indeed as compared with our hardy forbears wringing a bare living from stormy seas and from rocky acres along the Atlantic seaboard a century ago.

For a hundred years the whole world has been "going to school" to America. We must now go to school to Germany, as France and England and Italy and other countries are doing.

* * *

The Captain on the German Quarterdeck Friends have asked me if I met the German Emperor. I did not. I was told an interview could be arranged, but I had no business with the Kaiser, being sent over merely to study city organizations, and I make it a rule never to waste the time of a busy man merely to satisfy an idle curiosity concerning his personality. But I saw the Kaiser's handiwork, and countless expressions of his guiding and commanding influence, wherever I went in the German Empire. Mr. Price Collier has said with truth in his *Scribner Magazine* articles on German life that no other living man has so stamped the impress of his personality upon a people as the German Emperor has done. He is apparently one of the ablest, if not the ablest chief executive living today. His assertion of rule by divine right will not bear analysis under the microscope of democracy if with it we consider the fact that he bases his claim upon birth alone; but he does indeed rule by the same divine right which supports all other strong rulers and leaders of humanity—the right of supreme fitness to lead his people forward to the enjoyment of larger, richer lives. He might have been a weakling and dullard, a drag upon the aspirations of his people. Had he been that kind of Emperor, I believe his tenure of office would have been brief. He has proven himself to be one of the few born to lead and govern men, quite apart from the accident of birth. As a famous English statesman, with whom my great friend Eugene V. Debs' letter of introduction procured for me an interview—personal and of course not for publication—said:

"The Germans have a captain on the quarterdeck; we, alas, have a committee!"

* * *

Music a Normal Human Necessity Perhaps the contrast between German and American life which most sharply impressed me was their possession and our poverty of good music available to the masses of the people. Like most American men, I do not know one written note of music from another, and perform on no instrument, while my singing is a genuine test of friendship. Yet I love music—real music, as I imagine most Americans do, and am always pleased when able to hear it. I think one of the best services rendered my city of Houston by Mayor Rice—albeit it was one of his most generally criticized acts, temporarily—was the subsidizing of our excellent municipal band, which plays Sunday afternoons in our principal park, and at evening in our smaller parks, before delighted thousands of music-hungry people.

I have stood an hour in a drizzling, cold rain in Georgestrasse, Hannover, listening with deepest appreciation to the noble music provided by the brigade band from the steps of the imperial opera house. I have found, in cafes and theaters and other public resorts of all grades and classes, really excellent music provided for the entertainment of patrons, and have gotten from it a cure for physical weariness and mental depression, and a renewal of my faith in the high destiny of mankind. I have been made conscious that music is quite as essential to the well-being of a normally constituted human being as food, raiment and shelter.

Madonnas and Magdalens

My work—the task outlined for me was absurdly out of proportion to the brief period of time allotted for its performance—left little leisure for visiting the art galleries, yet I managed to get a few glimpses of the best of them. Candidly, the Sistine Madonna was a disappointment to me—like my first view of Niagara Falls. Provincial? Of course. But I might as well admit the truth about the matter. Madonnas have never interested me so much as Magdalens, anyhow. We mortals require to be bruised, to know sorrow and loss and pain and maybe shame before we can acquire that divine humility which is the finest grace of the human spirit. It is this quality, shining in the faces of the Magdalens of classic art, that has drawn me to them with a human kinship which I cannot feel for the Madonnas. So as a souvenir of my visit to the Dresden gallery I bought an engraved copy of the Bussende Magdalen. Then I went into the street, and passing an art store spied in a glass case exposed to street view six lithographed copies of exceeding clever, witty water colors depicting types of frequenters of the public dance halls of Germany, and bought the lot to present to my mildly Bohemian associates in the Houston Press Club. Which has probably got me in bad here at home, since the wicked wags of the Press Club, honoring me with an invitation to address them on my foreign studies, announced through the local newspapers that I was to lecture on the dance halls of the continent. Raising the question, of course, of what the deuce should an Elder Statesman of my known dignity and solidity of character know about the dance halls of the continent. It has to be admitted that I do know about them; that I included them in the research which I meant should cover all phases of German life. It seemed to me absurd to try to interpret German institutions without first attempting to understand the character of the German people, and I knew of no other way to get that understanding except to live with them and work and play with them, which I did, with great zest and spiritual benefit. I forget who it was that said, "Nothing that is human is alien to me," but he said something, as the boys put it down in Brazoria County.

At this writing I am speculating upon how much it will be discreet to reveal to the unsophisticated youths of the Press Club. It wouldn't do to start them all to clamoring for consular appointments in Germany, because I am tempted to ask the powers that be to let me have a post over there for three or four years, in order that I may acquire the details with which to fill in the big main outlines of the book on modern Germany that I would like to write for the glory of my own people and the service of my countrymen. Moreover, I doubt if my young friends are sufficiently mature to front with safety the enticements of those brilliant palaces of commercialized gaiety. Let 'em grow up first, as I have had to do.

TRAVEL

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.

—*Bacon—"Of Travel"*

The Marble Heart

by Beecher W. Waltermire

I WAS born with a disposition to roam. From my earliest recollection I have had a penchant for wandering away to remote and sequestered nooks. A cave, a grotto, a tumbled down and decaying castle filled me with delight. At an early age I was bereft of my parents and left alone in the world. Fortunately for me my father left me a snug fortune which enabled me to gratify my propensity for travel. I have roamed over a large part of the world, but unlike most travelers, I have sought out the unfrequented places. I find more enjoyment in the wilderness than in the crowded thoroughfares. Not that I am not fond of mingling with society, but that I thirst for adventure in wild and romantic places.

I am at the meridian height of the pathway of life. That is to say, I have lived just one-half the allotted space of man. I am thirty-five; yet my hair, which a few short years ago was the color of the raven, is now as white as snow. It became so in a fortnight. Not from fear, for I think I may say without boasting that I never knew the sensation of fear. I never believed in spooks, ghosts, or hobgoblins, or mysterious manifestations of any sort.

Some years ago an old acquaintance of mine approached me with a proposition to engage with him and a few others in a mining venture. Knowing that I had means which I might invest, if so disposed, I had been approached many times before with similar schemes, to all of which I had invariably turned a deaf ear, giving them no consideration; first, because I had no confidence in them, and secondly, because, having a sufficient competence, and not caring to be burdened with great riches, even if I were sure of success, I did not care to hazard anything on such enterprises. But my friend was so insistent that I listened very attentively to his schemes, and the conviction grew upon me that it promised to be a successful venture; and, as much to please him as from any desire of gain, I promised to give the matter consideration.

He told me that there were, in Mexico, a great many ancient and abandoned mines, which had been worked by bygone generations, perhaps as far distant as the days when King Solomon's mines were yielding their golden treasures. Indeed, he said it was confidently asserted by many learned men that Mexico was the land of Ophir, whence King Solomon procured his gold to adorn the temple at Jerusalem. At all events he knew these mines had yielded fabulous quantities of the precious metals in bygone ages, and that much more was yet to be had. He had paid several visits to the country, and knew whereof he spoke. They had remained so long undiscovered only because they were so remote from real civilization and surrounded by such a peculiar people.

At our last conference I told him that I was expecting to go away for a couple of months, and that on my return I would give him a definite answer, which was satisfactory to him.

Now, I had thought the matter over carefully, and re-read the history of Mexico, and found much to warrant his belief; but I did not propose going into such a scheme and risk losing a large part of my fortune without investigating for myself.

Though I had traveled extensively in almost every quarter of the globe, I had never visited the land of the Montezumas. He had awakened my curiosity, which was only stimulated by a re-reading of the history, and I resolved to go quietly away, "do the country," and make an investigation of these ancient mines before giving him an answer.

Accordingly, on the very next day, I started on that fateful journey. I simply told the landlord at the hotel where I maintained a suite of rooms, that I would be absent about sixty days. As I had gone away similarly so many times before, he asked no questions.

* * *

Arriving at the City of Mexico, I spent several days in loitering about the streets and visiting its historic places. After much inquiry I procured a guide to whom I was willing to trust my safety; and to my great delight, I learned that he was the very same who had conducted my friend and his associates to the same regions I desired to visit. We went as far as possible by rail, then across the country on horseback to within a few miles of the mines; but the latter end of the journey was so rough and mountainous that we were compelled to tether our horses and go on foot. We had with us, in sacks thrown across our shoulders, a sufficient quantity of food to last for several days, and two flasks of water.

My guide took me to various mines which my friend had explored, and toward the middle of the afternoon we were passing a shaft near the brow of the hill, when I glanced at my guide, who seemed to hasten his footsteps, and I thought a tremor ran through his frame and a pallor came to his cheeks.

"What mine is this?" I asked.

"That," said he with a husky voice, "was formerly called 'The Fairy Mine,' but now it goes by the name of 'The Haunted Mine.' " And again I saw the pallor on his cheek.

"Wait," said I, "you have aroused my curiosity. Why this change in the names, both of which seem so romantic?"

I stopped and looked down the shaft. "It was formerly called 'The Fairy Mine,' " said he, "because there was a legend, handed down for many generations, that it was peopled by fairies; but now, sir, it is believed to be haunted," and I saw again the evidences of the awe and fear which he felt for the place.

"I shall explore this mine," said I, "for you have given me a greater inducement than gold to see what it contains."

"Pray do not do so," said he. "Only two white men ever have been known to descend that shaft, one of which never returned, and the other one came out more like a skeleton than a living man; and he acted so mysteriously that I think he was never right in his head after that."

My guide was a very intelligent Mexican, and I should have regarded him a very cunning one, who was purposely frightening people away from this particular mine because he regarded it especially valuable, but for the evidences in every line of his features that the very mention of the names gave him terror.

"What did the man who came out say about it?" I asked.

"He didn't say anything. He only mumbled to himself and looked so gaunt-eyed and woebegone that people avoided him; and in a little while he went away and was never heard of more. Because the one man never came back and the other acted so strangely, they changed the name of the mine."

"I shall descend this shaft," said I. "You may go away to some safe distance and sit down and wait for me. I will return before the sun goes down."

"Oh, pray do not do so, sir. Your blood will be upon my soul. I brought the other man here who came out a skeleton. For a long time after I could see him in my dreams. He haunted me. Now, if anything should happen to you, I would be a murderer. The air about this mine is infected with some subtle charm which makes men want to go down to their death. It must be so. I should not have brought you here."

I laughed a hearty laugh, thinking that it might dispel his fears; but the terror of his countenance was awful. I persisted, however, in my determination to descend, while he covered his face with his hands and ran away at full speed. My conscience pricked me for so terrifying him, but I was confident that I would soon return, and not only laugh away his fears, but prove to him that he was in no wise to blame for the fate of the man who had "gone daft." Alas, alas, how little we know of the future.

I descended, I think, not much beyond a hundred feet, when I reached the bottom of the shaft and began to follow the opening which ran back under the brow of the hill. I was convinced that it had been one of the richest mines in all the land, and even yet would produce abundantly;

and it lay so near the surface. I had gone perhaps three hundred feet in, when I was startled by a crash behind me and a sudden extinguishment of the last ray of light, and I knew that I was entombed alive. The shaft had given way and a great quantity of earth and rocks had fallen in, and I was shut off from the upper world.

For an instant my hair seemed to stand on end, and I came the nearest to experiencing the sensation of fear that I ever have in all my life; but strange as it may seem, my thoughts ran immediately to my guide. I knew he must have heard the sound, that he must know my fate, and that he must now be writhing in the awful agony of that terror which possessed him. I became so absorbed in picturing his agony that I almost forgot the awfulness of my own situation. I felt that he would go away a mental wreck, and that I was responsible for his fate.

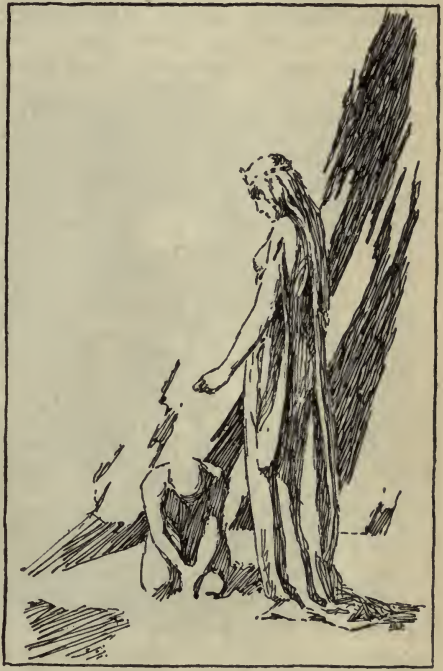
But presently I awakened to a sense of my situation, retraced my steps as far as I could, but finding it utterly impossible to escape, I turned about and followed the opening back under the hill. It was as dark as Erebus and as silent as the grave. I groped my way along, feeling the wall with my hands, and presently I came to a cross tunnel, and for a long time I stood hesitating which one I should follow. I groped on, and presently I began to find numerous tunnels, apparently running in all directions, as if 1 were in some ancient catacomb. I did not know whether all of them were artificial, dug out by those who had worked the mine in ancient times, or whether some of them were natural fissures. I inclined to the latter belief from the jagged surface of some of the walls. I do not know how long I groped about in this manner, nor how far I traveled; but I grew very weary and sat down to rest and think, and strangely enough, as I sat there, these lines of Caesar came to my mind:

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

And I began to wonder whether or not there was any truth in the philosophy of the great fatalist. But while entertaining such reflections, tired nature asserted herself and I fell asleep.

* * *

How long I slept I do not know, but it must have been at least till noon of the following day. When I awoke I felt the pangs of hunger and thirst. I bethought myself of the food and flask of water in the sack upon my back, and I partook of both with a right good will. Then 1 arose and began to grope forward, and presently I came to another cross tunnel; and oh, ecstasy! I saw a ray of sunlight. My heart beat loudly. All my life I had walked in floods of sunlight, scarcely conscious of it, but now a single ray lifted me to exultation. I followed it, and turning around a corner, I came up to the orifice through which it came. The opening in the wall was not much larger than my wrist, but seemed to enlarge like a funnel as it receded, thus gathering the rays of light which streamed through the small aperture with added density.



She did not move, but now and then a bewitching smile seemed to flit across her face

Eagerly I peered through the crevice,

as one would peer into a kaleidoscope. About a hundred feet distant there seemed to be a great crevasse opening down from the summit of the hill, and this funnel-shaped opening seemed to lead from the crevasse to the gloomy cavern in which I was entombed. It was on a level with my face, and as I looked long and intently, objects, obscure at first, began to take on more definite form; and as I looked—be still, my heart—I saw upon a raised platform of stone, in the very center of the crevasse, the most queenly womanly form on which the sun had ever shone. Was I mad? I recalled the saying of my guide. Was I deceived as the desert traveler is deceived by the mirage? It could not be. There she stood, clad in a long flowing robe which smacked of royalty. Such matchless symmetry; such dazzling beauty! On the four corners of the platform were kneeling figures, with bowed heads, as if they were doing obeisance to her. As I looked my heart beat wildly and thrilled with rapture. I who had mingled much with womankind and until now come off heart whole, was charmed, bewitched, fascinated with this lovely creature, be she woman, fairy, goddess, or merely apparition. I felt Cupid's silver arrow pierce my heart. I had no doubt but she was the princess of some tribe which dwelt in this remote spot; perhaps the descendants of the Incas of Peru which had been driven from that land by more fierce and warlike races. What more natural than that they might have found a refuge here?

* * *

At all events, I knew that she was wondrous fair and that, no matter what her race, I should ever adore her. I watched her long and intently. She did not move, but now and then a bewitching smile seemed to flit across her face; nor did those in kneeling posture change position. At length I observed that the light began to wane, by which I knew that this was an opening to the outer world, and that the sun was going down. Hark! What is that sound that breaks upon my ear, faint at first, but growing louder and louder, until the whole canyon seemed to echo and reverberate with strains of heavenly music? Ah, she is chanting some vesper hymn. I could not see her lips move; I could not catch the words. Perhaps they were of some foreign language, but the melody was angelic. Gradually the sun sank down behind the western hills, the melody died away, and I was left in darkness and alone.

Oh, the loneliness of that hour as I sat down to ponder over what I had seen and heard. I was impatient for the dawn that I might look upon the matchless face once more. But of what avail was it to me? I, imprisoned in a dungeon, where, doubtless, I should perish in a few short days. I wore away the greater part of the night in feverish anxiety before I fell into a restless sleep. When I awoke the light was streaming through the crevice and illuminating the cavern, as a search-light on the sea flashes out into the darkest night. I sprang to my feet, and peered again through the orifice; and there, in the same posture, were the maiden and her kneeling satellites, as if they had not moved since I saw them the night before. I was somewhat surprised, but I reflected that doubtless they were performing some religious rite or ceremony, as was their custom both morning and evening.

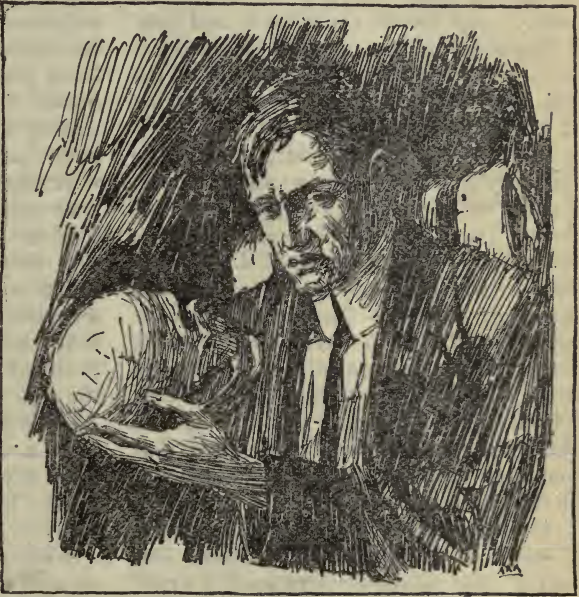
I felt something crush beneath my feet, and stooping down I picked up an object and held it to the light. Horror of horrors! It was a human skeleton. I gazed into the hollow, eyeless sockets. I looked upon the fleshless cheeks and grinning teeth with a shiver. "Ah, I have it," said I, half aloud, "this is the fellow who came down into the mine and never returned. He, too, found this place. He, too, adored this idol, and powerless to break away, he remained and worshipped at the shrine until he died." I recalled the myth of the Sirens, who had lured men to destruction by the fascination of their song. But this was no siren.

The sight of that skeleton was a powerful tonic. I said to myself, "I must assert my manhood. I must strive to find a means of escape. The existence of this crevice indicates that there may be others still larger. I must seek. It is folly to remain here and die."

I wondered how the other man who had returned from the mine a skeleton, and with reason dethroned, ever broke away from the fascination; for I doubted not that he, too, had been here. It must have been that in his mania and half-unconsciousness he wandered back, scarcely knowing what he did. The dethroning of his reason saved his life. These reflections gave me a powerful stimulus to move. I would take one long parting look and then go.

I brought my eye to the crevice and looked tenderly upon my idol. I seemed riveted to the spot. Again and again I turned away, and as many times returned, to look yet once again, lest I should never have the opportunity more. I think my resolution might have failed me had I not stepped again upon the skeleton and its cracking bones startled me to a realization of my impending fate.

When at last I broke away I felt as if I had left my heart behind. I retraced my steps to an opening which ran off to my right, bent upon exploring it, and if I failed to find any way of escape, I would try others; and as a last resort, if there were no avenue leading to the outer world, I would return to this spot, feast my eyes for a few days upon this queenly face and then lay down to die, mingling my dust with the dust of that other devotee of former days when time should work his alchemy upon our bones.



I looked on the fleshless cheeks and grinning teeth with a shiver

I do not like to picture horrors. I will not dwell upon the days which followed. Days in which I utterly despaired, for I not only failed for the space of nearly a fortnight to find any means of escape, but also became so bewildered that I lost even the location of the crevice, so that I was immersed in utter darkness. I had dealt out my food and drink in miserly quantities, but now they were gone. There seemed but one resort: to lay down and die. I felt that if I could but look once more upon her! If I could see that matchless form! If I could gaze but once again upon that matchless brow! If I could hear once more those magic strains, then I would be content. "Oh, nymph of the desert waste!" I cried, but the echo of my wailing cry reverberated through those caverns like the wail of fiends and imps of darkness. I shuddered at the sound of my own voice. Out of sheer exhaustion ultimately I fell alseep, and my last flickering consciousness hovered about the image of the idol who had wrought this havoc with my heart.

I must have slept a long time. I do not know how long. I only know that I was suddenly awakened, and that the earth rocked and trembled. It quivered as an aspen. It writhed as a monster in expiring agonies. Three several times I felt it quake; and then there came an awful crash, as if the end of time had come, and all the planets had rushed together in confusion. I scrambled to my feet. I felt the cool air of the morning rushing in upon me. I ran in the direction from which it came. A great cavern was opened leading to the outer world. There had been a tremendous earthquake. I learned afterwards that it was the same which destroyed the beautiful city of San Francisco and extended all along the Pacific Coast. The dawn was just breaking.

I could see the outlines of the cliff above me, but not distinctly. I was wild with excitement. I was free, but in what an unexpected manner. I scrambled over boulders; I climbed up cliffs and jutting rocks to reach the summit of the hill, and all the time I was thinking of her, only of her. What had befallen her? I must find her. If she had escaped I must see her, yea, though it cost me my life. I must tell her of my undying love. If she had perished in the catastrophe, I must, at least, look once more upon her face before it was hid away forever. My heart beat wildly; my breath came thick and fast. I scrambled up and up the dizzy heights until, at last, I gained the summit of the hill, just as the morning sun was touching it with silver beams.

Having gained the summit, I had little difficulty in locating the yawning chasm. I ran to the edge of the precipice and looked down. I saw the raised platform, and there, prone upon her face, lay my idol. Was she dead or was she only swooning? No one was near her save the kneeling figures, who seemed not to have moved. Were they dead or paralyzed with fear that they made no effort to go to her relief? I must hasten to her. I would pick her up. If she were dead, I would look upon that matchless face and attend her obsequies. If she still lived, I would minister to her. I would carry her to her abiding place. I would sit beside her and comfort her, and as soon as she was restored, I would whisper to her my love. In my travels around the world I had picked up many languages. She must understand some one of them. If not, I would tell her with a pressure of the hand, with a drooping of the eyes. She must know.

I thought it about a hundred feet down, but I must take a circuitous route to reach her, for the precipice was too steep at that point for descent. At some distance I saw what seemed to be a series of steps leading down. It proved to be so. I descended. I leaped upon the platform. Oh, bitter fate! I stooped to turn the prostrate form. But ere I touched the cold and pulseless clay a dagger pierced my heart—it was but a marble statue! A statue carved in some remote age by those deft fingers which fashioned the many obelisks and pyramids with which Mexico and Central America abound, and which have been the wonder of explorers in those lands. My heart stood still. It was cleft in twain. The kneeling figures still knelt in silence; for they, too, were of the purest marble.

This was the image of some fabled goddess of some ancient race erected here in this great canyon where they might come and worship at its shrine, and be secure from any foe. I observed that the marble steps leading up to it from every side were worn half away by the feet of those devotees who, in ages gone, had come to kneel and pray. I could scarcely bring myself to touch the marble thing, but I turned it over and looked long into that stony face. It was a marvel of cunning workmanship, and so wrought in its outlines that when the sun fell upon it the light and shadows chased each other across the countenance and it appeared to smile, and sometimes to laugh. The ears and nostrils and parted lips were so formed that when the evening winds blew upon it, it would send forth musical sounds, like the reed when kissed by the gentle breeze. All this gave it the appearance of having life, and, doubtless, wrought greatly upon the credulity of the primitive race which, in aforetime, worshipped at its shrine.

With a heavy heart I turned about, wended my way back to the city, hunted up my guide to relieve his great anxiety by proving to him that I was still alive and clothed in my right mind. At the first glance he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. I thought he would be overjoyed to see me, and, indeed, he was when he became convinced that it was not an apparition, as he at first supposed, for as I afterwards discovered on looking into a mirror, my hair was white and my face furrowed, as if I had lived an age in those few short days.

My burden seems almost greater than I can bear. And yet, and yet, if she had been, indeed, a woman, and I should have wooed and won her, and then discovered that she had a marble heart, might not my fate have been still worse?

Mrs. Bright's Visitor[*]

A Comedy in One Act

by Mary R. P. Hatch

THE scene represents a dining room in a small house situated in the suburb of a city in New England. One or two pictures, a bird cage, some plants at the windows, several chairs, a writing desk down right front and the dining table in the center are inexpensive but of fairly good design. There are doors leading to left and right, while at the back center a door opening into the room leads down to the cellar. The kitchen is at the left back center, the bedroom at the right back center.

Mr. and Mrs. Bright have just risen from the table and some food still remains. He is neatly dressed in a well-brushed business suit which shows, however, signs of long wear; his wife is neatly attired in a light woolen skirt and white shirt waist. She appears brisk and capable as she bustles about the room and table, but his manner is worried.

MR. BRIGHT: We ought to have taken that money to the bank last night, Ruth.

MRS. B.: How could we? Five miles through the rain and the road washed out in places?

MR. B.: Well, we might have taken it over to Mr. Culvert's and paid it on the place.

MRS. B.: The money is perfectly safe, Cliff. Nobody knows it's in the house, and we can take it down tonight. Had you forgotten that Mr. Culvert was to be away from home last night?

MR. B.: I did forget for the moment, Ruth.

MRS. B.: Well, he will be at home tonight, and I can return Mrs. Culvert's call. I like her very much, Cliff, and you know there aren't many people to visit.

MR. B.: I know it. And you really should get acquainted with some of the best people; then you won't be so lonesome.

MRS. B.: Oh, I'm never lonesome. (*She speaks briskly and piles the plates on the table and starts to carry them to the kitchen. Mr. Bright takes his hat and gloves, preparing to leave the house. He stops and awaits his wife's return.*)

MRS. B. (*laughing*): What is it? Still worrying about that five hundred dollars?

MR. B.: Yes, I am. What would you do if a burglar should come?

MRS. B.: Shoot him, I think. You know I keep that loaded revolver right here. (*She opens a small drawer in desk and takes out a pistol.*)

MR. B.: You would be afraid to fire it. (*Takes it and examines it carefully.*)

MRS. B.: Oh, no, I shouldn't. I've killed squirrels, you know. I shouldn't mind shooting a burglar any more.

MR. B. (*laughing*): I believe you. But I've spoken to Dempster for that big dog of his. He stands so high (*spreading his hand three feet above the floor*). He's a St. Bernard, Ruth, but he's only six months old. Dempster said he would bring him over last week. I don't see why he didn't. I wish we had him.

MRS. B.: I'm not one bit afraid, Cliff.

MR. B.: But if anything should happen.

MRS. B.: I should have emergency strength. That's what mother calls it. When our house caught fire I was a little girl, but I lifted one side of a heavy bureau filled with clothing and books that father and I tumbled into it. I was as strong as he. The next day I couldn't lift a quarter as much. (*She laughs lightly and her husband joins.*)

MR. B.: Your uncle told me of your tumbling into the well and hanging to the bucket while your mother pulled you out.

MRS. B. (*laughs heartily*): Yes, that was at grandfather's. I was leaning over the curb and pitched in. "If I only can catch on to the bucket," I thought. You see they kept it in the water so it wouldn't dry up. I did catch on and hang on till I saw mother's white face looking down on me. "Can you climb into the bucket?" she said. "No, but I can hold on, mother," I said, and I did. It was a long cold journey, Cliff, up with mother tugging at the well sweep. We were both sick for a week afterwards.

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[*] Copyright, 1912, by Mary R. P. Hatch

Mr. B.: You were a strange child, Ruth.

Mrs. B.: I was always getting into trouble, but I always got out somehow. So you needn't worry one little bit. (*Reaches up to kiss her husband.*) But of course there's no danger. Don't worry, Cliff.

Mr. B. (*laughs and returns her kiss*): Capable Ruth. No, I won't worry. We shall soon be monarchs of all we survey. When that money that's hidden in the bed is paid I shall feel as if we owned the place.

Mrs. B.: We own it now. You know that five hundred is the last payment we have to make for five years, Cliff.

Mr. B.: That's right.

Mrs. B. (*enthusiastically*): Oh, this is so much better than a flat, "stale and unprofitable" in the city. (*Claps her hands and looks up at him joyfully*). Not another house in sight, but trees, trees everywhere, and birds and cones and squirrels. Oh, I'm so delighted. And the money is in the house this very minute. I am so happy that once I should have been afraid that something terrible was to happen; but now I know that the right way is to enjoy everything to the utmost.

Mr. B.: And I will try to do the same, Ruth. I am glad you are not timid. There wouldn't be much happiness for you in this lonely place if you were. But this will do for me. I've stood talking all this time when I should have been at the office. (*Takes some papers from the desk and turns to go again.*)

Mrs. B.: Oh, but Cliff—

Mr. B.: What is it?

Mrs. B.: One thing I would like to have you attend to when you have time. (*She points to the cellar door.*) Now don't think I am afraid, but there is no lock or bolt on that cellar door, and if anybody should get in the cellar he could come up the stairs and right into this room.

Mr. B.: But there's no danger because we always keep the outside door locked.

Mrs. B.: Yes, Cliff, I know we are supposed to, but sometimes your father comes in to look at the things he has stored there and goes out the back way. Yesterday I found it open.

Mr. B.: That so? Well, I'll bring home a bolt tonight and put it on myself. Goodbye, dearest. Take care of my little girl for the sake of her husband.

Mrs. B.: Same to you, dearie. (*Exit Mr. Bright. Mrs. Bright watches him from the window and waves a salute. She opens the door to the cellar, closes it and sets a chair before it, then takes it away again. Next she goes to the desk and takes from the drawer the pistol, examines it carefully; then she puts it back and resumes her work. She takes a carpet sweeper and runs it over the rug, then lifts the corners and sweeps the floor with a broom, all with extreme neatness and dispatch. She takes a cloth duster and dusts the rungs of the chairs and desk, and when she has finished these duties she arranges the table neatly, making it apparent that it is her habit to leave the table set as is the manner in country places. But she is about to remove the food when she hears a sound in the cellar. Instantly a look of alarm rises to her face. She listens intently with her head turned toward the door. But no other sound is heard and after a while spent in listening she looks about with a distinct air of relief growing on her face. She sits down and takes some sewing which she brings from the bedroom and sets a few stitches, sewing happily for a few moments. Then again a sound is heard, but so distinct this time there can be no doubt that it comes from the cellar. Mrs. Bright rises quickly and stands in the middle of the room, every faculty tense and rampant. She looks first at the drawer where the pistol reposes, taking a step toward it. Then her face registers a sudden resolve. It is as if she had made a sudden resolve. Reaching forward she opens the door so quickly that the burglar, whose hand has been extended to reacht he knob, lurches suddenly forward. He is blinking from the light coming after the darkness of the cellar. He is shabbily dressed, his face is covered with whiskers, and he seems not only cold, but hungry, for he looks ravenously at the remnants of food on the table.*)

Mrs. B.: (*speaking politely, as if her visitors usually came up the cellar stairs*)—

Come in and sit down by the fire, you look cold. (*He gives her a glance of surprise and lurches heavily into the chair she pushes toward him.*) I see by your look at the table that you haven't had any breakfast. (*She looks at the table and nods at him brightly.*)

Burglar: No, nor any supper nor anything at all for 'most a week, except what I snatched from a garbage pail.

Mrs. B.: I should think you would be just starved. Wait a minute till I get some more bread. You will want some more bread, too. Sit right down. (*She draws up the chair nearest to the table. The man looks at her suspiciously then at the table. Evidently its attractions are stronger than his fears, for he sits and begins eating ravenously. She goes to the kitchen, his eyes following her movements while he eats. She returns with bread and other food, arranging it neatly on the table.*)

Burglar: Does your man come home pretty soon?

Mrs. B.: No. Have some more meat? (*She pushes the plate toward him.*) Perhaps you will relish some of this pudding. I made it myself. I do nearly all my cooking. You see Cliff—that's my husband—lived in a boarding house so many years that he abominates "store victuals" as he says. (*He stops eating to stare at her for a moment, then goes on, she waiting upon him politely. Finally his appetite seems to be satisfied. Seeing him shiver she turns the damper to the stove and puts in a stick of wood.*) We've had terrible cold weather, haven't we, for this time of year? The papers say we are going to have snow; but they don't know quite everything, though you'd think so sometimes to read what they say. (*Laughs lightly.*)

Burglar (*shifting about uneasily*): There ain't no use talking as if you didn't know what I come for. You ain't no fool. You must know I didn't get into the cellar and hang round all night and this morning till your husband went away jest to talk about the weather nor to get a meal of victuals, even if I was starving. (*Speaks gruffly, but does not look at her.*)

Mrs. B.: It was you then that left the cellar door open?

Burglar: Yes, but that ain't no consequence, is it, how I got in? It's what I came for.

Mrs. B.: Yes; what did you come for?

Burglar: I come for that five hundred dollars. I heard your man tell a friend that he was going to pay it on his place. It was on the cars I heard it. He didn't pay it last night. I know because I watched round all night. So it's in the house, and I want it. It's in there. (*Points to the bedroom at right back center.*) I know, for I heard you and him talking about it when I crept up them stairs (*glances at cellar stairs*). It's there, and I mean to have it. Do you hear? (*Advances toward her in threatening manner.*)

Mrs. B.: Yes, I hear (*speaks calmly*), but I don't believe it. (*She begins to clear the table of the food in a lesiurely manner and carries the food and dishes to the kitchen at the left. He follows her to the door and watches her until she returns.*) What I can't understand is that a man like you would even once think of taking money from a woman.

Burglar: I wouldn't if I didn't need it like hell. (*He looks at her and shifts his feet uneasily.*)

Mrs. B. (*pushes a chair toward him*): Sit down and talk it over. (*He sits down as if compelled to against his will.*) You say you need money, but so do we. We are in debt for this house, and that money will have to be paid on it or the mortgage will be foreclosed.

Burglar: Hire it.

Mrs. B.: We can't. There isn't a person in the world we could hire it of.

Burglar: That's bad.

Mrs. B.: Yes; and you can never know how hard we've worked to get and save it. Why, Cliff (that's my husband), went without luncheons a whole year—pretended he wasn't hungry at noon—just to save. (*The burglar looked interested in spite of himself.*)

Burglar: There ain't no fool job in going hungry, but he could fill up nights when he got home, have a good square meal.

Mrs. B.: But that isn't all. We saved in every way. I made over my clothes till I couldn't any longer.

Burglar (*looking her over sarcastically*: Don't look so very shabby.

Mrs. B.: That's because you don't know that this dress has been turned, made over and colored. And Cliff has only one good suit. I press the trousers every Saturday night so to have them look nice for the next week. But he's getting to look pretty shabby lately.

Burglar (*surlily*): What you 'spose I care? I bet he ain't as shabby as I be. I've as hard as you and him to get a living. Look at me. I hain't had a square meal for a month till tonight, and these fancy clothes of mine is all I got.

Mrs. B.: Can't you get any work?

Burglar: No.

Mrs. B.: Have you tried?

Burglar: Tried? I have done everything but knock a man down and tell him he'd got to give me work. I tell you there ain't no work. Everybody is turning off instead of taking on. I had a good place, foreman in a portable mill, but the mill shet down, and I lost that job. Then I worked a spell in a stable; the boss sold his hosses, couldn't afford to keep 'em, he said. I hain't had no work sence.

Mrs. B.: Can't you run a car? There's lots of money in that.

Burglar: It costs money to learn, and it takes time. I'd starve before I got a job.

Mrs. B.: There must be something for you to do.

Burglar: There's jest one thing and I'm going to do it. I've got to live or die, and I ain't quite ready to die yet. So I'm going to get money dishonest, seeing I can't get it honest. It's the only way left. Hurry up. I can't wait all day. (*Speaks gruffly and takes a step toward her threateningly. Mrs. Bright rises slowly and approaches the desk where the pistol is. She opens the drawer and after a moment takes out a piece of fancy work. Sitting down again she begins to sew while the burglar watches her as if fascinated.*) You're a cool piece. (*She sets a few more stitches, then rises and folds up the table cloth.*)

Mrs. B.: Are you a stranger about here?

Burglar: Yes, I be. I walked over from the plain yesterday and I've been hanging round ever sence to get that money. Now step lively. I can't waste no more time.

Mrs. B. (*Lays aside her work and looks up cheerfully*): I've thought it all out for you, and I'll tell you what I will do. I will *lend* you some money.

Burglar: Lend me some money?

Mrs. B.: Yes; you hadn't thought of that, had you?

Burglar: No.

Mrs. B.: You see I can't give it to you, for Cliff would never forgive me. You see we've worked so hard to get it together. I can't let you have it. (*She looks at him with trembling lips, but steady eyes.*)

Burglar: I don't see but you'll have to. I don't want to use no force, but I'm going to have that money. I've starved long enough. A good straight meal makes me all the more determined. Five hundred dollars would put me on Easy Street.

Mrs. B.: But it would put us on Uneasy Street. No; I can't give you the money, but I will lend you some money, and you can pay me when you get work. How much will do you? (*She puts her head on one side a little in a birdlike way which seemed to interest the man, for he watches her intently and does not reply.*) I might lend you ten or twenty dollars.

Burglar: Say now, what you mean by that? You lend me ten or twenty dollars? Don't you know I can take the whole?

Mrs. B.: Yes, I know, but you won't.

Burglar: Why won't I when I come to do it?

Mrs. B.: Because you are too much of a man to steal when I am willing to lend you some money. I will let you have twenty-five if you think twenty won't be enough. But you must promise to pay it back just as soon as you can.

Burglar (*grinning, seemingly touched by the humor of it*): Do you really think I will pay it back?

Mrs. B.: Yes, I know you will if you can. I'm just as sure of it as I can be. You want to be honest and you've tried to be; but you've got discouraged. Such bad luck would discourage anybody. You didn't think you could borrow money, did you?

Burglar (*drily*): No; most folks would shy at lending twenty-five dollars to a tramp. Perhaps you would if I had come through the front door instead of up the cellar stairs.

Mrs. B.: Perhaps I would. You see we need every dollar. But I have an uncle who might lend me that amount, although he is a poor man. And when you pay me back I will pay him. Now I will write a note for you to sign. (*She sits down to the desk with her knees against the drawer where the loaded pistol is and writes the note. The man watches her wonderingly, rubbing his face, resting his arm on his hand, fidgetting generally. When she turns around he starts nervously. Reads.*) "For value received I promise to pay Ruth A. Bright twenty-five dollars on demand. (*She reads slowly, the man listens intently.*)

BURGLAR: You don't say *when*, but "on demand."

MRS. B.: No; because I don't know when you can get around to pay it. I don't really demand it either, for I shouldn't know where to find you. Sign here. (*She points to the place with her pen. Squaring his shoulders, his face taking on a new look he signs his name and hands her the note. Reads*)

MRS. B. (*reads*): John Perham.

BURGLAR: Yes, that's my name, and I mean to pay that note, and I believe I can. You see I shall have something to live on while I am looking for a job. (*She goes to the bedroom after the money and he stands with his back to the door, not even looking over his shoulder to watch her. She returns with five five dollar bills, which she hands to him cordially.*) One, two, three, four, five, and there you are (*smiling*).

BURGLAR: Thank you. (*Turns away his head.*) I'll pay it back, sure.

MRS. B.: I know you will. But you need better clothes. Would you mind wearing a suit of my husband's?

BURGLAR: I ain't proud.

MRS. B. (*looking him over*): He's about your size. It isn't a very good suit, but one that he puts on occasionally.

BURGLAR: Thank you. If I don't have to buy clothes the money will last longer.

MRS. B.: That's just what I was thinking of. (*He stands in the middle of the room while she goes to the bedroom, looking at the money in his hand. She returns with the clothing, which includes a cloth cap, a pair of shoes and a shirt. Leaving them on the chair she goes back for a suitcase. She packs them deftly, he all the time watching her.*) There, I guess that will do. (*Hands the case to him with a smile.*)

BURGLAR (*in trembling tones*): I never thought—I never knew—that there was such a woman as you in the world. My mother run away when I was a kid and my sisters—no matter about them—I never saw such a woman as you be. I thought you was a fool at first; honest I did; but I know now that you are a good woman that knows more than most folks do. But say, didn't it jar—I mean wasn't you frightened when I come up the cellar stairs?

MRS. B.: Yes, at first, I suppose I was; but in a second something told me what to do. I saw that you were unfortunate, and I am always sorry for anyone like that. (*The door bell rings, three pulls.*)

BURGLAR (*looks about as if for a place to hide*): Who's that? (*He is now the man he was when he entered.*)

MRS. B.: It is my husband; but I won't let him in until you get away. Hurry. You know the way. (*Opens the cellar door while her husband rings again and again.*)

BURGLAR: Won't he follow me when he finds out?

MRS. B.: No; I won't tell him until tonight. Goodbye and good luck. Inside of a year you'll come back and pay me.

BURGLAR: I will, so help me. (*He disappears down the stairs while Mr. Bright rings until she hears the cellar door close, when she opens the door and falls a limp weight into her husband's arms.*)

MR. B.: Good heavens, Ruth, what is it? I began to think you had gone away. How long have you been sick? (*He puts her gently on a chair and places a pillow behind her head.*)

MRS. B.: Not long. I shall be all right soon. It is just a nervous strain. Don't ask me any questions, will you?

MR. B.: You've been working too hard, Ruth, that's what's the matter. (*He leans over her and she leans her head on his shoulder, smiling weakly.*)

MRS. B.: Why did you come home so soon, Cliff?

MR. B.: I can't explain it, but I suppose it worried me, our talk about that money after you told me about the cellar door being left open. Of course, I knew it was perfectly safe; but I decided not to risk it any longer. So I've brought home a bolt, and if you will tell me where I can find the screw driver I'll put it right on, so you'll be safe. (*She starts to rise.*) No, don't get up. I'll find it. Sit still.

Mrs. B.: Oh, I'm all right now. (*Gets the screw driver from the kitchen and watches him while he puts on the bolt. They talk as he works, she sitting on the arm of the chair and helping him by handing him the different tools, an awl, screw driver and hammer.*)

Mr. B.: Just as soon as I get this done we will go and pay that money, won't we? You say you feel all right now.

Mrs. B.: Hadn't we better wait until after supper, Cliff?

Mr. B.: No, we won't wait. Someone may come and prevent our going if we wait, and that money must be paid before another day. There, that's all right. (*Stands back and looks at the bolt.*) I was cut out for a carpenter.

Mrs. B.: Yes, that's a good job, Cliff. I wish you would do a few other things for me, will you?

Mr. B.: No, not now. Put your duds on and get that money. You'll feel better for the ride. (*She goes to the bedroom and returns with a large roll of bills. He runs it over, then as if thinking he has made a mistake, counts it again. He looks anxiously at his wife.*) I can't make this come out right, Ruth. There should be five hundred dollars and I make it four hundred and seventy-five.

Mrs. B.: That's what it is, Cliff. I lent twenty-five to a man this afternoon.

Mr. B. (*angrily*): Were you crazy, Ruth? You must have been to lend it when we need it all to pay on that mortgage. Who was it?

Mrs. B.: He said his name was John Perham.

Mr. B.: John Perham, John Perham. I don't know any John Perham.

Mrs. B. (*speaks hastily*): He came up through that door. He was here when you—

Mr. B.: And you kept me outside while a thief got away with twenty-five dollars. I wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't told me yourself. And you so capable. Capable! (*Speaks disgustedly*).

Mrs. B.: Just listen. You don't understand how capable I was. He might have taken the whole, and I lent him twenty-five dollars. He will pay it back, too. (*Her husband gave a low whistle*). I was frightened horribly when I heard him coming up the cellar stairs, then all at once I seem to get "emergency strength," and I opened the door and invited him in and gave him some breakfast. I treated him like a visitor, Cliff, only I gave—I mean lent him the money and your hunting suit. You'll have to hunt for it now. You know you can never find your clothes; and that in particular. (*She giggles nervously.*)

Mr. B.: But the pistol, Ruth. You said you would use that.

Mrs. B.: I thought once that I would. But I couldn't shoot an unarmed man. He was hungry and too wicked to die. I was led to do as I did.

Mr. B.: It was wonderful that you weren't murdered, to say nothing of the money. But of course he will never pay it back.

Mrs. B.: He will. I know he will, Cliff.

Mr. B.: Well, all I have to say is, you beat the Dutch.

(*Curtain*)

In Times of Need

by Arthur Wallace Peach

Author of "The Mark of Blood," etc.

LEILA VERDON reined her pony to a short and sudden stop, and stared at the figure before her with all the intensity with which one can stare who sees an unusual and almost terrifying sight.

On a horse that staggered with weakness and was covered with red foam, a man was coming toward her down the narrow cut; he was sagging in the saddle as if half unconscious; a rough bandage dark with blood was tied roughly around his neck, and one arm hung limply by his side, swaying and dangling with the motion of the horse; the uncovered head was bent far over in front so that she could not see his face.

As she stared transfixed, her pony breathing hard at the sight and scent, she saw the man waver as the horse stumbled, and both went over. The horse scrambled to its feet with great effort, but the man lay still.

For one frightened moment she was tempted to whirl her gray and fly from the scene—to get away from the place anyway; but she had seen much of the rough life of the West on her father's great ranch, had looked on blood drawn in primitive anger, and after the first fright, she steadied herself. The next thought was to ride immediately back to the ranch, and summon willing aid, but she had ridden far that morning, and by the time she could get there and back with some of the men, the wounded man might be past all need of assistance.

Setting her will, she slipped from her horse, and hurried up to the prostrate figure. The man was on his face. She gripped one powerfully muscled shoulder and turned him over; as she did so she gasped under another shock. She had read the poster that morning at the Three Forks crossroad; the description on it fitted the man before her—thick, dark curly hair; strong frame; even features with firm chin. There was no doubt about it: the man she was bending above was Ralph Dearborn, wanted by the Sheriff of Albemarle County for murder.

She turned away in genuine horror, then glanced back, and something in the strong features, serene even under pain and unconsciousness, drew her back, and throwing her gauntlets aside, she bent over him.

The sight that met her eyes when she untied the loosened bandage, baring the firm, powerful neck was not a pleasing one. A .44 soft lead slug had torn through the side of the neck; but she had set herself to her work; and locking her teeth, she hurried down to the little stream that trickled through the cut, caught her sombrero full of water and went back, swabbed the wound, and bound it with strips ripped from her underskirt. As she worked, she became cool, and she worked rapidly.

When the wound in the neck was taken care of, she turned her attention to the right arm which lay sprawled out in a peculiar manner. As she lifted it she knew it was broken. Tenderly but swiftly she drew back the sleeve, and bound the wound near the shoulder. Then she bathed the face; as the cold water touched his forehead, the man's eyes opened; dim and dazed they looked up at her, a slow astonishment and wonder crept into them, then their dark depths set firm and steady.

He tried to rise, and to speak, but both efforts were vain. She went for more water which she gave him to drink, and then he tried to speak again, but could only whisper, "That's mighty good—thank you—where's the black?"

She had seen his horse dead in a hollow below them, and she told him. His eyes misted. "Poor old Jack!" he whispered. Then she marked the sudden setting of his face in sober lines, and she understood what he was thinking: wounded and a fugitive from the law, and without the most necessary thing—a good horse; but the black had been wounded in what had been a running fight evidently, and he would cover the trails no longer.

Her thought went on rapidly, as she saw him make another effort to move. Pity filled her heart as she saw the sudden whitening of his face when he realized that he was helpless.

"You are weak from loss of blood. I'll ride to the ranch and bring some of the men. I am Leila Verdon, and father—"

He shook his head, and said weakly but steadily, "No—I beg of you—I will explain—later—just leave me—my strength—will come—soon."

"But your horse—what can you do?" she interposed.

He looked at her with dark eyes full of trouble and pain, and she knew he was baffled. She was touched again with the old pity of woman for suffering, and a sudden decision formed in her mind.

"Listen. Near here is a favorite place of mine—a sort of hidden place; I was riding there when I saw you. If you can get there, I'll come in the morning early and bring you some food and medicine. When you are strong enough—" she was going to say she would bring a horse, but she caught herself; she could not agree to that.

His face brightened a little. "You are my good angel, indeed," he said faintly.

The next move made her hesitate, and a bit of color grew into a full rose in her cheeks. She knelt, "Put one arm around my shoulders, and I can help you up," she directed, a little angry with herself.

He was soon on his feet, and guided and sustained by her lithe young body, they finally reached the cavelike place which she had mentioned. It had been a sort of way-station for her rides where she had rested before riding the trail home. She brought out a blanket, got his saddle, opened the pack tied to it and found much that would be useful.

As she worked over him making him comfortable, she could hardly believe she was working over a man branded as a murderer, over whose head hung the penalty of death. There was something about the open strength of his face and brow, the clean-cut chin and lips, the frank dark eyes, that gave the lie to the accusation. But she knew enough of men to know that under the fine shell may be all that is detestable; but she could not resist the temptation to hope he was not what he was said to be.

It was when she was riding away, a little weary after the tense nervous strain, recalling the last manly look of gratitude he had given her, that she realized fully the situation she was in. She was protecting and secreting in one of her haunts a man wanted by the law, a stranger, wounded in a way he had not explained, evidently hopefully relying on her silence.

The first question that troubled her was concerning whether or not she was doing right in hiding him; her reason and judgment told her that she was doing wrong, yet something else, she knew not what it was, seemed to continuously whisper to save him.

As she threaded the trail from the foothills to the level, she wavered from one position to another. When she was racing away over the miles to the ranch, she decided to wait and talk with her father. By deciding to do that she was simply evading the final decision, but she could not make up her mind then.

That night she heard the story. "Red" Steele, her father's foreman, came up from the bunk-house to report on the day's work, and incidentally related what he had heard. Leila, resting among the furs in the corner of the room, listened as the big fellow, his eyes a little bright with the fire of his tale, went on.

"Yup, it must've been a corker. He had a big black—a Kentucky hunter strain—an' he was hittin' for the foothills. Gleet with his posse was after him, and knowing the country better than Dearborn, they laid for him at Three Forks Creek—there at the Ford—laid there among the rocks; an' by gad! Boss—what do you know! the chap got away! You know how it happened? By thunder—you won't believe it! You know where the trail runs into the ford, there's a gully on one side and a big rock. Well, sir, they thought he'd go along the trail, but when Gleet popped at him, he whirled his horse down into the gully—a drop—why, a good many feet—then the black went over that rock as if he was jumping a two-foot fence, scrambled up the bank—and—goodbye. The posse was so done they stood and gaped, an' they say Gleet hasn't got his lower jaw in place yet."

"Did they pot him?" her father asked.

"Yes, the red was splashed around some; but their scrubs couldn't catch the black, an' if he's up among the foothills they'll never get him; probably die up there. There's something funny about it, too. He's a ringer with a gun, uses one he had made for him, East; an' one of the posse told me he could have sent some of them to the happy-hunting grounds if he'd wanted to, for going the way he did, he uncovered them, an' he can shoot from a jumping horse as easy as from solid dirt."

"He's posted, isn't he?" her father queried.

"Yep; Gleet told me down at the Forks that they found three of Murphy's men dead as they make 'em, each shot from behind through the head, and the slugs that did the jobs came from that queer gun of Dearborn's. They've got him dead as far as that is concerned; he had a big scrap with those three fellows; there was nasty words and bad blood between them; and he went around one night and cleaned them up.

"Gleet swore in a bunch of Murphy's gang at the Gap, an' they started after him, but he got word just before they landed, and he was off. They were an ugly bunch when I saw 'em fillin' up at Slake's joint, an' if they ever land Dearborn, there won't be no trial—nary a bit."

Steele got up to go. "It was a dirty, cowardly thing to do, to blow those fellows' heads off from behind, an' I hope they will nail him; but I can't help admirin' the nerve of the chap."

When the door closed, and her father turned his attention to his writing, Leila lay in deep thought. What was she to do? There was a clear case against Dearborn. He was not only a murderer but a coward. She had been brought up among rough men, but brave men, who, though they played the game of life hard and brutally, played it square. She knew the gully into which he had sent his horse without hesitation; but some men cowardly at heart will do in desperation what they would not do otherwise. She was ready to give him up. Her father shuffling a paper drew her attention.

"Father, don't you almost feel he ought to get away after doing that stunt?" she asked.

He looked at her with his gray, bushy-browed eyes. "A man who will blow out the brains of three men in that cowardly fashion deserves to die, and shooting is too good for him; he ought to be strung up." He turned to his work with a grim nod.

The quiet statement drove her mind on to the decision to give him up, but another question came to her.

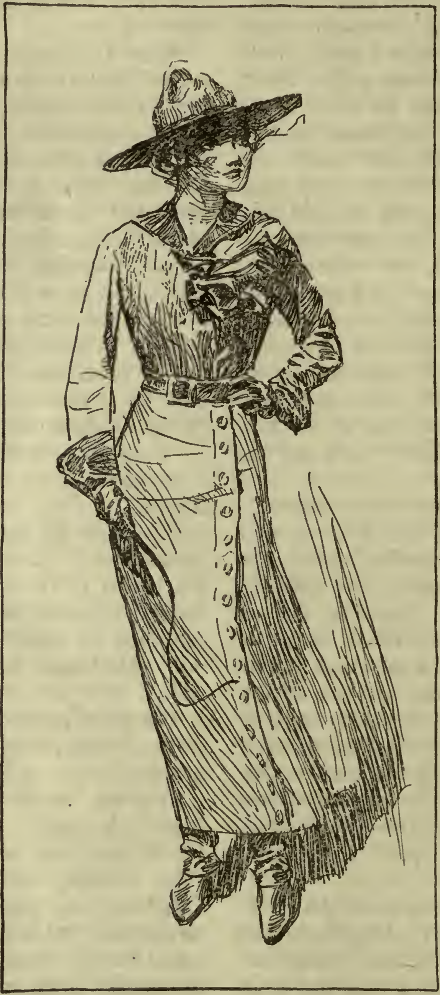
"Father, what did 'Red' mean by Murphy's gang?"

"Brown Eyes, no more questions after this! Murphy and his gang run the Gap; Dearborn has been employed there, and he probably got in bad with them. They're a bad bunch. Gleet is one of them. That's the reason Steele spoke as he did. If they ever land Dearborn, they'll finish him—even if he surrenders first; which he won't do if he knows them."

"But that wouldn't be right to kill him then!"

"My dear, they represent the law, so they can do as they wish. If somebody else captured him, they'd have to turn him over to Gleet; and it would be the same. Anyway, he deserves to die."

A sudden picture came before her eyes. She saw the outstretched figure again, felt her hand go under the head, into the thick dark curls as he drank from the water she offered, heard his low word of thanks, saw again the white expanse of his powerful neck and chest, the firm chin that never quivered though the broken arm swung and dangled with grating ends of bone. She thought of him miles away in the dusky cave, alone, suffering, and her heart beat a little more rapidly with a new thought, and a new sensation that had never come before into her life. It swept through her, strangely thrilling her. She drew a long breath. The light of something that is truly never seen on land or sea touched her mind and heart. She drew a long quivering breath. Again her decision was made.



Her body was poised with perfect strength and strong with endurance. One of the men brought up the fleetest pony of her "bunch"

Early the next morning she sought out her father. "Dad, I'm going to the foot-hills again today, and take my lunch; and I won't be back until the afternoon," she informed him.

He smiled at her. "Pretty wide ranging for you, Honey, but you're good for it, so go ahead. Be careful you don't get tossed, lost, or tired."

With a smile in answer she went away. His warning was a mere matter of form; from girlhood's youngest days he had been teaching her the lore of the plains; she knew the science of the saddle, the directions that never varied, and her body was poised with perfect strength and strong with endurance.

From her father's store of medicines she took what she knew she might need; strengthening food, and so much of it that the house-cook stared, she packed in her saddle-case. One of the men brought up the fleetest pony of her "bunch," a lean, wiry mongrel from the upper plains where his ancestors had been hardening and toughening and learning the ways of the plains since time "unto which the memory of men runneth not to the contrary."

Over the miles they fled, up the long rise, and into the hills.

She entered the little hollow before the cave with her heart beating a little with fear; but she found him where she had left him. A quick glance told her that he was delirious, though he made no comment. She knew what to do for the fever that follows wounds; she had cared for her father's men when under such conditions.

When she had done all she could do she sat beside him, bathing the fevered face with the cool water that found its way near them from the heart of the hills; now and then she poured a bit of the fever-allaying medicine between the lips that parted to bare white, even teeth.

As she watched she thought, and the strangeness of the situation pressed upon her with force; but she drove the thoughts that came aside with resolute will. She had come to care not what others thought or might think; before her was the face of such a man as—

Hastily she checked the thought, and turned her attention to mixing the medicines at her side.

Early in the afternoon the fever abated, and he rapidly grew stronger. He attempted to talk with her, but she silenced him and was almost sorry for doing so, for he followed her with his dark eyes in a way that spoke for him what he had in mind as she busied herself about him.

At last when she was ready for the ride back, and was arranging the things he might want during the night, with his left hand he covered hers. His voice was low and strong.

"I am wondering if this is all a dream—sometimes I think it isn't—I don't want to break it anyway; but I must tell—you. I—am charged with murder, and was hurt—"

"There," she said gently, covering his lips with the palm of her hand. "I don't care to know. " She saw his eyes darken under the stress of his mental anguish resulting from his desire seemingly to free his thought from the burden of deception he thought he was practicing upon her. It touched her in an indescribable way, and acting under an impulse that mastered her, she bent and pressed her cool cheek against his still slightly fevered one, and whispered, "Have no care; I know all."

She was not sure of it, and she went so swiftly that she did not ponder it until she was riding down the draw again; then she touched the burning place on her cheek where for the briefest, swiftest second his lips had rested.

The pony's stride was his best on that ride back, and her thoughts kept time to the swing of his going. At first, she thought of going to her father and telling him the whole story; yet second thought told her that would not do. Deep grained in his life were rigid rules that he never broke. He would have no pity for Dearborn nor for her; his wrath would be cold but none the less terrible. Dearborn, in his eyes, was a murderer; in her eyes—her thought wavered and buckled at that point, and dissolved into a great hope.

She would say nothing. In another day Dearborn would be strong enough; she would manage to get a horse to him; and then—then! For the first time her mind went on to the inevitable. He would ride away—out of her life for good! A sudden sense of chilling shock went over her, a sense of the blighting of something in her; and it was a sober, quiet girl who threw her saddle into the corridor of the house and went into her room to sit in long thought until her father called her in to supper.

Her father was speaking, as she sat down, in answer to a query from one at the table. "No; Gleet gave up the chase for Dearborn. He's got bigger game on his hands. Word has been sent down that 'Black Steve' with his bunch from the north are hitting it for the border. Redfield caught them running a big bunch of his cattle south; he and his men tried to stop them; and 'Black Steve' and his bunch killed all of them, burned the houses, and they say killed Mrs. Redfield and the baby." A gasp of horror went around the table. "Yes; it's terrible. It makes me think of the days when I first came here. Steve has been in the rougher country near the Mexican border, and he's had good luck. They've tried to get him but he's finished most of them who tried. He's a devil incarnate—that's about the size of it. They say he shoots in the saddle from his hip, and no man with an arm motion can get the drop on him.

"He cut off too big a lump this time coming way up here. Redfield wasn't afraid of him, and that rather jarred him, I imagine, for down his way, he's feared and dreaded. He and his crowd ran into Jake Wiltse's Posse at High Point, and I understand Steve had his gang scattered."

"Heavens! you don't think he will work down this way?" one asked.

"He'll keep in the rough country all right among the foothills. By the way, Leila," her father turned to her, "no more rides over to the hills for a while. Hear, Honey?"

She stared at him in consternation.

"Why, dad, I am safe," she answered hurriedly.

He smiled. "You are courageous and strong, and have a cool head, thanks to good training; and there is little danger in your going, perhaps, but I am not going to take chances with you. You stay here or near the boys, anyway."

She sat back stricken, as her father turned to his eating, little thinking of the shock his words had given.

She ate but little, and was glad for the first opportunity to get away from the table. She sought her favorite place in the corner of the big lounging room, and gave herself up to thought again with a wild wonder in her heart if there was ever going to be an end to the excitement and the problems.

She had never disobeyed her father and to deliberately ride away, which was her first quick plan, would be to arouse his anger; and she loved him too much for that. But there was Dearborn; he must have food and care, and he could not wait.

As her father came into the room she almost started up to tell him everything, but again her knowledge of him and his nature saved her. He would have no mercy for Dearborn.

Through the long night she fought out her battle. She feared no danger from "Black Steve" and his band; she feared her father more. But the thought of Dearborn ever came when she weakened, and again she reached a decision. It cost her much, and she knew how much hung upon it, but she made it.

When her father had ridden away in the morning, she went out in the kitchen and hurriedly filled her saddle-bags with what she wanted. The cook came in just as she snapped them shut.

"Not going far today, are you, girlie?" the cook asked.

With a jocular remark Leila answered and went out, feeling the eyes of the other follow her sharply and keenly, little knowing that the cook, suspicious, was to send for her father.

She circled wide so as to lead the men astray who might see her go. She knew that she was ever watched by them; it had been only a short time ago that some of the older men who had been with her father when she was a youngster were willing to have her ride alone.

But when on the south slope she knew she was out of sight, she whirled the pony to the hills and sped away. A certain joyousness, exhilaration took possession of her; the thought that she was away to him accounted for a part of it; the danger she might run, another; and her defiance of her father, the rest.

Peaceful and quiet the hills looked to her; back of them miles and miles away loomed the great peaks in misty outlines. There was no sign of movement among the lower hills, no figures riding on the upland trails.

With a laugh at the thought of the fear of "Black Steve" had evidently sent thrilling down the state, she turned up the familiar trail. The jutting gray rocks looked out at her with almost friendly greeting. The cut narrowed.

A sudden sniff by the pony drew her ever-observing attention and his head turned; she turned with it to look down into a hideously dark, scarred face, and to feel her arms pinioned on both sides by gripping hands. Swift as a thought she was shot off the back of the pony.

As she went over she sought to free her wrists and reach the Colt in the saddle holster, but she was powerless. As she was borne backward into the sand, she struggled with all the strength in her body, but with a sickening sensation she felt the greater strength of the men wrap her like a vise and hold her.

Panting and gasping she looked up into four faces bending over hers; ugly, rough bearded faces they were, alight with a terrible thought.

The one with the dark face brushed his face and swore softly. "Strong—but a beauty!" He looked at her with greedy eyes.

Then her will broke. She thought of her father, of his warning, of the ranch, the men, then the horrible purpose in their beastly eyes, of Dearborn—Dearborn! the thought seared her! She would cry—perhaps he would hear! She made the attempt to scream, but quicker than a cat "Steve" gagged her and the scream died in a moan.

A man brought up the horses. The four talked, swiftly, motioning to her, and once in a while a word came to her and she understood. They were going to take her up further into the cut, away from the trail, and then—

She shuddered and a fit of trembling went over her that she could not stop. She sobbed dryly beneath the gag, but did not weep. She was made of the iron of her father save for the womanly heart. Steve turned and bending over her folded her in his wiry arms, took her to his horse, and then gave her to another, who lifted her up to him.

They started up the trail. His breath beat upon her face hot and repulsive. His scarred throat muscles worked before her eyes. His eyes small, needle-pointed, looked down at her; and she was thankful her lips were covered. The leather around her ankles cut deep and hurt, her arms pained where they were bound, but she thought of something else—the dreadful thing that was to be done up beyond. She moaned again beneath the gag, and she could not help it.

She turned her head—"Oh, if Dearborn knew!" Her thought raged in frenzy now. He could not know; blackness smote her as she thought of his weakness and that the cave was some distance from the trail. She prayed that she might be unconscious before it came.

On they went.

She turned back. Her eyes went as the eyes of a bird are drawn by a snake's to the black face above hers. She saw the eyes widen quick, dark, startled, staring at something beyond; the lips parted. She turned with the glance. Up above had risen from the rocks a tall figure, white-faced, teeth grinning in fury; a man stricken by some great emotion.

With the flash and snap of electric spars the next moves went.

Dearborn had come to her aid.

The first glance told her the truth; the gag strangled the cry that rose in her throat. His right arm was broken! and "Black Steve" never missed.

It was all thought, done and over in a flash. Steve's left arm whirled her up in front of him to protect his body with hers; at the same time he fired from his hip.

Her face had come up close to Steve's. She expected to hear his shout of triumph; but a breath of a second before the bang of his gun, the black face in front of hers went back—smashed in by a bullet whose deadly breath brushed her face in passing. Steve had met a deadlier marksman than himself.

Sharp on the banging of the big-calibred revolvers, there was a wild yell followed by others down the cut; wild yells, almost inhuman, and up the cut came the scramble and crash of plunging horses, the quick banging, banging of Colts.

As Steve had gone over, the horse jumped, and she had rolled off into the soft sand. Dimly she heard the cries of fighting men; dimly she caught a harsh, discordant voice yelling—"Come on, boys! up this way!" The voice of "Red" Steele! She fought to keep conscious. She understood: the cook had given warning. The next moment she was lifted from the sandy hollow into which she had rolled, and a sobbing, husky voice breathed, "O my little girl, Leila—for God's sake! Speak!"

She opened her eyes to look into the agonized face of her father, whose shaking hands were stripping the gag from her lips.

She threw her arms around his neck tightly; she could think of nothing else other than to feel sure she was safe, and in her father's arms was the one place where she had always found shelter. She clung in silence while the sound of the running fight went on up through the rocks were "Black Steve's" remaining outlaws were fleeing.

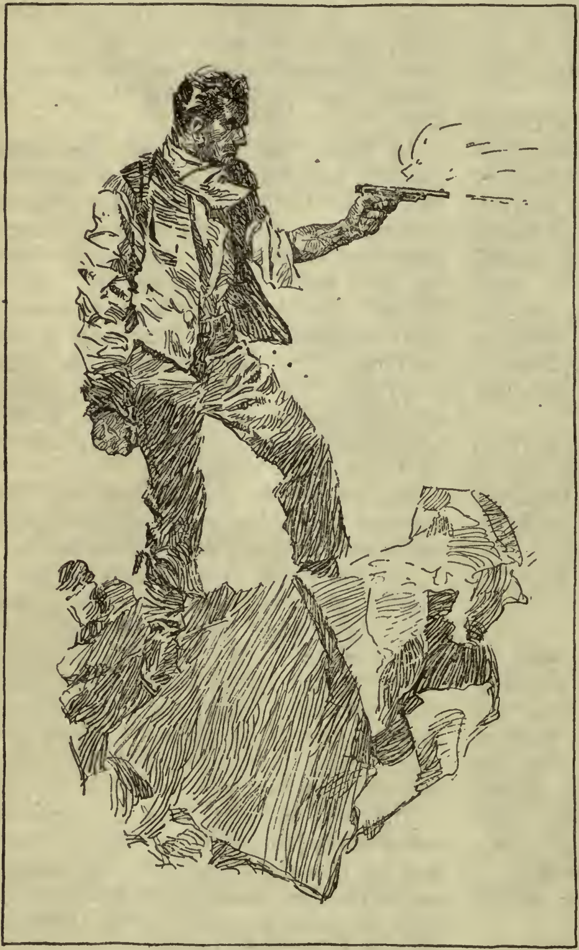
The next thought after the childish one of safety followed so quickly that there was but one thought almost. She sprang up waveringly, steadying herself quickly with the reserve power of her strength. "Where is he?" she asked.

"Who?" her father asked.

Then a spasm of pain shocked her heart into throbbing. She looked up where she had seen Dearborn. Had "Black Steve's" shot killed him, was the terrible thought.

One of the men who, had evidently been unhorsed, coming back, turned over a still figure beyond them and started back, his mouth distended with his eyes. "By the great god! It's 'Black Steve' himself—wal, by the great—say! who dropped him?" He turned to them.

Her father jumped and started over. That was her opportunity. She had been standing in anguish or indecision. She could not explain—she had not time to explain to her father about Dearborn.



Steve had met a deadlier marksman than himself

She turned at the first step her father took and slipped through the crevice behind her, then around, and up. With a prayer on her lips she stumbled up to the place where among the loose rough rocks a figure lay huddled, the left hand clutching an oddly shaped blue metal gun.

A quick glance told her he was not injured; a turn of his face showed that he had simply fainted after the tremendous effort he had made.

A sharp cry went up over the rocks. "Leila!" It was her father's anxious tones again.

She laid Dearborn's head back and kissed him passionately; then hurried down and out to them—a plan in her mind for swift execution.

Her father smiled in a relieved way, but before he could speak she drew him aside. "Dad, send the men away—quick! I want you here alone!"

"Red" Steele came up. "Durned if we can figure out who spilled that black cuss. We all came up from behind, an' he's shot square in the temple—*from in front!*"

"You'll learn later, 'Red'—please, Dad—oh, hurry!" she said.

His orders were given and the men rode away, carrying between them swinging things that had broken the last law of the land they would ever break.

"Now, Honey—are you in your right mind?" her father asked, anxiously studying her.

She did not answer, and all there was for him to do was to follow her.

She led him to the spot where Dearborn had fallen. He had moved a little way; and she knew the brave fellow, coming to consciousness, had tried to fight his way back to the cave. She quivered with fear as her father bent over Dearborn. She gripped her fingers in knots as he drew back with an astonished cry—"Dearborn!"

He stared at her; then a gray slow light crept into his keen eyes. "I see—I see—how 'Black Steve' got shot in front!" I see—come, girlie, we must bring him around. Here!"

He handed her the small flask he drew from his riding coat and held Dearborn's head while the strong stimulant was forced between the set lips.

Dearborn opened his eyes and recognizing her seized her hand with a convulsive grip.. "My God! I—your face was in —in front—of his—I was—so weak—I was afraid—I'd kill you!"

She pressed his head against her in answer.

Under the pressure Dearborn steadied himself. He saw Verdon and started. The latter said, holding out his hand. "I am your debtor for life, Dearborn! Now, little girl, we must fix up a plan to get him home. I'll ride home and have a couple of the men bring a stretcher. You'll—"

"Let's get him down where I can make him comfortable," she broke in. "This is one of my stopping-places."

Her father nodded in understanding.

When he was back in the cave, Dearborn turned to Verdon. "Mr. Verdon, you should know who I am and what—"

Verdon turned. "I know who you are, and I was about to tell you I had good news for you. This morning one of Gleet's men came in and said that they'd made a raw blunder in your case; that those men were killed by a cripple you had protected when they were beating him. He has owned up to stealing your gun when you were asleep and thought he was, killing the men, and returning it before you were awake. They wanted an excuse to get after you, no doubt, but when he owned up they had to call it off."

Dearborn smiled. "I did try to lick those fellows for kicking the crippled lad, but didn't know he killed them. I let him sleep in the house that night. He warned me. I knew Murphy's gang just wanted a pretext to finish me, and I had just time to skip. I tried to get away; things looked pretty black; but now—they're brighter—much brighter," he said quietly.

When her father's sturdy figure had turned out into the trail, they sat in silence; then he said, "First, a bit of confession; I had crawled down to get a drink when I heard what I thought was the posse coming—"

"Why, did you think—" she began in almost horrified astonishment.

"I thought—I must confess—that you had given me away until I got up there and saw—" his face hardened, and he went on quickly. "I suffered torment for that moment."

His voice became serene and tender with the tenderness that strong-willed, strong-hearted men can put into simple words. "You have been a good angel in time of need, helping me even when you knew that appearances were against me, and I seemed one who didn't deserve help. I had my doubts of you, but they are gone—"

"As mine are," she broke in gently.

"And some day—some day I want a chance to prove how grateful I am—shall I have it?" he questioned, laying one strong, steady hand on hers.

Her mind filled with visions that made her forget the turmoil and scenes of the last hours. Words were useless. She nodded.

International Larceny—The New Game

What the World's Fair Did to the American Manufacturer When he Wasn't Looking

by Guy Nesmith

THE United States has been the victim of industrial piracy. Not only has the country been systematically robbed of the benefits of its inventive genius, and its daring capital used in perfecting inventions, but today we face the danger of having the pay envelopes of our wage earners rifled as well.

Uncle Samuel is a genial and as it has turned out a very foolish old soul. He is very proud of the fact that he has established a great republic where all men are free and equal; he delights to dwell upon the fact that America has led the world in great inventions; he strokes his beard in happy contemplation of what he has built up. His air is one of smug satisfaction. It is as though he said: "I lead the world. Nobody can catch up to me. Look who I am—Uncle Sam."

And the world is looking—and laughing.

During the past half century, the most wonderful progress has been made in the invention and development of machinery. It seemed that Uncle Sam had only to rub his Aladdin's lamp, when some inventive genius would spring up with ideas to revolutionize the whole scope of business. The world stood ready to learn at Uncle Sam's feet. And so, away back in 1893, having grown prosperous and desiring to "show off," the genial old National Uncle gave a house party. It was called the World's Fair. He assembled all the wonderful products of his household, together with the working machines for making these products. He displayed every device and method by which he had made up his wonderful commercial nation. Not a thing was concealed; there was no mystery. The whole world was invited to come and see and ask questions, because he wanted to increase his foreign sales.

The world came in vast numbers. They also sent along some of their best products to lay beside those of the host, but after arrival, admitted aghast that their product was not in it—that Uncle Sam was whole centuries ahead both in methods and machinery. He was congratulated by the English, applauded by the French, envied by admiring Germans. It was a happy international family gathering, and Uncle Sam wiggled his long coat-tails in pleasure and pride.

* * *

It didn't take the wide-open eyes of our English, French and German guests long to discover that the secret of American manufacture lay in a wonderful knack of building machine tools, such as milling machines, planers, lathes, drills, etc., whereby one man could do the work of several and do it better. Up to 1893, practically every bit of machinery built abroad was finished by hand, the different parts being ground and filed down to fit. The method was cumbersome. It was old-fashioned. It made the manufacture of machinery exceedingly expensive. The American manufacturer, on the other hand, could pay his employes twice as much and still beat the foreigner in his own market.

Following the World's Fair, there was naturally a very heavy export of machinery and machine tools to Europe. Uncle Sam was gratified at the results of his house party. He filled the foreign orders with his best goods and suggested that the younger generation be sent to America until they had learned to run American tools for building machinery. He met the strange lads at the dock, gave them a welcome, put them through every branch of the work from the moulding room to the testing floor, and thoroughly trained them in the best shop methods and practice. He couldn't do too much for his customers across the sea.

He was figuratively asleep as to what was going on outside his own little orbit. But one day he woke up with a start. The young men he had been training so assiduously in his own shops had gone home to beat him at his own game. Stolen designs of his own machine tools began to appear in the various manufacturing cities of Europe. How did it happen?

A single instance gives the hint. The son of a German type founder secured employment in an American type-foundry on the plea that he was out of work and needed money. Night after night he made drawings and worked with feverish assiduity to appropriate as far as possible all American improvements, finally returning with his stolen information to engage in business in his native land. The type used in Germany at that time were of all heights, length and sizes, and utterly without standardization. Soon, however, German manufacturers were found to have adopted American methods, ideas and inventions. And this, as has been mentioned, is but a single instance.

* * *

In our thoughtless simplicity, we imagined the foreigner would continue to buy our machinery. But why should he when we had provided him with the tools and taught him how best to use them? He immediately proceeded to duplicate those very tools—and anything else he could get in the line of American machinery.

He not only had a supply of skilled labor at very low wages, but by stealing the perfected American designs he saved himself all the tremendous expense of working them out for himself, as well as the years required to improve, re-design and bring the machines to their final state of perfection. One American printing press concern, for instance, has in its vaults drawings and designs which represent a cost of one and a half millions of dollars and twenty-five years' time spent in working out and perfecting improved presses. A German concern arranged for a German selling agency for this same American press builder, bought one each of three different styles of presses, immediately stole the designs and duplicated them in their own shops, never buying another American machine.

There are in the Orient many printing presses made by Japanese manufacturers, who have taken an American press and coolly proceeded to use its various parts as patterns to cast duplicates, and thereby make additional machines, not even taking the trouble to remove the name of the manufacturer from the frame.

A few years ago a German concern made an agreement with an American printing press builder to handle his perfected machine in Germany. The German patent law requires that a patent be "worked" in Germany within a certain time in order to make the patent valid. For this purpose, the American supplied the German concern with drawings, patterns, etc., in order to enable it to build a few presses in Germany to comply with the German patent law. As soon as these presses were built the German revoked his agreement, attacked the German patents of the American and beat him in the German courts. That shut the American out of the German markets, which from that time on were supplied entirely by the German manufacturer of this American machine. When the American patents expired, the duty on printing presses had been reduced to thirty per cent, and today that stolen American machine built in Germany is being sold freely in the United States even in the face of the present tariff.

Industrial piracy, for no other word can adequately express it, has placed the American manufacturer at great disadvantage, so he is being rapidly driven out of the world's markets. To let that same pirate freely bring into our market imitations of our own machine, built by this cheap labor, would be trade suicide. Already, the annual export of German-made printing presses has reached over five millions of dollars in the open markets which formerly we largely supplied.

So it was that no impartial observer, with a drop of red blood in his veins, could attend the tariff hearings of the Ways and Means Committee at Washington without becoming indignant at the flagrant larceny of American inventions by foreign manufacturers. The hearings on "metals and manufacturers" were most comprehensive, and the critical state of American industrial interest was never more clearly demonstrated than in the evidence presented by both manufacturers and workmen.

If the individual American, irrespective of political preference, could realize the extent to which this purloining of American invention has gone, there would soon be firm pressure on the Ways and Means Committee against lowering any schedule that means cutting the life out of the workman's wages, to say nothing of jeopardizing the great industrial interests built up on sheer American push, genius and enterprise.

Resolutions signed by American machinists particularly attracted the attention of the Committee, for they spoke not as high protectionists or free trade partisans but as American workingmen concerned about the problem of their own wages. It showed plainly that not only machinists, molders, and pattern makers but many other artificers were employed by many thousands in building machine tools, printing presses, etc., and that they could not live if forced to compete with foreign wages.

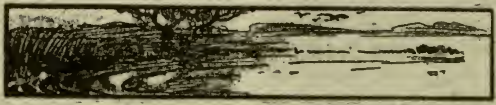
In America the average rate of machinists' wages runs from thirty-two to thirty-seven cents an hour. In Europe for the same work the wage is fourteen cents. It does not require much of a mathematician to figure out what a reduction of tariff, opening the wide American markets to products made with cheap labor, means to the American laboring man.

* * *

America can never go back to free trade in products requiring a large amount of labor to manufacture. It must adjust its tariff with great care, for the whole system of American labor is built up upon this foundation—the benefit to labor. Modern printing presses are peculiarly an American enterprise, and nowhere else are there to be found such machines which, because of patent expirations, are being widely copied. To take the tariff off the raw product from which presses are manufactured will not save, for even if the material were furnished absolutely free, the difference in wages alone makes competition impossible with foreign manufacturers in our own markets. In the matter of printing presses there is no universal demand for a lowering of the tariff. The master printer knows that his business depends most of all upon the healthful conditions of general business conditions. His problem is not how cheap he can buy a press but where can he get continuous and profitable runs. He never buys a press unless his work demands it, and even a lowering of the price would not increase his purchases. Therefore, every press shipped in from Europe would simply be at the expense of the American workmen who otherwise would have built it, while the foreign manufacturers would be the sole beneficiaries.

Through the generosity of his heart, through his trusting shortsightedness, Uncle Sam—that grand old figure which typifies the land of the square deal—must bow his head in the knowledge that those he trusted and sought to help have robbed him of his heritage in the world markets and today stand grouped around the doors of protection to crowd in at the first opportunity. It is too late to take down the bars, without feeding to the wolves of trade the health, happiness and prosperity of the American people.

America has been burglarized through misjudgment. It is time to lock the doors—not throw them open wider.



The Making of a Tariff

by Frederick A. Emery

THE framing of a brand new tariff law is the attainment of the political goal of Oscar Underwood, the Alabama statesman, who is the Democratic leader of the House and head of the powerful Committee on Ways and Means. It is no secret that Underwood's real ambition for many years has been to write a tariff law, all the way from pyroligneous acid to waste in the fourteen schedules and reshotted and revamped administrative provisions and a free list bulging big with boosts for poor people's pocketbooks, to go down in history as the Underwood tariff, along with the Payne-Aldrich, Dingley, McKinley, Wilson and Gorman and the others that notch the tariff history of this country. And the ambition this year has been greater than ever, for upon the results, the working smoothness and effectiveness of the Democratic tariff system, sponsored by Democratic control of both Houses and of the administration, hinges the future of Democracy in the view of the party leaders at Washington.

Out of the glory and the fuss and the fight over the tariff revision, affecting millions upon millions of dollars worth of products brought into this country, Underwood's personality looms large. Fourteen Democrats, three of them surviving into the incoming House, constitute the majority in the tariff-making committee. Such men as A. Mitchell of Palmer, Pennsylvania, astute counsel and close friend of Woodrow Wilson; Henry T. Rainey of Illinois, a Jeffersonian to the backbone, an uncompromising fighter on the trusts; Francis Burton Harrison of New York, young, enthusiastic, brilliant, a free trader; Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, quiet, studious, persistent instigator and promoter of the income tax idea in the closing months of the expiring Congress; Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, the southern type that leavens impertinence with soft suasion in examination of witnesses; Ollie James of Kentucky, Bryanite pure and simple, blunt and direct except when soaring into the blue empyrean on abstract problems, and the other men of the controlling faith sat in judgment upon the customs duties of the land. And against them all, against the wall of Democracy in Congress, is silhouetted Underwood, a past, present and prospective candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

In a breathing spell, while the Ways and Means Committee, behind locked doors, was spending mornings and afternoons adjusting the rates in the whole revision downward scheme, Underwood was sitting at luncheon in the House office building. "Great news," he said as we shook hands. "Unexpected progress on Schedule A?" I asked. "No," he replied, smiling with the happiness of a matinee girl in the first blush of her hero worship. "What then?" said I. "The tariff," he replied, "is a vast economic problem. The income tax, with its proposed $85,000,000 to $100,000,000 revenue, is vital to our economic welfare. But both these pale into insignificance; I am today a grandfather." And that was typical of the man who is leader of his party today as none of his predecessors were, whose colleagues respect him for his commanding political genius and love him for his buoyant spirits in the midst of devotion to the weighty problems that affect the weal or woe of the Democratic party in the years to come.

* * *

The tariff hearings that stretched through January and the executive sessions of the majority in the committee which were predicted at the outset to last through February and half of March kept the Democratic leader away from the House during most of the sessions of the closing two months of the Sixty-second Congress. And he was sorely missed at times. There were Fitzgerald of New York, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Henry and Burleson of Texas, the former chairman of the Rules Committee and the latter an active aspirant for the Cabinet, and Sherley of Kentucky and others prominent on the Democratic side, but none of them could have the effect on their colleagues that Underwood's influence gave. "We certainly miss Oscar Underwood," said one of the members to me when the House was in an uproar about parliamentary unrighteousness. "If Oscar were here, a word from him and every Democrat would vote as he said."

The noteworthy feature of the tariff revision is the extension of benefits to the poorer classes. All along it was said that there would be free admission of boots and shoes, for the people at large, free hides, in response to the demands of the manufacturers of leather and of boots and shoes, following their struggle with the so-called beef trust; that there would be free meats, free cereals, free flour, free lumber, free sewing machines, free salt, free cotton bagging and ties, free agricultural implements and free fence wire for the benefit of the farmers the country over, and a host of reductions. All these were part of the Democratic program of the three sessions of the Sixty-second Congress, along with the revamping at the past session of four other "Underwood bills" revising downward the duties on cotton, on wool, on chemicals and on iron and steel. Then there was a free sugar plan counted upon to deplete the government revenues by $53,000,000, with amply commensurate benefit to the "ultimate consumers."

The Ways and Means Committee began the revision of the whole tariff system of the government with the definite idea that its completed work must raise from customs revenue annually between $325,000,000 and $350,000,000, of which between approximately $100,000,000 was counted upon from the income tax. This income tax was authorized after the executive sessions began in February by the final ratification of the necessary two-thirds of the states of the amendment to the federal constitution. The income tax was designed to become as permanent a part of the economic work of the government as the tariff itself, and it will embrace the corporation tax, which is expected to yield $30,000,000 this year.

The tariff revenue last year ran considerably above $300,000,000. The corporation tax receipts of $28,583,260 last year was collected as part of the $321,616,000 of internal revenue receipts. The tariff and the internal revenue are almost of equal rank in the supply of sinews of government.

The Democrats in framing the revised tariff went about it systematically. They took up the Payne-Aldrich law schedule by schedule. They began with Schedule "A," relating to chemicals, paints and oils, an easy one to handle for most of the rates as fixed in the previous Democratic chemical bill were sustained. The first change of any consequence was in the interest of a clean people, the lowering of the duties on the cheaper soaps and the oils that enter into soap manufacture. This, the first schedule, was disposed of in two days, and the committee passed on to the schedule relating to earth, earthenware and glassware, regarded as an already fairly competitive schedule, and then they passed on through the rest of the bill, winding up with the administrative provisions at the tail end of all tariff laws. With each of the fourteen schedules, all the way from chemicals to sundries, the personnel of the committee argued, with the present law, the several Democratic bills of the previous sessions, and the mass of testimony at this and previous tariff hearings as the basis of the consideration and action on each of the thousands of items scattered through the tariff.

* * *

The program, so far as the general features are concerned, had been fairly discounted. From the previous Democratic measures, from the attitude of the committee in the present instance, the indications had all along favored the same chemical, wool, cotton, metal, free list and free sugar bills, an income tax to swallow the existing corporation tax and the excise tax that had been proposed as an enlargement of the income tax. The

HONORABLE OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD
One thinks of Underwood and tariff in the same breath

free list was figured on as causing a loss of approximately $17,000,000 in annual revenue before it was run through the final gauntlet of the committee, and this loss and that of the free sugar bill and the losses to accrue from cuts in the other schedules would be checked off by the income tax.

The Democrats were already committed to the income tax, and the majority of the committee a year ago went on record for it. They did not then report an income tax plan because the Supreme Court of the United States had declared a general income tax law unconstitutional for lack of apportionment and the step was suspended pending the receipt of undisputed authority for Congress to act by ratification of the sixteenth amendment to the Constitution for that purpose. The excise tax bill had been unsuccessfully put forward as a temporary relief along that direction.

Business passed in review before the full membership of the Ways and Means Committee through the month-long tariff hearings. Sometimes it was with flamboyant banners, but usually the witnesses were harbingers of distress. "All importers are free traders, I notice," often remarked Representative Fordney of Michigan, speaking from the citadel of the high protectionists, and back from the Democratic side chirped the suggestion that the manufacturers wanted protection uniformly to put the gain in their already swelling pocketbooks. It was a case of give and take in the arguments between the Democratic and Republican sides of the committee at frequent intervals during the hearings. In all these, however, Chairman Underwood smilingly sought to eliminate the political trend and restrict the time to the presentation of views on real economic questions.

The witnesses were dealt with frankly. Several times Chairman Underwood flatly told the representatives of a particular industry that he believed the rates were now prohibitive; that the committee proposed to cut them, and advised the witness to make a compromise suggestion if possible. This was particularly true during the hearings on the textile schedules.

Mr. Underwood descanted on the party's tariff purposes.

"The primary purpose of taxing the American people," he said, "is to raise revenue for the government. If you get protection out of levying those taxes, it is only an incident, whereas the man who believes in the protection theory believes that protection is the purpose and the revenue that flows into it is an incident to it. Believing that primarily the purpose of levying the tax is to raise revenue for the government, we cannot consent to allow taxes to be so high that they prohibit importations, and where the taxes all go to the benefit of the manufacturers, while none of it goes into the pockets of the government. Therefore, when we find a schedule blocked, we feel it our duty to open it to an extent where the government will get some proportion of the tariff.

"We believe that the consumer will get the benefit of this on some of the articles. On some articles he probably will not. But we hope he will get the benefit by his government getting a reasonble proportion of the taxes that are to be levied under this law instead of the manufacturer getting all of it. Because, if it is a prohibitive tax, that tax goes into the pockets of the manufacturer. Even if it does not reduce the price to the consumer, if we pull down the prohibitive wall where there is some competition and the government gets some benefit from the taxes, the people will get the benefit by gathering these taxes themselves that they can be spent on public improvements, maintaining the army and the courts and so on, and to that extent they get the benefit of the lowering of these taxes, because they get some revenue. We are not complaining against taxes where there is a reasonable amount of importation, but we are protesting against those taxes where they are prohibitive and practically nothing comes in."

"I think you have a pretty hard job and I don't envy you," grimly suggested a witness, Charles M. Howard, representing the Windsor Print Works, a $1,600,000 investment at North Adams, Mass., to the Committee.

And at another time Mr. Underwood made it clear that he did not regard the tariff as a local issue. "I expect," he announced firmly, "my people in Birmingham who make iron and steel to take a reasonable competition."

What he thought of the production cost he frequently expressed. "When you come to the difference in the cost of production," said he, "it is not only the labor cost. That sometimes is one of the smaller considerations in solving the problem. The management, the man at the head of the plantation or factory, performs services sometimes worth a great deal more than all the labor cost by reason of his being a man of executive ability and capable of getting work out of his labor and of generally accomplishing results."

* * *

Tariff making is a serious business, but an occasional colloquy, a quip or two here and there introduced a light vein into a solemn proceeding. Lee J. Vance, secretary of the American Wine Grower's Association, urging a maintenance of the tariff on wines and spirits, told of meeting a friend of Representative Harrison, a member of the committee, in New York that week. Vance said that Harrison's friend had told him that he understood Harrison would like to see the high duty on champagne reduced. "I suppose he thought I was out for the Broadway vote," retorted Harrison from the bench, smilingly.

"Did you say Mr. Harrison bought a bottle of wine?" asked Representative Ansberry of the committee.

"I said a friend of mine. He happens to know Mr. Harrison," replied the witness.

"He indicated by that," asked Mr. Harrison, "that while he was with me he never was permitted to buy a bottle of champagne?"

"I think that must be it."

Harrison is the original grapefruit expert on the committee, and thereby hangs a story. He belongs to that large coterie in the world's population that like the best things of life, and he interrupted a witness who was testifying regarding grapefruit by suggesting: "You may be interested to know that I have bought grapefruit and paid as high as eighty-five cents for one grapefruit at the St. Regis Hotel in New York."

That was a cue for his fun-loving colleagues, who frequently referred to Harrison's grapefruit. "How many grapefruit in a box?" asked Representative James, the Senator-elect from Kentucky, and when the witness replied "from forty-six to ninety-six," Representative Kitchin interposed "But not of Brother Harrison's kind." The witness said the hotels sell this fruit at from 263 to 539 per cent profit, and Mr. James murmured reflectingly, "They get a right nice profit." Mr. Kitchin insisted that "they made a little over 1,000 per cent profit on the Harrison kind of grapefruit," and said he wanted to know at what price "they retail grapefruit at grocery stores; of course we could not buy them at the St. Regis Hotel, whether we reduce the tariff or not."

Mr. James, whose bulky frame towers over the House, insisted on knowing whether grapefruit really had medicinal properties.

"Absolutely so," replied the witness.

"Will it increase my weight any if I eat grapefruit?"

"It will certainly aid your digestion."

"I just wanted to know whether or not I should dodge grapefruit," explained James.

T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, was making an impassioned plea for a sweeping prohibition of importation of plumage of American birds, including aigrettes. "You charge the poor man," he said, "who eats chicken on Sunday or when the preacher comes, five cents a pound, and yet the rich and mighty who after the theater go into a cafe and enjoy a warm bird and a cold bottle do not have to pay a cent of duty on their game. They come in free now."

"He pays a good deal on his cold bottle, though; at least I have heard so," interrupted Representative Longworth, amid laughter.

"I am glad," retorted the witness, "to have the information from such an authoritative source."

My Child

(*EDITOR'S NOTE.*—The following poem was one of the numerous poems sent in for "Heart Throbs" and will likely appear in "Heart Throbs" Volume III. It was written by the grandfather of J. Pierpont Morgan and was accounted one of the classics when it appeared in "Dana's Household Poetry" years ago. There is both tenderness and pathos in the lines.)

I CANNOT make him dead;
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair,
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there.

I thread the crowded streets;
A satchelled lad I meet
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And as he's running by
Follow him with my eye
Scarcely believing that—he is not there.

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes: cold is his forehead fair,
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt:
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there.

I cannot make him dead
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care
My spirit and my eye
Seek him in going by
Before the thought comes that—he is not there.

When at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air.
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there.

When at the day's calm close
Before we seek repose
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in Spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there.

Not there!—where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there.

He lives—in all the past
He lives; nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair,
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow
I see it written; "Thou shalt see him there."

Yes; we all live to God;
Father! thy chastening rod
So help us thine afflicted ones to bear
That in the spirit land
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to feel that—he is there.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IN answer to the query "Must a story end happily?" a number of letters have been received. In these discussions more than one point of view or shadow of opinion can be traced. Great and successful stories start like giants at either end of the lists and there is room and evidence enough to satisfy the most exacting casuist that he can make a good argument on either side of the proposition.

In a way the question is stated rather too broadly. All stories cannot "end happily"—the fates forbid it—but the greater part of all popular stories must end happily; and a story of life is seldom true, if its hero or heroine from the beginning to the end finds no one great joy, or satisfaction to compensate for many struggles and heartaches. As one writer puts it, "All lives end in the tragedy of death, but we love to see the bride's wreath, the hero's laurel, the industrious man's success—gilding life's pathway before it begins to descend into the Valley of the Shadow."

A charming letter from Miss Frances E. Peck, of Philadelphia, presents her opinion on the question "from the playwright's point of view."

To the Managing Editor:—In the January number of the NATIONAL the subject of ending a story happily or otherwise claims my attention, and as I also have struggled with this problem I herewith send my paper on the playwright's point of view, for this problem confronts the playwright also.

To my mind the "Minor Chord" was appropriately ended in the first instance—the interpretation being left to the reader, who is supposed to have some imagination. A suggestion of this may be found in these lines from Browning:

"Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, *his scheme* of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome 'tis *we musicians know.*"

Thus what one finds in a story, what one sees in a picture, what one hears in music, and whatever of appeal one feels in a play, is all one's own, to be interpreted according to his own light.

The writer of a story or play should be permitted to end it according to his inspiration—and should not be tampered with. If he submits, sooner or later, he will find the light of his genius departing and he will become commonplace.

In "A Beat in the Mail," the original draft was the strongest because the most dramatic. It would make a good play. Mr. Dennett's genius seems to point that way.

The publisher of a magazine stands where the producing manager of a theatre stands. He knows he must please the public, and not himself—therefore we cannot blame him—the fault is with the public.

(MISS) FRANCES E. PECK,
Philadelphia.

* * *

THERE is one birthday in February that I always feel like celebrating aside from those of Lincoln and Washington. Whenever the calendar points to February 11, I have a glimpse of Thomas A. Edison in his laboratory, indifferent to everything but his work. At sixty-six we find him the same enthusiast, as energetic and active as at twenty-five. At the theatre in West Orange, New Jersey, Mr. Edison sat back in his chair and chuckled when before him on the screen proceeded a procession of human beings and animals that "actually lived." This was the famous "kinetophone," and in them dogs barked, musical instruments were heard, human voices burst forth in song, talk or laughter. It was another triumph for Edison and the result of unrelenting effort to produce sound synchronously with action. "The Wizard of Menlo Park" chuckled as he remarked to his friends: "It is a little raw yet, but just give us a chance and we will show you." It may have been "raw" to Thomas A. Edison, but to the spectators it was another revelation that Mr. Edison still has a firm grip on invention.

In every town, village and hamlet the "movies" have become an institution. It has been Mr. Edison's dream that these moving pictures may be utilized for educational purposes and many a boy will soon be learning at the "movies" lessons in history, geography and other rudiments that he could not hope to grasp intelligently through the medium of books alone. When the talker in the moving picture at the Edison Laboratory began his speech, it was so life-like and natural that Mr. Edison took the big black unlighted cigar from his mouth and added another chuckle as if tempted to talk back. During his oration the speaker took up a plate and dashed it to the floor and as it fell each fragment seemed to make its own distinct sound. The moving picture blew a horn and a whistle, but when a young lady appeared and played, "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" upon a violin and another young lady sang one of the old songs accompanied by the piano and violin, then indeed one felt the new triumphs and wonders of Edison. The picture did not seem to lack a single phase of oratory or action. The reel required six minutes, two minutes more than the ordinary phonograph disk evolves. The "Scene from Julius Caesar" between Brutus and Cassius furnished a glimpse of Shakespeare, and it seemed almost impossible to believe that the singer in scenes from "Il Trovatore" was only a picture.

In his own informal way Mr. Edison chatted on the talking pictures, insisting they were based on the old proposition. The talking machine is old, and the motion picture machine is old, and now they have been harnessed up together. What could be more natural? Moving picture machines get the impressions at the same time as talking machines, said Mr. Edison, so why not together? For the "talkies" the machines are set side by side at any distance up to forty feet away from the actors, and as the character's gesture is taken by the "movies" his words are taken by the "talker." The two together have been called "the kinetophone."

The great ambition of Mr. Edison is to invent things that can be generally used. He is a democrat in the largest sense of the word. He has been working for years to make a phonograph so cheaply that it can go into every home. He wants moving pictures so common that every boy and girl can learn from them things that they could not learn in other ways, and this last invention adds to the persistent life policy of Thomas Alva Edison, which has made him one of the greatest men of his age, yet preserving all the simplicity characteristic of true greatness. On his birthday he works and at all times he works, though he never seems to let work worry him. He goes ahead with his mind concentrated on specific ends and eventually brings out of every simple proposition the most marvelous results.

Thomas A. Edison is essentially elemental. He has often been called the greatest living American and the popular vote would show a trend that way. Edison in his simplicity and largeness of mental mode suggests Lincoln and Franklin. Everybody wants to write to him and he is probably more widely written about than any other man in the world.

With all this attention, which might well turn the head of any man, Thomas A. Edison remains intensely simply human, fond of hearing and telling jokes and living a quiet, ordinary life. The epitome of half a century of electrical development included in his life is history in itself.

* * *

FOR many years Mr. Ossian Lang has been prominent among the educational leaders of American pedagogy. Born at Bradford in Yorkshire, England, he was educated in Germany, France and England, taught school in Pennsylvania and in New York, and served as assistant superintendent of schools in Buffalo. His publication, "Young America," provided a periodical plan to train the young in citizenship and exercised a wide and potential influence. For more than twenty years he was editor of the *New York School Journal*, and in November, 1912, he began the publication of a magazine of his own, *The Social Center*, which advocates making the schoolhouses a center for the social life of the scholars and the community. For many years he was director of the Societe Lyrique Francaise, a musical organization of Buffalo. He has given recitals and lectured in all parts of the United States and Canada, and the charm of his personality has made him friends in every community. For many years he was a regular contributor to *The Forum*,

MR. OSSIAN LANG
A practical educational leader who advocates making our schoolhouses a social center

and he has written many papers and reviews that attracted widespread attention and provoked thought. Learned monographs on educational topics and charming story books for children indicate the comprehensive genius of the man.

While deeply interested in civic and social problems, Ossian Lang has never drifted away and lost his interest in young people. He is at present living at Mount Vernon, New York, and practicing what he preaches in serving as president of the board of aldermen. His life career is one of quiet achievement that has won him the respect and admiration of his friends. His addresses are always felicitous and his magnetic personality makes him a strong speaker upon any occasion.

At no time has there been greater need of able, individual leaders like Ossian Lang than now. He is an ardent, broad-minded American, alive to all that will contribute to social and national betterment, and his noble idealism is making a marked impression on the prosaic tendency of the times.

* * *

WITHIN the last decade the business of the Eastern Talking Machine has become one of the more important and novel enterprises of New England. Well do I remember in the early days entering the small establishment on Tremont Street to meet Mr. W. H. Beck, President of the Eastern Talking Machine Company, then a new enterprise and launched among all the difficulties that surround a new enterprise.

Later on Mr. E. F. Taft joined Mr. Beck as manager and ever since No. 177 Tremont Street, Boston, has been the home of the finest talking machine company in the world. The company occupies the three-story building at this address, and there are four sound-proof demonstrating parlors on each floor, which are usually filled with interested customers trying out the records.

The mahogany furniture, the exquisite Turkish and Persian rugs covering the hardwood floors and the unique lighting effects combine to add artistic harmony to the surroundings of this beautiful business office. On the walls are pictures of famous operatic singers whose most famous numbers are reproduced in these machines. Both the Edison and Victor Talking Machines are here demonstrated, and the parlors form the most popular rendezvous for ladies in visiting the fashionable shopping district. Around the walls are arranged record racks, with a capacity for more than one hundred and fifty thousand records, including every record in the catalogue.

On the second floor is a ladies' parlor, and the whole establishment is attractive and makes investigation a pleasure. There are more than one hundred thousand records in the Victor stockrooms alone. One can hardly appreciate the magnitude and growth of the talking machine business until he has visited the establishment of the Eastern Talking Machine Company, which is a most impressive evidence of the faith of William H. Beck in the future of the enterprise.

* * *

IT was an incident linking the remote past with the very modern present. Near the site of the first burying-ground in Dorchester, opened in 1630 at Upham's Corner, a funeral procession passed. The solemnity of the occasion was made more impressive when the gong of the Dorchester Trust Company's burglar alarm tolled solemnly as the cortege passed the historic corner. It happened in this way:

The time lock in the massive vaults had been accidentally thrown, and there was no way of getting at the inner vault for business in the Savings Department that evening except by letting the burglar alarm run down at a time of day when it would not occasion undue excitement. While the alarm was running down the funeral procession passed.

The equipment of a modern bank is a marvelous miracle of mechanism. The safety deposit vaults in the Dorchester Trust Company are veritable Gibraltars against fire and burglary. The delicate mechanism is so arranged that it seems as if no one could even think, much less act on the impulse of entering a bank vault protected by the Bankers' Electric Protective Association equipment. The Dorchester Trust Company has completed its first five years of business life and naturally we feel proud of the achievement of a neighbor. Starting in a modest way with small neighborhood deposits, the total deposits have now reached nearly two and a quarter million dollars and are still growing. The Dorchester Trust Company has, indeed, become one of the institutions of Dorchester, but it was thought to be exceeding limitations of ordinary business enterprise when a burglar alarm unconsciously furnished a respectful tolling bell for a neighbor's funeral.

Upham's Corner, Dorchester, has been a business center for nearly three centuries. It is a historical "corner" or meeting point in the true sense of the word, for street cars go from here in all directions of the compass. The post-office at the corner is connected with the main office at Boston by pneumatic tubes, furnishing an expeditious postal service almost equivalent to that of the main post office. It is from this office that a large part of the mailing of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is done, and we naturally have that old-time interest in all the affairs of Upham's Corner that the neighbors used to feel when they gathered around the grocery fire at the corner generations ago to talk over Colonial or Revolutionary news or the gossip of the "towne."

* * *

PLAY WRITING today is the popular pursuit of many novelists and short story writers.

Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch, the author of "Mrs. Bright's Visitor," the comedy which appears in this issue of THE NATIONAL, is a well-known contributor of stories and serials to standard magazines, and has five books to her credit. When but seventeen Mrs. Hatch first saw her stories and sketches in print, and she has been writing more or less steadily ever since. Her books are of the psychological order with a detective element, and her power in plot-making has been of great importance in her dramatic efforts. Mrs. Hatch began writing plays years ago, acting in some of them herself; and last year it was her good fortune to become a member of Professor George P. Baker's class in dramatic technique, which has inspired some of her best work.

"Mrs. Bright's Visitor," in this month's NATIONAL, "The Dreamer" and "Molly of the City" to appear later, all passed under the critical eye of Professor Baker. Besides conforming to literary standards, Mrs. Hatch's plays are eminently actable. "Mrs. Bright's Visitor" was successfully produced in Boston by the School of English Speech and Expression, while "The Dreamer," of special interest at this time because, like Mr. Parker's play now at the Century Theater, New York, it has to do with Joseph and his brethren, was recently read with much effect before the Harvard Dames of Cambridge.

Mrs. Hatch herself is a member of this notable society, as well as of the Boston Authors' Club and of many dramatic and literary associations. She is the historian of the Blake House Chapter, D. A. R., and a lineal descendant of James Blake, who built in 1746 the famous old Dorchester Blake House.

Mrs. Hatch's family consists of two sons, one a physician, the other a business man. Both are graduates of Dartmouth, and the younger received the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard University.

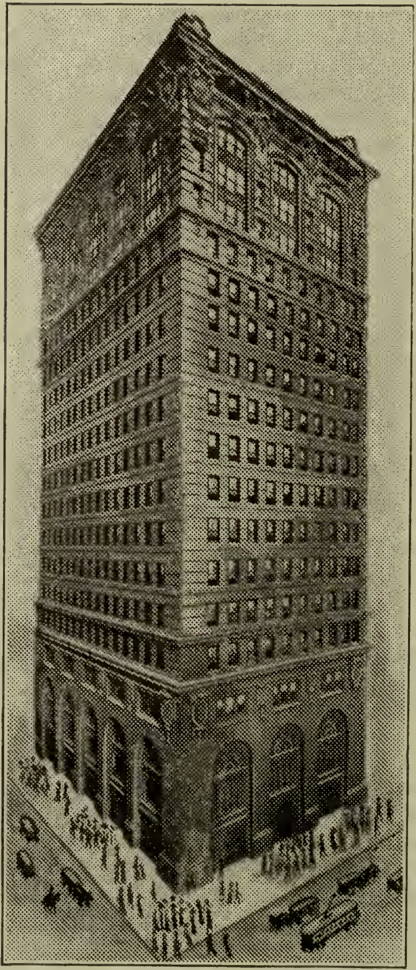
With all her activities this energetic lady finds time for social functions in literary and dramatic circles. Although past middle life, she keeps in touch with life and progress and possesses a healthy, sane and youthful comprehension of the burning questions of the day. Full of vigor, loving action, ambitious, determined, studious, her friends look for future successes greater than any hitherto achieved, and these future laurels they believe will be attained through the old Shakespearean declaration, "The play's the thing!"

* * *

THE business activities of the present time are interwoven with a keen appreciation of literary work. A prominent business man enters a book store, turns over the pages carelessly, finds in a book something that pertains to his business, and his interest is arrested and aroused. In his restless activities a Chicago man will now and then reverently search for things of historical interest,—for what would any city become without a history reaching back to the days of the early explorers? For example, Mr. Edward Tilden of Chicago finds a book containing a most interesting history of Fort Dearborn. His brother, Mr. W. A. Tilden, is president of the Fort Dearborn bank, and copies of the book are purchased to send to patrons, emphasizing a picturesque interest in the name of Fort Dearborn.

In this charming book, written by J. Seymour Curry, the story is told in a way that is of keen interest not only to everyone who lives at Chicago or is interested in the lusty giant city of the West, but it has distinctive and abiding literary and historical worth. The story begins with the first settlement at "Wild Onion River," an odorous name, that for many years was thought appropriate before the Chicago River was drained. The name of Chicago was derived from Chi-Kang-On, meaning "wild onion," which grew in abundance along the banks of the river that is now the water artery of a great metropolis. The personnel of old Fort Dearborn is vividly described, and there is something of romantic interest in the characters, dress and exploits of the Indians, traders and half-breeds who took part in the events which led up to the abandonment of Fort Dearborn August 15, 1812, and the massacre of its garrison and the women and children who took refuge in the fort.

As one hurries through the crowded streets of Chicago today it seems like a dream to realize that a century ago the site of this great, busy and prosperous metropolis was represented by an insignificant frontier fort and a few houses, doomed later to the flames, and the scene of a bloody Indian massacre. This book is illustrated and full of interest from the title page to the final line. The strong face of Colonel Dearborn, for whom Fort Dearborn was named, is shown as a frontispiece. He was a hero of the Revolutionary War, taking part in the battle of Bunker Hill and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. One of the active leaders in the War of 1812 was this same veteran of Revolutionary fame. There is certainly a fascinating interest in the lives of these sturdy old heroes who not only impressed their names in the towns, counties and streets, but through their bravery and enterprise influenced the history of the nation. Some regard it unfortunate that Chicago could not have retained the name of Dearborn, but the nomenclature of the Red Men has preserved in western cities many Indian names and expressions that might otherwise have passed away with the race.



FORT DEARBORN BANK AT CHICAGO
Historic Fort Dearborn is a landmark of early Chicago history

Fort Dearborn as a landmark of early Chicago history has been well preserved in this dainty volume.

* * *

IN fifteen short minutes on the stage of the Bijou Dream Theater in Boston was portrayed "Art *v.* Cupid," the charming poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox; a concentrated tabloid drama refreshingly new, and combining the artistic with the realistic in most effective manner. The poem itself, as read in the printed page, suggests fine dramatic power; but when visually portrayed the lines seem to present a composite picture of a woman's life, yet eliminating all the conventionally exaggerated tragedy characteristic of stage productions.

As the pink curtains are drawn aside, the lines as recited by a young lady on the glory of a life devoted to art, have the fascination of a soliloquy, and yet one is deeply impressed with the conviction that those thoughts at some time in some form or other have passed through the mind of every woman. This in itself is enough to enthrall masculine interest in its eternal struggle to fathom the depths of feminine nature. The little play, rivalling in its fascination an Ibsen dialogue, could not possess more dramatic interest if rendered by a score or more of finished actors.

A duel of emotions is going on in the mind of the young lady, while Cupid with magic grace draws his bow and the woman heart is conquered. As the argument proceeds, the wavering impulses of love and devotion are as varied and fascinating as the vibrations of the strings of an Aeolian harp under the magical and wayward impulses of the night-winds. Under the influence of a crooning lullaby, the love-springs of the young girl's heart are touched, but these thoughts are thrust aside by the devotion to Art. When the real message of love is whispered, however, art is made secondary. The touching little scene closes with the lover's embrace, which finds its response in Emerson's phrase, "All the world loves a lover," and Cupid's wiles conquer. The curtain falls on the scene, followed by a sigh from the audience that the enchanting little dream of love and life had passed so quickly.

In the opinion of all her admirers throughout the world, Mrs. Wilcox is unrivalled by any poet of recent times in her ability to deal truly and powerfully with love and its complex desires and emotions. The fact that her books of poetry today outsell those of any other poet in the world is in itself conclusive of the strong hold which she has upon the popular mind. With fearless, yet gentle touch, Ella Wheeler Wilcox never fails to make her meaning clear and arouses the latent idealism of the human heart.

What a pity it is that the thousands of moving picture and vaudeville theaters throughout the country cannot have more tabloid drama like this. It fills the popular demand for quick action.

In witnessing the play one feels impelled to suggest that Mrs. Wilcox gives more attention to the dramatization of her works. In this one playlet she has struck a new note that has lifted the ordinary vaudeville "skit" out of the realm of commonplace into the highest form of artistic effective stage representation.

Since the above was written, we understand that Mr. James Clancy of the Vaudeville and Dramatic Agency, New York, has negotiated with Mrs. Wilcox for the production of her poetical playlet. He has pronounced it "entirely out of the ordinary, and something sure to draw in a first-class audience."

Great credit is due to Boston's woman manager, Josephine Clements, for being the first one to appreciate this delightful little sketch and to give it to the public in a way to attract the attention of bookers.

On Inauguration Day Mrs. Wilcox will set out on a trip that will take her far from the beaten path of the tourist, through Algeria and Constantine, visiting the wild Kabyles of the Atlas Ranges, and Tunis, returning by the Mediterranean, the straits of Gibraltar and the North Atlantic, touching at the historic Madeira Islands. Perhaps the most notable travel articles of the year will be the observations written by Mrs. Wilcox as she journeys over the fascinating seas and countries of the East. Readers of the NATIONAL are promised in this series by Mrs. Wilcox something entirely new in the line of travel stories. They will be illustrated by photographs secured by Mrs. Wilcox in the various towns and cities she visits, and altogether will make one of the most notable features in the magazine world of 1913.

* * *

THE widespread interest evoked by the series of articles "A Texan's European Studies," by Mr. Frank Putnam, special commissioner from Houston, Texas, and sent by that city to Europe to investigate the municipal conditions, is gratifying. It indicates that people are thinking over these questions as they never thought them over before. The articles have a peculiar interest to the editor, for Mr. Frank Putnam has been known from the days when he worked as a boy in the village cooper shop and wrote idyllic poems on the banks of the Cedar, and later engaged in newspaper work in the large cities. Some years ago he went to Texas, and no one has identified himself more deeply with the new state and thrown his heart and soul more completely into Texan affairs. In his visit to Europe he made a special study of conditions in Cork, Dublin, Glasgow, London and Sheffield, Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Munich, Cologne, Frankfort and other German cities, and Paris. From these months of investigation he has developed for Houston a clear idea of the business philosophy back of Europe's best city construction and administration. He has discovered what has made modern German cities the best managed in the world. He has studied the major outlines of German advancement and has told in his inimitable style for THE NATIONAL what he saw and heard and read en route. He gave the observations of the trained journalist, poet and social philosopher.

Mr. Putnam has a broad and keen view of affairs. He thinks in universals and drives straight at the point. The European tour was fruitful of results in changing some of his own pet notions in reference to sociological and economical problems. As his horizon widened he was quick and alert to take in the salient points and just those things that furnish information necessary not alone to those engaged in the administrative work of cities, but to stockholders and the people at large. Mr. Putnam's whole study is based primarily on the one proposition that the welfare of all is a matter of first concern to the individual.

As we have mentioned, there were days when Frank Putnam attended social functions in Boston with a flowing necktie. He returned here to don a dress suit, and attired with all the fastidiousness of a Van Bibber, was the "honored speaker" at representative clubs, where he made addresses that stirred his Boston audiences to hearty applause. It was agreed that his work will not alone benefit Houston and the state of Texas, but every city in the country that is making an earnest study of its own problems and is willing to be taught lessons that have been learned in countries where the civilization of centuries has matured and ripened conclusions not yet reached in the swiftly growing, erratic and impulsive swirl of municipal development in America.

* * *

THERE have been few more pronounced successes than the *Popular Mechanics Magazine* of Chicago. It has developed a new and special field, giving information in tabloid form that extends far into the realms of mechanical power and development. The *Popular Mechanics Magazine* has been one of the few successes as a news-stand magazine. It may be purchased on the news-stands and by direct subscription at the full subscription price, but cannot in any way be quoted in clubs or combination offers. This announcement is due to Mr. H. H. Windsor, publisher of the *Popular Mechanics Magazine*, whose policy it is that the one way to be sure of *Popular Mechanics* is either from the news-stands, or by direct subscriptions.

* * *

DURING more than a score of years of editorship, nothing has seemed to touch the hearts of so many readers as the little sketch of the life of the late Rufus Fearing Dawes, and the bountiful and matchless tribute of his father at the bier of his beloved son.

Letters have come to us from all parts of the country, and sympathetic tributes brought solace to the father and mother. In Erie, Pennsylvania, Mr. Joseph L. Pelton reprinted the article in booklet form, which is being distributed, on requests, at the rate of 8,000 per week, and the edition promises to run into a half-million. Thus the message has been spread in all parts of the country, carrying inspiration wherever it goes. The young life of Rufus Fearing Dawes, cut short as it was, will serve to inspire thousands of young men, and their fathers and mothers, with a better and finer view of success in life.

SUGAR BEETS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FACTORY IN CALIFORNIA

The Sugar Battle

by George C. Lawrence

IN February last the price of sugar in the New York wholesale market touched the lowest point that it had reached in fifteen years. Throughout the country housewives today are buying the universal sweetener more cheaply than they have for a decade past. The welcome sign "Twenty pounds for $1.00" has returned to the sugar barrel in the corner grocery. Offers of "ten pounds for 45 cents," or "a three and one-half pound bag for 16 cents" are blazoned in the advertising of the big department stores. Compared with a twelvemonth ago the purchaser is saving from a cent to a cent and a half on every pound he buys. As the American people use every year something over 7,500,000,000 pounds, this means a cutting down of $100,000,000 on last year's sugar bill.

This is a welcome saving in these days, when the cost of living is the most serious problem confronting millions of American families. In the mind of the much-buffeted householder, accustomed to seeing the prices of his necessities mount upward but seldom turn the other way, it provokes questions, too. Why has it come about? How long will it last? How is it that this price reduction has taken place in the commodity that is almost the only one which has not shown a marked advance in the past ten years? Is it due to the effort made in Congress last year to remove the tariff on sugar or to the expectation that a reduction in the customs duty will be made shortly? Does it result from the federal prosecution of the Sugar Trust and its fellow-refiners or from some other cause?

These questions cannot be answered so briefly as they are asked. But they can be answered, and the answers are illuminating, not only to the consumer concerned with the size of his monthly food bill, but also to those who are struggling with the cost of living problem in its broader aspects, or who are seeking ways to restore competition to the place it occupied before it was displaced by the "era of combination." They contain satisfaction for those who believe in the Republican theory of upbuilding American industries and for those who hold to the Democratic belief that the tariff should not be used to serve the selfish purposes of trusts. They show that the old-fashioned law of supply and demand is still effective where it has a chance to operate, and they point the way to a means of assuring the American people of a permanent, low-priced supply of at least one necessity of life.

Now it is safe to say at once that the present low price of sugar is not due to the election of President Wilson. In fact the downward price movement began last October, before the election was decided. Nor is it the repentant offering of a conscience-stricken Sugar Trust. In spite of some recent vicissitudes and hard knocks in the way of federal prosecution and enforced restitution of filchings from the Government, the Trust and its fellow-refiners are in a prosperous and aggressive state. The cause of cheap sugar is intimately associated with the tariff, but not with any recent development in tariff policy.

It is an incident in a Homeric struggle—not an ordinary price-cutting skirmish nor a trade war between rival houses, but an industrial conflict in which the grand prize is the American sugar market with its business of $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 a year.

On the one side are the big refiners, anxious to rivet the power which they have held almost undisputed for a generation. On the other side are the scattered ranks of American sugar growers and manufacturers. They are weak in resources compared to their antagonist, but they are growing in numbers and already they have cut into the rich profits which he long enjoyed undisturbed. Between the two stands Congress, holding the gauge of battle, the tariff. It is Congress that may decide the struggle. If it will, Congress can take away the weapons of the farmers and the small manufacturers and leave them at the mercy of the Trust and its supporters. If it will, Congress can insure a fair field and equal terms, and bid the best man win, knowing that from open competition the consumer at least will profit.

AT WORK ON THE BEET FIELD ON A WESTERN FARM

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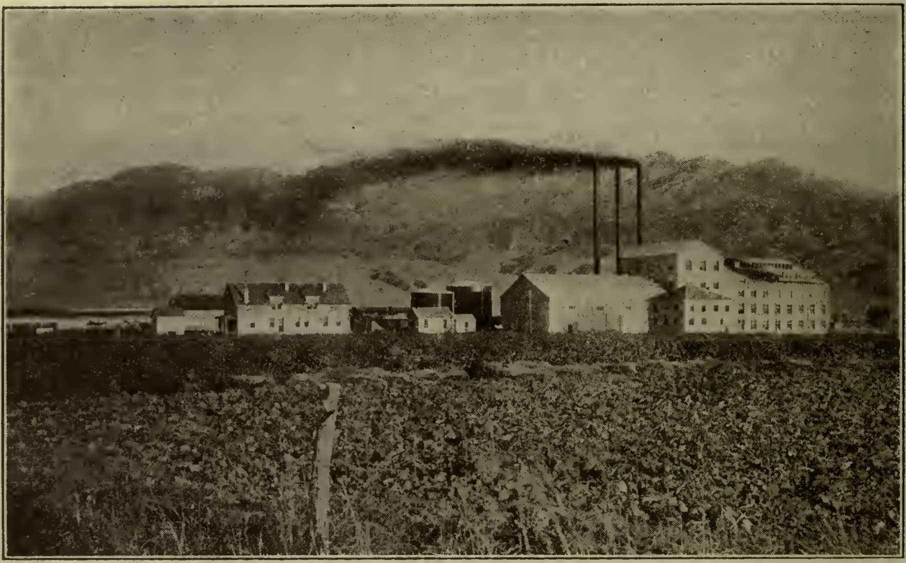
To understand just what is involved in this struggle and the underlying causes which have brought about the present situation, it is necessary to go back a little and to relate briefly the way in which the ever-growing American appetite for sugar is satisfied.

While the people of Germany, France and some other European countries get their sugar supply entirely from sugar beets grown by their own farmers, the greater part of the sugar used in the United States always has come from sugar cane. Being too bulky to transport for any considerable distance, cane is crushed on or near the plantations where it is grown, and the juice thus extracted is reduced to crystalline form in local sugar mills. The resultant product is sugar. Some part of it formerly went directly to the grocery stores. Those of us who grew up in the country remember it as the "brown sugar" of our boyhood days. It was brown because of the impurities it contained and because some of the molasses from which it was made still clung to the sugar crystals. To produce a pure white product it was necessary to wash the crystals clear of the substances left clinging to them as they emerged from the local mills. This is the work of the refiner. He runs a sugar laundry conducted on a vast scale. As white sugar is more attractive than brown, and as the refiners, through the Dutch standard provision of the tariff, have been able to bar the light-colored grades from the country, the American people have come to demand white sugar almost exclusively, so that practically all cane sugar now passes through a refinery on its way from the grower to the user.

CUTTING SUGAR CANE

BLACKS CUTTING SUGAR CANE

The business of sugar refining is one that can be conducted to best advantage by large units—in vast plants requiring a heavy investment and handling enormous quantities of material. As most of the raw sugar used by the refiners is brought from other countries by water, the plants naturally were grouped in the big seaboard cities for greater economy in the receipt of their raw supplies. The business, therefore, easily lent itself to combination, and it was the earliest to which combi-



A SMALL WESTERN BEET SUGAR FACTORY

nation on a big scale was applied. For more than twenty-five years the organization, which has come to be more widely known as the Sugar Trust than by its official corporate title, has been the chief factor in the sugar refining industry. For many years the Trust—and to a great extent the sugar refining industry as well—was under the absolute dominance of a single man. That man was Henry O. Havemeyer, one of the most masterful figures among the many who have played prominent roles in the trust-building period. His power was frequently assailed. Trade wars in the refining industry were many and bitter. The weapons most often used were the blackjack and the poisoned dirk. It was baronial warfare in which men pitted their millions against each other for possession of a profitable market, and the common people enjoyed the spectacle and paid its cost. Some of the losses were enormous, but, as Henry O. Havemeyer himself said, there never was a dollar lost in these wars that was not paid back twice over by the public after peace was declared.

* * *

Like all corporations converting an imported raw product into finished material for domestic use, the tariff desires of the sugar refiners were simple. In order to secure their raw material as cheaply as possible they wanted to bring it in duty free. In order to command high prices for their finished product they wished a customs duty on refined sugar that would give them an advantage over foreign houses in their own line. If they could not bring in their raw material without a duty, they asked that the duty on the finished goods be made higher proportionately than that on the raw. In the case of sugar this extra duty, amounting theoretically to seven and one-half cents a hundred pounds, but practically to more than twice that amount—is known as the refiner's differential. The differential always has been the chief concern of the sugar refiners.

The demand of the refiners for free raw sugar ran counter to the needs of American sugar growers—limited in the early days to the cane planters of Louisiana—who claimed that its adoption would wipe out their industry. In 1890 Congress tried to satisfy both parties. It made raw sugar duty free, but placed a bounty of two cents a pound on all American grown sugar. This bounty was declared unconstitutional. It was succeeded by a low ad valorem duty that remained in effect until 1897.

This was a period of great prosperity

ONE OF THE SUGAR TRUST'S BIG REFINERIES AT BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

for the Trust. It bought its raw supplies cheaply and it faced no serious opposition in the American market. It advanced its toll for laundering sugar, increased its dividends from 4 per cent to 21½ per cent, and in seven years not only paid out $48,500,000 in dividends, but also accumulated a surplus of $50,000,000. No better exemplification can be given of how much small gains mean in a big industry than is afforded by the fact that an increase of less than half a cent a pound in the profits of refining would amount to $35,000,000 on the yearly sugar supply of the American people.

In 1897 the sugar tariff was overhauled again. The bounty scheme having fallen through, the Southern cane growers and the hardy spirits who were attempting to introduce the growing of sugar beets among the farmers of a few western states, urged the placing of a duty upon raw sugar. The duty was fixed on a sliding scale. It amounted to $1.68½ a hundred pounds on the grade of raw sugar usually imported. The refiners said: "If you do this, you must give us a rate on refined sugar that will keep out the foreign refiners." Their rate accordingly was fixed at $1.95 a hundred. It continued at this figure until the tariff was again revised in 1908, when it was placed at $1.90.

The refiners had lost the advantage of free raw sugar, but they retained undivided control of the vast American market, and their lot continued to be a merry one. The area of American sugar-growing territory was soon extended by the acquisition of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, but the refiners handled all the sugar grown in these islands and collected profit on it all, so there was little to disturb their serenity.

To be sure, the enthusiasts who thought that they could manufacture sugar from beets grown on western farms were making progress. As beet sugar enters one end of a factory in the form of roots and emerges at the other end as pure white granulated sugar, indistinguishable from the refiner's own product, there was no chance for the latter to exact a profit from this small part of the supply. Henry O. Havemeyer, who regarded the American sugar market as the particular apple of his personally conducted Sugar Trust, decided that this small rival should not be permitted the exclusive possession even of the core. He determined to control it. He proceeded in accordance with approved trust practice to invest a few of the corporation's surplus millions in the beet sugar factories of the west, the organizers of which were finding it difficult to obtain capital. This policy was not approved by one at least of Mr. Havemeyer's associates. Before a congressional investigating committee Mr. Edwin F. Atkins, who is now the official head of the Sugar Trust, told how he had protested against it. Asked to explain his reasons he said:

"The beet sugar business was a competitive business. It produced in the western territories, where our market lay. That is, I say 'our market'—I mean the market of the refiners, the various refiners. As that industry grew—and I foresaw that it would grow rapidly—I believed that it would reduce the volume of business, not only of the American Sugar Refining Company, but of all the refiners on the Atlantic Coast; and although we had millions of dollars invested in business there, we were building up a competitive business, one that would compete with ourselves, and one which was bound to get away from us; we could not control it in the end."

In this instance time has proved that the lieutenant was a better prophet than the captain. Before Mr. Havemeyer died he found that the beet sugar industry was growing faster than he could extend his control over it. It was radically different from the refining business with the vast capital requirements of the latter. Any man who could persuade the farmers of his neighborhood to grow sugar beets, and who could command the relatively small capital required to erect a factory, could embark in the manufacture of beet sugar. The chances were that he would fail, but, if he survived, the Trust and its fellows could not injure him unless they could buy their raw material more cheaply than he—and this the tariff prevented. Since Mr. Havemeyer's death in 1907 his successors in the big refining corporation, finding that they had but a minority interest in the competing industry, have continued the policy of divorcing themselves from it as rapidly as possible.

* * *

In 1903 a trade was made between the United States and Cuba which still further affected the national sugar supply. This bargain is known as the Reciprocity Act. By it the United States gave Cuban raw sugar entrance into the American market at a tariff rate a third of a cent a pound lower than was charged on sugar from any other part of the world. In return Cuba opened its market to American flour, meat and machinery.

With the vast undeveloped possibilities of Cuba for sugar growing, the adoption of the Reciprocity Act made it inevitable that the island would furnish all the sugar required by the United States, aside from that produced from American soil. The Reciprocity Act was equivalent, therefore, to a gradual reduction of the duty on raw sugar to $1.34 a hundred. Another little understood effect was to increase the cherished differential of the refiners, owing to the fact that Cuba produces no refined sugar and the treaty concession therefore applied only to the refiners' raw material. It is interesting to note, however, that it required nine years for Cuba to reach the position of supplying the full needs of the American market, even with the rapid development of sugar production in the United States. The fact is instructive as showing that the increase of agricultural production is a matter of slow growth under the most favorable conditions. It serves to indicate why the supply of wheat and beef and pork does not increase at once in response to the increased prices, which indicate a sharper demand. It is instructive as a warning against tearing down a development which can be rebuilt but slowly, if at all.

The sources from which the sugar used by the American people has been chiefly drawn since the adoption of Cuban reciprocity are indicated in short tons in the following table, which shows also the increase in the production of these various sugar-growing territories:

	Tons	
	1903–04	1912–13
Cuba	1,164,800	2,520,000
U. S. beet sugar	232,960	700,000
Hawaii	367,360	560,000
Porto Rico	145,600	380,000
Louisiana	240,800	190,000
Philippines	94,080	224,000
	2,245,600	4,574,000
U. S. consumption	3,099,040	3,920,000

The apparent decline in the production of sugar in Louisiana during the past year is due to the disastrous floods that swept the state early in 1912. The normal production of this territory is 300,000 tons or over.

The most striking feature of the above figures is the very rapid increase of sugar production in Cuba and in the beet growing districts of the United States. The output of the former has doubled and that of the latter has more than tripled in the past nine years. As the totals show, these six sources of supply failed by three-quarters of a million tons to supply the demands of the American sweet tooth nine years ago, but during the present year they have produced upward of half a million tons more than the American market requires. Production has increased over 100 per cent, while consumption has increased 28 per cent.

The great increase in Cuba's sugar output undoubtedly has been due in large part to the influence of the Reciprocity Act with its preferential treatment of Cuban sugar in the American market. Along with this movement has gone the still more rapid expansion of the American beet sugar industry. As already related, the present tariff rate on raw sugar, except for the reduction in favor of Cuba, has been in effect since 1897. At that time the culture of sugar beets and the manufacture of beet sugar was an infant industry of puny proportions. In 1898 the entire production of beet sugar was only a little over 36,000 tons. Its growth to 700,000 tons in fourteen years represents an increase of 1800 per cent. Expressed in this form, its development has been tremendous. Judged from any angle it has been remarkable. At first, however, its progress was slow. It is a difficult matter at best to induce farmers to adopt a new crop. Particularly was this true of sugar beets, which required an amount of hand labor entirely beyond the patience of the average American farmer. In order to secure a supply of beets for their factories, it was necessary for the beet sugar manufacturers to obtain seed for the farmer, to furnish the services of agricultural experts for his guidance in sowing and growing the beets, and in many sections to supply the hand labor required in making the crop.

Most difficult to overcome of all the obstacles encountered by the young industry was the deep-rooted belief of farmers that sugar beets were "hard on the land." An investigation of this subject pursued by Truman G. Palmer, a well-known agricultural economist, in the leading beet-growing countries of Europe, revealed the fact that instead of exhausting the soil, beets, if properly cultivated, actually increased the yield of crops grown in rotation with them by 50 to 100 per cent. He found that the great increase in the agricultural output of the leading nations of northern Europe during the past thirty years was due mainly to the cultivation of a hoed root crop in rotation with cereals and other staples. This put a new aspect on the subject and gave a reason for the encouragement of sugar beet culture far transcending in importance the direct returns obtained from it. That, however, to repeat the oft-quoted remark of Mr. Kipling, is another story.

The dissemination of this information among the farmers in the beet-growing sections of the United States within the past three or four years has resulted in a very marked acceleration in the production of beet sugar, which has increased lately at the rate of 100,000 tons a year. As the Department of Agriculture estimates that there are in the United States 274,000-000 acres of land adapted to beet culture, of which only about 600,000 acres are now devoted to this crop, there is little doubt that the present rate of expansion will be continued if conditions favorable to the development of the industry are maintained.

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The great progress of sugar cultivation in Cuba and of the beet sugar industry in the United States, together with the important advances in the output of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, are highly important factors in the present situation because they have decidedly modified the influence of the tariff on sugar prices.

Ten years ago the retail price of sugar at any point in the interior of the United States, for example Chicago, was made up of the following elements:

(1) The price of raw sugar in the world market, indicated by price quotations at Hamburg, Germany.

(2) The import duty of $1.68 on each hundred pounds.

(3) The refiner's toll for washing the impurities out of the sugar and preparing it for consumption.

(4) The freight rate from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago.

(5) The profits of the wholesaler, jobber and retailer.

At that time all the sugar used in the country, except the negligible amount produced from sugar beets, passed through the hands of the refiners. The theory of the Reciprocity Act was that it would give the Cuban seller of raw sugar one-third of a cent a pound more on his product. For a time this was the effect. Gradually, as the yield of Cuba's plantations rose, the Cuban producer conceded a part of this price in order to market his sugar promptly. As competition grew more intense, he conceded more and more, until now, with the necessity of going outside the American market to sell 500,000 tons of his sugar crop, he is giving away practically all his one-third of a cent preference, and is selling his crop to the American refiners at—or, in some cases, even below—the world price.

Unloading Beets
Union Sugar Co.
Betteravia, Cal.

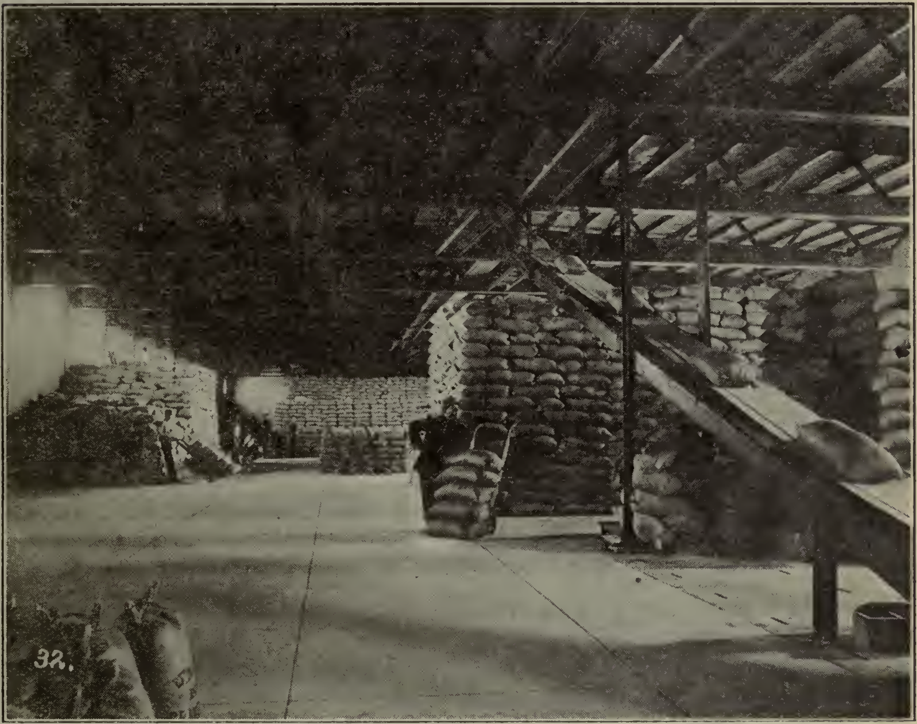
BEET SUGAR ENTERS THE FACTORY IN ROOT FORM—

This would be a highly satisfactory situation for the refiners except for one obstacle. With that out of their way they could add the full duty to the price of their refined sugar and pocket the Cuban's third of a cent, or about $10,000,000 a year. The stumbling block that separates the refiners from this consummation is the industry toilsomely built up by the beet-growing farmers and the enthusiasts who have developed the manufacture of beets into sugar in the United States. The beet sugar factories are now scattered throughout sixteen states from Ohio to California. In earlier days the beet sugar manufacturer in making his price—even to the dealers a few miles from his factory—embraced in it all the five elements enumerated, including the freight from the seaboard—although, of course, he paid no such freight. To get the trade he made concessions from this price. This concession usually amounted to 20 cents a hundred pounds below the price of cane sugar.

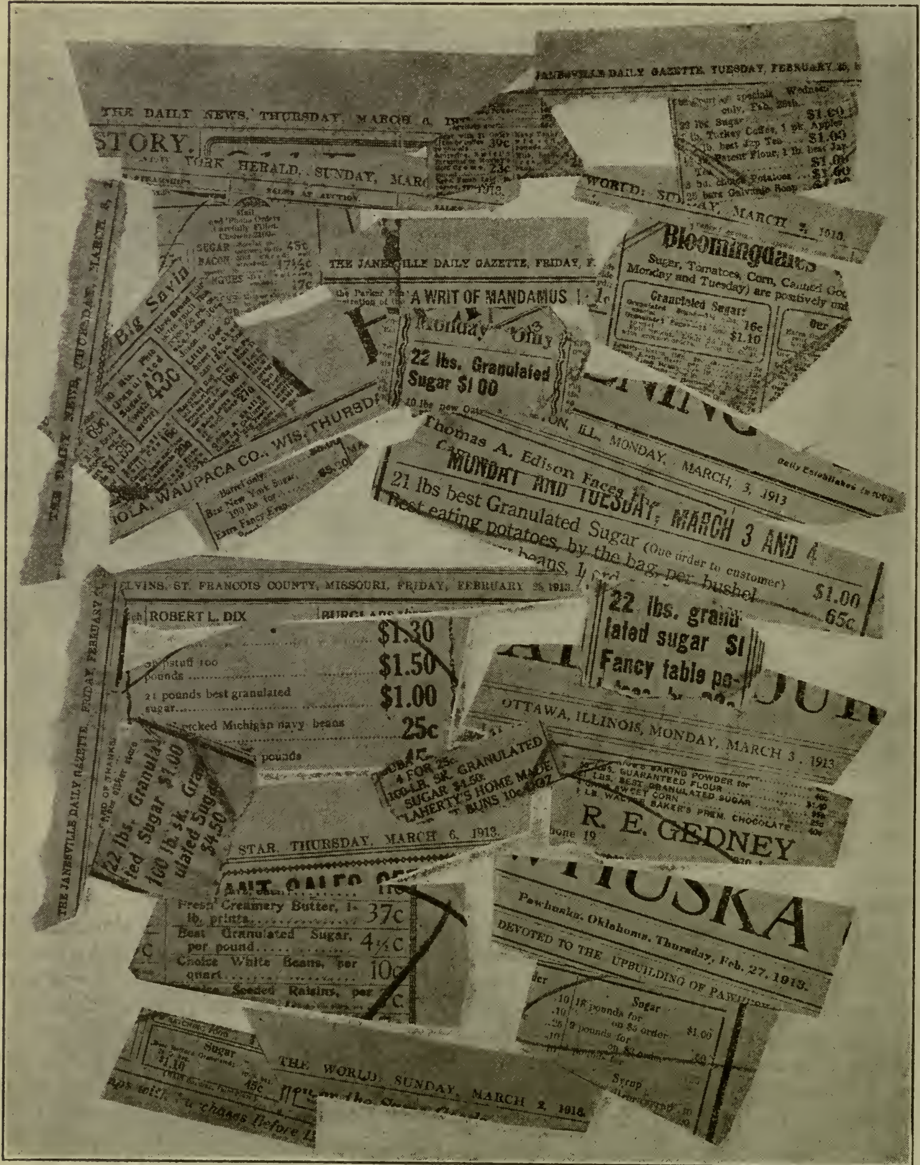
As the beet factories multiplied and their product increased the competition among themselves and between them and the cane refiners grew keener. The beet men began to "absorb" the freight rate. In other words, they eliminated this factor in making their selling prices.

During the past year, with still greater severity in this competition, the price of beet sugar broke entirely away from the price fixed by the cane refiners in New York, and the beet sugar manufacturers began to sell their product on the basis of what it cost to produce with a small profit added. The result has been that the past few months, since beet sugar came on the market in October, 1912, have witnessed the hitherto unheard of spectacle of sugar selling at a lower price in the West than in the Eastern seaboard cities. Sugar sold in Chicago at 4.40 cents a pound, while the best quotation that the trust refiners could make in New York was 4.90 cents a pound. The puny infant of 1897 was growing up. He had begun to feel and to assert his strength. Cane sugar was driven out of the Central West. The beet product even invaded New York and undersold the refiners in their citadel.

For a time the big refiners were placed in a position where they could not do business at a profit. Several of their plants were closed down entirely. Others continued to operate on part time. When the big Cuban crop came into the market at the beginning of the year, they forced the Cuban grower to yield his third of a cent advantage and to supply them at practically the price prevailing in the world market. Ordinarily the beet sugar crop is disposed of by January and the refiners are in control of the market. But this year, on account of the large produc-



—AND COMES OUT A FINISHED PRODUCT IN SACKS tion of beet sugar, a great part of the crop was carried over. Competition was still effective. Prices remained low. Instead of adding the full import duty in fixing the price of refined sugar not even the full amount of the lesser Cuban rate was added. At the end of February a man purchasing raw sugar in the world market at Hamburg and importing it to the United States would have paid for it, landed in New York, 4.10 cents a pound. The actual market quotation in New York at that date was 3.48 cents a pound. Sixty-two cents of the tariff charged upon a hundred pounds of sugar had been "absorbed." In other words the tariff rate, so far as the consumer was concerned, had been cut down 38 per cent, for nearly two-fifths.



THE DAILY NEWS, THURSDAY, MARCH 6,

STORY.

YORK HERALD, SUNDAY, MARC

SALES AT AUCTION

JANESVILLE DAILY GAZETTE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25,

only, Feb. 26th.

$1.00

Turkey Coffee, 1 pk. Apples

$1.00

Patent Flour, 1 lb. best Jap

$1.00

25 bars Galvanic Soap

WORLD: SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1913.

Mail and Phone Orders Carefully Filled.

SUGAR 45c

BACON 17½c

17c

THE DAILY NEWS, THURSDAY, MARCH 6,

Big Savin

Granulated Sugar 43c

THE JANESVILLE DAILY GAZETTE, FRIDAY, F

A WRIT OF MANDAMUS

Monday Only

22 lbs. Granulated Sugar $1 00

Bloomingdale's

Sugar, Tomatoes, Corn, Canned Goo

Monday and Tuesday) are positively und

Granulated Sugar

16c

$1.10

IOLA, WAUPACA CO., WIS., THURSD

Barrel only

Best New York Sugar,

100 lbs. for

$5.50

Extra Fancy Eva

ON, ILL., MONDAY, MARCH, 3, 1913

Thomas A. Edison Faces

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, MARCH 3 AND 4

21 lbs best Granulated Sugar (One order to customer) $1.00

Best eating potatoes, by the bag, per bushel 65c

ELVINS, ST. FRANCOIS COUNTY, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1913.

ROBERT L. DIX

$1.30

shipstuff 100 pounds $1.50

21 pounds best granulated sugar $1.00

Hand-picked Michigan navy beans 25c

pounds

22 lbs. granulated sugar $1

Fancy table po-

THE JANESVILLE DAILY GAZETTE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY

CARD OF THANKS

22 lbs. Granulated Sugar $1.00

100 lb. sk. Granulated Sugar $4.50

4 FOR 25c

100-LB. SK. GRANULATED SUGAR $4.50

LAHERTY'S HOME MADE BUNS 10c DOZ

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1913

BAKING POWDER for

LBS. GUARANTEED FLOUR

LBS. BEST GRANULATED SUGAR

SWEET CORN

1 LB. WALTER BAKER'S PREM. CHOCOLATE

R. E. GEDNEY

STAR, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1913.

Fresh Creamery Butter, 1-lb. prints 37c

Best Granulated Sugar, per pound 4½c

Choice White Beans, per quart 10c

Seeded Raisins, per

HUSKA

Pawhuska, Oklahoma, Thursday, Feb. 27, 1913.

DEVOTED TO THE UPBUILDING OF PAWHUSKA

Sugar

18 pounds for on $5 order $1.00

pounds for

Syrup

Sugar

$1.10

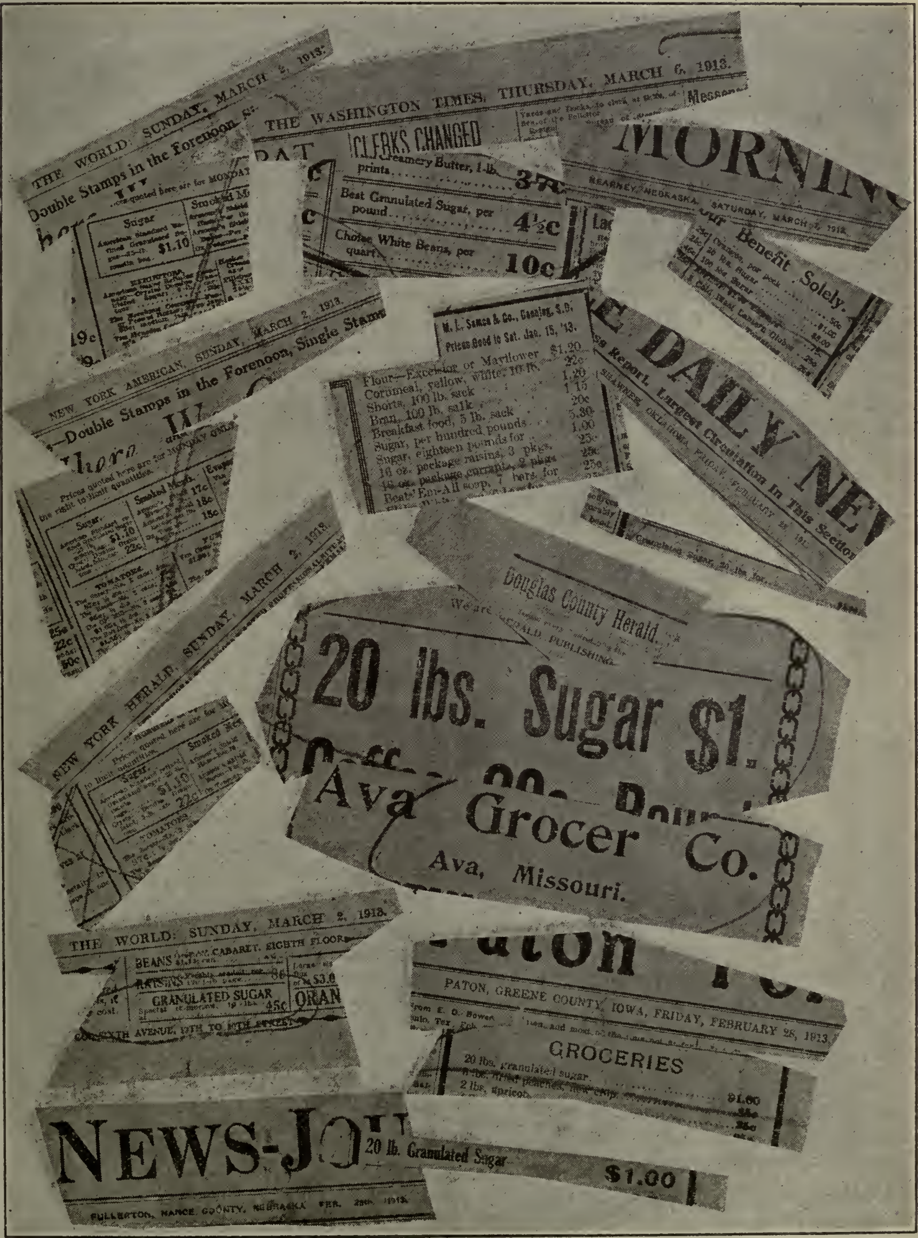
45c

THE WORLD, SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1913.

chases Before

SIGNIFICANT NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, SHOWING

The reason for the war that the big refiners are waging against the domestic producers of beet sugar becomes plain in the light of these facts. The production of sugar from beets is growing apace. It still furnishes only one-fifth of the total sugar supply, but it is increasing rapidly. Every pound of beet sugar used means one pound less from which the refiners can collect a profit. The competition of beet sugar keeps down prices. It makes the operation of the big refineries unprofit-



THE WORLD: SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1913.
Double Stamps in the Forenoon
Sugar
American Standard Refined Granulated $1.10

THE WASHINGTON TIMES, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1913.
CLERKS CHANGED
Creamery Butter, 1-lb. prints 37c
Best Granulated Sugar, per pound 4½c
Choice White Beans, per quart 10c

MORNIN
KEARNEY, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1913.
Our Benefit Solely.

NEW YORK AMERICAN, SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1913.
—Double Stamps in the Forenoon, Single Stamps
Prices quoted here are for Monday only
Sugar $1.10
Smoked Meats 17c 18c 15c

M. L. Samco & Co., Canning, S.D.
Prices Good to Sat. Jan. 15, '13.
Flour—Excelsior or Mayflower $1.20
Cornmeal, yellow, white, 10 lb. 22c
Shorts, 100 lb. sack 1.20
Bran, 100 lb. sack 1.15
Breakfast food, 5 lb. sack 20c
Sugar, per hundred pounds 5.30
Sugar, eighteen pounds for 1.00
16 oz. package raisins, 3 pkgs. 25c
16 oz. package currants, 2 pkgs. 25c
Beats'Em-All soap, 7 bars for 25c

E DAILY NE
Largest Circulation In This Section
SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1913
Granulated Sugar, 20 lbs. for

Douglas County Herald.
HERALD PUBLISHING

NEW YORK HERALD, SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1913.
Prices quoted here are for Monday only
Sugar $1.10 22c
Smoked Meats

20 lbs. Sugar $1.
Ava Grocer Co.
Ava, Missouri.

THE WORLD: SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1913.
CABARET. EIGHTH FLOOR
BEANS
RAISINS
GRANULATED SUGAR 45c
ORAN
SIXTH AVENUE, 18TH TO 19TH STREET

PATON, GREENE COUNTY, IOWA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1913.
GROCERIES
20 lbs. granulated sugar $1.00
2 lbs. apricots

NEWS-JOU
FULLERTON, NANCE COUNTY, NEBRASKA FEB. 28th 1913.
20 lb. Granulated Sugar $1.00

THE PRICE OF SUGAR IN THE EAST AND WEST

able for three months of every year, and as the industry expands this period is certain to grow longer. Moreover the competition of beet sugar is "annoying" to the refiners, who are accustomed to being masters of the market. They did not mind so much when the beet sugar manufacturers confined their operations to the states west of the Missouri, but now they are coming further and further eastward and are brazenly invading what the refiners call "our market."

So the refiners have raised the battle cry of "free raw sugar." They are even willing, if need be, to sacrifice their cherished differential. With the production of sugar in the United States at an end, they would have little to fear from foreign refiners. They are too strongly entrenched to fear such competition. Their real preference, one may shrewdly suspect, would be for a reduction of the tariff to a point that would drive out the beet sugar man, who must pay higher prices than the foreign manufacturer for his raw material and for his labor, while still preserving the advantages of Cuban reciprocity and the differential. But to put an end to that annoying competition that moves steadily and menacingly upon them from the westward they are willing to abandon this, to let the tail go with the hide.

To a layman the case seems simple. Competition—the competition of growing American industry—has brought down the price of sugar. To restore competition—real competition—in numerous trust-ridden industries, is a problem with which courts and legislatures have struggled in vain. It would seem almost worth while to preserve competition in an industry in which it has just been brought up to effective proportions. It would seem almost worth while to keep that "twenty pounds for $1" sign on the barrel in the corner grocery. After all the proposition resolves itself to tariff-making. If tariff-making were a matter of horse sense instead of a matter of politics, perhaps that would be done.

WHY?

GIVE ear awhile, ye kings! Why will ye heave
  A people's welfare to regardless seas,
  And fling their treasures to a wanton breeze,
Asking of them what ye would fear to give?
Why will ye, living, not let others live,
  Who have no wider interests than these:
  To till by day, and lie 'neath pleasant trees
At evening, and a dreamy garland weave?

Too long have we been driven over sands
  In quest of that which holds no human good!
Give us the statesman, king, who understands
  What One of old, the Peaceful, understood;
And hence with those we serve whose lustful hands
  Would wring the lily for a drop of blood!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

HAULING PIPE FROM RAILROAD TO PIPE LINE RIGHT-OF-WAY OF ARKANSAS NATURAL GAS COMPANY, IN CENTRAL ARKANSAS

Natural Gas—Its Advantages and Difficulties

by W. C. Jenkins

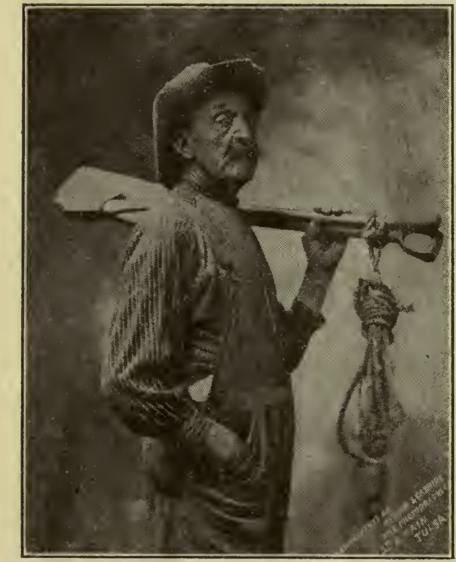
WHEN some future historian writes the story of natural gas, which for a generation furnished the cheapest and most convenient lighting and heating commodity the world had ever known, he will relate many incidents that, to the people of future ages, will seem almost incredible. He will tell how the precious commodity was wasted by a profligate people; he will detail with much amusement the fortunes that were lost by reckless men who knew nothing about the business, and he will surprise the world by stories regarding the political attacks upon the enthusiastic men who successfully extracted this wonderful utility from nature's laboratory and delivered it to the people.

There has been practically no literature published on natural gas. The people know but little about the extent of the American fields or the difficulties encountered in bringing the commodity to the earth's surface and conveying it to the cities and towns for distribution; and even among people who are using natural gas there is a woeful amount of ignorance regarding the hazardous nature of the industry.

No man who is familiar with the history of Natural Gas, its uncertainties and its unknown quality, would impose impossible restrictions upon corporations engaged in its distribution to the people, unless his perceptions had been obscured and his judgment warped by prejudice and angry feeling. The conservative people of this country are willing to be told of the abuses of corporations; but instead of the axe they advocate the use of the pruning hook to lop off the decayed or sickly branches.

If the public could appreciate the self-evident truth that no community can remain prosperous, or secure good service when served by a bankrupt or unprofitable

Gas Company the problem would be solved. The public cannot be benefitted by the destruction of the company or by impairing its efficiency to render first-class service. In many communities the public has been educated to regard the Gas Company as a common enemy and local legislation, too often unwise and harmful, has been the cause of not only positive wrong but absolute injustice. Being denied the right to freely manage their own affairs, regulate their service and fix their charges they are compelled to perpetually barter for a privilege or franchise from a common council and to pass through a humiliating, sandbagging, disgraceful experience in order to secure an ordinance.



A DISSATISFIED WELL DRILLER

In their flight from the unjust treatment of local governmental bodies many public utility men have sought refuge under the supervision of a public-service commission only to encounter an inexperienced, arrogant body of men who imagine that an official appointment has endowed them with brains and intelligence to which they were formerly strangers. In its theory the commission system is a good solution of the public utility problem, but its success, in the application, depends upon the character of its members.

It should be remembered that in every town and city using natural gas there is an ever ready competitor that regulates the rates, and that is coal. If a gas company should endeavor to raise its prices beyond a reasonable amount the people are not compelled to patronize the corporation; they can start up their coal fires. While the people want the luxury and comfort of natural gas they naturally desire to obtain it as cheaply as possible. They pay, without complaint, enormous prices for other luxuries and never question the rights of the dealers to charge such exorbitant prices; but when the gas company asks for a two or three cent raise great indignation prevails. People declare they are being robbed while at the same time their conscience tells them the gas is well worth the price demanded. Every municipality at one time or another has its conflict with the gas company over rates but there are few instances in which the people are willing to admit that, in the last analysis, coal is the important factor which must regulate the price of natural gas for heating purposes.

The majority of people do not fully appreciate the hazardous nature of the natural gas business. It is a business being conducted with but little precedent for guidance. It is being carried on by a small group of men who are known as the practical men in the industry. In addition there is a certain group of investors who have some idea of the oil and gas business and who have sufficient nerve to invest a little money in a new oil or gas proposition when it is brought to their attention. Some have made money, but many have learned some very valuable, though costly, lessons. Those who have made a success in the business are well known to the public while those who have failed—and the failures are in the large majority—are never heard of by the people. Owing to this fact a wrong impression prevails regarding the enormous profits in the oil and gas business, and as a consequence many believe the public is being robbed. It would be an interesting commentary upon the natural gas industry if we could have the facts regarding the amount of money that has been lost and deduct therefrom the amount that has been made. The net result would show that the business is largely a speculation and that some of the speculators have been heavy losers.

People think of the oil and gas industry as being so closely related that it is one and the same business. It is true that men who are producers of crude oil are, as a rule, more or less in the gas business; but the nature of the two industries and the method of handling the products is very different and very far apart. The oil industry is general. It is simple, and oftentimes the profits are enormous. The natural gas business requires vastly more capital, more men of experience and encounters more exasperating circumstances. Every day new people go to the oil fields, sink their drills into a pool of oil and make a fortune. It is not necessary for them to know but little about the business. Men cannot go into the natural gas business except by buying the stocks or bonds of an operating company.

There are many hazards in the path of the natural gas company which can never be eliminated. The most serious difficulty which must be encountered is the depletion of the fields without a corresponding increase in new production. A gas company without gas is, in effect, nothing but a pile of junk. Then there is another difficulty which is often encountered, and that is an over-production of gas. This brings in competition by inexperienced men in the business. Often these inexperienced men drill large producing gas wells. Then feeling that they have something of immense value they go to the nearest town and advertise the proposition that they have enough gas to supply the whole town and are willing to do so at half the rates charged by the existing gas company. This stirs up a lot of feeling, and oftentimes the people are induced to invest their money and build a competing line to the property. This brings on a gas war and the local company is obliged to reduce its rates. They operate at a loss for a year or two, when one of the companies is forced out of business; then the rates go back to the former schedules. The town has gained nothing through this experience; on the other hand it usually develops that many of the citizens have lost money in the new venture, and when it is all over the gas field has been more or less depleted and the citizens are obliged to pay higher rates than before the existing company was molested by injudicious competition. It has often been the case that the promoter who starts such an undertaking sells out at a nice profit, but the people who invested their money in the enterprise were finally compelled to hold the bag.

MOSSA
oil Fire. Near VIVIAN LA.

AN OIL WELL ON FIRE IN CADDO PARISH, LOUISIANA. THE WELL WAS MAKING APPROXIMATELY 17,000 BARRELS PER DAY WITH A LARGE AMOUNT OF WATER, AND BURNED FOR TWO WEEKS, BEFORE BEING EXTINGUISHED

The natural gas business is one of the most peculiar enterprises in the United States today, and the business should be conducted by the practical and experienced men. A city or a town that traffics with promoters who have no knowledge of the industry will have many causes for regrets. The men who are handling large flotations of natural gas securities are not buying stocks or bonds in companies promoted by inexperienced men, and this fact should guide the occasional investor.

The method of financing a natural gas

company is often unique and different from that of other corporations. In financing a new gas company in an undeveloped field it has frequently been found necessary either to sell the stock at twenty-five or fifty cents on the dollar, or to sell bonds and give away from fifty to one hundred per cent stock bonus with the bonds. The last scheme has proven the most popular among the natural gas investors. In order to finance a company in this manner it is necessary to organize with the capital stock of double the actual amount of money which is required to put in the plant and build the pipe line. Some of the recent investigations regarding rates have brought out this fact very forcibly. The city official, inexperienced in corporations affairs, oftentimes has much to say about over-capitalization, and when he hits upon this subject he usually sits back with a smile and feels that his investigation of the rate question is over and his cause is won and there is nothing left for the gas company to do but to lower prices. Those who delve deeper into the facts, however, discover that a million or more dollars were put into the business on the start with the possibility of three-fourths of the money being lost in a short time. They discover, too, that the capitalization is legitimate and that the gas company could not have been financed with a less amount. Those who are desirous of being fair will admit that men investing their money in such a hazardous venture are entitled to a good profit, owing to the chances they were taking on the start.

* * *

Cities which have had the advantage of natural gas for ten or fifteen years are in most cases paying double the rates which are being charged in cities that have recently been the beneficiaries of this cheap fuel. This is owing to the fact that the gas wells have declined in production and the companies have been forced to increase the rate. When people realize that there is danger of the natural gas luxury being taken away from them they are very willing to pay twice the amount in order to continue the service. If they would only realize the actual facts at the beginning and allow the companies a higher price which would eliminate the necessity of selling so much cheap gas for manufacturing purposes the cities would enjoy this advantageous and economical fuel a great many years longer.

The majority of the cities and towns in the gas regions use natural gas as a headliner in advertising their communities. They spread the news broadcast and boast of having cheap rates. They use these means to secure large industries for their towns. This is done mostly by the real estate speculators, who do not care what becomes of the luxuries of the domestic home ten years hence. Their main idea is to boom the real estate and get the money turned over quickly and then depart for newer fields to repeat the same performance.

It is surprising to note that even the people in the cities and towns of the eastern states who have enjoyed the luxury of natural gas for a great many years do not fully appreciate the labor and expense involved in operating a natural gas system. In some localities, and this is particularly true of Oklahoma and Arkansas, the temperature often drops or rises thirty or forty degrees within a few hours. To meet these conditions the gas companies are obliged to maintain regulator stations all along the system of their main lines, where an employee sits at a desk with a pressure gage before him and a telephone at his elbow, and the pressures are recorded every fifteen minutes throughout the day and night. If there is any sudden increase or decrease in pressure he must notify the nearest compressor station at once. When a cold snap arrives every consumer immediately turns on more gas and the amount of consumption is sometimes doubled within thirty minutes. When it is considered that the gas wells are from one to three hundred miles distant and that all of this gas is obliged to come through one trunk line some idea may be obtained of the rapid work necessary to increase pressures in the field, start up additional compressing pumps in the various stations and get the exact pressures at the different points and at the various towns. If any one man fails to report his pressure at these critical moments it would probably result in some town being

INSPECTION TRIP IN CONNECTION WITH PROPOSED ST. LOUIS LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER COMPANY

short of gas for several hours, as the drain on the pipe line is usually so great during these sudden spells of cold weather that unless the pressure is packed up, and the compressing stations are notified in time, the pull on the lines would be so heavy that the pumps would be unable to hold the pressure. There is a corresponding danger when the temperature rises quickly; the danger then lies in the blowing out of the line. If the big compressing stations were all working to pack a trunk line and the weather should suddenly turn warm the pressure men must notify the stations, the pumps must be stopped or slowed down, wells in the fields must be shut off, otherwise the pressure would back up on the lines, which might result in blowing out couplings or weak joints of pipe. These conditions, with constant endeavors of the management to keep a reserve supply of gas, together with the difficulties encountered in the field, make the whole business one of continuous worry.

It is somewhat strange, but nevertheless a fact, that the majority of people in many towns which are being furnished with natural gas do not seem to trust the gas company. They seem to have a lurking idea that the company is dishonest, although the employees of the concern live in the town and are usually very respectable citizens and are generally well paid for their services. The gas company is obliged to pay higher wages than most corporations because they need the highest class of workmen owing to the hazardous nature of the business and the fact that the safety of large investments often depend on one man doing the right thing at the right time to insure success in the business.

* * *

It is an interesting fact that, following all the various investigations which have been made by city councils, public utility committees as well as by state and federal courts, every increase in price that has been asked for by a gas company has been allowed after a more or less strenuous legal fight. The companies always stood the test of a very rigid examination and it has always been found that they were not only asking for legitimate increase in rates but that such increase was necessary in order to continue the business.

Various complications in connection with the gas service in Kansas City have recently brought the mid-continent field and the Oklahoma gas supply into considerable prominence, so that an analysis of the situation in that territory cannot fail to be interesting. The first natural gas pipe line in the Oklahoma fields was built in

1903-4 by the Kansas Natural Gas Company from the Chautauqua, Montgomery County, gas fields near Independence, Kansas, and which ran to Kansas City, Missouri, taking in various cities and towns along the line. At that time there was an enormous amount of gas developed in the Kansas pool, the flow volume from all the wells totaling over one billion five hundred million cubic feet of gas per day. Most of this gas was owned by the Kansas Natural Gas Company. For the first few years after the organization of this company and the building of its big trunk line to Kansas City and other towns very little attention was paid to the field operations, except to the matter of drilling on leases in order to hold them. The idea of a shortage at that time was never dreamed of. The Company, urged on by the people of the various cities within reasonable distance of the pipe line, kept laying branch lines into practically all the cities and towns of any importance in southeastern Kansas. This was a natural and proper development of the industry; but the evil day came when financiers began to build large smelters and cement plants at Coffeyville and other points adjacent to the gas pool. These smelters and cement companies built their own pipe line into the gas pool and for three years their demand upon its contents was greater than that of the Kansas Natural Gas Company. The gas was sold for only a few cents per thousand and this enormous field was very quickly depleted. This evil was not entirely the fault of the smelter and cement interests. They could not be blamed for building their plants where they could get the cheapest fuel. The management of the Kansas Natural Gas Company realized the dangers of such an enormous drain upon the field, but they were unable to keep the smelters out. The result is now very apparent. Today this Kansas pool has very little gas, and it can only be obtained by the use of large and expensive compressors.

* * *

In 1909 the gas companies in Kansas began to look elsewhere for a supply and the only available source was to the south of Oklahoma. When they began to extend their line into that territory they were speedily stopped by the state authorities, who claimed that the gas in Oklahoma could not be transported outside of the state. After a long hard fought legal battle, which was finally terminated by a decision of the Supreme Court at Washington, the gas companies were able to pipe the gas out of Oklahoma. The smelters and cement manufacturers immediately followed the natural gas company into Oklahoma. The pool near Caney, a few miles south of the Kansas state line was the first to which the various interests extended their lines. This pool hardly lasted a year. The pipe lines were then extended farther south to what is known as the Hogshooter pool, about twenty-five miles south of the Kansas line. The Kansas Natural Gas Company and the Iola Portland Cement Company each laid an eighteen inch line to this field; the Wichita Gas Company laid an eight inch line and, combining with the Quapaw Gas Company, laid an additional sixteen-inch line. The Henry Gas Company had previously laid a ten-inch and a twelve-inch line to Bartletsville, where that Company was supplying the smelters, and for the past two years these big trunk lines have been taking out of the pool an average of nearly two hundred million cubic feet per day. This pool has been unable to stand this enormous drainage. The rock pressure has decreased very rapidly, and at the present time about one-half of the wells have been abandoned and the field will only produce about twenty per cent of its original capacity; and in order to produce that quantity it must be done with the aid of large compressor stations. During the past year there have been three large compressor stations erected in the Hogshooter pool at a combined cost of about six hundred thousand dollars, and it is an open question today whether there will be enough additional gas to pump from the field to pay for erection of these stations. The smelters and cement companies have discontinued the extension of their pipe line into Oklahoma and it is hoped for the benefit of the people of that state, as well as in Kansas, that these companies will use other fuel than natural gas in the future.

If the people fully realized the factor these smelters and cement plants have been in the depletion of the gas field, and the consequence which will result if they continue to operate with natural gas, there would be a general call to arms, figuratively speaking, and they would be driven from the field or compelled to use other fuel.

It has been necessary for the gas companies supplying domestic service to extend their lines further south, but even with this effort to serve the people, and by the outlay of an enormous amount of money, they are only able to supply about one half the amount of gas which they could have furnished without any additional cost had the smelters and cement plants kept away. Here is an object lesson for all the cities and towns in the United States which are now supplied with natural gas. The people should fully understand the danger of allowing this precious commodity to be used for boiler purposes in any line of industry. One small boiler in a little factory will burn as much gas in one day as twelve ordinary houses would use for heating, lighting and cooking. The enormous amount of natural gas being used by the many thousand boilers in all the cities and towns supplied with this commodity is appalling to those who have given the subject of conversation any consideration. If this cheap and wasteful consumption were entirely discontinued it would lengthen the life of the natural gas fields and insure to the domestic consumers the luxury of cheap fuel in their homes for a great many years to come.

The natural gas companies, in nearly all cases, are forced into supplying these factories and their boiler consumption at low rates in order to meet the heavy expenses which the gas companies must encounter during the first few years of their constructive period. The people are also to blame; they are unwilling to pay enough for this great luxury in their homes to allow the gas companies to cut off the cheap market.

* * *

OKLAHOMA PUMP STATION, KELLYVILLE

The fact that natural gas in Oklahoma is developed in so many different sands and is scattered over such a wide territory and in so many different small pools makes the operation of the Natural Gas Company a very difficult undertaking. When a large gas well is developed in virgin territory in the eastern fields a company can lease a large acreage and the prospects are that it will develop a good field of gas. In Oklahoma the conditions are different. There are many instances where gas wells have been drilled which started out with the production of from fifteen to thirty million cubic feet per day. These wells were quickly offset by other wells drilled in the same sand on adjoining leases and speedily became unproductive. In fact some of the pools in Oklahoma are so small that one or two wells will drain the gas contents.

This condition also creates an additional burden of expense on the gas companies from the fact that they are often obliged to drill at least four wells around one that is a producer, in order to define the pool. There are several cases in the field where companies have drilled four dry holes around one producing well. When it is understood that these holes cost in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars each to drill it can be seen that oftentimes one producing well in a pool has been obtained at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. Experience has shown that in order to develop one gas well in the Oklahoma gas field it is generally necessary to drill at least three holes, two of which are dry. This, of course, creates a very heavy field expense, and the fact that the pools are scattered makes it necessary to keep extending the pipe lines without increasing the earnings, but with a corresponding burden to the transportation expense.

Even though the gas companies were receiving sufficient revenue to continue building pipe lines they would not have the continuous and unlimited market that now exists for crude oil. The gas must be conserved and shut in the ground until the market is ready to use it. There should be some very strenuous laws enacted governing the conservation of natural gas. At the present time it has absolutely no protection, and there is more gas being wasted today in Oklahoma than is being used for legitimate purposes. The country should be laid out in districts, and each district should have a thorough, competent gas man as inspector who should be clothed with sufficient authority to stop the enormous waste of gas which is going on at present. The gas in Oklahoma is mostly in the shallow sand, and these sands are scattered in small pools. Oil has been developed in the majority of these sands along with the gas, and oil operators have allowed the gas to blow in the air, and hundreds of enormous gas wells have been exhausted a few weeks after they were drilled as a consequence. This is really an evil which is worse than the smelter difficulty. The waste of such large quantities of gas every day throughout the Oklahoma field is fast depleting the gas-producing sands and unless this profligate condition is checked the people will, in a few years, encounter the same condition that exists in Kansas.

The oil operator is anxious to get returns from his work at the earliest possible moment. By wasting the gas and producing the oil he has a ready market for the latter and can sell it every day. Crude oil can be produced, pumped through pipe lines and run into large tanks, or it can be pumped for hundreds of miles to waiting refineries, where it is converted into the many by-products that find their way into the channels of trade. It is entirely different with natural gas; the only place that this commodity can be stored is in the ground. When it comes to the surface it must be used immediately by transportation through pipe line to a commercial market or it will escape in the air.

* * *

A brief statement concerning the discovery and production of the Oklahoma gas pools will show their uncertain nature. In addition to the Caney and Hogshooter pools which have already been mentioned, gas was discovered at Collinsville in the year 1906. The pool covered an area of about one mile wide and three miles long. In the fall of 1909 the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company extended its line into this field in order to supply a portion of the Company's market in Oklahoma City, Shawnee and Guthrie and other small towns along the pipe line. In the fall of 1911 two smelters were erected at Collinsville which demanded ten million cubic feet of gas per day from the pool. The Caney River Gas Company also built lines into the field and during the year 1912 it is estimated that thirty million feet of gas was taken out by the different companies each day. The rock pressure and volume dropped off rapidly, and only twenty million feet per day can be procured at the present time. It is estimated that the life of this pool will not exceed two years more.

The Tulsa gas pool was discovered in 1907. The Osage & Oklahoma Company of Tulsa began taking gas from this field in 1908. During the last three years additional wells have been drilled and at the present time gas has been delivered into the lines of the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company and the Marinott Mining Company to the amount of twenty million cubic feet per day.

In December, 1912, there were two small pools developed north and east of Tulsa, but the volume and rock pressure are declining very rapidly, which clearly shows they cover a very small area.

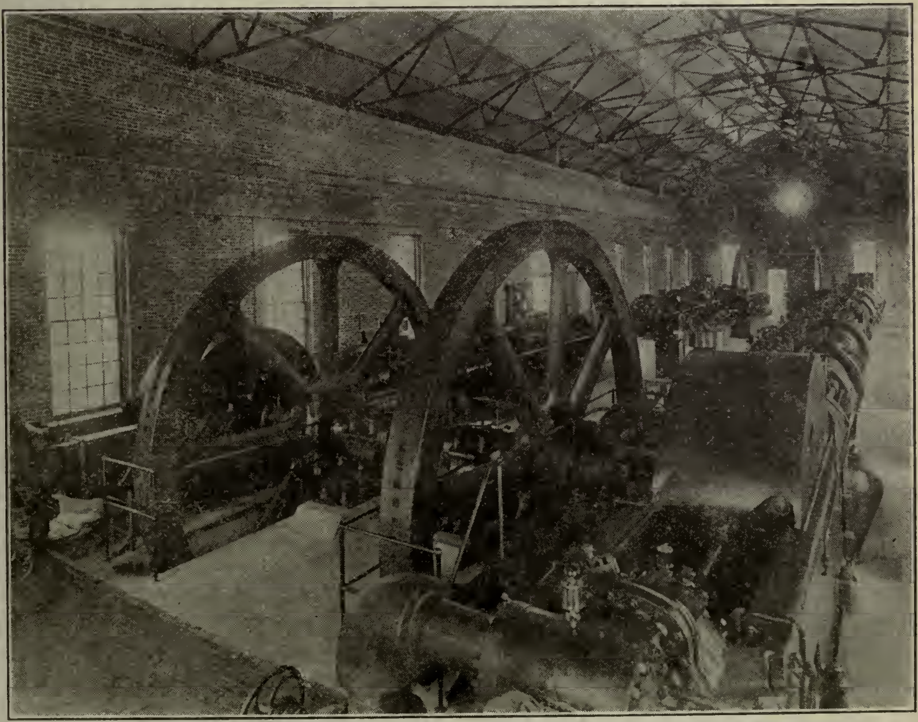
The Osage gas pool, located in the Osage Nation, was first discovered in the year 1901. In 1903 the gas was piped to Tulsa. The rock pressure in this field, which originally was six hundred pounds, is now down to one hundred and fifty pounds. In the latter part of the year 1912 gas was discovered in a lower sand which shows a volume of from three to six million feet with the rock pressure of 710 pounds. These wells have a promising future.

The Glenn pool and Tanaha gas fields were discovered in 1907. A number of gas wells drilled into this field range in volume from two to thirty-five million feet, but declined or became exhausted very rapidly, due to the large amount of gas that was allowed to escape through producing oil wells. Very little gas from this pool was marketed.

A pool was discovered south of Mounds in 1907. Four wells were drilled which had a volume of from eight to ten million feet. The gas was delivered into the lines of the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company, and during the year 1909–10–11 produced four million cubic feet per day. With one exception these wells have been exhausted and abandoned.

The Dolly Tiger gas pool was discovered in 1910, and the volume from four wells which were drilled ranged from twelve to thirty-one million feet. The rock pressure and volume are dropping off very rapidly owing to the small area which the pool covers. There has been a number of gas wells drilled in the Bald Hill pool. Several of these wells came in with a volume from ten to thirty million feet. The pressure and volume rapidly declined, due to the larger amount of gas wasted through the oil wells. No gas has been marketed from this pool.

The Morris pool was discovered in the year 1907–8. Both gas and oil were produced. The only gas marketed from this field was conveyed to the towns of Okmulgee and Morris. The rock pressure and volume at the present time is about one-half the original amount.



PUMP STATION OF THE OKLAHOMA NATURAL GAS COMPANY AT KELLYVILLE

In the Tiger Flats pool, about nine miles southeast of Okmulgee, two gas wells were drilled in the year 1911. At the present time these wells are shut in and no gas has been marketed. Several dry holes have been drilled to the south and west, which indicated that the pool does not cover a very large area.

At Winchell is located the Henryetta or Shulthis pool, in which a number of gas wells have been developed in the same sand from which oil has been produced. These wells range from five to twenty-five million feet in volume. The pressure is diminishing very rapidly due to the waste of gas by producing oil wells.

The latest gas pool discovered in Oklahoma is known as the Cushing field. From the present developments in this field the sand looks quite favorable to cover a large area of gas-producing territory. On January 23, 1913, the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company completed a twelve-inch branch pipe line to the Cushing field, which connects with its main trunk line to Oklahoma City. Owing to the different producing stratas in the Cushing field producing both oil and gas it is impossible to state how long the gas would last in this field. In all probability it will suffer the same fate as that of the gas in other oil pools developed and operated in Oklahoma.

On account of the gas companies being unable to lease up and acquire solid blocks of gas territory in Oklahoma it seems almost impossible to preserve the natural gas in that field. Under the rulings of the Interior Department the land is leased to so many different operators that the majority of oil producers make no effort to save or prevent the waste of natural gas. Their only interest is to get through the different formations to develop the oil; and they care nothing whatever about the conservation of the gas.

* * *

The history of the oil and gas industry in Oklahoma is not a history of wisdom and keen foresight. It shows that in 1903 Guffy & Galey, T. N. Barnsdall and other pioneers in the Oklahoma field began taking leases in and around Bartlesville, Tulsa and Red Fork. About one-half of the territory at that time was restricted to lands belonging to the Indians of the five civilized tribes and was controlled by the government through the Interior Department. In order to make their titles valid it was necessary to secure the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, and drastic rulings governed these leases. These rulings were formulated by officials of the Interior Department who knew absolutely nothing about the oil and gas business. One individual or one company or corporation could not hold more than forty-eight hundred acres at any one time, and individuals or corporations were obliged to prove to the Department their financial ability to develop the leases when approved. Drastic restrictions prevented lessees from transferring their property without the consent of the Interior Department, and in every possible way the officials endeavored to control the situation so as to keep the older and larger companies from leasing up the territory. The result has been that the oil and gas territory of Oklahoma has been divided up, and the leases are now held by several hundred different individuals, the majority of whom have never had any experience in the oil and gas business.

The Standard Oil subsidiary companies were able to store up millions of barrels of oil at a time when the price ranged from thirty to forty cents. The Oklahoma oil is about seventy-five per cent the value of Pennsylvania crude. The profit from the by-products will run in about that proportion, but during all these years the producers of the eastern field have been enjoying prices of from four to five times higher than the prices in the Oklahoma field, and the recent enormous advance in crude petroleum in the eastern market has not been shared by the producers of the mid-continent field. If there were no discriminating conditions the price of Oklahoma oil today would be nearly two dollars instead of eighty-eight cents.

There are several large natural gas companies in Oklahoma supplying nearly all the principal cities and towns in Oklahoma, Kansas and some in Missouri. These gas companies are unable to lease up a large block of territory in order to protect themselves for future reserve supply of gas. They are compelled to buy the gas from the various small producers scattered over the territory. This makes the operating expenses of the companies extra heavy and must shortly be followed by an increase in rates to consumers in order to maintain and operate their properties on a paying basis.

There are over a million people enjoying the luxuries of natural gas from the mid-continent field. In the near future the majority of these people will be obliged to pay higher prices for this luxury. This is absolutely imperative because of the depletion of the fields.

16" O.D.
377
Aug. 20
1910

"MODEL BARGE LOUISIANA" CONTAINING TWELVE MILES OF 16" PIPE TRANSPORTED BY RIVER FROM McKEESPORT, PENNSYLVANIA, TO MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, THENCE TO CENTRAL ARKANSAS, FOR PIPE LINE OF ARKANSAS NATURAL GAS COMPANY

As this article is being written the gas and oil men of Oklahoma are in a most unfortunate contention before the Legislature—a contention which may result in serious injury not only to themselves but to the people of the state. The gas interests secured the introduction of a bill designed to conserve the natural gas of the state and to prevent so far as possible the enormous waste of gas by the oil producers. It is not in Oklahoma alone that the flagrant waste of gas by the oil men is engaging serious attention and calling forth severe criticism by men who are interested in the conservation of our national resources; Louisiana and practically every other state where oil and gas are produced have taken official recognition of this profligate method of drilling, and the oil operators are no longer permitted to recklessly blow the gas into the air.

No doubt the work of conserving the gas makes the production of oil more costly and the Oklahoma oil men, angered by the introduction of a gas conservation bill in the Legislature, have adopted a means of retaliation by urging the passage of a retaliatory bill to make the gas pipe lines common carriers and the pipe line companies common purchasers. On the face of the bill it seems to apply to all pipe line companies, but it cannot affect the foreign corporations engaged in the interstate business of piping gas out of Oklahoma, because the Legislature of that or any other state has no power over the interstate companies and cannot impose any burden or restrictions upon them. The bill can only affect about two domestic companies supplying Oklahoma City, Shawnee, Guthrie, Muskogee and about thirty smaller towns of the state.

The half-dozen great interstate pipe line companies transmitting gas beyond the borders of the state would have unrestrained privilege to take all the gas they can obtain in Oklahoma and transmit it to the people of other states unhampered by the provisions of this proposed law, while the two domestic companies would be subjected to heavy burdens and restrictions.

How inconsistent the people of Oklahoma will appear if the Legislature passes such a measure! Oklahoma once forbade the exportation of natural gas. It was needed, the people said, to attract manufacturing institutions and to benefit the citizens of the state generally. The Supreme Court of the United States, however, decided that the Pipe Line Companies could convey the Oklahoma gas to any place within the confines of the United States. Now the Legislature is asked to foster the exportation of natural gas by placing heavy burdens upon the companies that have undertaken to supply the people of the state and to let the concerns that convey the Oklahoma Gas to the people of Missouri and Kansas operate without any restraint or restrictions. It does not seem possible that the legislature of Oklahoma can by the passage of such a law say, in effect, to the people of that state, "smite the hand that feeds thee," nor can it be imagined that such an insult to invested capital will be allowed to darken pages of the Statute books of that state.

* * *

During the past four years extensive oil and natural gas developments have been made in what is known as the Caddo Field, in Northern Louisiana. Among the large operators developing in this field were Messrs. M. L. Benedum, J. C. Trees and H. S. Grayson, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, conducting operations as the J. C. Trees Oil Company, who developed a large production of both gas and oil. These operators, however, were unable to find a market for the natural gas, in the vicinity of their properties, and a company was formed in the early part of 1910, known as the Arkansas Natural Gas Company, to transport this gas to Little Rock, the capital city of Arkansas, also to Hot Springs, Pine Bluff, and other cities and towns located between the field and the terminus of the line at Little Rock, as no paying fields of natural gas had been developed in Arkansas closer than the Caddo Gas Field of Louisiana.

The project of building a pipe line system of more than four hundred miles, portions of which are eighteen inches in diameter, for conveying natural gas to cities and towns in Arkansas from the great Caddo Gas Field of Louisiana, was promoted and undertaken by Messrs. J. C. Trees, M. L. Benedum, H. S. Grayson, William Flinn, George H. Flinn, A. B. Dally, Jr., Joseph F. Guffey and B. G. Dawes, prominent oil and gas operators and financiers of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Surveys for the line were commenced in the spring of 1910, which were hindered by many difficulties, owing to the character of the country, especially in regard to the numerous rivers, lakes, bayous and other streams and lowlands subject to overflow, that had to be crossed with the pipe lines. These difficulties, however, were finally overcome, and actual work of constructing the line began in September, 1910, by the contracting firm of Booth & Flinn, Limited, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with large forces of men, and the main line to Little Rock was completed and gas turned into the line for demonstration purposes in the month of May, 1911, on the occasion of the Confederate reunion at Little Rock.

The pipe line runs in a northerly direction from the Caddo Fields to the Red River in Arkansas, where it crosses that stream with manifold lines near Garland City, thence to Hope, and from Hope it parallels the Iron Mountain Railroad to Little Rock, and from Malvern, Arkansas, on the main line, branches are laid to the cities of Pine Bluff and Hot Springs. The Company's lines pass through Hope, Prescott, Arkadelphia, Malvern and Benton, besides several other small towns between these points.

The work was accomplished rapidly, regardless of the many difficulties, and without interruption during the winter of that year, which was an unusually favorable one for outside work.

The transportation of pipe from the iron and steel mills in Pennsylvania and Ohio, that entered into this large project, was accomplished by both railroad and water shipments, as much as twelve miles of pipe being loaded on single model barges and transported to Memphis, and then conveyed by rail to the various unloading points along the Iron Mountain railroad.

The transportation of heavy fittings and other material, and the building of lines through rivers and streams, were important features of this line that required careful engineering and skilful workmanship.

MANIFOLD RIVER LINES AT OUACHITA RIVER, CENTRAL ARKANSAS
ARKANSAS NATURAL GAS COMPANY

The acquiring of rights-of-way through virgin forests, plantations and farm lands, also the building of a private metallic circuit telephone system along the route of the pipe lines was also an important feature of this project.

Cities and towns were also piped for using this ideal fuel, and the supply was turned into the lines, for domestic and manufacturing purposes, on July 1, 1911, the completion of the lines being accomplished in less than one year.

Many farmers along the line are using the gas, and the entire territory served by the company has a population of 150,000 people. The total amount of main pipe line used in serving this territory at the present time is three hundred miles; and the distributing lines in the various cities and towns in which the company sells to consumers, aggregate 165 miles. The cities of Little Rock, Argenta, and Hot Springs have their own distributing companies.

In all the cities and towns natural gas was enthusiastically welcomed by the people; everybody hailed with delight the arrival of the gas men, and within two years many thousands have become consumers. Besides being used for domestic purposes in the Arkansas cities, natural gas is also used in the manufacturing plants, such as cotton oil mills, rice plants, electric lighting companies, and other varied industries.

In cities and towns supplied by the Arkansas Natural Gas Company, the price of coal has been very high, owing to the long distance from the mines; the only other available fuel was wood, which is also very expensive. Neither has any natural gas been discovered in Arkansas, except in moderate quantities on the western border of the State near Fort Smith, and which was not sufficient to pipe to this territory. In the cities of Hot Springs, Pine Bluff and Little Rock, artificial gas was sold at prices ranging from $1.25 or $1.50 per thousand cubic feet. The franchise price for natural gas in the several cities and towns is fifty cents per thousand cubic feet; the company, however, is only charging forty cents per thousand for the first five thousand cubic feet consumed for domestic purposes per month, and thirty cents for all used in excess of that amount. The rate for natural gas used for industrial purposes is twelve and one-half cents per thousand cubic feet, which is very much cheaper than any other class of fuel available in any of the cities or towns supplied by the company. The heat unit value of the Caddo gas ranges from 960 to 1,050 B. T. U. It is understood that there is small profit in furnishing gas for manufacturing purposes in Arkansas at this price, carrying the gas so great a distance, but it is believed that such a low rate will aid in developing the manufacturing institutions and thus build up the cities, which naturally will increase the domestic consumption, and the results on the whole will be satisfactory.

The capacity of the present pipe line is sufficient to meet a growth of practically double the population now served. The company is applying every means to insure a good supply for many years, and has already nearly two hundred thousand acres under lease.

In the Caddo Field, the depth at which the gas is found in the most prolific volume is from eight hundred to one thousand feet. The deeper formations range from twenty-three hundred to three thousand feet, but most of the drilling up to this time has been in the shallow sands. The percentage of dry holes in the Caddo Field is not as heavy as in some of the northern fields.

The operation of the pipe line from the Caddo Field to the cities and towns of Arkansas is attended by difficulties that do not exist in most of the other gas territories. The swift currents of the rivers, with their shifting sands, involved the necessity of great care in the construction, because, during the rainy seasons, portions of the pipe are in danger of being destroyed by the currents. It is often the case that the lowlands and much of the pipe are under water, which make repairs, in case of breakage or trouble, extremely difficult. Emergency pipe is stored at regular intervals along the line to provide for all these contingencies, and the system is patrolled daily by regular line-walkers, and diving equipments for working under water when occasion requires are also provided for flood emergencies.

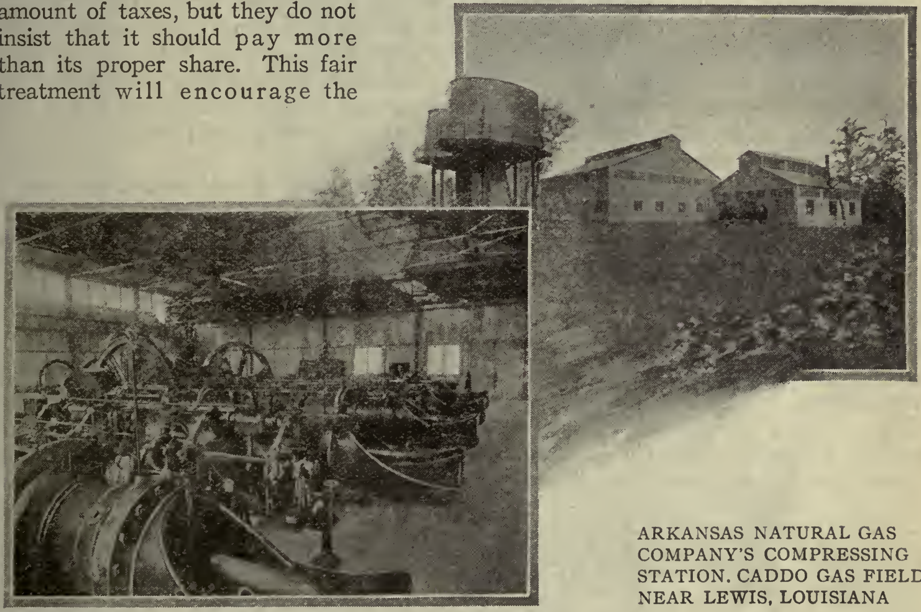
* * *

The difficulties of surveying lines and laying pipe through swamps and low country, crossing streams and lakes where the sand is easily disturbed and washed by floods and high water, can hardly be understood, except by those who venture into such a hazardous enterprise; yet the pipe line system of the Arkansas Natural Gas Company is said to be as near perfection as engineering skill and money can make it.

But few realize the great care and watchfulness which must be employed in delivering natural gas under such conditions. A number of men must be employed to watch the lines to observe gauges and record pressure and weather conditions. The weather forecast must be determined in advance, and arrangements made to meet every possible requirement, stations for this purpose being provided in which hourly records are taken every day of the year.

Natural gas is peculiarly adapted to the quickly changing weather conditions of the Southern States. During the extreme hot seasons it localizes the amount of heat necessary for culinary purposes, and dispenses with the heavy cast-iron stoves which radiate their heat in all directions long after the meals are prepared. During a sudden drop in the temperature, the heat from the gas stoves may be obtained at a moment's notice, and the fluctuations in weather conditions do not bring with them the unpleasant conditions which must necessarily be present where families are compelled to fire up coal stoves or furnaces to heat their homes.

To the credit of the people of Arkansas, it should be stated that they have given every encouragement possible to the promoters of this natural gas project. Their attitude is, indeed, an object lesson to the people of other states, who seem to antagonize the gas interests whenever the opportunity arises. The people of Arkansas are more interested in securing good natural gas service than they are in antagonizing the gas company by unfair or obstructive legislation. They realize that antagonism of this nature is apt to reach a point which might bring disaster to the Company, and in the end work a great injury to themselves. They expect the gas company to pay a reasonable amount of taxes, but they do not insist that it should pay more than its proper share. This fair treatment will encourage the company to go ahead with development and secure the advantages of the precious commodity to the people of Arkansas for many years. Such a liberal policy toward semi-public corporations will result in confidence on the part of capitalists that their investments will be treated fairly and they will not hesitate to put their money into Arkansas enterprises and thus be of material assistance in developing the immense resources of the state.



ARKANSAS NATURAL GAS COMPANY'S COMPRESSING STATION. CADDO GAS FIELD NEAR LEWIS, LOUISIANA

The cost of this natural gas project in Louisiana and Arkansas was approximately five million dollars, and the people of Arkansas who are now enjoying nature's best and most convenient fuel owe their appreciation and thanks to the promoters of this enterprise. These gentlemen have placed them under the same favorable conditions enjoyed in the foremost cities of the United States, who have been using this high-class fuel for more than thirty years, and which has lessened the labors and household cares to a very considerable extent.

* * *

The history of natural gas in the Appalachian Field began in 1872, when the first line was laid in Titusville. By 1881 several cities in the oil and gas field were being supplied with gas. In 1884 gas was distributed for domestic purposes in Pittsburgh. Today the consumption at times of maximum demand runs close to a billion cubic feet per day, one-half of which is consumed in the Pittsburgh district alone. Natural gas from the Appalachian field is now being supplied to cities from Buffalo on the north, Elmira on the east, Lexington, Kentucky, on the south, and Cincinnati on the west. The region which is enjoying the benefits of natural gas from this field contains an area of 65,000 square miles and a population of 7,000,000, nearly half of which use gas for fuel.

Natural gas in commercial quantities is

found in twenty-two counties in Pennsylvania, extending from Tioga County on the northeast to Green County in the southeast corner. In spite of a long time during which the natural gas has been served to the people of Pennsylvania the quantity produced in 1911 aggregated 104,018,296,000 cubic feet. More gas is consumed in Pennsylvania than any other state. Some of this gas is imported from West Virginia, although that state also imports gas from Pennsylvania. The city of Wheeling is supplied from the Pennsylvania fields. The number of domestic consumers in Pennsylvania increased from 321,430 in 1910 to 330,537 in 1911. During that year a total of 832 gas wells and 224 dry holes were drilled. The number of producing wells at the close of 1911 was 10,809. The number of acres under lease in Pennsylvania at the end of 1911 was 1,372,131. There were 103,595 acres held in fee and 575,046 acres of which different companies held gas rights. The farmers of Pennsylvania are receiving over two million dollars as rentals and royalties from the gas companies; about two million dollars are paid out by the companies to superintend and operate the natural gas industry in that state; it costs eight hundred thousand dollars a year to pump the gas from the wells to the consumers and it requires approximately eleven million a year to meet the expense of salaries to employees, material for repairs and extensions, and drilling operations in the field.

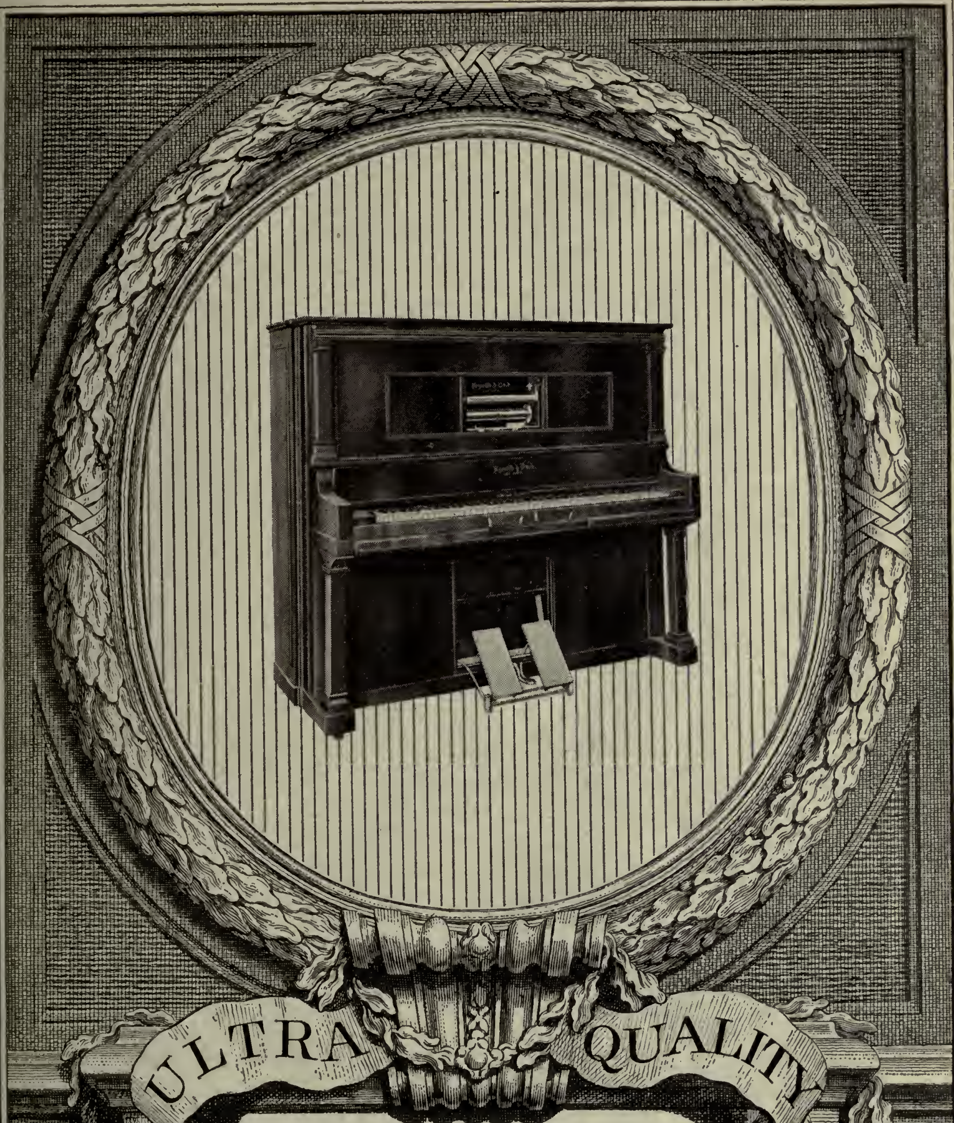
Natural gas will, in all probability, be supplied to the cities and towns in Pennsylvania for many years to come. Huge fortunes are being spent by different companies to insure an available supply. Wherever there is the slightest evidence of gas the acreage for many miles are being leased for drilling privileges. The Peoples Gas Company, of Pittsburgh, is exploring the deeper formations for gas. About twenty-seven miles from Pittsburgh the Company is drilling the deepest well in the United States, and with one exception the deepest in the world. At this writing, February 1, the well has been drilled to a depth of 6,060 feet and the drills are still going deeper.

In the early days of natural gas service in Pennsylvania the different cities were mostly supplied by small local companies. When the gas fields adjacent to the cities began to decline many of these small companies merged or became a part of larger companies serving Pittsburgh and the mining districts. Today practically all the cities of Pennsylvania are supplied by one of the large companies which have built big trunk lines to all the important gas pools.

BOOKS

I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book, in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue.

—*R. W. Emerson.*



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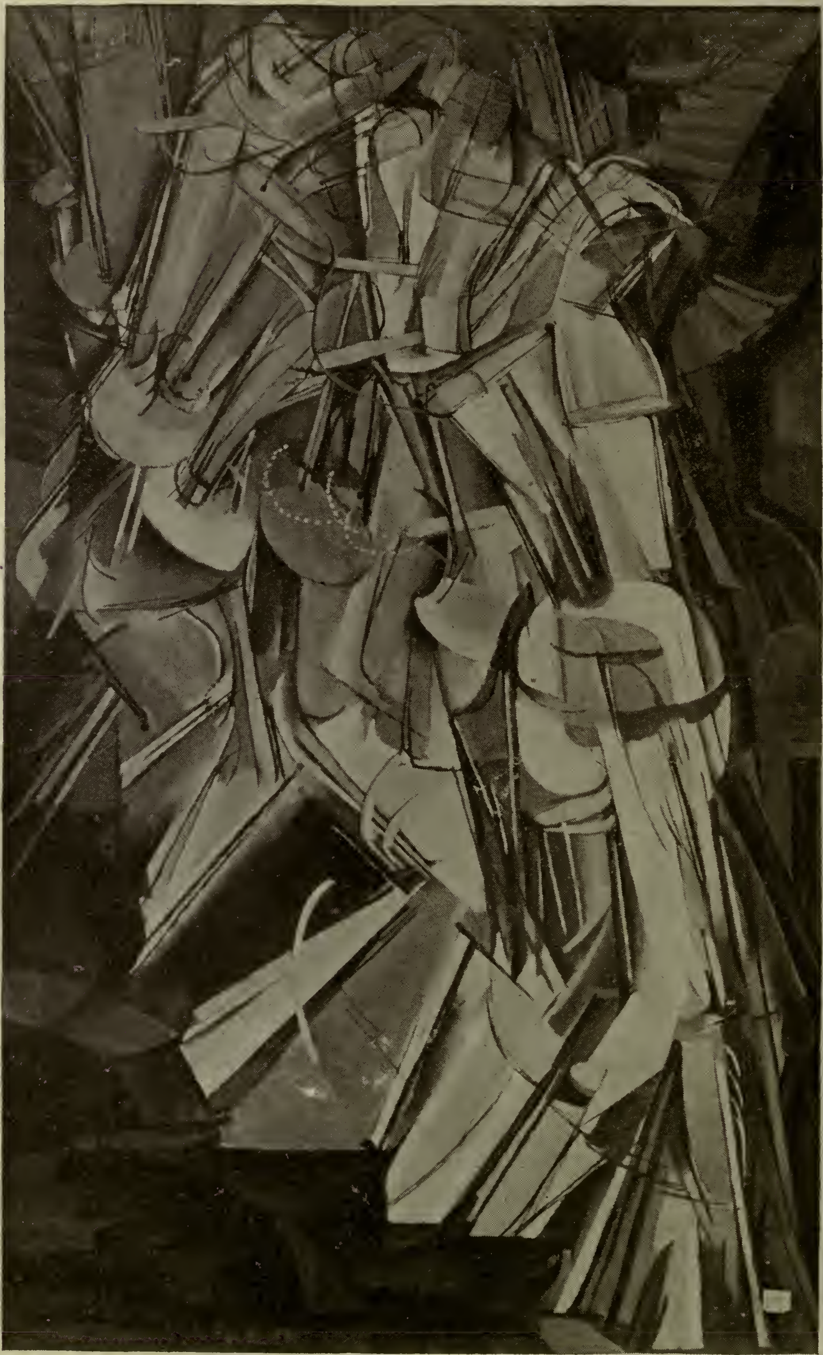


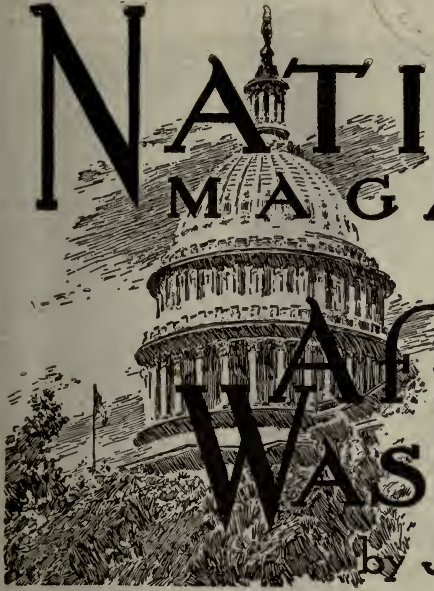
WHERE IS THE LADY?

Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase." A sample of the cubists' art shown at the First International Exhibit of Modern Art (illustrating sketch "The Ragtime Painter-Man," page 250)

Lawrence
Public Library,

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MAY, 1913



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH an extra session of Congress under way and the innovations of a new administration being tried out and tested, the machinery of the Democratic administration has fairly begun to work. The visit of President Wilson to the Capitol to read his "address" to Congress, instead of delivering the conventional written message, was one of the features. Although there were apprehensions concerning a speech "from the throne," nothing approaching imperialistic methods occurred, for President Wilson prefaced what he had to say with a brief extemporaneous introduction which allayed all antagonism, and proceeded to voice a manly and really democratic policy. The President not only spoke to Congress, but also held conferences with the Finance Committee of the Senate, in this way launching new methods of keeping in close personal touch with men and events at the Capital.

There have been frequent conferences at the White House between the President and Hon. Oscar W. Underwood, the "man of the hour" during the period of tariff-making. The President was evidently determined to shake every ounce of protection out of the bill submitted, and even before Congress convened, it was in the air at the White House that downward tariff revision should come with a thud.

The first three months of the Wilson administration have found the President pursuing in Washington the same methods that he formerly employed at Trenton. The personnel of the calling list at the executive office has perhaps changed and broadened, but the routine continues the same.

* * * * *

THE languid days of late spring do not make work in the Capital City any more alluring, for the fishing and golfing season is open, and baseball games were scheduled after the President had duly christened the ball with an autograph and tossed it toward the diamond. The executive

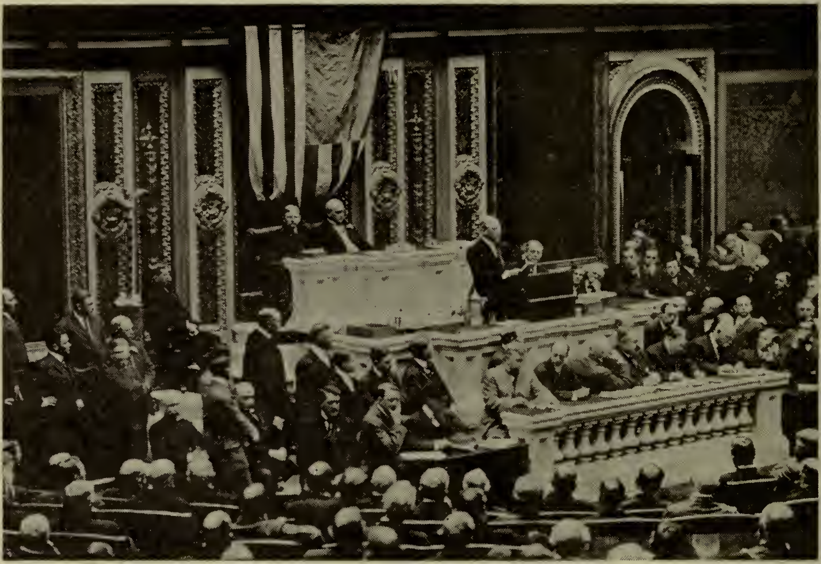


Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT WILSON ADDRESSING CONGRESS

Before a joint session of the Senate and House, the President delivered his tariff message personally in the House of Representatives. This is the first time an Executive has addressed Congress in session since 1801

opening of the baseball season interfered with the regular "newspaper cabinet" meeting on Thursday, but on Friday the members of the press met in the Circular Room. The desk was decorated with a bouquet of red carnations and covered with papers and documents, and the President, standing back of his chair, watched his visitors come in as if it was one of his classes in college. For a moment there was an awkward silence, then a pleasant smile relieved all embarrassment; the ice was broken, and questions on varied subjects—the situation in China, the Japanese problem, the new governor of Alaska and whether he must be a resident or not, etc.—came thick and fast from around the table.

These informal weekly meetings between the President and the press promise to become one of the most popular features of the Wilson administration. Already other departments are adopting this new method of procedure. After four in the afternoon the members of the press are received at the State Department, where Secretary Bryan appears, smiling and cordial, to hand out typewritten statements, supplemented by some discussion of timely topics. Surely, as one Washington sage remarked, the long-suffering reporter is beginning to come into his own.

* * * * *

ANNOUNCEMENT has been formally made that President Wilson is to make his summer home in New Hampshire at "Harlakenden," the beautiful estate owned by Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel." The President will take up his residence there upon his return from

Panama and the Canal Zone, which he will visit as soon as possible after Congress adjourns — a date now indefinite on the official calendar.

* * *

SOCIETY in Washington has agreed that the President knows his history well, and that Jefferson himself could not outdo the new chief executive in simplicity. He shies at formality, and often in the evening escapes the exactions of social duties by visiting the home of his Secretary, where the six lively young Tumultys are always ready to play until bedtime. On other nights, the President may stroll over to the Capitol with his daughters.

In the afternoon at 2.30 a public reception is held in the East Room. Recently the girls of a fashionable woman's college attended and there was a flood-tide of new millinery creations. Mrs. Wilson joined her husband in the receiving line, and three hundred and fifty people passed by in twelve minutes. As many as fifteen hundred people have been received by the President in one afternoon, and it was humorously suggested that in this form of afternoon exercise Mr. Wilson uses his right hand, while in the morning the "left hand" is given to some of the ardent office-seekers.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. OLLIE M. JAMES

The brilliant young wife of the Senator from Kentucky. Mrs. James came to Washington as a bride, for she was married in 1903, her husband's first year in Congress. She is a native Kentucky beauty and a special favorite in social Washington

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WHEN Hon. Josephus Daniels began his work as Secretary of the Navy he found one desk in his office liberally supplied with pencils. There were blue pencils, indelible pencils, common lead pencils—in fact all kinds of pencils coyly reposed there awaiting use.

When the Secretary sat down, it is reported that he selected the biggest, bluest pencil in the lot, and began to edit everything that was left around, whether naval reports, summaries, digests or appropriations. It seemed like the old days when he was building up the *Raleigh Observer* down in North Carolina.

Veritable armfuls of mail are brought to Secretary Daniels, and he "goes over it" just as he would sift out good copy from his correspondents at home. Like the newspaper editor, also, he has no regular restrictive "hours," and his friends usually know that they will find him "in," day or night. Things move so rapidly with him that on the occasion of the "Gridiron Dinner" he could not find time to go home and dress. His evening attire was hastily brought to the office and all went well until—alack and alas—there was a tie to be tied. The services of Secretary Banks, the stenographers, clerks and watchman were all enlisted, but the tie refused to be tied. The magic sailor's knot would not loop in the precincts of the Naval Department. In desperation the attendants began the chorus, "Blest be the tie," etc., while the watchman went outside and said things on behalf of the party.

Nevertheless, the Secretary of the Navy arrived at the Gridiron Club ready for the barbecue, though the reporter who told him how "unusually fit" he was looking still wonders why such an innocent remark should call forth peals of laughter from Josephus Daniels.

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THESE are busy days at the White House. President Woodrow Wilson rises early, has breakfast at 8.30 and is at work at nine. He shaves himself, and the barbers of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft are "without occupation." President McKinley was able to perform the operation without a glass in front of him, while President Wilson uses glasses upon a glass.

The President is a firm advocate of the simple life. He seldom remains up later than eleven o'clock and even on the night of his inauguration it is said that he excused himself at 10.30 and retired, so the orders are "lights out" at 11—a contrast to the midnight lights often burning to two or three o'clock in the morning, when President Taft was in the White House. President Wilson is an advocate of sleep—he requires, it is said, nine hours, though Napoleon may have decreed five hours sufficient and Edison three. The new President has a fondness for guests at luncheon, and delights in an old-fashioned visit. He has his dinner hour at seven sharp, instead of at eight, as during the previous administration, and some say he has alluded to the evening meal oftentimes as "supper."

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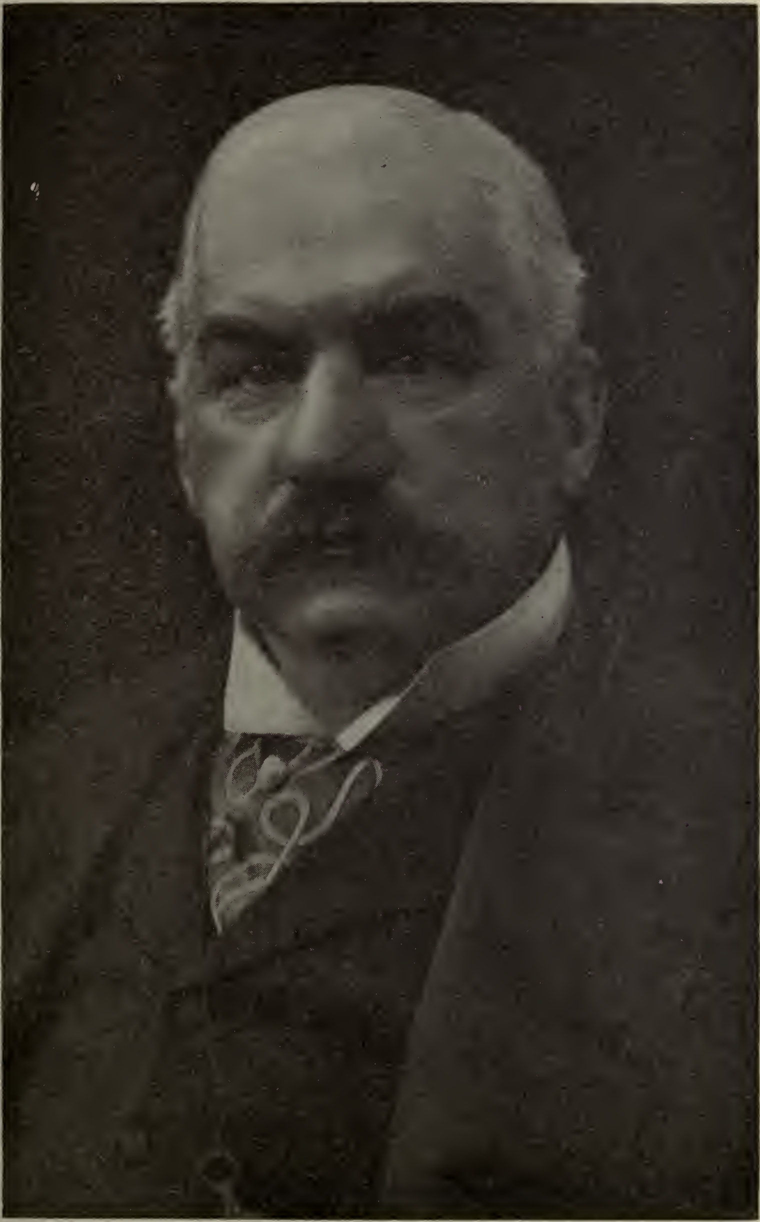
THE four hundred and thirty-five members of Congress seemed to be packed rather snugly together as they filed in to try the new seating arrangement of the House of Representatives. The old desks have been discarded, and there will be no more writing of letters or pasting of postage stamps while a thrilling oration is being delivered from the rostrum. The Congressman who has no interest in proceedings will hereafter find no relief except to take a quiet nap.

Under the new dispensation each Congressman's allotment in the House consists of one good, big seat, "as comfortable as those in a hotel lobby," and a large brass cuspidor, which reposes hard by. Seen from the front of the House, these cuspidors are as conspicuous as an armor-plated door knob. Perhaps some of the boys who are now employed in polishing the cuspidors may finally emulate Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore," who "polished up the handle of the big front door" and rose to distinction.

Even the color of the House carnation has changed—for Speaker Clark wears a white flower, where Speaker Cannon wore red. Secretary Bryan also prefers white, so the ancient floral distinctions of the English War of the Roses find their later types in the party emblems of the American Republic.



THE LATE J. PIERPONT MORGAN

The monetary sphinx of Wall Street and until disarmed by death the financial monarch of the new world. Also a generous patron of art; a man of many public and secret charities; and in his home life a loving son, husband and father

Photo by Clinedinst

UNITED STATES TREASURER JOHN BURKE
Who arrived in Washington April 1st to take up the duties of his new post. As Governor of North Dakota Mr. Burke was recognized as one of the leading political forces of the West

THE successor of Carmi Thompson as treasurer of the United States is former Governor John Burke of North Dakota, who arrived in Washington two weeks ahead of time and worked without pay, getting everything shipshape for a good beginning April first. Governor Burke's appointment as United States Treasurer was one of the first made by President Wilson and was generally looked upon as one of the best deserved. John Burke is one of the strong and sturdy characters of the West, who was a Democrat when Democrats were scarce in North Dakota. Through sheer personality he carried the state against strong Republican opponents. He always wore a fur-lined coat on his picturesque campaigns, and his candidacy became inseparably associated with his heavy overcoat. When the battleship "North Dakota" was launched he came on to Boston and got lost in the crooked streets, but was rescued by a newspaper man who recognized the fur collar on the wanderer's overcoat.

Although he is proudly claimed as a real son of the West, yet John Burke is of good old New England stock, and he never takes a trip East but he discovers some new family connections. When last in Boston he discovered a real fifth cousin in Dr. Loring W. Puffer, a prominent resident of Brockton, Massachusetts. Whether in the East or in the West, John Burke has a host of friends. The people of the United States are now expressing the same confidence in him as their Treasurer as did his northwestern constituents when with buckboard in summer and sleigh in winter he made his canvass from house to house and won the enduring confidence of the farmers and voters of North Dakota.

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IT was a bright Sunday in Washington, and President Wilson and his family had attended church. The police surrounded the temple of worship to keep back the curious crowds, but even the blue coats could not repress the little folks who gathered about the doors on the way to Sunday School. President Wilson passed quietly out in his most dignified manner, doubtless trying to recall the text of the sermon, as he pulled on his gloves. Then a tiny tot in the crowd spoke up to her big sister: "I wonder if he used to go to Sunday School?" Miss Jessie Wilson burst into a laugh, her mother and sisters smiled, and the President put his hand to his mouth and coughed. He nodded approvingly as the little one's sister answered, "Certainly; he never could have been President if he hadn't."

Photo by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT WILSON LEAVING CHURCH

A view of President and Mrs. Wilson and the Misses Margaret, Eleanor and Jessie Wilson coming from services on Sunday; the church surrounded by police in order to keep back the curious crowds

The comments of the average American throng, whether children or grown-ups, are always most interesting, and I often wish that a phonograph could be arranged to catch the remarks of the crowd in all their expressive and original freshness. Some public men might perhaps be a little different in their manner could they overhear the opinions expressed as they pass by in the supreme dignity of their present elevation.

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A PROFILE view of the President reveals a firm-set chin that indicates determination, and although he has a happy faculty of meeting various delegations with pleasant and timely questions and answers, yet there is an impenetrable immobility in his features that reminds one of the quiet reserve power limned by great painters in the portraits of dead and gone statesmen whose names and policies are still household words.

Asked concerning the proposition of having the government clerks at Washington begin work at eight instead of nine o'clock, the President laughingly said that he had only heard of the movement through the newspapers, adding that he was not sure that such a movement would be altogether popular in his own individual instance. Attired in a business suit, with a lavender necktie and simple stickpin, he sat in the President's chair just as he formerly occupied the professor's chair at Princeton.

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EXPONENTS of the new administration are full of social activity in the early springtime. Washington has a peculiar fascination for women. Ask any Congressman why he desires to remain in Washington and he will answer, "My wife likes it." "It is the woman in the case," remarked a cynical bachelor Congressman, "who decides upon Washington." Once immersed in the whirl of society, where national celebrities, past and present, mingle freely together, the woman in Washington is soon under that fascination of society which is so often read about and so seldom experienced elsewhere. The first extra session of a Democratic House and Senate was coeval with an overture of social liveliness that took some of the sharp edge off the tariff axe.

As was anticipated, many new society leaders have appeared in Washington, largely from the South, and there follows a renaissance of the spirit of true Southern hospitality and delicately toned courtesy and attention in social affairs, such as has not been known for years past.

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THE adoption of the seventeenth amendment to the Constitution, providing for the direct election of Senators by the people, is likely to change the personnel of the Senate, as primaries affected the House. The old type of personal leadership, prominent at conventions and expert in directing public opinion and enthusiasm, is doomed and will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

The new order of things decrees that the Senators must be chosen in the silent political cloister of the primary. The canvass in the campaign for the primary has been greatly improved by the facility for scattering literature over the country through the rural free delivery routes. It is not necessary to go to little meetings and hear questions discussed and argued as in the old pioneer days. The festive and frequent circular tells the whole story, and the senatorial timber of the future will depend on the campaigning qualities of the newer "elections by mail" method, rather than on the old and impressive leadership in gatherings of men, the action of delegates under the enthusiasm of a party platform, and thrilling personal debate and discussion, as in the days of Lincoln and Douglas. Get the circular and follow-up system started, and keep the rubber stamp busy, and a Senator is created. He does not have to appear in person—others can write his campaign circulars. He must only appear in person to be sworn in. That much of the old method remains.

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TO get a glimpse of the real man you have to see Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty with his hat off. When you find him seated in the family circle, with the baby on his knee, and surrounded by his wife and six children, you can understand why Mr. Tumulty has a good deal of human nature about him. The way he handles visitors at the White House indicates that he is free from the icy formality sometimes assumed to support secretarial dignity. He talks straight out, frankly and freely, and the work which he began with Woodrow Wilson as Governor of New Jersey he is now carrying on well with his chief in the presidential chair. Secretary Tumulty has little time for social affairs, for he spends long hours at the executive office, and is generally glad at night to find time for a rollic with the children at home.

HARRIS & EWING
WASHINGTON

SECRETARY TUMULTY AND HIS FAMILY
A photograph taken in the Tumulty home showing the Secretary to the President and Mrs. Tumulty and their six children. From left to right, the children are Joseph, Mary, Catherine, Alicia, Philip (on his father's knee), Grace

ABOUT this time all new officials are being photographed at their desks. Assuming their most dignified expression, and taking their "pen in hand" according to the old rules for letter writing, they submit to being portrayed, in the hope that a "legitimate" pose will offset the impression conveyed to readers by the ubiquitous snapshot man, who seemingly has "caught" the unwary official everywhere except at work. Accordingly, Hon. Charles P. Higgins of Missouri, the new Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, is presented in the corner room, pen in hand, poised for the execution of his official duties. Mr. Higgins' appointment has already proved popular among the members of the Senate. He understands what is to be done by the Sergeant-at-arms, and the august dignity of the Senate will be rigorously upheld under his administration without, however, affecting the democratic simplicity which is characteristic of the men from Missouri.

Photo by Clinedinst

HON. CHARLES P. HIGGINS OF MISSOURI
The new Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. He succeeds Sergeant Edgar Livingstone Cornelius

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WHEN the suffragettes marched to the Capitol on April 7th to present their petition in the Senate Building, there was one among them who enjoyed the unique distinction of having been the governor of a state and commonwealth. Although the state of Oregon but recently adopted "votes for women," yet one of the gentler sex has already acted as its chief executive. When Governor Chamberlain was selected by the people of Oregon as United States Senator, he came on to Washington to take the oath of office. There was no lieutenant-governor, and in the meantime the

Governor's secretary took the reins and became acting governor. In this case the secretary to the Governor happened to be Mrs. C. B. Shelton, and thus it was that a lady was absolutely and officially the ruling head of the State until the return of Governor Chamberlain. It was especially fitting that Mrs. Shelton should hold this office, for her father was one of the first pioneers who journeyed "around the Horn" and settled in Oregon. Mrs. Shelton is now clerk of the Committee on Public Lands of the United States Senate, one of the best positions in the public service. During the Inauguration, when women visitors from home called at her office they addressed Mrs. Shelton formally as "Governor," insisting that as she once held the office she should properly be addressed by that title. It was remarked, however, that no one made the fatal error of referring to her as "governess."

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. C. B. SHELTON
Who acted as Governor of Oregon in February and March, 1909, in the absence of Governor Chamberlain, for whom she was private secretary. Mrs. Shelton is now clerk of the Senate Committee on Public Lands

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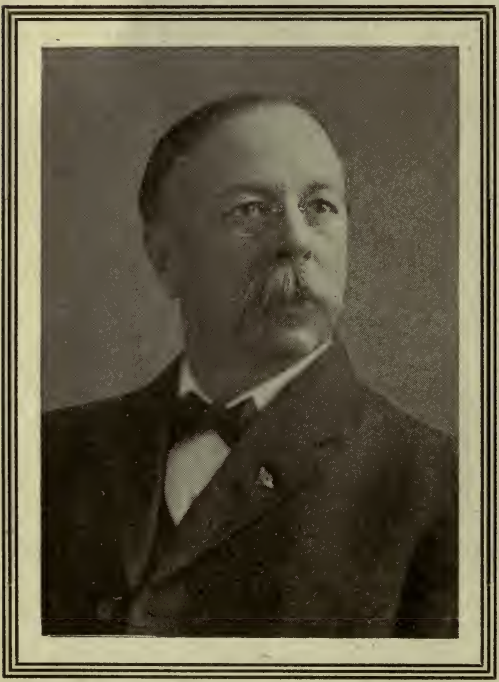
MANY of the new Congressmen enjoy the distinction of being "successor to so-and-so," naming some man recently famous in the annals of national legislation, a distinction that too frequently has waned when the "successor" fails to measure up to the ability and character of his predecessor. Thus the location of the homes of the leaders shift about the country.

Hon. Robert F. Broussard of Louisiana, who made a valiant fight to protect the sugar interests of his state, has the distinction of eight years of congressional and senatorial service ahead of him—two years as Representative and six as Senator, and is the only man who ever enjoyed this peculiar distinction. He is descended from the old Acadian French who were driven from Minas Basin, now Wolfville, Nova Scotia, the "Land of Evangeline," by the British in 1755, and every one in Louisiana seems to be related to "Cousin Bob." The story is told that when some of his constituents were requested to vote for President Wilson they replied "go to Cousin Bob, he will appoint him." Such faith and confidence on the part of his Creole constituency is a rare instance of political cohesiveness. Mr. Broussard has the rare gift of being in complete sympathy with his people; he knows their family life and their hopes and their ambitions. As an old farmer of Vermilion Parish said to a northern traveler, "Why, Cousin Bob's just one of our own."

WITH a gallantry that would have made the traditional Spanish cavalier envious, former Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, as one of his last official acts, presented a diploma to Miss Viola Lewis as the champion farmer of America. Miss Lewis made fifty-three dollars net cash from a tenth of an acre of ground planted in tomatoes, and was a lively competitor with the champion boy corn growers. A special reception was held in honor of the embryo farmers by President Taft, and while at the White House they were all photographed with the President, and will have the further honor of seeing themselves in moving pictures. Fifteen states are now represented by the champion boy corn growers, and sixteen of the champions came from Illinois.

The record of the Agricultural Department under Secretary James Wilson, who served longer in the Cabinet than any other American, will form a notable chapter in the history of the country. No question is of greater importance than the development of agriculture to meet the increasing wants and needs of the people, by stimulating intensive farming, and making the land produce more to keep pace with the needs of an increased population.



SENATOR GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN
The Oregon Statesman who is Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands in the new Congress

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THE careers of the Democratic Senators and Representatives who are now taking their places as leaders in the new Congress present many interesting phases of American political life. Some years ago when George Earle Chamberlain, now Senator from Oregon, became a candidate for Governor of his state, he visited the lumber camps, ate beans, wore mackinaws and talked with the boys. He also made the rounds of the sheep ranches and had many other rural experiences that have since served him in good stead.

Senator Chamberlain is a Southerner by birth, though of Northern parentage, and the descendant of a long line of distinguished ancestors. He is directly descended from Charles Thomson, the secretary of the Continental Congress. Senator Chamberlain was born in Natchez, Mississippi, in 1854, and after a common school education became a clerk. Later, however, he entered the Washington and Lee University, and after graduation took the advice of Horace Greeley and went West. He became a country schoolmaster and was soon made deputy clerk of Linn County. He was actively interested in the politics of his new state, and served in turn in the state legislature, as district attorney, as the first attorney-general of the state, as Governor, and as United States Senator. His committee work in the Senate has been notable, and his appointment as chairman of the Committee on Public Lands in the new Congress has given him an opportunity to direct work in which he has been greatly interested for many years.

* * *

THE first appointment made in the Post Office Department was that of Daniel C. Roper of South Carolina, who was named as the First Assistant Postmaster General. He is one of the busiest of the many government officials in Washington, for he has to deal directly with the appointments of the thousands of postmasters whose commissions are expiring throughout the country. Mr. Roper has been for many years in Washington and has undertaken his new work with vigor and spirit.

HON. DANIEL C. ROPER
The new first assistant Postmaster-General, and one of the busiest officials in Washington

* * *

WHEN the Panama-Pacific Exposition launched a department of Fine Arts, they selected as its head Mr. John D. Trask, manager of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, one of the oldest art institutions in the country.

Mr. Trask is well fitted for the practical working requirements of the Panama Exposition because of his experience in connections with expositions. He was United States Commissioner-General of the United States section of the Buenos Ayres exposition and seems to have a special appreciation of subjects pertaining to the Pan-American country.

In the classical palace of Fine Arts, built for the Exposition, many of the greatest paintings of history will be assembled. Visitors will have an opportunity to see the original paintings of the world's great masters, and besides this there will be an exhibition of contemporary artists, for award. All the varied schools of art both in America and in Europe will be represented by paintings executed since 1905—even to the cubists and futurists, who have caused a sensation in artistic circles. The object of this step is to encourage artists of the present day to do their best work, and to develop a spirit of appreciation of contemporaneous art.

Mr. Trask assumed his duties with characteristic business ability and is one of the group of men who are giving the best of their genius and experience to make altogether memorable the great event on the Isthmus in 1915.

MRS. MORRIS SHEPPARD
The charming wife of Senator Sheppard, of Texas. Mrs. Sheppard was a favorite in Congressional circles, and with her husband now figures prominently in the Senatorial set of the new administration

THERE is always an interest in who shall be the first appointee of a new President, and the very first appointment made by Woodrow Wilson in which he used his sign manual as President named John H. Marble as member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, made vacant by the appointment of Chairman Lane as Secretary of the Interior and by the failure of the last Senate to confirm President Taft's appointment of Mr. Edgar E. Clark. Commissioner Clark, formerly president of the railway conductors, had been a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission for many years, and was originally appointed by President Roosevelt and reappointed by President Taft.

Mr. Marble as a young man came from California as confidential secretary to Commissioner Lane. Later he became chief of the Bureau of Inquiry and Chairman of the District Railway Commission. He made a record in the Lorimer case, having been relieved from the work of the commission for that purpose. His promotion from secretary to the commissionership as the first actual appointee of President Wilson is looked upon as strongly indicating that President Wilson will fill positions as far as possible with men who have the capacity and ability to perform the duties of their offices.

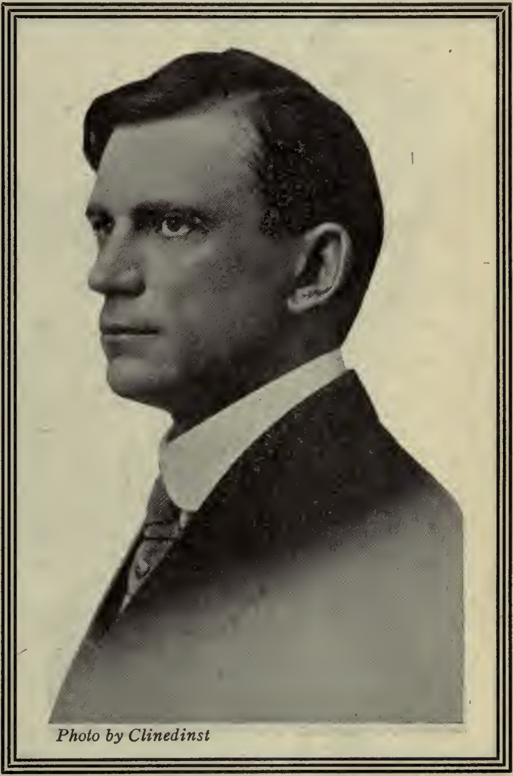

Photo by Clinedinst

HON. JOHN H. MARBLE OF CALIFORNIA
The first appointee of President Wilson, as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission

* * *

THE fate of the English hero, Captain Scott, recalls the tribute paid by Sir Ernest Shackleton to Rear Admiral Charles Wilkes, the American who first explored the South Pacific and Antarctic Continent.

This was back in the forties, and when he discovered Adelie Land, prominent scientists bitterly attacked his alleged discoveries, declaring that the land he described could not exist. The American admiral was actually court-martialed on charges of fabricating a report that the British explorers have since fully verified.

This was only seventy years ago, and Sir Ernest Shackleton declares that Admiral Wilkes in making these discoveries with an ill-equipped expedition, achieved results that rank as wonderful in the history of exploration. The daughter of Admiral Wilkes still lives in Washington, and a movement is on foot to vindicate the memory of the gallant American Admiral and render to his family tardy gratitude for his explorations in the Antarctic. Admiral Wilkes served with prominence in the Civil War when he was sent out in the San Jacinto to look for the Confederate cruiser Sumner, and intercepted Mason and Slidell on the British mail steamer Trent. Later he commanded the flying squadron that broke up blockade-running in Southern waters.

THE simple way in which the White House is protected impressed the English visitor at the inaugural who stood outside the gate looking for sentinels and guards such as he said were familiar about Buckingham Palace. In resonant English he explained how the police, soldiers, watchmen and firemen patrol in pairs the corridors of the palace on regular beats, how the corridors are kept alight all night, and the watchman has his time clock and patrols the corridor every half hour. The telephone exchange in the old palace has an operator on duty all night, and the calls from the various quarters, official and semi-official, pour in at Buckingham from the various ambassadors. When an American asked the speaker if after all the soldiers on guard at Buckingham Palace were not more for ornament than use, he admitted that it might be so, and confessed his disappointment in not finding a soldier now and then about the White House grounds to give the historic home of the Presidents at least some martial and official distinction. "The people want show—ornamentation—in public life as well as on the stage," he declared.

MRS. WILLIAM P. JACKSON
The beautiful wife of the new Senator from Maryland. Senator and Mrs. Jackson have leased a handsome residence in Washington and are entertaining extensively

And where after all is there more tragedy and comedy than in making a new "cast" in the world's governmental affairs?

* * *

RECORDS show that up to date two hundred and seventeen babies in the country have been christened Woodrow Wilson in honor of the new President. Every administration finds admiring fathers and mothers giving the name of a public man to their sons. Many times this is desirable and other times undesirable, for that there are Abraham Lincoln Joneses, James Garfield Browns and Ulysses Grant Smiths, is itself an indication of the date of birth. This may not be so objectionable for men, but what havoc it would cause if adopted by women, for then there would be no disguising the telltale date. The only recourse the child will have in later years is to go into court and have his name changed by process of law, for, as the generation goes on, the various Woodrow Wilson Smiths and Browns will be associated with the christening of the Wilson administration, marking the return of a Democratic President to power.

Photo by Clinedinst

HON. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
The new Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He is the latest of his family name to enter the government service, and is a fifth cousin of the former President. He was the first Democratic Senator from his district in New York and is an anti-Tammany man

WATER does not taste the same from a paper cup as when quaffed from the old tin dipper at school or the tin cup at home. "Did you ever notice how flat water tastes from a china cup?" asked a Senator with a wry face as he tried to adjust a paper cup to his mouth. "The experts will have to make some other arrangement than this paper cup business," he murmured, " to make it entirely popular. The paper cup is one thing that people with memories of the old oaken bucket will not tolerate."

One hundred and sixty new members took the oath in the House of Representatives when the extraordinary session of the Sixty-third Congress convened. The problem of how the new members are to be stowed away has been a serious one. During the summer there were plans to replace the old chairs and desks with benches, as in the British House of Parliament, and there is going to be a deficit in office room when the two-year leases of office rooms to each Congressman go into effect.

It is interesting to walk along the corridors and look at the tiny undecipherable names on the door plates, most of which require a telescope or glasses to see them at times. But it is also dignified, for as one wit remarked, if the bars were once let down there would be some pretty husky professional signs on the doors, showing a variety of types, styles and sizes. There might also be posted such friendly notices as "Come in," "Walk in," or "Make yourself at home," that would engage the attention of copy experts.

Senator Dixon of Montana had a large sign on his door, "Walk In," which was copied to some extent, but the average Congressman is content with the simple brass plate inscribed with his name. Tourists who are visiting the Capitol do not rely on the doorplates to locate their home Congressman, but on the room number. Times have changed since the old days when the people would throng around the offices of Webster and Clay waiting to talk and shake hands with their favorite leaders and Congressmen. The legislator of our day may yet, alas, become known, like in hotels, as "Room 77" or "Suite 86."

Photo by Clinedinst

HON. JAMES M. BAKER
The new Secretary of the Senate. He comes from South Carolina and had the hearty support of Senator Tillman. There were several prominent candidates for the office, among them Mr. Joseph R. Wilson, the brother of the President

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WHEN the three red lights flash over the Senate doors and the elevators stop running, the world knows that the Executive Session is in progress, and one takes an especial interest in its proceeding, as the bills of the Sixty-third Congress are passed into the slow-grinding legislative hopper.

The Senate chamber as well as the House of Representatives is but poorly ventilated, and as the four bells ring to announce adjournment, there is a rush for the doors, and in the clear, balmy air the Senators march off down the avenues, dismissing automobiles and enjoying the fresh air. Many "pairs" are recorded as starting off together on their walk, and one pair especially noticeable are Senator Root and Senator Lodge, who usually find their way through the lower corridor and stride along at a lively gait, Senator Root swinging a cane and Senator Lodge with the erect bearing befitting his long service on the Committee on Military Affairs. "There goes the intellectual battery on the Republican side of the Senate," remarked an old-time observer the other day, as he saw this notable couple coming with quick steps down Capitol Hill.

It would, indeed, be interesting to have a stenographic report of the conversation of the Senators as they pair off on their march home. What I have heard is not often laden with much legal or political debate, for the relief from the usual formalities and rules of the Senate is very evident in the chatty, colloquial conversation indulged in after getting out into the open air, which never finds its way into the Senate chamber. One spectator has suggested that an outside window would change the tone and temper of Senatorial debate.

* * *

AN English judge has clearly defined "good manners" as a word having a broader meaning than just the conventional act or attitude of one individual to another. He pointed out the domain of human action as governed at one extreme by positive law and at the other by absolute freedom. Between these two extremes of positive law and absolute freedom comes what is recognized as "manners." Manners is the doing of that which you are not obliged to do. It cannot be called duty, says the English philosopher, and it cannot be called morals. It is the habit of doing right when there is no one to make you do so but yourself. The domain of manners, being ruled by absolute choice, should be very precious to the human race, said the judge. It breeds spontaneity and originality, and within its pale the makers of history find their greatest ideals. He forcibly questioned if we are not overdoing legislation, in placing every action of the individual or corporation under the domain of law, leaving nothing for settlement through the cultivation of manners and honor in the highest sense of the word.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. LINDLEY M. GARRISON
The wife of the new Secretary of War. She is a lady of rare charm and graciousness, and promises to be one of the most popular matrons in the exclusive Cabinet circle

The simple, old-fashioned sense of duty and manners needs burnishing up, declares the judge, and the individual as well as the people must be inspired with the responsibility of their own "manners," now nearly lost in politics. This chivalrous spirit of duty and manners lies latent within every individual. It was gloriously proven in the great Titanic disaster, when the gentlemen insisted on "Ladies first," feeling this sentiment so strongly that even death could not deter them from their innate sense of heroic duty or "manners." This recalled the familiar old saying of William of Wykeham that "manners makyth man," and as understood by the eloquent British solon meant that the sense of obedience to unenforceable obligations was the manners that "maketh man." As men are made, so are nations and peoples developed.

AT the extra session of Congress there was a new drawing of seats. The old-fashioned lottery spirit has never been wholly eliminated from the Capitol at Washington. It will be remembered that the money originally raised for building the Capitol was collected by a lottery. Lotteries in those days were quite respectable, brigands were highly reputable in certain periods of the world's history, and Cornish pirates were respected citizens of their towns in their heyday.

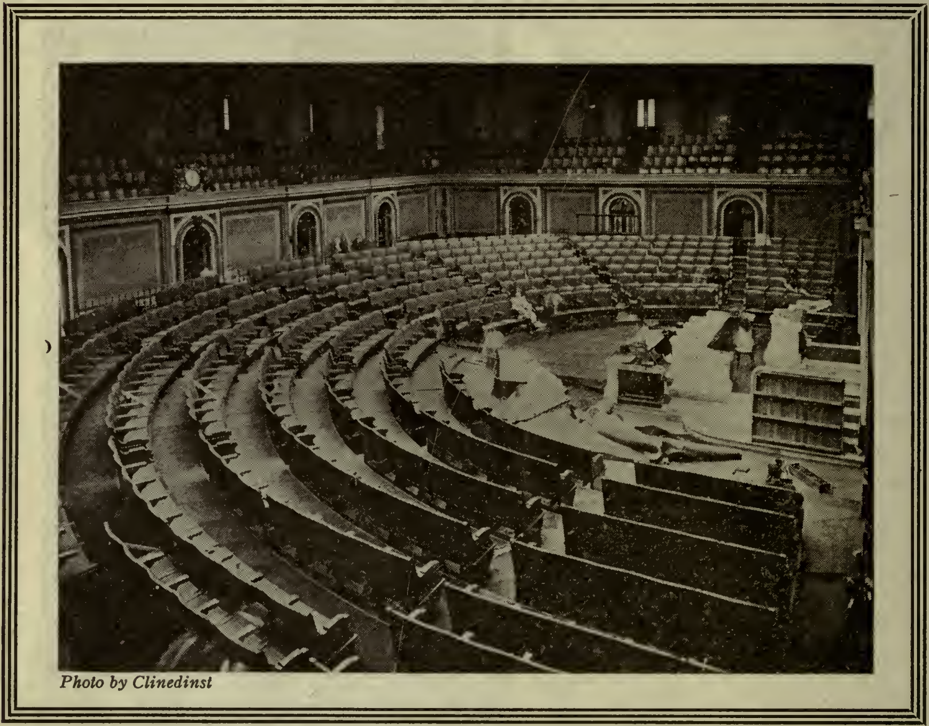


Photo by Clinedinst

THE NEW BENCHES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

To make room for the new members of the Sixty-third Congress, the desks in the House were replaced by benches, a new order of seating which meant "first come first served" at the opening of Congress

The seats were allotted to the new Representatives according to the old order, "first come, first served," but some of the last became first, as in the Scriptures. This recalls the story of Judge Page Morris, now on the bench in Duluth, Minnesota, and a former member of Congress. Although he was left to the last, Morris obtained a seat in the rear diagonal corner, which had something of the aspect of a loge box. In this seat he was only a little less distinctive than the Speaker himself, and he gracefully occupied his place of honor, overlooking the cluttered proximity of ordinary chairs.

It was Congressman Morris who prepared an amendment to the Nicaragua Canal Bill when it came up in the House, which was voted down, but the idea of which was afterward crystallized and elaborated in the Spooner bill in the Senate, under which the Panama Canal was built. He had given notice of the amendment two or three days before it was offered, but when the time came for offering it, while he had prepared it, in order to obtain votes for its passage, he had to give over the distinction of introducing it to another. The ambition of a Congressman is to frame a bill that will carry his name imperishably on down through the pages of history and the Congressional Record, but many Congressmen, like Judge Morris, have been obliged to forswear the honor of having their own bill properly christened in order to have the bill passed.

* * * * *

ONE of the first matters taken up by President Wilson in his preliminary unofficial message was the freedom of the Philippines. No sooner was this known than there was great activity among the friends and followers of Aguinaldo in the Islands of the Orient. One of the pledges included in the Baltimore platform was recalled by the speech of President Wilson at Staunton, Virginia, his birthplace, wherein he stated that he hoped conditions would soon arise whereby the Philippines could be made free. The islands, he insisted, were like the inaugural ball, "expensive and unnecessary," and "a special menace in time of war," so let them go their way. Their neutrality will be insured, President Wilson believes, because no other nation wants the Islands, not even Japan, their northern neighbor. The opportunity has existed for more than a thousand years, but no one has seemed to want to possess them.

Representatives from the islands who are interested in independence made an effort immediately after inauguration to hasten the time when they can take their place among the free and independent nations of the earth, and as one Congressional cynic remarked, "repay Uncle Sam in the ungracious way that Cuba did." Therefore the project for freeing the Philippines is being handled warily, so that when they are free, they will remain free, and prove themselves capable of stable self-government.

* * * * *

THE address by Senator Root on the obligation of the United States to keep strictly to her treaty stipulations in the matter of the Panama Canal tolls was listened to by a large and intensely interested audience. Many members of the House of Representatives came over to hear the address, which was pronounced one of the most able and scholarly ever heard at the Capitol.

He appealed to the Senate of the United States to make no departure from the announced rule of perfect equality and opportunity in the use of the Panama Canal, by seeking a special advantage for itself, in what he believed to be a violation of the obligations and spirit of a treaty. "A decent respect for the opinions of mankind" as set forth in the Declaration of Independence was made by Senator Root the keynote of his masterly address. He pleaded with Congress either to submit to an impartial tribunal the question whether we are right; so that if we are right, we may be vindicated in the eyes of all the world; or if wrong in our contention, by a repeal of the provision and a retirement from the position which we have taken.

He reviewed in a careful record various treaties and pointed out the Clayton Bulwer treaty of 1850, by which Great Britain agreed with the United States that neither government should "ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the ship canal." While this had special reference to the Nicaraguan route, the intent was to cover any route that might later be chosen. The fundamental principle about the treaty of 1850 was the maintenance of equal privileges between the citizens of the United States and of

Great Britain in any canal that might be constructed. Many sidelights of history were thrown upon the question.

In 1901 Senators Spooner and Hanna practically changed the judgment of the Senate as to the proper route for the Canal. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty resulted from an application to Great Britain for a reconsideration of the whole matter, and the final treaty as ratified by the Senate continued the greater part of the provisions of the earlier instruments, but somewhat modified or varied the amendments which had been made by the Senate to that earlier treaty.

He called attention to the fact that in 1832 Henry Clay, then Secretary of State under President John Quincy Adams, insisted that "If a canal across the Isthmus be opened, so as to admit the passage of sea vessels from ocean to ocean, the benefit of it ought not to be exclusively appropriated to any one nation, but should be extended to all parts of the globe upon the payment of a just compensation for reasonable tolls." The treaty with the Republic of Panama was reslated and Senator Root's argument was an appeal to the sound thought and sober sense of a people who regard integrity as a virtue of the nation as well as of an individual.

MISS HELEN McCUMBER
The winsome young daughter of Senator Porter J. McCumber of North Dakota, and a favorite in Washington

The history of the diplomacy of the Suez Canal was also referred to as in some degree forming a basis for the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The Senator insisted that it is not a question as to our right to remit tolls to our coastwise commerce, but rather a question as to whether we can impose tolls upon British commerce when we have remitted them to our own. The right to allow our own ships to go through the canal without paying tolls is not disputed, but to charge tolls against other ships when we do not charge them against our own, involves a question of international right or duty, and depends on the interpretation of the treaty. He read the resolution adopted by the House of Commons in 1893, when it was agreed that any disputes arising between the two governments, United States and America, should be referred to arbitration. He insisted that we would convict ourselves of revolting hypocrisy and could not maintain our national self-respect if this question was not at least submitted to arbitration. He recalled the messages of Presidents Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt, and bearing upon this great international question, his conclusion rang with an appeal to the Senate to put aside all petty advantages and in the glow of successful achievement preserve undiminished the bright and inspiring ideal which has "enabled free America to lead the world in its progress toward liberty and justice."

* * * * *

VISITORS to the inauguration in March will never forget the splendid service rendered by the Boy Scouts on the occasion of the Suffragettes' parade on March third and the inaugural parade of March fourth. The little fellows in khaki carrying staves proved to have in them the stuff of which real Americans are made. The women suffragists were especially appreciative of the Scouts' assistance, and Mrs. Clara B. Taylor, chairman of the committee who carried out the idea which emphasized the gratitude of the women, originated, organized and collected the fund for the Boy Scout medal.

Handsome bronze medals, inscribed with the names of the recipients, were awarded to two hundred local Boy Scouts, and as many more were sent to out-of-town Scouts who assisted in handling the crowds while the suffrage parade was passing. The presentation was made in person by Mrs. Taylor at one of the Scout meetings.

Mrs. Taylor had charge of the farm women division of the parade, and

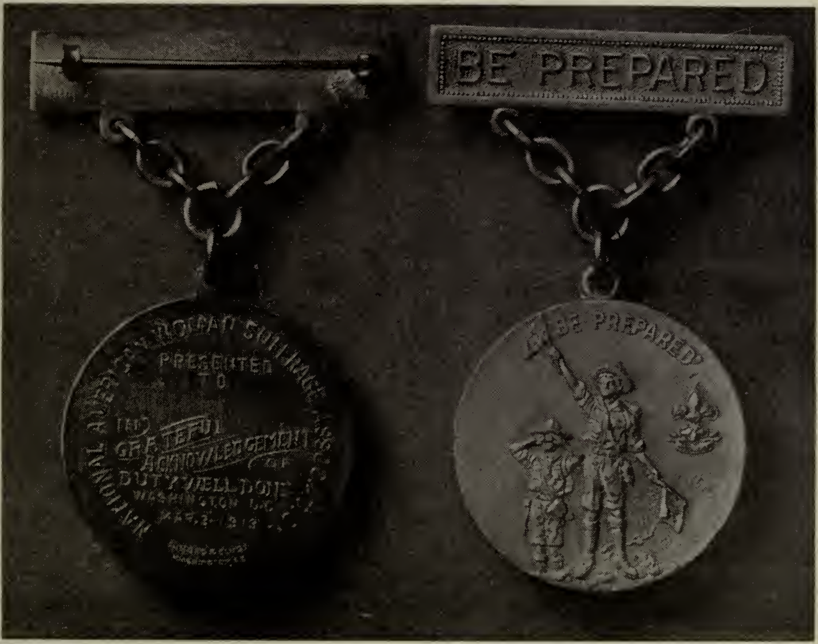


Photo by the Taylor Studio

MEDAL PRESENTED BOY SCOUTS BY SUFFRAGETTES

For gallant services rendered at the women's inaugural parade. The medal, which is the exact size of the reproduction, is bronze and beautifully engraved and inscribed

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW
The President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Dr. Shaw was lately in Europe studying conditions for use in the American campaign of "Votes for Women"

has been one of the most active and enthusiastic workers in the suffrage movement. She is the widow of the late Congressman Abner Taylor of Illinois, and from early life has been interested in the movement, "Votes for Women." She is fully conversant with political affairs, for her father, as well as her husband, were for many years leaders in the political life of the Middle West. Today there are few more effective and efficient workers in the cause for women than Mrs. Clara B. Taylor, and her work in raising the money to award medals to the Boy Scouts is an indication of how women even in politics still think of the "little things" which are often the biggest things of all in life.

Mrs. Taylor received from Doctor Anna H. Shaw, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, the following letters of appreciation in regard to her work of rewarding the Boy Scouts:

March 24th, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Taylor:—

I am enclosing a check for $10.00 which I am very happy to give for the purpose which you ask, namely, to secure medals of appreciation for the Boy Scouts. I also enclose another check of $10.00 which I am sure a friend of mine will be glad to have me forward for her. . . . I have positively given until I do not know where to turn for more, but I wanted to help in this Boy Scout appeal, and I am very happy to send these two checks.

Very truly yours, ANNA H. SHAW.

April 8, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Taylor:—

. . . . I am very happy to have had my little share in showing my appreciation of the splendid work those young men did. . . . I told the great audience yesterday . . . those little lads who so valiantly tried to keep the way clear, when they come of voting age will be voting side by side with their mothers, and be proud of the chance.

Faithfully yours, ANNA HOWARD SHAW.

Dr. Shaw recently returned from Europe, where she gathered material on woman suffrage that will be of great advantage in the American movement of "votes for women." As hinted in her letter to Mrs. Taylor, the incident of the Boy Scouts' aid may be taken as significant that the coming generation of men—the boys of today—are already in sympathy with and ready to champion the cause representing the sex of American mothers.

NOW it is "Professor" Taft, of the Yale faculty, and I do not think I ever saw a more contented man than the ex-President as he paced calmly across the campus associated with so many memories of his college days, and realizing that he had attained that distinction that once inspired his wonder and awe as an under-graduate.

He was a member and salutatorian of the class of 1878 and since then has in the name of the republic gracefully welcomed great men and the representatives of many peoples. His quarter of a century of public service in the Philippines, Cuba, Panama and as President of the United States will make his lectures at Yale of peculiar and forceful interest. His real bent lies in the delineation of law as a perfected science, and his chief distinction has been in a field in which politics as politics has never entered.

Free from all the exactions of executive work ex-President Taft in his visit to Yale was the picture of a contented and happy man.

* * * * *

THE average constituent of a Congressman, when interested in any measure, is especially impressed with the slow grind of the legislative mill. It seems an interminable time on ordinary matters after a bill is introduced before the first, second and third readings occur, and the committees have laid their strangle hold upon it. It requires a large number of men in Washington to keep track of bills in the different stages. Congressman J. Hampton Moore, who is ready for a debate with both fists when anything concerning the Quaker City appears, tells a Philadelphia story that has been appropriated to illustrate tardy action on legislative matters. In a village near Philadelphia the inhabitants swarmed about a little house near the station. The new fire engine had arrived and the hose was playing. There was intense excitement. The captain of the new brigade was there in full uniform, and the so'westers were worn with a jaunty air. "How do you gather together this splendid fire brigade?" a stranger marveled. "You do not seem to have a fire alarm system, or telephone or telegraph communications here, not even a Liberty Bell. How do you summon your fire engines and corps to a fire?"

Edmonston Photo, Washington, D.C.

MRS. CLARA B. TAYLOR
A leading Washington member of the National American Woman Suffrage Association

"Oh," drawled the Fire Chief, "we send them a postal card. That is quick enough, for you know we have slow burning fires in this town."

But there was nothing slow about the fires burning in J. Hampton's black eyes when he changed the subject to the "fifty-seven varieties" of Congressmen who visited Philadelphia and promised support on the dry dock appropriation, which they forgot after they had returned from Philadelphia and the warmth of the pepper-pot had subsided. That explains the rapid fire of postal cards from the Pennsylvania district that poured upon the "fifty-seven" forgetful Congressmen, remembered by Mr. Moore.

Those postal cards carried the call of a traditional Philadelphia fire alarm.

Photo by Clinedinst

"THE HAPPIEST COUPLE IN WASHINGTON"
At least, Mrs. Marshall, who is here snapped with her husband, the Vice-President, declares that there is no happier couple, either in the Capital City or elsewhere

* * *

BILLS, bills, and then more bills, were introduced in the early days of Congress. The hall of the House of Representatives was used for the Democratic caucus on the tariff bill, which was taken up schedule by schedule as though it were on the floor of the House, but without the troublesome interference of Republican discussion. It was felt this method of procedure would better tend to hold the party vote in line. There was some confusion in the minds of the members as certain schedules and articles were mentioned, and questions were asked, "What is it?" "What are they used for?" The bill having been made, however, the caucus proved little more than a party formality.

The Republicans called their caucus a conference, and threw open their doors in the meek and lowly manner of the minority. Their leaders were apparently "sitting in judgment" and waiting for material to use in the 1914 bombardment. Senator LaFollette was for a long time preparing a tariff bill along protective lines. This recalled the amenities and exchange of compliments at the Periodical Publishers' banquet at Philadelphia less than a year ago, between Senator LaFollette and President Wilson, in which the latter was complimented by the Senator from Wisconsin as being the "stuff of which Presidents are made." No one can forecast the political allies of a year hence.

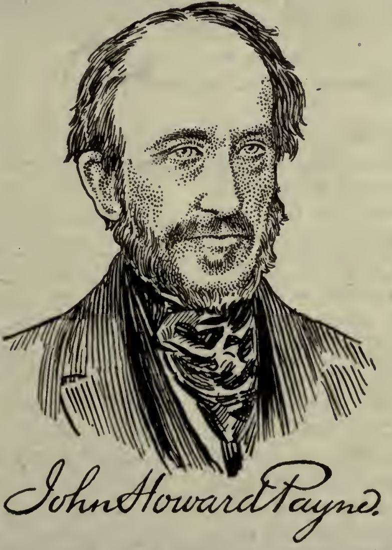
An Unaccredited Romance
in the Life of
John Howard Payne

by Myrtis Jarrell

THOSE who have read the attractive volume published by the Bibliophile Society in Boston under the title "The Romance of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, John Howard Payne, and Washington Irving" will, perhaps, be interested to know that in the checkered life of the author of "Home, Sweet Home" there was another romantic episode, which proves that "his dying forlorn and dejected without ever having tasted the sweets of a home, which appeared to him only in poetic vision," was not due, solely, to unrequited love for the widow of the poet Shelley. For this hitherto unaccredited romance belongs to that period of his life which may be included between the date of his return from London in 1833, after having been disillusioned by the discovery that Mrs. Shelley encouraged him only "as a source of an introduction" to Washington Irving, and that of his departure as American consul for Tunis.

Some time after his return to New York in the year mentioned above, Mr. Payne, wishing to write for a periodical to which he was contributor a series of articles on the Cherokee Indians, determined to go to Georgia for the purpose of studying conditions among the Indian tribes that were being collected at that time by means of military aid and removed to their reservation. While there, in the early months of 1834, he fell in love with Mary Hawarden, the only daughter of General Edward Hawarden (the name has been contracted in America to Harden), a wealthy and prominent citizen of that state, residing in the town of Athens. As he had brought with him letters of introduction to the young lady's father—who was the appointed commissioner to treat with the Cherokees and Creeks—it came about that he was invited soon after his arrival to her home.

"After spending a few days with us," Miss Harden writes of their first acquaintance, "he and my father, accompanied by Ex-Governor Lumpkin and Colonel Rockwell, left in my father's private carriage for North Georgia," where they were entertained by Ross, the Indian chief.



John Howard Payne

THE LATE JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

* * *

John Howard Payne was then in his forty-fifth year. And, though in failing health and of a despondent nature, he is said to have possessed much personal attractiveness. There is mention of his pleasant conversation, of his engaging manners, and of good looks, which he strove to enhance by expensive dress punctiliously selected in accordance with the prevailing London mode. It is amusing to note Miss Harden's suggestion that to his extremely fashionable appearance might be attributed the suspicious attitude assumed toward him by the ignorant white people in North Georgia, who were totally unacquainted with such attire. Whether that be true or no, their distrust, aggravated by the stranger's evident sympathy with the Indians, became, at last, so confirmed as to cause his arrest and imprisonment on the charge of his being a spy in league with the red men. The injustice of that proceeding, as well as the insult offered in the harsh treatment of his guest, aroused a feeling of outrage in General Harden, who hastened immediately to Milledgeville, then the capital of the state, and having obtained from the Governor testimonials of the prisoner's innocence, accomplished his release with the utmost expedience and took him away to Athens. The incident—related in connection with that unhappy occurrence by Miss Harden —of the poet's standing one Saturday evening beside the window of his adobe prison in that remote district and listening to the guard's soft humming of "Home, Sweet Home" as he passed back and forth below, shows how universally that famous song had, even then, taken its hold upon the hearts of men, though its author was disregarded, and in that instance, abused.

Rather a common example, alas, of the world's return for priceless benefactions. But out of Mr. Payne's evil fortune "some soul of goodness" can be "distilled," for to that unhappy occurrence his intimacy with the fair daughter of his host was indirectly due. According to her account, poor Mr. Payne was so deeply mortified by the insult that "no inducement could persuade him to meet guests." He never left his room at the tavern except to go to the post-office or to General Harden's home, where, in response to gracious hospitality, the lonely wanderer felt free to enjoy, during a three months' stay in that community, some of the delights and comforts of home life.

"MARY HARDEN HOUSE"
Home of the sweetheart of John Howard Payne at Athens, Georgia

Mary Harden was eighteen years of age, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, brilliant girl, whose countenance bore traces in contour and features of her descent, through her mother's family, from the Indian princess, Pocahontas. But though undoubtedly handsome, she was noted for the more distinctive charm of her beautifully cultivated mind. Her father, recognizing early the unusual strength of his daughter's mental qualities, had not only bestowed upon her the advantages afforded by wealth and gentle birth, but he had also directed her education with care.

Throughout a residence of some duration in France, he took pains to procure the services of the best masters for her cultivation in music and in French. Consequently it was no marvel that she became, thus early in life, an interpreter of taste and skill in the works of the classical composers and a scholar in French. When one considers, moreover, that this charm of mind and of personality was attended with those potent yet indefinable graces of good breeding and manners, one does not wonder that John Howard Payne, who declared "the union of superior intellectual endowments with simplicity . . . and elevation and purity of character" so rare, should have found pleasure in the society of this girl.

* * *

Unfortunately, it is only by casual glimpses that one is enabled to follow the course of their friendship; one morning, when she was employed with her watercolors, he begged for a sketch, of which, when it was finished, "he was extremely proud"; one afternoon they talked of many things while strolling among the evergreens and fragrant flowerbeds in the old-fashioned garden. Again, one gets a glimpse of the girl reading aloud to Mr. Payne from Shakespeare's plays. And one may now see in the house where she lived a rosewood table at which they used to sit of evenings when engaged in Miss Harden's favorite game of chess. "He was," she has recorded, "the easiest, most charming of companions. Although much older than myself, he took a wonderful fancy to me. I was fond of music and often played for him his own sweet song."

He related to her, one is told, the dreary circumstances under which he wrote the song in London, and as their friendship became more intimate, confided the story of his pathetic life. Then, in a letter to General Harden written in New York two years later, one finds this interesting passage: "For your daughter's flattering request about 'Home, Sweet Home,' do me the favor to offer her my best thanks. I will write it out for her in my best schoolboy hand whenever I find an opportunity of sending it post-free. No one deserves a 'Sweet Home' better than she does, and no one would be surer to make any home, however sweet, still more so by her goodness and genius."

He hastens to add that although in some places her mere request would be more than compensation for sending the song, yet he belongs to a region where one is "not in the habit of doing things without large profits"; therefore he demands that she send him in return a sketch for his album. From these brief glimpses, however, one gets no clue to Miss Harden's real feeling toward the melancholy poet. Nor is there any record, so far as I am aware, of Mr. Payne's subsequent visits, or of their correspondence, with the exception of the following letter, which reveals in so courtly a manner his love for her:

MADAME:

I did for a long time indulge in the fallacious hope that fortune would have favored and placed me in a more suitable situation for making this communication to you. I have unfortunately been disappointed and have endeavored to calm my feelings and submit to my fate, yet the more I have strived to do so, the more have I been convinced that it would be useless for me any longer to attempt to struggle with the sentiments I feel toward you.

I am conscious of my own unworthiness of the boon I desire from you and cannot dare ask you to give a decisive answer in my favor now, only permit me to hope that at some future time I may have the happiness of believing my affection returned; but at the same time I conjure you to remember in making up your decision that it is in your power to render me happy or miserable.

Having frequently, through the kind permission of your honored parents, the pleasure of being in your society, I every day find it more necessary to come to some conclusion as to my future conduct, for when I was obliged to leave you it was only to renew the agitation of my mind and to contemplate the image of one too dear to me to resign forever without making an effort I was unequal to when in your presence.

You will perhaps tell me this is presumptuous on my part. And true it is, I have nothing to offer you but a devoted heart and hand; however, be assured, Madame, whatever your decision may be, present wish for your happiness and welfare shall be the first of my heart.

I have felt it essential to my peace of mind that I should inform you of the state of my feelings, satisfied that that and your amiableness of heart will plead my excuse.

I entreat you to reply to this letter, if but one word. Indeed, I am sure, if you knew how anxiously I shall await your answer, compassion alone would induce you to send me an early answer.

Allow me, Madame, to subscribe myself
Your very humble and devoted admirer,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

General Harden, it is thought, did not encourage Mr. Payne's suit to his charming daughter. There is no proof of the girl's having encouraged it herself. We know only that both she and her lover died unmarried.

* * *

Perhaps nothing affords a truer insight into her character than the well-bred reserve with which she guarded this love story. An instance of this relates to the manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," which was mentioned in the author's letter to her father. No person is known ever to have seen it except Miss Harden's cousin and heir, who attests that, in response to her own request, in Miss Harden's old age and long after Mr. Payne's death, she was allowed to *look at* but not to touch the paper or to read it in full.

"I saw," said the lady to me, "that it was the manuscript in question, signed by John Howard Payne. And I saw, moreover, that which explained my cousin's evident reluctance to show it to me: love messages interspersed between the stanzas." The gentlewoman felt, naturally, that communications which revealed her lover's most intimate sentiments toward her were to be enshrined within her own confidence.

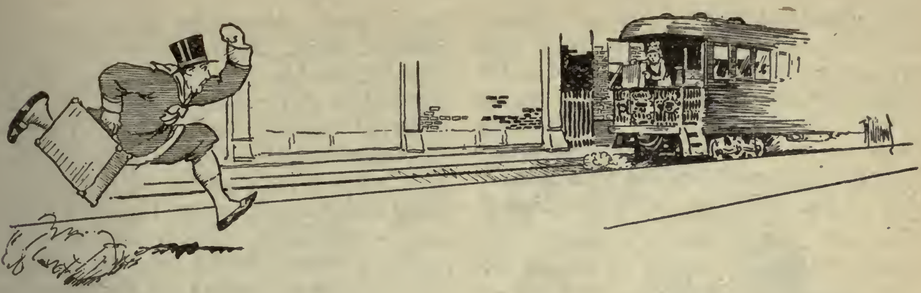
Mary Harden's old age was pathetically lonely. Having been deprived of her fortune by the ravages of war, and having suffered the loss of her parents by death, she spent her last years in seclusion, preferring to devote herself in solitude to pursuits intellectual and aesthetic rather than to adapt herself to the manners and ideas of a new generation. To the last she retained her vigor of intellect and that for which she was no less distinguished, rare personal charm.

The house in which she lived, though now modernized and curtailed of its fine grounds, together with the old-fashioned garden, is still preserved and revered both for her sake and for its association with this romance in the life of John Howard Payne, with whom the poet Gray alone may share the universal love of mankind: the one as author of the world's elegy, the other of the world's best-beloved song.

OLD PORTS

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

I LOVE to wander in the dim old ways
Where seamen came from countries far and wide;
The sleepy wharves redolent with the tide,
The battered ships, gray veterans of grim frays,
An ancient sailor's yarns or salty lays—
They lure me ever to the blue seaside,
For there I find my dull thoughts vivified
With musing in the dreams of other days.
There is a beauty in the oldtime things
That men have touched and loved, which served their need,
Yet which they leave when sailing days are done:
Around old ports the loving fancy flings
A charm that wakens vanished life and deed,
And brings back days of glories lost and won.



The Bug in His Butter

by Scammon Lockwood

"OH, yes," said Doctor Brown, "I see myself cavorting around in a Buster Brown suit, don't I? Besides, they're all out of date."

"But George," Mrs. Brown begged, "everyone will be dresesd in all sorts of funny children's clothes. And you can wear this costume so well because you've always shaved and have no mustache or beard, and it's so appropriate for Doctor Brown to go as Buster Brown."

"Oh, it's 'appropriate', is it?" snorted the Doctor, as scornful as he could be. "You'll have to explain to my limited intelligence just why it's 'appropriate'."

"Why—why—" Mrs. Brown hesitated. She knew it was appropriate, but couldn't exactly explain why. But finally she got her idea.

"Why, it's a sort of advertisement for you. Everyone will say, 'There's Doctor Brown dressed as Buster Brown—wasn't that a clever idea?' and of course they won't know it was my idea, but they'll think it was yours, and say that a man with such clever ideas must be a good doctor, and then when they're sick, they'll call you up."

Right here the Doctor started to interrupt, but Mrs. Brown had another mild inspiration which gave her renewed vocal power, and she rushed right on.

"And George! Just suppose that Mrs. Dinglethorn should hear of it. Why, you'd rise most immeasurably in her estimation."

"Oh, would I?" said the Doctor, still pushing hard on the scorn pedal. "I think I'd find Doctor Worthington Cosgrove there tomorrow morning."

Mrs. Dinglethorn was a rich old widow who thought herself delicate, though she ate enormously, and she used to have Doctor Brown in attendance almost every day.

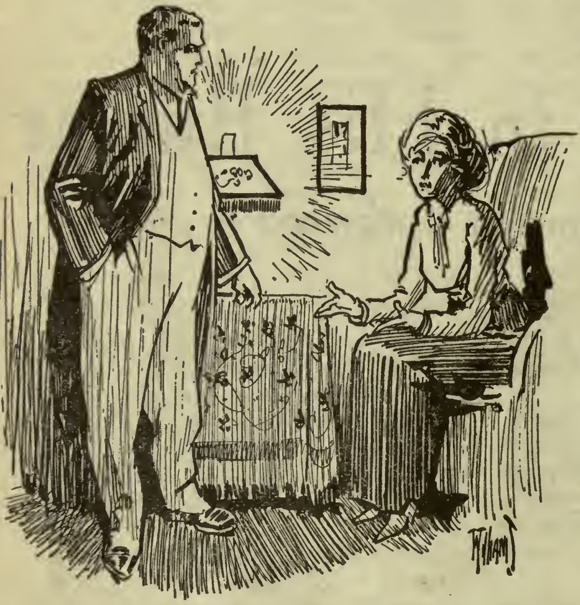
Doctor Brown was young and she was his only "big" patient—not to say that she was fat, though in reality this was the truth—but she was the only lucrative patient that he had.

Doctor Worthington Cosgrove was the "bug" in Doctor Brown's "butter," and anyone can see that a doctor with such a name has an enormous initial advantage over a plain Doctor George Brown. Doctor Brown had often told his wife that he didn't think it was Cosgrove's real name, but he'd just taken it because no one like a doctor or an actor or a literary man who needed such a name ever had one naturally.

Doctor Cosgrove had the further advantage of a set of the most beautiful dark brown whiskers that one ever saw. "The germs' paradise" Doctor Brown used to call them—but that was just jealousy, of course.

Then, in addition to all this, Doctor Cosgrove had taken a further advantage (being unmarried) by making love to a Miss Eulalia Measelberry, who was a poor, homely, and ancient relative of Mrs.

Dinglethorn's, and lived with her. Whenever Mrs. Dinglethorn was taken ill suddenly and ordered someone to send for Doctor Brown, Miss Measelberry would secretly telephone Doctor Worthington Cosgrove, and he'd come over, pretending to be making a social call on Miss Measelberry. The idea was, of course, that if Doctor Brown ever "slipped up," why Doctor Cosgrove would be "Johnny on the spot," and would get the next chance.



"But George," Mrs. Brown begged, "everyone will be dressed in all sorts of funny children's clothes"

Naturally Doctor Brown didn't like the idea of Mrs. Dinglethorn's hearing that he had been prancing around in a Buster Brown suit. He knew that Miss Measelberry would make the most of it, and as she was naturally loquacious, her "most" was an enormous quantity. So he stated his objections with force.

"Oh, but don't you see," argued Mrs. Brown. "She would thoroughly appreciate the cleverness of it, because you'll have to admit that Mrs. Dinglethorn certainly has a sense of humor. It would be, just as I said, a fine advertisement, just like the way you think some kinds of soap must be good because there are such splendid verses about them."

"No, I don't see," persisted the Doctor, "and besides, advertising is against professional ethics. So that settles that, and what's more, Mrs. Dinglethorn might send for me this very evening. In fact, I think it highly probable that she will. I know she was going to have mince pie for dinner. I've warned her against it repeatedly. Separated, she and mince pie are violent affinities; united, they at once become deadly enemies. If she eats any mince pie, she's sure to send for me. I've never known it to fail."

"Now you know, George, that's no excuse. Amelia has a telephone."

"What good would that do? I'd be dressed as Buster Brown. I'll leave it to anyone if a large, wealthy lady, suffering from acute indigestion, would take any sort of a prescription from a physician who appeared at her bedside disguised as Buster Brown."

"O George, you make such absurd and illogical objections. Have you no confidence at all in my resources?"

"Yes, but—".

"Of course I've got all that provided for. You will take your regular clothes in a suitcase with you. Don't you see? It's perfectly safe. And you'll really be a great deal nearer Mrs. Dinglethorn over at Amelia's than if you were at home."

This was true and the Doctor couldn't think of another objection, so he just sort of growled, as a man does when he knows that he's got to give in in a minute or two. Mrs. Brown kept right on.

"Why, you wouldn't be at ease in a regular suit, with everyone there in fancy dress. Deever Smuckert is going to dress as Little Lord Fauntleroy. You won't look any funnier than he will."

"That's absolutely a cinch," replied the Doctor.

"And there's Mrs. Cooper Danrib coming as Little Bo Peep; and you know how straight-laced she is."

"Yes, I know," snorted the Doctor. "And I sometimes wonder—professionally, of course—how her health stands it."

Mrs. Brown didn't pay any attention to this. It wasn't the first time that the Doctor had "roasted" Mrs. Danrib because he thought she laced too tight. She had big hips and she had to lace, and Mrs. Brown knew all about that and sympathized with her, the way women do.

"You know I don't mean that. I mean that she's a very proper person and never does anything out of the way. Yet she's coming dressed as oddly as anyone."

"But—but," suddenly demanded the Doctor, "you told me only yesterday that she was going to California for the winter."

"Yes, she is, but just to show how much she thinks of Amelia, and of helping to make her affair a success, she has delayed her departure a whole day. She doesn't leave until tonight. She's going straight from Amelia's to the train in a taxi. She won't even stop to change. It's all planned. She'll put on a long cloak over her costume and get right into her compartment on the train."

"That's all right for her," said the Doctor. "She can afford compartments to California and taxicabs."

"Oh, I know, George, but we so seldom are invited to anything, and this will be such fun."

"But the costume?" asked the Doctor, clutching at the last hope of escape. "It's too late now to get anything."

"Oh, I've got it already. I rented it this afternoon. Wait!" Mrs. Brown ran into her bedroom and returned, holding up a large Buster Brown suit. "See, they were made for a man in a theatrical company, and he was just your size. Wasn't it lucky?"

The Doctor didn't get a bit excited about the luck of it, but he said nothing. He figured that he was in for it. He was a good-natured sort of a six-footer and he knew that a Doctor's wife, especially the wife of a young doctor, had a pretty dull time of it. So he just sort of grunted "All right," and took the costume and held it up to see if there was any chance of its being too small. But it looked all right, that is, as if it would fit him fairly well.

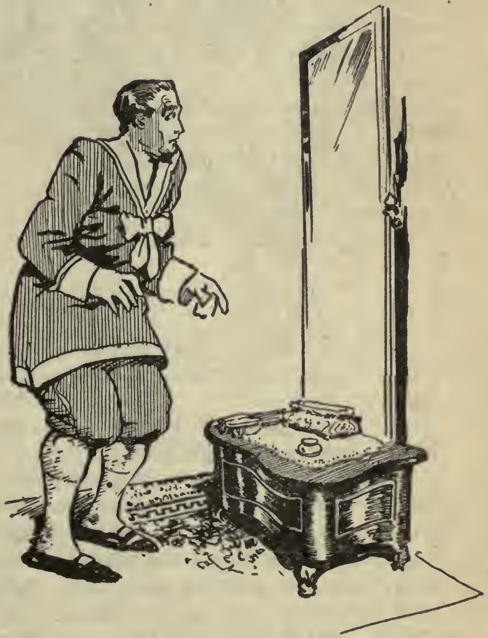
Mrs. Brown was tickled pink at her husband's finally giving in.

"Now you go in and put it on, and I'll get into my costume," she directed.

"Your costume? What are you going as?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, I'm going as Buster Brown's sweetheart, of course," said Mrs. Brown, so prettily that the Doctor was glad he had finally consented.

Well, of course the Doctor couldn't walk through the streets or ride on trolleys attired in a Buster Brown suit, so he telephoned for a taxi. But first he looked to see if he had money enough to pay for it. He had, but it was all in his regular clothes which Mrs. Brown had packed in his suit-case, on the chance that he might get a hurry-up call from his rich patient, Mrs. Dinglethorn. So he took out a two dollar bill and left the rest of the money in the suit case, because he discovered that the man who made the Buster Brown suit had forgotten to put any pockets in it.



Well, that Buster Brown suit made the biggest sort of a hit

Then he called "Central," and asked her to transfer any calls for him to Mrs. Amelia Pennycrow, Colony 87. The Browns didn't even have a maid as yet, so one can understand how anxious the Doctor was not to lose such a rich patient as Mrs. Dinglethorn.

At last they got into the taxi with the Doctor's suit and medicine cases, and silk hat, and were driven over to Mrs. Pennycrow's. The fare was a dollar eighty, and the Doctor remembered that he had no pockets and let the chauffeur keep the two dollar bill.

Well, that Buster Brown costume made the biggest sort of a hit. Everybody said it was a brilliant idea, just as Mrs. Brown had predicted they would, and the Browns were really having a splendid time when the telephone bell rang.

Of course the mince pie that Mrs. Dinglethorn ate for dinner began to make trouble along about ten o'clock. Three hours and a half after she'd eaten it her digestive apparatus was still overtaxed, and she was in great pain.

So her maid called up Doctor Brown's number and "Central" told her to call up Mrs. Pennycrow, Colony 87, and she did. She asked for Doctor Brown, and her voice was so excited that one could hear it all over the room, kind of metallic sounding, like a phonograph.

"Is that you, Doctor Brown?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Dinglethorn's dying!"

"What?"

"Mrs. Dinglethorn's very sick."

"Who is this?"

"This is Mrs. Dinglethorn's house. I'm Jane. You know me. I always open the door for you."

"Oh, yes, Jane, of course. You say Mrs. Dinglethorn is ill?"

"Oh, frightful! The worst case she's ever had. She was took violent about ten minutes ago, and I'd have telephoned sooner but I had to get the hot water bag ready, and she wants you to come right over."

"All right," said the Doctor. "You tell Mrs. Dinglethorn to drink a glass of water just as hot as she can stand it, and to keep as quiet as possible, and I'll be over in about an hour."

"Oh, that won't do, I'm sure," shouted the excited maid, "she's so sick she'll die if you don't get here sooner."

"But I can't possibly," pleaded the Doctor, thinking of the time it would take him to change his clothes.

"Listen, doctor," the maid momentarily reduced her voice to caution, "Miss Measelberry's called up Doctor Cosgrove."

Jane disliked Miss Measelberry, but she liked Doctor Brown, because he "tipped" her whenever Mrs. Dinglethorn paid her bill.

Well, at this news of course Doctor Brown was alarmed. He could see Miss Measelberry hovering over Mrs. Dinglethorn and telling her that Doctor Cosgrove was downstairs, accidentally, and wouldn't she like to have him step up. Still, Doctor Brown didn't see how he could make it much quicker.

"I'm not at my home," he said, trying to make up some perfectly logical excuse, "and I'll have to go there first, but—"

At this point in the conversation Mrs. Brown, who had been listening at her husband's elbow, and who had heard nearly everything, interrupted him.

"Just a second, George," she said. "I've a plan for you so you can get over more quickly."

"Wait a minute," called the Doctor into the telephone, and then turned to his wife. Mrs. Brown explained her plan.

"Mrs. Cooper Danrib is just leaving for her train. You remember I told you she was starting for California this evening at ten o'clock. Well, her taxi is waiting. Get in with her, taking your suitcase with you. Leave her at the depot—it's on your way—and then drive to Mrs. Dinglethorn's, changing your clothes in the taxi as you go. Do you see what a splendid scheme it is to save time? Five minutes to the depot and fifteen minutes to Mrs. Dinglethorn's, twenty minutes in all. Tell her you'll be over in fifteen minutes."

"Yes, but couldn't I change here first, before I get into the taxi? It'll be sort of difficult—"

"No," said Mrs. Brown, "Mrs. Danrib is waiting now. There isn't a minute. And besides, you'll save more time that way."

There was no denying that part of it, so the Doctor turned to the telephone again.

"Tell Mrs. Dinglethorn that I'll be over in eighteen minutes." He thus split the difference between the truth and the purely diplomatic fib that his wife had suggested. He knew that every minute of waiting, beyond the promised time, would accentuate Mrs. Dinglethorn's peculiarities.

"All right," agreed the maid, "you be sure, because if you wait much longer she may be dead."

"Goodbye," said the Doctor, as he hung up the receiver. He was not really excited about the danger of Mrs. Dinglethorn's passing away, because every time she called for him, suddenly that way, she always thought she was going to die at once. And it was always nothing but indigestion, though the Doctor never said so to her. He always pronounced it "gastritis" or "peritonitis," or serious and expensive sounding things like that. And, of course, he always hustled in answer to her calls,, especially since Doctor Worthington Cosgrove had been nosing around.

"Now hurry up," cautioned Mrs. Brown, "Mrs. Danrib is waiting."

Then she hurried him upstairs and got his silk hat, which he wore with his regular clothes, and his medicine case, and helped him to pick out his suit-case, and she was mighty careful also to get the right one, because there were a lot of them there. She just seemed to think of everything. She was certainly a fine little woman, and exactly cut out to be a doctor's wife.

But the Doctor wasn't satisfied about the suitcase.

"Are you sure this is mine?" he asked.

"Of course, don't you remember that long, crooked scratch it got on the truck at Niagara Falls when we were on our honeymoon?"

"Um, yes, I think so," admitted the Doctor. But he wasn't taking any chances at all, so he opened the suit-case and assured himself that it was really his own, and then he didn't let it out of his hand until he was safely seated in the taxicab beside Mrs. Cooper Danrib, who now had just about ten minutes to catch her train and was not in the most amiable mental condition.

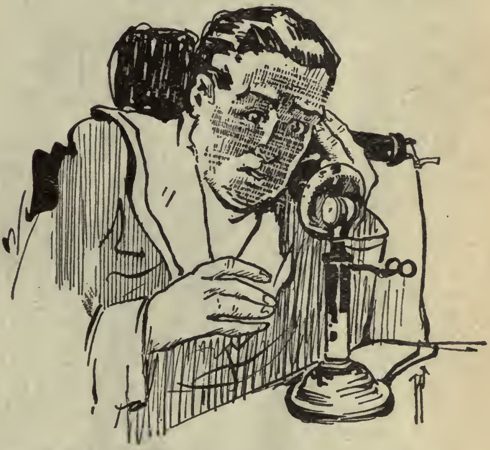
But they got to the depot in plenty of time and Mrs. Danrib of course told the Doctor not to get out. So the depot porter took Mrs. Danrib's suitcase, and the Doctor wished her a pleasant journey and she thanked him and went into the depot.

Then the Doctor called through the speaking tube of the taxi.

"Drive to 2897 Parkway Terrace just as quickly as possible."

"Honk! Honk!" went the horn, and off they started doing about double the speed regulation.

The Doctor put his suitcase on the movable seat in front of him and opened it. Then he jumped so that he nearly broke the roof out of the taxicab. It wasn't his suitcase at all. It was Mrs. Cooper Danrib's, and it had all her traveling clothes in it, that she was to wear when she got into her compartment on the train.



"All right," said the doctor, "You tell Mrs. Dinglethorn to drink a glass of water just as hot as she can stand it, and to keep as quiet as possible and I'll be over in about an hour"

So, after all his care, he'd got the wrong one. For a second or two the inside of that taxi was like the wireless room on an ocean liner. But he didn't waste much time in useless profanity. He reached and grabbed the speaking tube again.

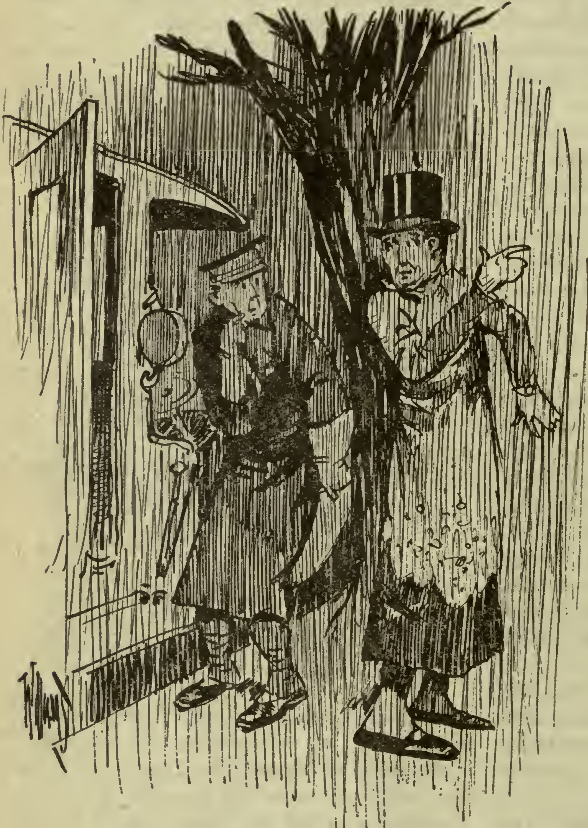
"Turn right around and go back to that depot as quickly as you can," he yelled. "If you get there in three minutes, I'll give you five dollars." (The Doctor clean forgot that he didn't have five cents.)

This, of course, interested the chauffeur very much, and going back he did better than twice the speed regulations.

Long before they reached the depot entrance, the Doctor had the door of the taxi open and was ready to spring out. He totally forgot his garb, the Buster

Brown suit, finished off at the top with a shiny silk hat. He had only one thought, to get to the California train before it left, regain his suitcase, and return Mrs. Danrib's.

"Where's the California train?" he said to the grinning porter as they drew up to the curb.



Gradually the chauffeur came to his senses

"Dunno which track; have to ask the gateman."

Doctor Brown leaped down the stairs to the gate. His agility was very picturesque.

"Where's the California train?" he demanded.

The gateman looked too astonished to articulate a reply. He only gazed at Doctor Brown and laughed. And one can't blame him much, because Doctor Brown was really mighty funny to look at. Doctor Brown's face was certainly tragic in its expression of intensity, but from his neck down he was very comic, and also from his forehead up, for the silk hat was set at a political angle.

Doctor Brown heard the bell ring and the steam escape from the cylinders the way they always do as an engine starts. He knew that it was about the minute that the California train was due to leave. He pushed the laughing gateman aside roughly and started in pursuit of the train. Everyone in the depot had by this time noticed the slim, excited six-footer in the funny costume that didn't match the serious expression on his face.

"Go it, Buster!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Gee, Buster, but you've grown since I saw you last. Where's Tige?"

"Oh, Buster, where did you get that hat?"

Similar comments to these were irritatingly numerous.

But the Doctor didn't pay any attention to them. He just ran faster. Faster went the California train. But like most college men, the doctor was a good sprinter and was gaining. He kept on gaining, until he was within five feet of the observation platform, on which stood Mrs. Cooper Danrib, wildly gesticulating, and holding up a suitcase, as if to bait the Doctor to renewed efforts, just like you coax a donkey along with a carrot that he can't get.

Then the train began to gain on the Doctor.

"Go it, Buster!" again shouted the interested spectators.

Doctor Brown put forth every ounce of energy. The thought of Doctor Worthington Cosgrove's beautiful brown Van Dyke beard hovering over Mrs. Dinglethorn maddened him to frantic effort. It was no use. Once a train begins to gain on a man it keeps gaining. Nearly everybody knows that. The distance between him and the train widened. He tried to shout to Mrs. Danrib to throw his suitcase out. But he had used all his breath. He couldn't raise even a whisper. Then he made a lot of gestures. But nobody can learn the sign language instantly. She didn't understand his antics at all, though everybody else thought them very amusing.

"What did he want?" said the conductor to Mrs. Danrib, after they had gone a mile or so.

"Why, this suitcase," she said, and explained the whole situation.

"Why didn't you throw it to him?" asked the conductor.

"Why, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Mrs. Danrib.

When he saw that he had lost the train, the Doctor turned and started back over the long platform of the depot shed.

"Too bad, Buster," laughed some people who were standing waiting for another train.

"You'll get spanked when you get home, Buster," cried others, and there was a great quantity of miscellaneous humor let loose at the Doctor.

But the Doctor didn't hear more than one remark, because he suddenly thought of Mrs. Dinglethorn again, and the undigested mince pie, and Doctor Worthington Cosgrove, the "bug" in his "butter."

He ran back to the taxi and jumped in. "Now quick—to 2897 Parkway Terrace," he shouted, and slammed the door.

Then he took one minute of the twenty he had to do some quick thinking. He must go to Mrs. Dinglethorn's. This was certain. He couldn't go home first, because his latch key was in his regular trousers and they were on the way to California, and it was doubtful whether or not the janitor was about. Besides that would take too long. His home was in the other direction. So he must go to Mrs. Dinglethorn as he was, or there was just one alternative. He could go to her in Mrs. Cooper Danrib's traveling dress.

Which would look the worse? He decided that Buster Brown, bursting in on a fat dyspeptic in acute pain, would never do at all. He would have to explain either costume, and when it came to explanations, one would be as easy as the other. He wouldn't startle his best patient out of her mind by suddenly and unexpectedly revealing to her a six-foot Buster Brown. No; she'd be sure to think she "had 'em." On the other hand, there would be nothing startling in a woman's quiet cloth traveling costume, until she discovered that there was a man in it, and by that time he could have her partly reassured. Besides, Mrs. Dinglethorn's house was set quite a distance back from the street and had no carriage entrance. In a Buster Brown suit it was a long walk. But a neat feminine tailor made wouldn't look at all out of the way. The Doctor was smooth shaven and could easily wear it without attracting attention. Yes, there was no doubt but what the smallest evil was Mrs. Cooper Danrib's traveling suit.

As soon as he decided what he would do, he got very busy. He took the precaution to tell the chauffeur to drive around a bit until further orders. This didn't surprise the chauffeur at all, because by this time he was perfectly sure that he was driving a raving lunatic. But he often drove people like that.

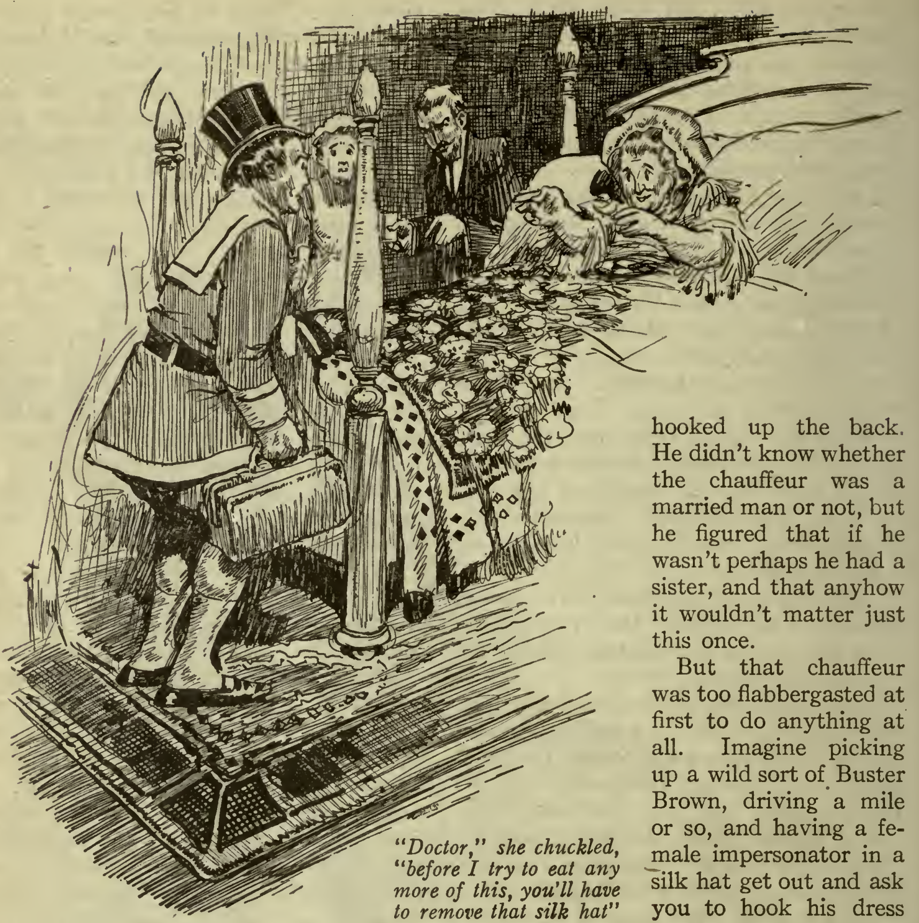
First the Doctor pulled off the Buster Brown trousers and blouse and threw them under the seat to get them well out of the way. Then he began a deeper investigation of Mrs. Danrib's suitcase.

He knew that the same thing would have to be done for which he had "roasted" Mrs. Danrib to his wife earlier in the evening. But he didn't hesitate. Out came Mrs. Danrib's best twenty-four dollar "figure," and Doctor Brown began trying to get into it.

After a minute or so he felt like backing out, but since he was started he determined to keep on as he had planned. He had often told his wife that vacillation was even worse than bad judgment.

He was perspiring pretty freely now, because there wasn't much room in the taxicab and he couldn't put Mrs. Danrib's "figure" on sitting down, and he couldn't stand up, so he had to kneel down, because it was long and not at all what might be called flexible.

Well, finally he got that part fixed. It cut his breath off a good deal, and there was one place where something poked him terribly in the hip bone. He thought, however, he could stand it for a half hour or so. Then he put on the dress. It seemed



"Doctor," she chuckled, "before I try to eat any more of this, you'll have to remove that silk hat"

to fit pretty well, for Mrs. Danrib was a good sized woman, though the skirt was a trifle short. But that didn't matter so much because the doctor had on the long silk stockings and pumps which went with the Buster Brown costume. The only trouble was that the stockings were pink, but still that wasn't so very terrible. But just the same something else mattered a whole lot and the Doctor did a little swearing when he found it out.

Well, he just sat and stewed for a minute and then he had an idea. He would make the chauffeur hook him up. Chauffeurs have to be handy fellows. Surely in a pinch like this he could help out.

So he told him to stop, first picking out a dark and deserted street. Then he got out and explained, as if it was a perfectly ordinary thing that he wanted his dress hooked up the back. He didn't know whether the chauffeur was a married man or not, but he figured that if he wasn't perhaps he had a sister, and that anyhow it wouldn't matter just this once.

But that chauffeur was too flabbergasted at first to do anything at all. Imagine picking up a wild sort of Buster Brown, driving a mile or so, and having a female impersonator in a silk hat get out and ask you to hook his dress up the back. It was too much. Even the chauffeur's mental machinery has a speed limit.

"Hurry," said the Doctor, pushing the dress together at the waist, just as he'd often seen his wife do.

Gradually the chauffeur came to his senses. If he was sure before that he had a lunatic in his car, he was dead sure of it now. It was his turn to do some quick thinking. But he was used to that and he got the right idea first shot, just like one gets a quick explosion out of an engine that's in constant use.

"Say," he coaxed, "just get in and let me drive down to that lamp post, so I can see what I'm doing. It's too dark here."

Of course he didn't need to do that because he had his headlights right there, but his scheme was to get the maniac back into the car.

The Doctor was so excited that when the chauffeur wanted to drive to a lamppost, he never thought about the headlights, but just climbed right back into the taxi.

Then the driver got on his seat and headed for the nearest police station. Somehow he happened to know right where it was.

When the Doctor saw that the chauffeur didn't stop at the lamp post he couldn't imagine what was the matter, and he hollered through the speaking tube of the taxi. But that only made the poor, scared chauffeur push his throttle open another notch. Then the Doctor opened the door and yelled at him and swore in a frightfully unprofessional manner, but that didn't make the chauffeur go any faster, because he couldn't.

The Doctor then made a couple of desperate squirms trying to hook the dress up himself, but every woman knows how impossible that was, especially with the taxi bouncing about like a rubber ball.

While the Doctor was in the middle of one of his squirms they arrived at the police station, and for a minute he didn't notice that they had stopped.

A policeman was standing in front of the door. The chauffeur shouted at him.

"Say, come quick and help me. I've got a nut inside!"

Of course anyone else might have misunderstood and thought that there was something wrong with the machinery. But the copper knew right away that "nut" meant crazy man. Even if he hadn't, he'd have "tumbled" all right when the door of the taxi opened. So just as Doctor Brown leaped out the policeman rushed for him, and with the help of the chauffeur, landed Dr. Brown in front of the desk sergeant. Then there was a great deal of loud talking. The chauffeur told his story and Doctor Brown told his, and finally succeeded in convincing the desk sergeant that he wasn't altogether dippy.

"Ye kin go," agreed the Sergeant. "But ye can't chase around the streets in that rig. It's against the law. Ye'll have to change back into what ye had before."

"All right," replied the Doctor, glad to get away. "It's in the car."

"How do I know that ye'll change?" queried the Sergeant.

"Tell the chauffeur to drive back here if I don't," returned the Doctor.

"Believe me, I will," the chauffeur declared.

"All right," replied the Sergeant. "Go along wit' ye."

They went out and the Doctor once more gave the chauffeur Mrs. Dinglethorn's address and told him to drive as fast as he could. The chauffeur started at once, but kept one eye on the Doctor to see that he obeyed orders.

While they were on the way, the Doctor changed back into the Buster Brown suit and he told his wife afterwards that if he had tried to wear that "figure" of Mrs. Cooper Danrib's a minute longer he would have died. He was probably right, for there was once a man who wore his wife's clothes all one evening on a bet, and they say that all the rest of his life he never spoke one single cross word to her.

Well, of course there had been considerable excitement at Mrs. Dinglethorn's all this time. Every ten seconds the maid had gone to the door and looked out and called back that there was nothing in sight. And every five minutes Miss Measelberry had run upstairs and told Mrs. Dinglethorn that Doctor Cosgrove was in the drawing room and she was sure he would be glad to do anything he could. And Mrs. Dinglethorn had been getting madder and madder at Doctor Brown, and finally she said to let Doctor Cosgrove come up. So Miss Measelberry rushed down and gleefully told Doctor Cosgrove. She figured that this would get her the wedding ring that had sort of passed her by for so many years, and release her from Mrs. Dinglethorn's domestic tyranny. But she was all wrong about that. Doctor Cosgrove didn't have the slightest intention that way at all.

Well, Doctor Cosgrove came into Mrs. Dinglethorn's room with his medicine case in his hand, and began asking her questions about what she'd eaten. She didn't like it at all. Doctor Brown never did that. He knew what the trouble was every time, because the maid would whisper to him as she opened the door, "Plum pudding," or "country sausage," or "baked ham," or "spareribs and sauer-kraut," or whatever it was, and that was enough for Doctor Brown.

Still Mrs. Dinglethorn answered Doctor Cosgrove in a sort of a moan, and he got out some medicine and gave it to her and asked her if she felt any better. She said she didn't, and then they all stood around sort of awkward. Just then Doctor Brown's taxi arrived. The maid heard it first and rushed down to the door.

When she saw Doctor Brown get out in his Buster Brown costume with his medicine case in one hand, she threw up her hands and yelled. But that didn't stop the Doctor. He'd been through too many vicissitudes to be stopped by anything. He just rushed up the steps and into the house and up the stairs, two steps at a time, and into Mrs. Dinglethorn's room.

Mrs. Dinglethorn was lying there moaning, the hot water bag on the place where the strong pain was. Doctor Cosgrove and Miss Measelberry were hovering about, sympathizing and wondering if she'd care to see Doctor Brown, now that he was so late.

When he rushed into the room, Miss Measelberry screamed just like the maid did, and Doctor Cosgrove drew himself up and said in the most dignified way he could:

"Sir! What does this mean?"

All this startled Mrs. Dinglethorn so that she opened her eyes. Then she opened them a lot wider, and started to laugh. She really did have a sense of humor. Lots of fat women have. It's quite true that some sort of compensation goes with every misfortune.

Of course Doctor Brown started to explain, but he couldn't because Mrs. Dinglethorn just kept on laughing, only louder and louder. She shook and shook, and finally shook the hot water bag off the place where the strong pain was, and she nearly shook the bed to pieces, and herself out of it. The Doctor told his wife afterwards that she laughed for twenty minutes. He knew because he noticed the time by the clock on the dresser.

Doctor Brown, in accordance with the ethics of the profession, was trying to say that he'd withdraw since there was already someone in attendance, but he couldn't make anyone hear him, and he just stood there, looking more foolish and funny than ever.

Several times Doctor Cosgrove stupidly "butted in" and tried to tell Mrs. Dinglethorn that she would injure herself, but she only waved him away and went on laughing.

About the time she got through the hardest of her laughing the chauffeur got nervous about his money and came into the house, and not finding anybody downstairs, he went up and came to Mrs. Dinglethorn's room.

"What does that man want?" demanded Mrs. Dinglethorn. "Is this something else to laugh at?"

"I want my fare," declared the chauffeur, not understanding what was going on.

Doctor Brown started to dive into his pocket and then suddenly remembered that the pocket was away on a pleasure trip. There was a short pause.

"How much is it?" asked Mrs. Dinglethorn, guessing the trouble.

"Seven dollars on the meter and five for getting to the depot on time."

"It's not," contradicted the Doctor. "You didn't get there on time or this wouldn't have happened."

"Didn't he?" inquired Mrs. Dinglethorn. "Well, he deserves something for that. Jane, open my purse and give the man a twenty dollar bill. Why, this is worth a hundred dollars to me. I'm practically cured. I feel no pain at all."

"Yes, that medicine is very rapid and effective," puffed Doctor Cosgrove, seeing a chance.

"What'll I do with that suitcase and all those woman's clothes?" asked the chauffeur.

"Woman's clothes?" repeated Mrs. Dinglethorn. "What woman's clothes?"

"Bring them in," ordered the Doctor.

"Bring them up here," called Mrs. Dinglethorn.

The chauffeur took the money and went down and brought up Mrs. Danrib's things and then skipped right out just as quickly as he could, because he was still mighty uncertain about the mental condition of everybody in the house.

"What woman's clothes are they?"

repeated Mrs. Dinglethorn, interested at once, the way a middle-aged woman is whenever she scents anything that seems like a mild and perfectly decent scandal.

Doctor Brown seemed to hesitate a little and Mrs. Dinglethorn saw at once that he didn't want to explain before Doctor Cosgrove. So she said graciously:

"I'm much obliged to you, Doctor Cosgrove, but I guess we won't need to trouble you any more."

Then he started to give her some instructions about the medicine and so forth, but she shut him right up and told him she was not in need of any more medicine. So he retreated in somewhat bad order, and then Mrs. Dinglethorn turned to Doctor Brown for his explanation.

Well, he tried to explain about Mrs. Danrib's clothes, without telling that he'd attempted to wear them, but Mrs. Dinglethorn showed remarkable cross-questioning ability, and finally dragged the whole story out of him, and then she laughed and laughed some more and nearly went into convulsions when he told about trying to get into Mrs. Danrib's figure, because you see, she knew Mrs. Danrib.

She begged the Doctor to give them a demonstration, but at that the Doctor got fearfully huffy and dignified, and Mrs. Dinglethorn's laughter got a fresh start, because huffiness and dignity didn't go well with the Buster Brown suit.

Finally Mrs. Dinglethorn turned to the maid. "Jane," she said, "run down to the icebox and see if there isn't a piece of that cold mince pie left over. I'm beginning to have an appetite again."

The maid said that there was a piece left and went downstairs for it, while the Doctor, of course, objected strongly, as was his duty. But it didn't do any more good than it ever did when he attempted to regulate Mrs. Dinglethorn's diet. She gave Doctor Cosgrove's medicine to poor Miss Measelberry and told her to throw it out, and then sat up and started to pitch into the cold mince pie.

But she took one bite and then began to laugh again.

"Doctor," she chuckled, "before I try to eat any more of this, you'll have to remove that silk hat."

The Doctor had totally forgotten the hat and he hastily grabbed it off, and Mrs. Dinglethorn went after the pie.

But the Doctor didn't wait. He just telephoned for another taxi and took Mrs. Danrib's clothes and suitcase and went home, feeling fairly sure that Doctor Cosgrove would no longer be the "bug" in his "butter," and absolutely certain that he had not lost his best patient after all.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE sunset doubting sank to death;
The amaranthine stars lost faith,
And heaven withered like a scroll;
The moving waters ceased to roll—
The flood and torrent fount were dried;
The lightning in its place of pride
By its own hand of hate was slain;
The hills were toppled to the plain;
The winds were scattered, and the air
Clothed on with shadow and despair.

Then lo, the Last Man in the dark,
Kissing the Last Maid, woke the lark;
The bird flew up with morning cries,
And as of old, Dawn climbed the skies!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason*

Love and the Seasons

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

SPRING

A SUDDEN softness in the wind;
A glint of song, a-wing;
A fragrant sound that trails behind,
And joy in everything.

A sudden flush upon the cheek,
The tear drop quick to start;
A hope too delicate to speak,
And heaven within the heart.

SUMMER

A riotous dawn and the sea's great wonder;
The red, red heart of a rose uncurled;
And beauty tearing her veil asunder,
In sight of a swooning world.

A call of the soul, and the senses blended;
The Springtime lost in the glow of the sun,
And two lives rushing, as God intended,
To meet and mingle as one.

AUTUMN

The world is out in gala dress;
And yet it is not gay.
Its splendor hides a loneliness
For something gone away.

(Laughter and music on the air;
A shower of rice and bloom.
Smiles for the fond departing pair—
And then the empty room.)

WINTER

Two trees swayed in the winter wind; and dreamed
The snowflakes falling about them were bees
Singing among the leaves. And they were glad,
Knowing the dream would soon come true.

Beside the hearth an aged couple rocked,
And dozed; and dreamed the friends long passed from sight
Were with them once again. They woke and smiled,
Knowing the dream would soon come true.

A Deal in Rubber

by Harold de Polo

CAPTAIN CHALMERS of the Brawny Bess, on a scorching day in August, sat at a little table outside of the *Cantina San Antonio*, leisurely sipping a cooling drink, in the small Mexican shipping town of Laguna del Carmen, in the out of the way state of Campeche.

Captain Chalmers was a big, full-bearded, black-haired giant of an Englishman, cool, calm, stolid; but now, although he appeared quite at his ease—his beard was so thick that one could not easily distinguish his features—he was inwardly raging and fuming with all his might, alternately deploring his luck and cursing the man that had caused it.

He had got in from Mobile, two days ago, with a big shipment of machinery and rails for a large lumber concern up-state that expected to install a railroad over its own grounds, and he was quite free for a few days to pursue his own pleasure.

But be it known that the Captain's pleasure, for a year or so, had been the buying of rubber from a tribe of Maya Indians far up in the jungle at an absurdly low figure, and the selling of it in the "States" at an exceedingly advanced one. In fact, the Captain had by now quite a comfortable little account in the Bank of England.

And now as to the Captain's rage. He had found that another individual—a Mexican—had learned how the thing was going and had made a much higher bid than himself, and Chalmers, after he had wasted a good two days on his trip across the lagoon and up the river to the Maya camp, had been informed by the old chief, suddenly grown shrewd, that he would have to compete with the other prospective buyer. And as the price that the Captain was asked to pay would not give him a sufficient amount of profit, so he thought, he had left the camp in a burst of anger. Therefore his present rage.

Presently, down the sunlit, scorching street, the Captain's eye was arrested by a rather odd-looking pair coming toward him. The first of the two was a white man, slim, good-looking, of medium height, but wonderfully proportioned. His face was bronzed to an almost golden copper, and the small, turned-up mustache that he wore shone like burnished gold, while in his left eye, stuck there unconcernedly, was a monocle. This was the more queer as it was so ill-matched to his apparel; he wore a pair of tattered khaki riding breeches, a pair of still more tattered tan puttees, a somewhat ancient blue flannel shirt and a wide-brimmed felt sombrero, set far back on his head. But yet there was something about the man that compelled one to look at him, not with humor, but with respect.

The other of the pair, walking a few feet in the rear and carrying, apparently, the other's knapsack, was a long, gaunt, straight-figured, clean-shaven peon, garbed in the usual manner of his class, only he was, comparatively, much more tattered than the white man. His sandals made one wonder how they stayed on, so little of them was left; his loose, black-white trousers were ragged at the ends, his once white tunic was ripped up the back, and even the *sombrero* that was pulled down over his head and the *zerape* he carried slung over his arm appeared to be utterly on their last legs.

Chalmers was eyeing them with interest. In a moment more the white man sauntered over to his table, his lips turned in a pleasant, boyish smile. He doffed his hat and bowed, his eyes twinkling merrily, while the peon waited respectfully a few feet off.

"Sir," he said, in a clear, agreeable voice, "your pardon. I beg you not to think that I am an escaped convict, a brigand, or a lunatic, for I infer I must look rather like one of the three. I am simply an individual in distress. Story quickly told.

Two weeks ago struck charming city of Vera Cruz with a nice young fortune amassed from buying gold from the Indians in Guerrero. Uncontrollable idea suddenly arose that I should break bank at Bello's. Roulette. Tried it. *It* broke me. Everything. Cash, clothes, all except the gorgeous raiment I now wear, which same is mining garb. On account of hotel bill and few other incidentals thought it best to leave town immediately. Did so, as was able to persuade ship captain to wait until fortune once more favored me. Also, staunch old servitor worked for passage." He turned his head and waved at the peon, "Sir, allow me to present to you Tomaso Gutierrez, who is fool enough to stick by me now because I once helped him out of a hole a few years back, and he has been traveling with me ever since."

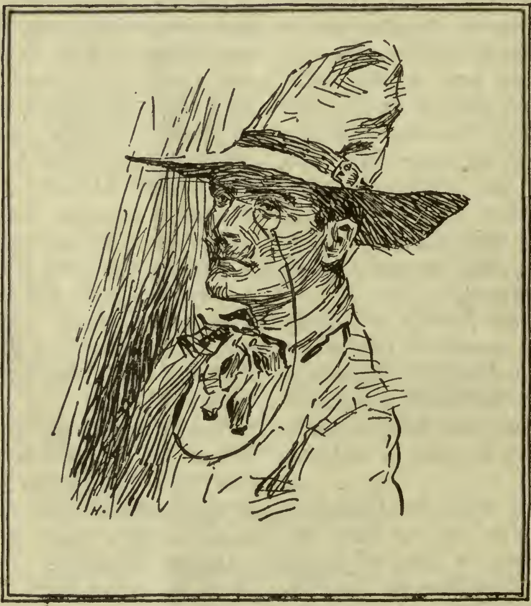
He stopped, broke into a rippling laugh, and stood, arms akimbo, looking at the Englishman, while the peon moved a step closer and bent his long frame low and humbly.

The Captain said nothing. He was a slow, stolid man who took a long time to drink in anything.

Again the other spoke. "Sir, you will kindly pardon my temerity? It is hot; I am thirsty; I am asking you, as you are a white man, to be so kind as to purchase for me one of those cool, pleasant drinks such as your glass holds!"

Captain Chalmers now smiled, amused in spite of himself. "Certainly," he answered quite civilly, "sit right down!" There was something in the stranger that drew people to him, magnet-like.

He bowed, sat down, and extended his hand. "My name's Manning—Dick Manning—sometimes called 'Lucky' Manning, although at present I fear that my appearance belies my soubriquet. I am an American, aged twenty-six, occasionally mining man, but usually one of leisure, and am very much at your service."



"*LUCKY*" *MANNING*

His face was bronzed to an almost golden copper, and the small, turned-up mustache that he wore shone like burnished gold, while in his left eye, stuck there unconcernedly, was a monocle. This was the more queer as it was so ill-matched to his apparel

Chalmers, always slow to make acquaintances, now grasped the other's hand warmly. "I'm Chalmers, running the Brawny Bess."

In a moment two cool, long glasses were set before them. "Here's to your luck," said Manning, as they clicked, "Many thanks"

Then, asking the Englishman's pardon, he took a small coin from his pocket and beckoned to his man. "Tomaso, this is my last ten *centavo* piece. Go and wash thy throat with some cooling beverage."

The peon seemed reluctant; but Manning frowned at him and he did as he was bid, bowing gravely as he left.

For a time Chalmers and Manning swapped yarns; but soon the Captain harked back to his grievance, this time swearing that he would yet have the skin of the Mexican who had ruined his prospects.

Manning listened attentively. Then he asked Chalmers to explain more clearly. After he had heard the whole story he inquired if the Captain would mind his asking a few questions.

"Not a bit, my dear chap," laughed Chalmers, by this time feeling the stranger almost a bosom friend.

Manning leaned forward. "Good. What did you formerly pay for rubber?"

"Forty cents a pound! American money, of course!"

"And what has the Mexican offered?"

"Eighty!"

Manning whistled, smiling. "From which I infer that you formerly made good money!"

Captain Chalmers grinned. "Ripping good money. But now, if I want it, I'll have to pay quite a bit over eighty, and I sell it for only around ninety or one dollar in Mobile, you know!"

Manning removed his glass from his eye; his smile left him, and he leaned over the table, resting on his elbows, his forehead creased into many lines.

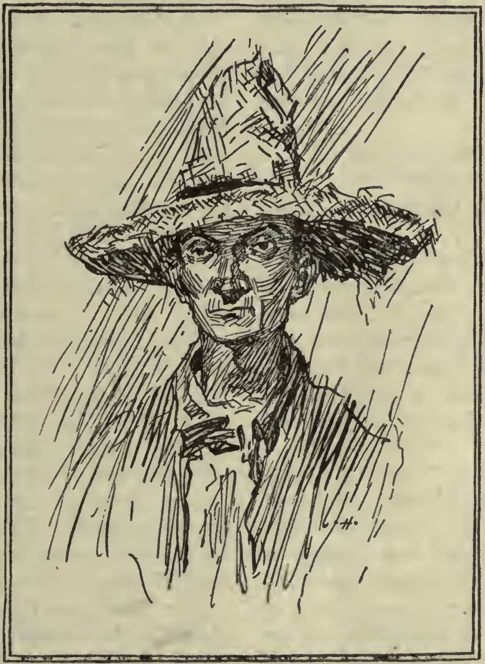
Chalmers remained silent, seeing the other was thinking.

Finally, after a good fifteen minutes had gone by, Manning replaced his glass, smiled, and lit a cigarette. "Chalmers, my dear fellow," he said lightly, "It's simple—quite simple! I'll get the stuff for you at your previous figure!"

Chalmers only laughed loudly. "Come now, you're quizzing, you know!"

Manning shook his head. "You lose. I mean it!"

Chalmers blinked at him, puzzled, seeing that he really did mean it. "Ah—what—what's your game?" he asked interested.



TOMASO GUTIERREZ

Even the sombrero that was pulled down over his head and the zerape he carried slung over his arm appeared to be utterly on their last legs

Manning leaned further over, his bronzed face set and determined, his eye narrowed, and when he spoke his voice had the ring of truth in it. "Chalmers, look here. This is the first time you've seen me, and it's under unfavorable conditions, too. I look like the very deuce. But I want to ask you to believe me, and that my word is good. Please do. I tell you that I've got a scheme that will let me get that rubber at forty. If I tell you the thing it may not sound plausible. We've all got such different opinions. But I swear that I can do it!" He stopped and looked Chalmers squarely and unflinchingly in the eyes.

The big Englishman, shrewd, a fair reader of human nature, returned the gaze with equal directness. A good five minutes went by. Then the Englishman relaxed. "By Gad, man, I believe you—I do! I'm going to take a chance, you know!"

"Good," smiled Manning.

"And now," answered Chalmers, "about the terms?"

"Well, I'm dead broke. I need money. I'll work cheap. Five hundred pesos. One hundred in advance and the other four hundred on delivery."

"Let me see," said Chalmers, "they've got just fifty bags of a hundred pounds each waiting up there. That means I've got to pay forty dollars a bag. That's two thousand. I get about two thousand clean profit—" He broke off smiling. "Yes, Manning, I'll do it. Five hundred, eh?"

"Good," said Manning, "and don't worry, we'll win!"

"Well, what do you need?"

"I want a schooner, provided it's big enough to hold the stuff, with a Mexican skipper that hates the whites as he hates the devil. That's most important!"

Captain Chalmers could not make head or tail of the thing, but, once he had put his faith in a man, he was the kind that would follow him blindly and implicitly.

"Certainly," he said after a moment's thought. "I think I know just the thing and the captain is exactly the kind you want. He's called Lopez, of the schooner Cristobal, and I know he's not busy just now!"

"How many men does she carry?"

"Skipper and three others!"

"Excellent! I'll get the boat and start out early this evening!"

"Bully, my dear fellow. And now I'd better let you have the two thousand for the rubber; also your own hundred and another hundred to pay for the boat, it'll come to about that." And the Englishman extracted a large roll of bills from his pocket and carefully counted out the exact amount.

"Thank you kindly," said Manning easily, placing it in his pocket. Then he arose, glanced behind him and saw that Tomaso had returned and was waiting at his post, and bowed courteously to Chalmers. "Pardon my leaving you, but I've got a little business to attend to for an hour or so. And, by the way, Chalmers, I don't think we'd better be seen together any more. Captain Lopez might hear of it!"

* * *

At about five o'clock that afternoon, as the warm sun was bathing everything in its soft, mellow light, a slim, tattered white man walked pompously along the lagoon front, inquiring, in a loud, blustering voice, in English, where he could find Captain Lopez, of the Cristobal, as he had important business—exceedingly important business—to discuss.

He appeared quite angry when answered in the Spanish language, and swore that he "sabed" not a word of their damned lingo, which same caused those along the wharfs to roar mightily at this stupid *gringo* that walked about as if he owned the entire earth.

But presently he came to a neat, well-built schooner with the name Cristobal across her bow, in gold letters.

The *Americano* paused at the gang-plank. "Hey—hey, there!" he shouted. "Captain Lopez! Captain Lopez! I'm Manning—Manning, see?" And, although he did not now wear his glass, and he seemed altogether changed, it was that person himself.

In a moment a man appeared at the rail, in blue officer's trousers, but with only a gaudily colored undershirt to cover his chest—a small, wiry, oily-looking individual with a shining, grease-plastered black beard and mustachios. "*Que quiero usted, senor?*" he asked in rapid Spanish, his shifting pig's eyes looking the *gringo* scornfully over. Bah! how he despised them!

Mr. Richard Manning seemed puzzled. "Eh? What?" he shouted.

The Mexican repeated himself, speaking more slowly.

"Eh? What?" said the American once more. Then, angrily, "Blast it, don't any of you pepper eating, pulque drinking jackasses speak God's own tongue?"

The Mexcian shrugged his shoulders, contemptuously. "*No comprendo, senor,*" he smirked, again reminding himself that truly these *gringos* were the worst of fools.

The American repeated the Mexican's phrase, "*No comprendo, senor,*" several times, using such a ludricous pronunciation that the Mexican was obliged to cover his mouth. "Lord, don't you speak just a *leetle* American?" Manning was playing his part well.

What the Captain's reply might have been must remain unrecorded. For at that moment an old peon, long and bony and stooped far over, with a straggling, gray-flecked beard that almost entirely covered his face, shambled hurriedly forward.

"Eh, mista', me spik Een-gleesh! Me spik Een-gleesh fine!" And from his narrow age-ridden eyes there seemed to dart forth a glance that went straight to Captain Lopez's heart, so expressive was it of contempt for this bothersome *gringo.*

The American turned questioningly

about. He laughed loudly at sight of the peon. "So you talk American, eh, son?"

"Ye-es, mista', me talk heem fine! Me interprit for you, mista', cheep!" grinned the peon.

The American rumbled in his throat. "Hem, hem, what d'you charge?"

The peon winked at the Captain. Ah, but these people were close, eh? *Madre de Dios*, they were terrible. Money, money, always it came first. Then he beamed hypocritically on Mr. R. Manning. "Ah, mista', poor mans, me. I work for ten *peso* the day. Cheep, eh?"

Then the American, to the Captain's disgust, appeared almost to have a dangerous fit. "Ten *pesos*—ten *pesos!* You flea-bitten, scraggly lump o' dirt, you! Five—good—clean—American dollars!" And he rocked back and forth on his feet.

The peon undoubtedly believed that here was a man whom he could not fleece. "Ah—ah, fi-five *pesos*, mista,' " he whined, his voice very humble.

"Fool!" thundered the *gringo*, "fool!" Then he laughed. "Here, my man, I'll give you three—eh, three!" and, although not a very large man, he appeared extremely ferocious as he blazed out his words and drilled the man through with his sparkling eyes.

"Ah, senor," wailed the Mexican hopelessly, "I will agree. I am poor mans. One wife and twelve childs. Ah, mista', an' the oldes' is now—"

"Hang the oldest, hang him, I say," blustered the American. "Now we'll attend to business, see? *Business!*"

"Yes, mista'," cringed the peon, but still he winked at the Captain.

"Well," the *Americano* spoke sharply, decisively, in the manner of a man with no time to waste. "Well, tell that black rat up there that I want him to take me up to the Maya camp, see? He knows where I mean, I reckon. I want to get up there and buy some rubber, see? I'm no fool, eh? And I want to buy it cheap—forty cents a pound." He winked confidently, "And I'll do it, too! Well, ask the little skunk what he'll charge a day for his tub, from this minute. Be quick, too, see?"

The peon bowed ingratiatingly, and then turned to the Captain. In most disrespectful language toward the *Americano*, he acquainted Captain Lopez with that person's wishes, telling him to charge the pig as much as he possibly could.

"Bah," returned the Captain, "tell the idiot a hundred *pesos* a day!"

And then, once more, there happened almost the exact scene that had occurred some few moments before between Mr. Richard Manning and his interpreter, only this time it passed between the participants through the peon's lips. Also, the Americano appeared, now, to have at least half a dozen good-sized fits, and at each one of them the Captain's price came down, until, finally, he hissed at the interpreter.

"Tell the filthy *gringo* dog that he can have it at forty *pesos* a day—not a cent less, swine that he is, I swear it by all the saints!"

Whereupon, the necessary part of the sentence being communicated to the Americano, he very grudgingly agreed to pay Captain Lopez the sum asked; but he wanted it clearly understood that this was to cover his and his interpreter's passage and food and the transportation of the rubber, also with the stipulation that they should set out within the hour.

And, as all this was agreed to, Mr. Richard Manning finally walked up the gangplank and brusquely ordered the Captain to get away as quickly as he could.

* * *

Dick Manning, sitting in his small cabin after the Cristobal had gotten under way, appeared to be an altogether different person than the one who had walked so blusteringly along the wharf and talked so much in the manner of the American tourist of the comic-weekly caricature type. Now, there was a certain debonair air in the set of his monocle, there was a certain pleased, humorous smile playing over his lips and twinkling in his eyes, as he sat there on the little bunk with his legs crossed, nursing his right knee with his clasped hands and puffing on a cigarette as if he enjoyed it immensely. In fact, Dick Manning was vastly pleased.

He had succeeded, quite admirably, in creating exactly the impression that he had wished to make on Captain Lopez, who thought him a self-conceited, bothersome, idiotic *gringo*, and hated him with all the malice that was in his heart and his whole body, even so much so that he would gladly have strangled him. Yes; Manning was immensely pleased!

But again, when the American appeared at the dining table to partake of his meal with Captain Lopez, he was once more the blustering, cocksure, impertinent *gringo*, bothering the Captain, through his interpreter, with questions, insults, and everything that would tend to make the Mexican hate him more and more, until, the moment the meal was over, Captain Lopez found it necessary to go to the wheel, as he said these waters were extremely dangerous. All of which was frankly a lie, as Manning knew. In truth, the Mexican had seen quite enough of his passenger.

A while later as Manning was leaning over the rail, gazing dreamily out on the phosphorescent waters, he noticed that the Captain and the peon were talking together for a long time, in hushed whispers. They seemed to be arguing about something of great importance, as occasionally their voices rose high and shrill. But finally, after a good hour of this, the Captain put out his hand and condescended to shake that of the interpreter, while a hard, covetous light glittered in his eye. And Mr. Richard Manning, although the Captain did not know it, had seen them, during their conversation, cast many quick, shifting glances in his direction. This, though, did not appear to bother him, for after a while he went calmly to his bunk and to sleep.

Early the next morning, after the Cristobal had crossed the sixty miles of lagoon and gone up the narrow, winding, little-known river for some twenty more, it came to a stop at the Maya camp.

Mr. Richard Manning immediately blustered on land between his interpreter and the Captain, once more swaggering about and talking loudly in burlesque English.

He returned the old Maya chief's slow, wily greeting with a brusque nod of his head, and turned impatiently to his interpreter.

"Here, my son, tell the old geezer that I want to buy his rubber, see?"

The peon interpreted the *Americano's* wish, again using most disrespectful terms about the man that was hiring him.

"How much does the pig pay?" asked the Indian.

The American emitted a coarse cackle. "Tell him I'll pay forty *centavos* a pound, see? Tell him *I'm* not a blamed fool, and that I don't believe a word of his darn cock and bull story about there being a greaser that'll give him more! Tell him that for being such a fool as to try and swindle more money out of Chalmers he only lost his man, see? Oh, tell the old fool that *I* know *his* game and that he'd better sell at forty while he can do it." He laughed, "Huh, you might tell him that I know what I'm talking about, too, and that I managed to find out all about Chalmers and everything!"

The peon, quite lengthily, and giving his own opinion on it, informed the old Maya of the *gringo's* words.

The chief's eyes snapped dangerously and he thrust out his jaw. "Tell the white man," he jerked out angrily, "that I tell the truth. There *is* a Mexican that will give eighty!"

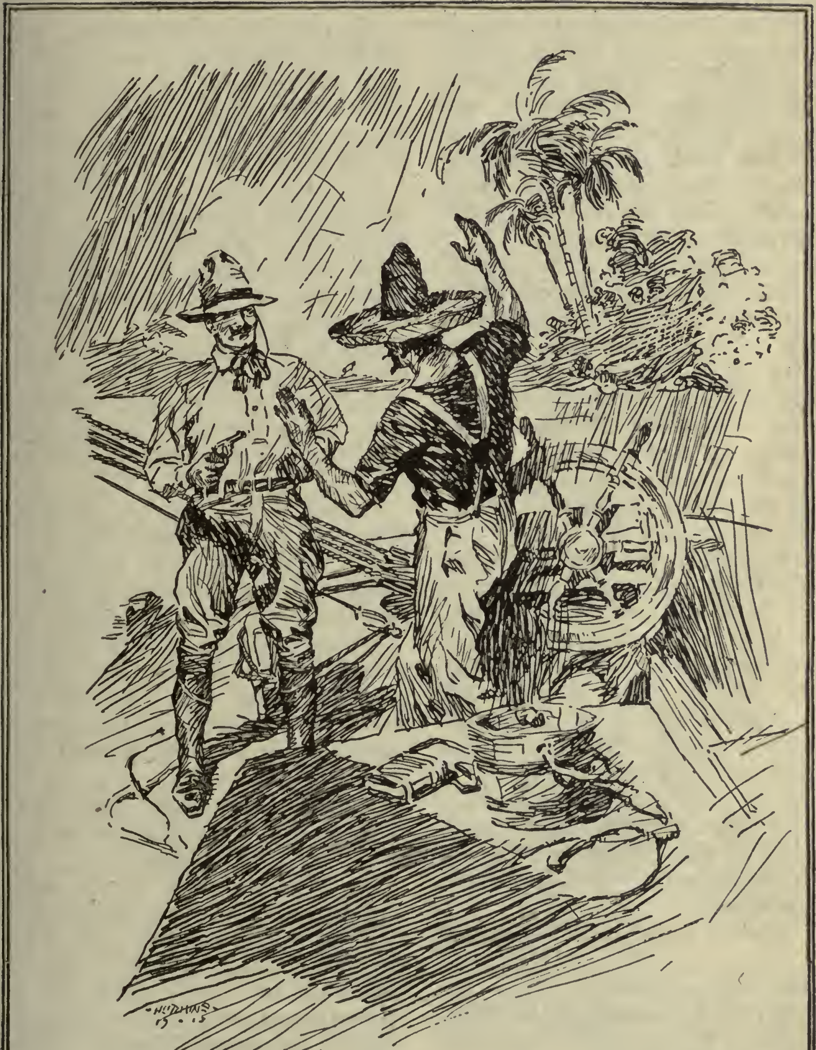
But again the American laughed his derision, throwing his head far back to enjoy himself the more fully. "Ha, ha, ha! The old redskin's crazy! *I* don't swallow yarns like that—not *me!* Ha, ha, ha!"

And again, when the peon explained that the *gringo* dog did not believe him, the old Maya chief almost sprang upon him, so angry was he. "Tell him," he hissed, "that it will cost him just ninety American *centavos* a pound—not a *centavo* less, I swear it by the Heavens!"

Once more the American laughed scornfully. "Here, here, tell the red that I'll give him half an hour to cool down and think it over. I know his kind—bluff, bluff, bluff, that's all! He'll come to terms in a few minutes, all right, when he sees that I mean it. Tell him that, see?"

And Mr. Richard Manning took out a cigarette, lit it, puffed on it, and, still laughing loudly, turned his back on them and swaggered off to his cabin on the boat; while the old Maya chief, the Captain of the Cristobal, and the peon interpreter, all glared after him with death in their eyes.

Then, when he had disappeared, they all turned, facing each other, and exploded in unison. "Pig! Dog! Wretch!"



Before him stood Manning, monocled, smiling, with a wicked-looking, blue steel revolver resting lightly in his hand and pointed directly at the Captain's head

But in a moment Captain Lopez lowered his voice and tapped the Indian on the shoulder, a cruel, nasty smile playing over his thin lips as he spoke. "Listen, man. We can yet fool the *gringo* dog nicely. It is Juan's plan," he nodded at the peon. "You are to sell him the rubber at forty cents a pound, eh! Let him take all the bags and pack them on the boat, and then, in the night, when he is standing on deck, we will break his thick skull and throw him overboard, food for the sharks! Then we bring back the rubber to you!"

The old Maya looked dubious.

"But wait, wait," broke in the peon excitedly. "It is quite safe. No one knows this *Americano*. He but came into town yesterday, all alone. He looks poor by his clothes and no one will care. This money for the rubber is probably all he has got." He shrugged his shoulders. "See how simple it is?" and laughed.

The old Maya nodded his head thoughtfully; he was a very careful man. "Yes, but would no one find out?"

Again Captain Lopez spoke. "Look, man. The three men I have on the boat will never know, and they will swear that he must have fallen overboard. I also will swear he must have. Juan here will swear that he must have. It is simple!" And the Mexican rubbed his hands gleefully at the prospect of killing a hateful enemy and making a little money.

The Maya chief, calm and far-seeing, was quite satisfied with this excellent plan. "It is well!" he stated briefly, nodding his head. Then shrewdly, "And how much do you each want?"

"One hundred pesos each!" answered Lopez.

But this did not seem to please the Maya, and after a little arguing he promised to give them fifty pesos each, and took them to his hut to do so.

Then, after they had talked it all over once more and were but waiting for the appearance of their victim, the *Americano* again swaggered down the gangplank and walked over to their side.

"Well," he questioned of his interpreter, "has the old buck come to his senses yet?"

The Maya spoke, and the peon told his employer that the Indian had decided to let it got for sixty, not a cent less. The shrewd Maya was playing his game well.

The *gringo* appeared quite angry. "Look here," he shouted loudly, "you tell that blasted Injun that if he don't come to terms right off he can go hang, see?"

The peon did as he was bid; and the old chief, after he had silently deliberated for a good five minutes, said with a sigh that the hard, cruel senor could have it at his own price. Yes, it was no use trying to fool these clever *Americanos*.

The white man laughed conceitedly at this intended compliment. "I knew the old fool was only bluffing!" he grinned. Then, very carefully, he counted out the round sum of two thousand dollars, in dirty, greasy bills.

And an hour later, with the bags correctly weighed and stowed safely away in her hold, the Cristobal, captained by Senor Lopez, was calmly making her way down the river to the mouth of the lagoon.

* * *

Captain Lopez, as the evening approached, was so excited that he could hardly handle the wheel, waiting for the moment to come when he could end forever the life of the hated *gringo*.

In fact, so taken up was he with this thought, that he did not hear a light step come up behind him. Nor did he turn round until the owner of that step, quite calmly and in excellent, musical Spanish, spoke gently to him.

"Captain Lopez, would you be so kind as to raise your arms above your head, and to keep them there!"

The Mexican turned like a flash, his teeth bared in a snarl and his fingers ready to clutch a throat. But then, when he saw who it was, he dropped back with a weak gasp and slowly raised his hands, his skin turning to a livid, yellowish green.

Before him stood Manning, monocled, smiling, with a wicked-looking, blue steel revolver resting lightly in his hand and pointed directly at the Captain's head.

The Mexican could not speak; he was stunned. Here, before him, was the hated *gringo* who had appeared to be such a fool! Here he was, an altogether different man, quick, alert, smiling, a shrewd, clever, determined person that, somehow, instilled great fear into the Captain's craven heart. Fool that he had been; he was trapped; how, he did not know, but the American's excellent Spanish told him that there had surely been some kind of scheme.

"You seem, Captain Lopez, rather uneasy," Manning continued easily, "Don't worry, me dear fellow, nothing's going to happen to you. I'm simply going to truss you up in your chair in the cabin for safe keeping!"

The Captain looked most sick and frightfully unhappy.

Manning laughed. "My dear man, I *told* you not to worry. Hang it, do you think I hold it against a chap simply because he wishes to kill me? Jove, no! Why, I'll keep you company in the cabin and we can have a nice little game of poker, or *tuti*, or *brisca*, or whatever you play. Hang it, man, buck up, I'm just holding you for safety, that's all!"

Still the Captain did not speak; he only wondered whether this man was a wizard or a madman. For he himself, in the *Americano's* place, would have killed the man that had contemplated murdering him. And now this slim, smiling, handsome devil was offering to game with him. But perhaps he could have his revenge; he played cards well, did the Captain, and was proud of it!

Again the American spoke, but this time not to the Captain.

"Tomaso," he called, "Tomaso! Thy master wishes thee!"

And to the trapped Mexican's great surprise, the interpreter, his fellow conspirator, walked humbly forward.

"I am here, my master!" he said. But out of one eye he winked very gravely and very mockingly at the Captain, making that person gnash his teeth with rage! He saw it all now!

"Tomaso, my friend," said Manning, "thou hast done well—very well indeed. Thou art an excellent pupil and a wonderful actor!"

"Thank you, my master!" said Tomaso, vastly pleased, and he stretched his bent frame until he towered, long and gaunt, high above them both, and brought out the fifty pesos he had made from the Maya and held them up for his master's inspection.

"Excellent," laughed Manning. "And now, Tomaso," he said speaking quickly and in English, "go and collect the three sailors and lock them up in a cabin, it will be safer. Hast thee thy weapon?"

"Yes, my master," and Tomaso brought out from under his tunic the mate of his master's gun.

Manning dropped into English. "Then go, Tomaso, and do my bidding. Then you may take charge of the ship while I amuse the Captain. If you need help, call me." He smiled as he saw Captain Lopez's gaping, thunder-struck countenance. "Oh, Tomaso," he called out, chiefly for the Captain's benefit, in Spanish, "when thou art finished thou hadst better remove thy beard and wash thy face." He turned to the Mexican. "Really, my dear fellow, my Tomaso looks *so* much better when he has not got that abominable beard on his face. Come, let's go to your cabin."

* * *

Manning, the next morning, sat comfortably on the deck of the Brawny Bess, telling his story to Captain Chalmers, while they both watched the precious bags of rubber being stowed in the hold of the latter's ship.

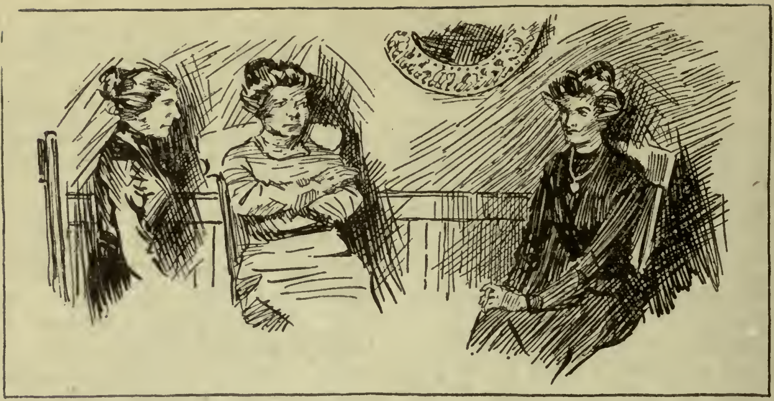
The Englishman, for easily the tenth time, leaned over and gripped the American's hand, roaring mightily.

"Well," he said finally, "here's your four hundred, old chap; and—and here's an extra twenty for that man of yours. He's bully, I say—absolutely bully!"

"Thanks, old man," answered Manning, "he is!" And then, to Chalmers' surprise, he extracted a large roll of bills from his pocket and further fattened them with the Captain's money.

"I—I say," said Chalmers, blinking, "I—pardon me—but I thought that when you met me you were dead broke!"

Manning rippled off into laughter. "So I was, old man, but on the trip down I managed to clean up at poker. Took the poor Captain's fifty he got from the Maya, the eighty I should have paid him, and also about another hundred and fifty that he had lying around." Manning leaned back comfortably and smiled, "Yes, Chalmers, old man, I guess my luck's turned; 'Lucky' Manning has again shown up!"



"Not ever havin' married don't make no dif'rence 'bout wantin' to have a baby. I guess I want one 'bout as bad as if I had married"

The Judgment of the Baby

by Caroline Brett McLean

MRS. O'DONNEL and Mrs. Brady sat close to the couch on which the baby lay asleep. Katy's seat was at a little distance. Mrs. O'Donnel had placed the chairs, and this seating of Katy a little apart was not without significance. It was a mark of her exclusion from any personal interest in what Mrs. O'Donnel had called them to her rooms to discuss.

"It's more than two years now since we've had Baby," Mrs. O'Donnel began.

Mrs. Brady nodded. "Twenty-seven months exactly," she said after a pause for calculation. "An' she'd be 'bout three or four months old then. Goin' on for three years she is now." Her glance at the rosy, dimpled face on the pillow was affectionate.

"An' we ain't never said nothin' to one another 'bout which o' us is to have her for good—'bout adoptin' her reg'lar. She just seemed to belong to the three o' us. We've all had a hand in supportin' her."

"That's so," Mrs. Brady said. "We all was together when we picked her up on the steps that night, comin' home late from cleanin' the offices. An' all o' us got fond o' her. But none of us claimed her 'special. Not but that I of'en thought that I'd like to take out papers of 'doption for her," she added hastily, and a little defiantly, "but there didn't seem no call to alter things."

"Something's got to be done now 'bout givin' her a name an' all that," Mrs. O'Donnel asserted. "This mornin' just as I got done tidyin' the place, there comes a knock at the door, an' when I opened it, with Baby hangin' on to me apron, there stood a young lady with a pencil an' a little book-een in her hand. She was from the mission they've opened on the corner, she sez, an' she was gettin' the names of all the babies in the block. She was goin' to put them in what she called a cradle roll. That meant, she sez, that they'd keep track o' the babies whose names was on the roll, send them cards an' little presents on their birthdays, an' then when they was four years old, mebbe the mothers 'ud like them to go to the Sunday school at the mission. She wanted to know if I had any objection to havin' my little girl in the cradle roll.

" 'Course I told her that I didn't have

no objection, that I thought 'twas reel kind o' them to take an int'rest in the babies like that.

" 'Then if ye'll give me yer little girl's name, an' the date of her birth, we'll enroll her as a reg'lar member,' she sez, holdin' her pencil all ready to write it down in the little book-een.

"When she said that, you could ha' knocked me down with a feather. I hadn't thought o' anything like that when I said she could put Baby on the roll. I wasn't goin' to tell a stranger that she wasn't my own child. An' there she stood with her pencil an' her little book-een waitin' to write down the name, an' me not knowin' what to say. For a minit I did think I'd say her name was Mary O'Donnel. 'Tis the name I've always given her in me mind. But, Mrs. Brady, ma'am, I didn't want to do nothin' that 'ud seem underhanded, or takin' advantage, givin' Baby me name, an' lettin' on she was mine, till we'd talk it over between us. Fin'lly I told the young lady that we'd never called her nothin' but Baby, an' hadn't thought of a name for her. If she'd call again soon, we'd have her named, I sez. I could see she thought 'twas unchristian, an' Baby goin' on for three years. So now, Mrs. Brady, ma'am, ye see that it's got to be settled. Baby must be given a name—a surname an' a christian name. Mary O'Donnel sounds reel natural." Mrs. O'Donnel's voice was persuasive, but determined.

"Of'en an' of'en I did be thinkin' that I'd call her Ellen—Ellen Brady. Ellen was my mother's name, an' if Baby turns out as good a woman as her, she'll do. Yes, Ellen Brady, 'twill be." Mrs. O'Donnel was in the habit of accusing Mrs. Brady of being "easy goin' " to the point of allowing herself to be put upon, but now her voice was as determined as Mrs. O'Donnel's.

"Farrel's a good name," Katy put in before Mrs. O'Donnel could speak. "It's been hard to think of a first name for her. I want to give her a reel pretty one." Her voice was disdainful of such names as Mary and Ellen. "Isabel, I was thinkin' of, or Marguerite, or Gwendoline, mebbe." She brightened. "I guess there ain't nothin' to prevent her havin' all three of them. Isabel Marguerite Gwendoline Farrel. That sounds better than Mary O'Donnel or Ellen Brady." She looked from one to the other defiantly.

"Farrel!" they both cried as if with one voice, and then Mrs. O'Donnel said in a voice that was meant to be soothing, "Aw, shure, Katy, nobody ever counted on you 'doptin' her. 'Tis between Mrs. Brady an' me."

"An' why didn't nobody count on me 'doptin' her? Why shouldn't I 'dopt her as well as any one? 'Tain't between you an' Mrs. Brady by no manner o' means. 'Tis between the three of us."

"But you're an' old m—— you ain't never been married," Mrs. O'Donnel said. She seemed to think she had put forth an unanswerable argument.

"No, I ain't never been married, an' that's all the more reason why I want Baby. Not ever havin' married don't make no dif'rence 'bout wantin' to have a baby. I guess I want one 'bout as bad as if I had married."

The two matrons looked at one another scandalized. " 'Tain't decent," commented Mrs. O'Donnel curtly.

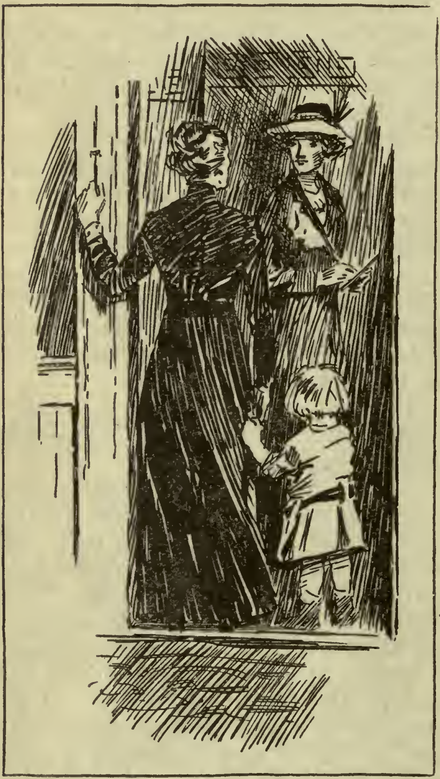
"Mebbe it ain't," Katy admitted, "but decent or not, 'tis so. Anyway, I won't give in that ye two have the only right to Baby. Ye have as much right as me, an' I have as much right as ye. We're equal. 'Taint fair to try to do me out of my right, just 'cause I ain't never married."

"Don't let us fall out, whatever we do," put in Mrs. Brady pacifically. "Dear, dear! Now I know why people goes to law, an' has to have lawyers an' a judge to tell them what to do." The brightness of an idea flashed across her face. "Mebbe we could get a judge to say which of us is to have her."

"Don't talk foolish," Mrs. O'Donnel admonished her. "The first thing a judge 'ud do, 'ud be to take her away from us altogether. None of us have no *right* to her. They'd say we should 'a sent her to the police station 'stead o' keepin' her after we'd picked her up. We don't want no law nor no judge. We'll just have to settle it between oursel's."

" 'Course I didn't mean a reel law judge," deprecated Mrs. Brady. "I was thinkin' of Mr. Smith. He knows as much as any law judge. An' if we'd tell him just how 'twas, he might be able to tell us what we'd have to do, same as the law judges does when ye go to law. People seems to be satisfied then."

Mrs. O'Donnel pondered the suggestion. "It might be all right," she admitted, "but can't we settle it friendly? People ought to be willin' to give in to one another." She gazed upon the other two expectantly.


"Fin'lly I told the young lady that we'd never called her nothin' but Baby, an' hadn't thought of a name for her"

"I'll not give in 'cept I have to," Katy said promptly, and Mrs. Brady murmured apologetically, "I'd like to 'blige ye, Mrs. O'Donnel, ma'am, if 'twas anything else under the sun. But 'deed, seems to me I always counted on havin' Baby for me own."

"Then we'll have the judge," Mrs. O'Donnel said with solemnity. "I'll step down now to his room an' ask him to come up."

She left the room. Katy and Mrs. Brady avoided each other's eyes. They sat stiffly, self-consciously. Once when the Baby stirred and tossed an arm, Katy half rose from her seat, as if she would go to her, but happening to meet Mrs. Brady's eyes, sat down again hastily.

After a few minutes Mrs. O'Donnel returned. "He'll be up in a minit," she said, and made a bustle of re-arranging seats. From a corner she drew out the cushioned armchair in which O'Donnel dozed the evenings through, and placed three straightbacked chairs in a row facing it.

The judge came presently, a man as unlike the preconceived idea of one in authority as it was possible to be. In no outward seeming was he different from the men among whom he dwelt, and his speech, as a general thing, was akin to theirs. But his ease with pen and ink had given him a great reputation for "learning" among the dwellers in the tenement. He was always ready to write letters for them and to decipher any received if the writing was too difficult. Evidently under the impression that he had been summoned to write a letter now, he glanced quizzically from the row of chairs to the women.

" 'Tain't to write a letter that I want you this time," Mrs. O'Donnel explained. " 'Tis to settle something." Unconsciously her voice took on deference. "Ye see, sir, Katy here an' Mrs. Brady an' me can't come to no 'greement as to which of us is to have Baby for good. You know she don't belong to none o' us. You were here when we got her, an' we think 'tis time she was adopted reg'lar an' given a name. She's goin' on for three year old now, an' in no time she'll be ready to go to school."

"She's in luck with the three of you wanting her," laughed Mr. Smith.

"But we can't come to no 'greement as to which of us 'twill be," Mrs. O'Donnel pursued. "An' we thought—'twas Mrs. Brady thought of it—if we got someone that 'ud be a judge, like the judges they have in courts, he'd be able to settle it. We know you know as much as any law judge, an' 'ud do what 'ud be right. If ye'd sit down here, sir—"

Mr. Smith's manner underwent a change. The lightness left it. With a grave look he sat down in the cushioned chair. He was much slighter than its usual occupant, but his figure seemed to fill it. Unshaven, collarless, somehow it was easy to conceive of his filling exalted positions with dignity and honor.

"In courts of law," he said, "there are usually appeals. Litigants are not bound to accept the decision of the trial judge—." He seemed to become aware of the bewilderment that came into the three pair of eyes watching him. "If I say which one of you is to have this child are you prepared to accept my decision as final?" he ended in his ordinary tones.

"Whatever ye say, I'll be willin' to 'bide by," Mrs. O'Donnel said. "An' me, too, An' me, too," Katy and Mrs. Brady murmured in unison.

"Then we'll hear the nature of the respective claims. Proceed." He looked at Mrs. O'Donnel with judicial gravity.

"Why, I don't know hardly what to say, yer Honor. We're all fond o' the child. An' it ain't as if she was goin' to be taken away altogether from the ones that isn't to have her. I guess we all intend to go on livin' here same as we been doin', an' they'll see her ev'ry day. But we thought it only right that she should be 'dopted reg'lar, so that she could be given a name—a surname an' a Christian name. An'—"

The judge frowned down this garrulity. "As I see it, the chief point to be considered is, which of you is best able to support and educate this child."

"That's it, yer Honor." Mrs. O'Donnel shot a triumphant glance at Katy. "My man an' Mrs. Brady's man is teamsters. Their wages is the same, good wages. Katy ain't got no man 'tall. 'Course, it stands to reason that it's Mrs. Brady or me is to have her. We have min to help support her."

"Min that's not workin' half the time and has to be supported themsel's," Katy said loftily, a red spot on either cheek.

"Come, come," rebuked the judge. "Is it true that your husbands do not have steady work?"

"Ye know they have, sir," Mrs. O'Donnel answered indignantly for both. " 'Course there *is* days they can't work. An' when times is slack, mebbe they'd be a couple o' days in the week idle now an' then. But half the time—" A withering glance at Katy completed the sentence.

"Granted occasional idleness on the part of your husbands, your regular weekly income would still exceed that of this claimant?"

" 'Twould be twice as much. O'Donnel bein' idle a day now an' then don't matter. I'm always ready to earn a dollar mysel'. An' so's Mrs. Brady, for the matter o' that," added Mrs. O'Donnel with an air of great magnanimity.

The judge turned to Katy. "Then, madam, I think we may look upon your claim as eliminated. Following precedent, I am bound to give the custody of the child, other things being equal, to whoever is best able to support her. To decide between the other two claimants may be more difficult."

There was a little pause. Mrs. Brady looked at Katy, a look which began by being as triumphant as Mrs. O'Donnel's had been a few minutes ago, but ended in being pitiful. And Mrs. O'Donnel murmured, "Aw, shure, Katy, 'tain't as if she was goin' to be taken away, an' ye'd never see her. Things'll be just the same as they've always been."

But Katy took no notice either of the look of pity or the reassuring murmur. She sat very still and her whole face was intent as if she was endeavoring to find words that would tell her need. Then she spoke:

"Oh, sir, I'll ask ye to take that back—to give Baby to me. I thought I could take my chances with thim, but now I know I couldn't. I ain't goin' to say nothin' 'bout bein' better able to support her. Mebbe it does seem as if Mrs. O'Donnel or Mrs. Brady could do it better, with their min to help thim—mebbe it does. I *know* I can support her, but I ain't goin' to say nothin' 'bout that. I'm askin' ye to give her to me 'cause I want her—I want her. Thim don't know what it is to want a child. They've just got fond o' her. An' sometimes ye hear 'bout women who's been married as long as thim havin' children after all. I can never have any. I ain't married, an' even if I was to marry, I couldn't have none now. I'm too old. Nobody don't know what it is to want a thing till they *know* they can't have it. So long as a body can hope— But when there ain't no hope, an' yet ye go on wantin' an' wantin'— Layin' awake nights, I've thought o' holdin' a child in me arms, warm an' soft, soft. An' all the time me knowin' I'd never have one to hold. An' then it seemed as if God was sorry for me, an' sent her. Sometimes maybe He's sorry for the women that don't never marry an' have children. An' all the time wantin' thim, an' people thinkin' shame o' ye, if ye say so. Baby seemed to come to me from heaven, an' the feel o' her in me arms at night, an' the sound o' her breathin' took me to heaven—."

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The judge seemed moved. He put up his hand before his face and sat motionless for several seconds. Leaning toward Mrs. Brady, Mrs. O'Donnel whispered in a scandalized voice, "To say such things before his Honor. Baby's awake," she added.

She looked as if she had been awake for some time. She was sitting up on the couch very straight, very still. "I b'l've she knows what we're talkin' 'bout. Look at the solemn eyes o' her," ejaculated Mrs. Brady.

The judge looked at the Baby. Then he leaned over and lifted her from the couch and stood her on the chair between his knees.

"Little girl," he said, "once there was a very wise judge who knew how to decide between two women claiming one child, but I cannot follow that judge's ruling. Here are three women, little girl. Each one loves you. Each one, I believe, would do the very best she could for you. Two are married, have steady, hard-working husbands, and so would be well able to look after you, give you the chance that the third, older, perhaps, not so strong, with just herself to depend upon could not. But she needs you, little girl, more, much more, than do the other two. Oh, little girl, this judge is not a wise one. His plain duty would seem to be to give you to whoever can best look after you. But—perhaps, because, he, too, knows what it is to want something he knows he can never have—he wants to give you to her. Little girl, can you understand? She needs you, but in all probability she will not be able to do so well by you as either of the other two could. With her you would not have so good a chance. Have I the right to give you to her, little girl? Have I the right to rob you of any possible chance?"

No one doubted that she understood the meaning of what was being said. The rosy baby face was solemn, and the big eyes looked at the judge unwinkingly, and continued to look at him for a moment or two after he had ceased speaking. Then she turned and faced the three women, for whom she had seemed to have an equal fondness, and looked at them as she had looked at the judge.

"Baby wants to be Aunt Katy's baby," she said then, and the little silver pipe, not always intelligible, had the clarity and distinctness of a bell.

The judge set her upon the floor. "The child has chosen," he said in a low voice. Then he rose from his seat, and he was not "his Honor," the judge, any more, but Mr. Smith, yet somehow a little different from the Mr. Smith they had hitherto known. He looked at the group for a moment uncertainly, as if he wanted to say something, but finally went out in silence.

Katy was the first to move. She lifted the Baby, holding her very tightly in her arms. "Say good-bye to yer aunties, darlin', we'll be goin' home. Katy isn't Aunt Katy no more. She's Mother Katy now." At the door she looked back, and her face was young, and her eyes were as blue and bright as the Baby's. "When the young lady comes 'round ag'in wantin' Baby's name, ye can tell her 'tis Isabel Marguerite Gwendoline Farrel."

"What d'ye think o' that, the flauntin' o' her?" cried Mrs. O'Donnel when she had found her voice. But Mrs. Brady said softly, "Aw, the crature. I'm glad she's to have her. Ain't we got our min?"

"Teachers"—As Plupy Sees Them

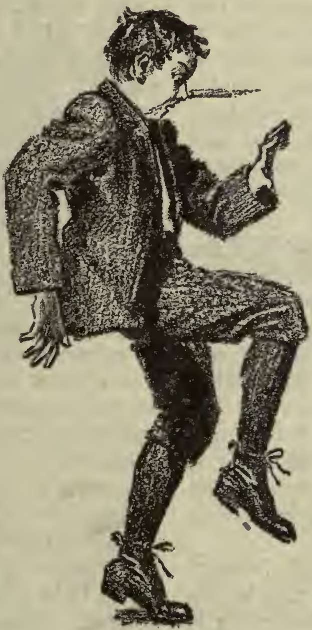
by Judge Henry A. Shute

Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Plupy," etc.

WELL, you see, me'n Skinny 'n Fatty has always went to the same school and has always been frends. Course we has had our fites, all fellers has, but when we has settled whitch was the best feller, we has been frends. Whitch is the best feller? Well, that aint for me to say, it might look stuck up and I don't like stuck up fellers.

if teechers only knowed fellers better they woodnt be so mutch truble. they think all fellers is alike. now they aint enny fellers jest alike. Fat likes to go round with the girls 'n Jim Wingit 'n Leese Moses two, 'n me 'n Skinny 'n Ed Tole likes to fite roosters 'n Beany likes to ride on hacks 'n dont care ennything about bantams or hens 'n Luke Mannux likes to go birdsegging 'n plug rocks. he can plug a rock rite round a corner 'n Potter Goram two he can stuf birds, 'n the Chadwicks all like to play baseball 'n football 'n fite like time only they get over it as soon as they have fit it out.

fellers is jest as diferent in school as they is in having fun and i shood think that the teecher wood know enuf to know it. but they don't never seem to know it. now Potter is the best scholar in everything. he is bully in arithmetic 'n just as bully in geography 'n speaking 'n natural history 'n writing 'n spelling 'n everything. Fat is prety bad in most everything 'n so, one day when we had speaking Fat was to speak 'n we fellers all xpected Fat to do feerful bad 'n peraps get a licking, but Fat he got up on the platform 'n spoke the Reck of Rivermouth so good that most all the girls balled rite out. old Fat was the best of all. i spoke the one horse shay only old Francis stoped me and made me set in the corner with my face towards the wall for a hour, he said i spoke it so bad.



No feller can remember a peace when he gets a good crack on the nose with a pea blower

Beany is prety bad in most things only he is good in history only he can't tell the daits. I can't remember the daits of ennything xcept when Columbus discovered America whitch was in 1775. i learned that in the one horse shay, it said

> Seventeen hundred and 75
> George Secundus was then alive.

he was the same as Cristofer Columbus. most of the fellers don't know that, and so they can't remember as well as me.

Chick Chickering is good in most everything only he won't study arithmetic. i am best in grammer. they aint enny of the fellers as good as me in grammer. it jest comes eesy to me. i tell you, old Francis aint never set me up in the corner for missing in grammer. i bet he wont never neether.

Pewt is prety bad in most things only he can draw maps better than ennybody and write better two. Most every feller is best in something becaus it comes eesier to them. old Billy Robinson the horse troter said one day some horses is ment to trot 'n some to gallup 'n some to pull lodes 'n they aint enny use to try to make a troter pull lodes or a big cart horse trot too forty, 'n i gess it is jest so with fellers. Tady Finton is a bully foot ball player, but he aint a good base ball player. Tomtit can run faster than most ennyone and is a good jimnastic but Book Chadwick can put him over every time in a fence rush.

I tell you fellers aint half so bad as teechers think. of course they aint so good as girls. i woodent give 2 cents for a feller whitch was as good as a girl. girls is all rite and i gess all fellers is glad girls are good, but if a feller is going to be a feller he has got to be a feller and not a girl and he can't be too good. the wirst thing in the world is a sissy feller. i herd once of a girl whose father was disapointed becaus she wasent a boy 'n so he dressed her up as a boy and she went to school. the fellers dident know she was a boy but they found out that she coodent fite 'n cried eesy 'n coodent plug snowballs 'n once when two feller was having a bully fite 'n all the fellers was hollering lam him, paist him, she covered her face up and woodent look. so the fellers jest plaged him to deth until he had to leeve school. well, the next day his father came to school with her 'n she was dressed as a girl 'n she was the pretiest girl in school, 'n every other feller was made with every other feller for plaging him the day before 'n they was more fites in that school in one day than in the whole term, 'n every feller wanted to go with that girl 'n carry her books 'n divide his gum with her 'n take her boatride and 4th of July picknick 'n skating 'n everything. only i wish i had went to that school so i cood have seen them fites.

If a teecher treets a feller fair he likes him 'n if he is licked for something he has did he don't feel mad after his licking is over 'n it has done smarting. but if he is licked terrible for a little thing like plugging a spitt ball or putting a pin in a nother fellers seat he feels mad a long time. abd if a teecher licks a feller good and hard with a ruler or a ratan stik he dont get mad mutch, but if he shakes hands with him with a pencil between his fingers or snakes him around by his hair, then a feller dont never forget it becaus it aint fair.

but the wirst thing is when a feller gets licked for something some other feller has did or gets licked for lying when he aint lied. a feller dont never forget that as long as he lives 'n a teecher whitch has did such a thing aint never liked enny more. course if a teecher sets down on a pin he has to gump up 'n lam somebody rite off 'n even if he gets the rong feller it is wirth it to see him gump.

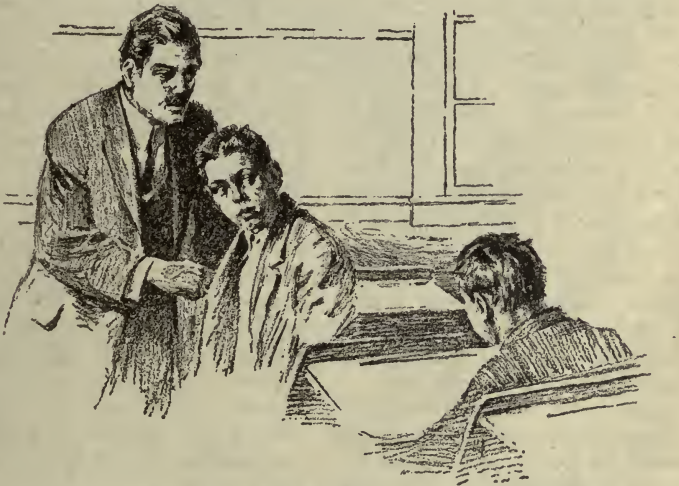
When a teecher has licked the rong feller 'n finds it out he can make it all rite if he calls the feller up 'n tells him he is sorry 'n he needent recite in arithmetic for 2 days. i herd once of a teecher whitch licked time out of the rong feller 'n when he found it out he give the feller a chance to lick him 'n the feller he done it that is he gave the teecher 2 bats 'n then he coodent do it enny more 'n they was frends. gosh i wish old Francis wood give me a chance to lick him. i gess i woodent stop with 2 bats. it is pretty bad when a teecher is parshal. course a feller dont care if he is parshal to the girls but when he is parshal to a feller all the other fellers is mad with him 'n mad with the feller too 'n so they lays for the feller out of school 'n lam him and in school they put ink on his compersitions 'n pins in his seat 'n hits him in the nose with pea blowers behine their geographes when he is speaking a peace 'n he forgets his peace 'n has to set down. no feller can remember a peace when he gets a good crack on the nose with a pea blower. so the teechers faverits dont make mutch out of it ennyway.

Sometimes a feller is a faverit in the school 'n a faverit with the teecher two. it aint very often that this is so. Potter Goram is the only one i ever knew like that a teecher whitch likes tattletales had ought to be in jale. girls is the wirst tattletales but fellers dont care for them mutch, but when a teecher incurages fellers to tell on other fellers he mite jest as well stop teeching for the fellers will hate him forever and ever amen.

Sometimes a feller cant get the axent jest rite when he is reading 'n the teecher will read it over to him rite, 'n holler at the axented part 'n the feller will try it again 'n will holler at the wrong place 'n then the teecher will read it again louder 'n will holler fearful at the part with the axent 'n then the feller will try again and he dont know what part to holler at 'n he will holler as loud as he can on the whole of it 'n then the teecher will lam him becaus he thinks he done it on purpose when the feller is doing the best he can. when this happens every feller in school feels mad becaus he knows the teecher aint fair.

teechers always talk as if fellers missed their lessons on purpose 'n dident want to learn, but no feller ever missed on purpose xcept when he got mad 'n dident think he was treeted fair. if the wirst scholar in the school dont miss for a week and then misses his leson he feels jest as bad as enny feller cood, 'n then when the teecher ups 'n tells him he knew he coodent keep from missing long it kind of discurges him 'n he dont never try enny more and don't like school 'n lickings 'n plays hookey 'n gets licked some more 'n then goes to work in a stable or in the factory or in the shoe shop. they is lots of good fellers digging in diches or shoveling cole 'n driving hacks that mite have been good scholars if they had been treeted fair by their teechers. some of them was ruff fellers in school but most of them wood do ennything for the little fellers 'n that shows they was good fellers, 'n when they fit they fit fair whitch shows they was fair fellers. Course all teechers wasn't like that but when we wood get a real good teecher that was fair to all the fellers everybody wood learn like time and things wood be bully 'n then jest as everything would be going bully 'n it was fun to go to school the teecher wood get a better place in New York or chicago or Boston or Concord new Hampshire or some other big place 'n the next teecher we wood get wood incurage tattle tailing or wood lick for missing in our sums whitch aint most never fair.

I tell you when a feller has went to his room 'n set up till 11 oh clock studding his sums 'n cant get then rite ennyhow 'n then gets time licked out of him next day becaus he cant do his sums, it aint fair 'n the next time he will think if he is going to get licked ennyway he mite as well not studdy 'n go out 'n rase time 'n have as mutch fun as he can before he gets licked again for missing in his sums. I shood think any teecher wood know better, shoodent you?



We had a new teecher 'n he untied the string and asked the feller which tied the string on why he done it

if a feller plays hookey or plugs spitt balls or a pea blower or puts pins in fellers seats or gum so that when they has set there a long time on the gum they cant get up or mud in his inkstand or puts a pin in the tow of his boot and reeches way forward 'n kicks a feller in front of him 'n makes him gump 'n holler feerful or ties a feller to his seat or paiste the leeves of his reading book together or puts pepper on the stove in winter or brings a snake or a mouse to school in his pocket 'n lets him out on the girls side or chalks cats heads on fellers backs or makes up feerful faces at the teecher or puts greece on the black-board or saws of the hind legs of the teechers chair so that when he leens back he comes down whak or little things like them 'n gets caught he xpects to get licked and it woodent be half as mutch fun if he dident kind of xpect to get licked. i have seen all of them things did in school and have did most of them myself.

a nother thing is fellers don't like to be shamed before the girls. sometimes a feller has did something and insted of getting a licking 'n having it over the teecher puts a fool cap on him 'n makes him stand on the platform all the session and most always some visiter comes in and he is most shamed to deth. i have did this some times and a vister always come in 'n once it was my uncle Gilman. that time i got shamed 'n a licking two after i got home. it was a lot wirse getting shamed than it was getting a lickin' i am used to lickings. after a feller is shamed once he never is so mutch shamed again even if he does wirse things. i havent mutch shame left. i gess that is the reson i am so tuff. i shoodent think teechers wood want to make a feller tuff, shood you?

i don't beleeve enny feller lies for the fun of it. most always he lies because he is afraid to tell the truth and get a licking. but sometimes it is becaus he knows the teecher wont beleeve him even if he tells the truth and so he thinks he mite jest as well lie and try to lie good 'n perhaps he will beleeve him.

I knew a feller once whitch tied a string to the button of a nother fellers coat 'n when the other feller was called up to resite his leson it give him a auful yank. we had a new teecher 'n he untied the string and asked the feller whitch tied the string why he done it, 'n he said he had a little piece of string with a loop on the end of it whitch had been tied round a peace of chalk to make cercles on the blackbord 'n he was swinging it round 'n the loop fell rite round the button on the fellers coat. this was the feerfulest lie enny feller had ever told 'n we all xpected the teecher wood snach him baldheaded. but the teecher looked him rite in the eye a minite 'n said although this woodent happen in 2 million times i am going to belleve you becaus i dont like to think enny of my pupils wood tell me a deliberit lie. the feller was so shamed that after school he went down to the teechers house and told him he had lied and he never told enny more lies that is not very bad ones. that is what i call treeting a feller fair, don't you?

i tell you fellers is lots better than teechers think they was and if they is treeted fair 'n get in currigment they makes good men prety neer always if not more so.

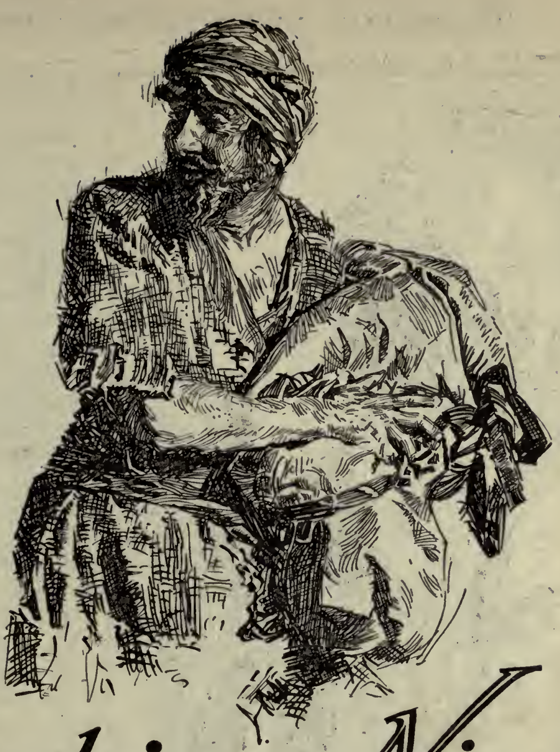
Plupy.

CONSCIENCE

I HEAR a voice—its murmurings
Fall on my listening ears,
And evermore repeat themselves—
Repeating through my tears.

This voice the voice of conscience is,
No sound can still its ring.
Denied—confusion follows fast,
Obeyed—the angels sing.

—*Margaret Babcock*



an Arabian Night IN THE THEATRE

by Ann Randolph

"Let us forget the world and dream awhile. Let us breathe the scented air of a land of sunshine and of pale moonlight. We are in Bagdad of the Arabian nights—in the land of passion, cruelty, love and romance."

THE stage is draped in the fantastic bluish greens of the Orient, now brightened by the breaking of the dawn; the orchestra strikes the deep opening chords of an Arabian melody. Before the curtain appears a man, turbanned and dressed after the fashion of the East.

Seating himself and tuning his guitar, he sings:

"Lo! Still the stars of latter night are spread!
Yet hath sleep stolen from my lonely bed.
So will I sit me on my roof-top's height,
To cool my sadness till the dawning red."

From the opposite side of the stage comes out a woman robed in the filmy garments of night. She does not see the man, but seats herself and sings:

"Yehh! Still the moon hangs on the lips of night
To mock my solitude with love-delight.
O heavy hour of a longing breast,
Thy weight will crush me ere the break of light."

Now sings the man:

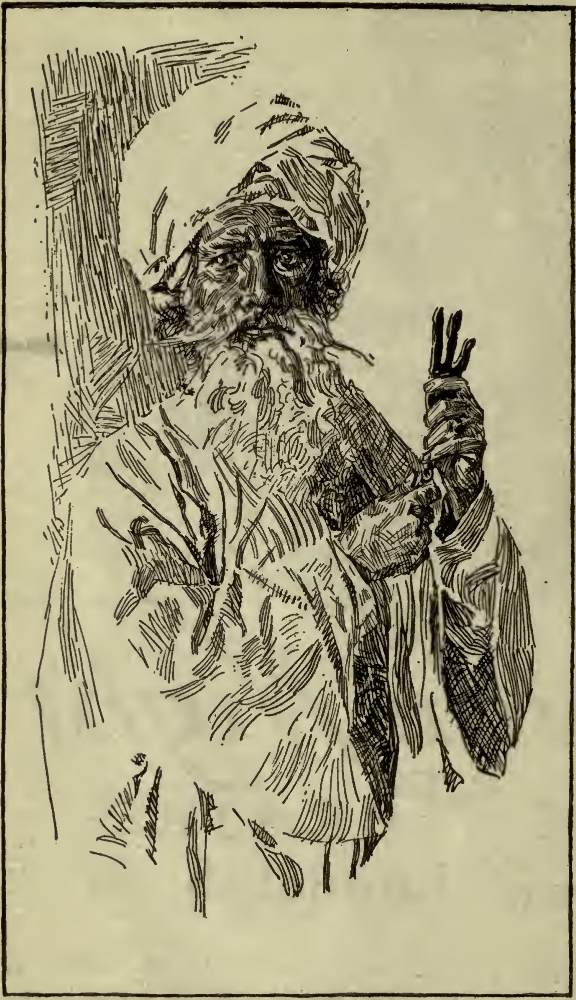
"Wah! That some song might soothe my soul oppressed,
Some ancient melody of days more bless'd."

And the woman:

"Awah! That some strange tale of long ago
Might by its magic bring my bosom rest;

Both sing in unison:

"O Thou, Bestower of all things, bestow
This benediction on thy servants low."



THE SHEIK JAWAN
Who stole the wife of Hajj, the Beggar, and later taunted him. But on the "Day of Days" Hajj had his revenge. (Mr. Owen Meech)

Then enters the Story Teller and speaks the Prologue, at the end of which the man and woman rise and sing:

"I hearken with my heart upon the ground,
Nor from my breathless lips shall rise a sound;
Awake, O day of days, and run thy round!"

As they pass into the wings, the curtain slowly rises. The auditorium becomes dark; the music ceases; the mind is woven into "the stuff that dreams are made of": the spell of an Arabian Night adventure.

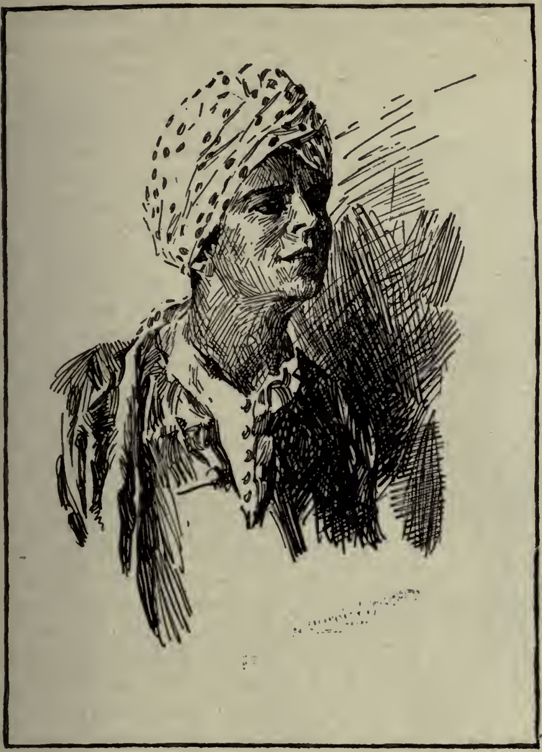
It is the silver dawn of day in Bagdad. At the gate of the Mosque of the Carpenters sat Hajj the Beggar, asking alms—cursing those who refused, blessing those who gave. Out of the Mosque, followed by his train of slaves, came the Sheik Jawan.

"Alms, in the name of Allah!" begged Hajj. Jawan asked for a blessing which Hajj bestowed—that Jawan might find the son whom he sought. But scarce were the words out of the beggar's mouth when Jawan revealed himself as the stealer of Hajj's wife, as the father of a son whom she had borne him, and as the enemy of Hajj, the man whom he now taunted. Hajj changed his blessing to a curse, and sprang at the throat of Jawan, who would not have lived to gibe again unless his slaves had protected him. Flinging a purse of gold at Hajj, Jawan went his way in search of his lost son, while Hajj swore that he would kill both father and son if he could find them. Taking the gold to serve as a weapon of revenge, Hajj went to the Bazaar, where his newly-gotten wealth transformed his late patrons into servants. They fought one with the other to sell him veils, rich silks and silver anklets for his daughter, and fine raiment for himself.

So engrossed were the merchants in their quarrel that Hajj bundled the goods together and, without paying for them, stole quietly off to his own home.

In the courtyard of his poor house lay Marsinah, his beautiful daughter. There was happiness in the heart of Marsinah. Was she not loved? And was not her lover coming to see her, secretly, now? Over the wall he came, and vowed to wed her that night.

He told her he was but a gardener's son. What mattered that to Marsinah? She loved him.



THE SACRED CALIPH
Who fell in love with Marsinah, the beautiful daughter of Hajj, the Beggar, and posed as a gardener's son. (Mr. Fred Eric)

But hark! Her father was returning. Her lover must fly! For Hajj knew nothing of this love-making.

The joy of Marsinah was unbounded when she robed herself in the fine garments her father gave her. She danced while he sang, and made merry.

But in the midst of the merry making, alas, the guards came to the house and arrested Hajj for his theft, and before the very eyes of Marsinah he was dragged away to be tried before the Wazir Mansur, chief of police.

Now this Mansur was a tyrant, a squanderer of public funds, and having been commanded by the Caliph to account for the missing money, was in no good humor when Hajj was brought before him. He took the purse of gold which Hajj proudly exhibited to prove his innocence, and ordered that the hand of Hajj be struck off.

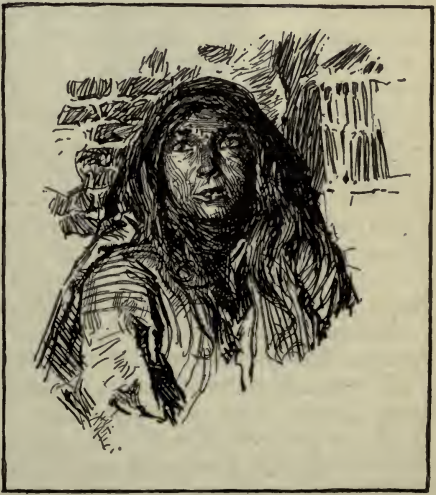
Then a sudden thought came to Mansur. He pardoned Hajj, gave him rich garments and attendants, and appointed him jester. For this he asked a service of Hajj: that he kill the Caliph. Hajj protested, for his daughter's sake, but Mansur promised to wed Marsinah if Hajj would do the deed, and Hajj consented.

In company with Mansur's guards, Hajj hastened to his home to tell Marsinah the good news. But the girl was sad, for at sundown she planned to wed the gardener's son. Angered at her obstinance, Hajj had her carried off to Mansur's harem.

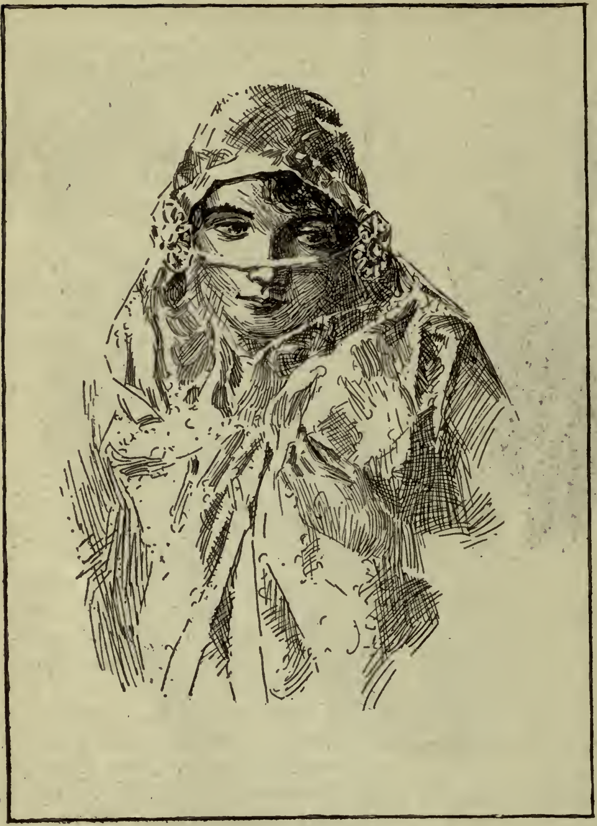
Then to the Caliph's palace he went, disguised as a magician. Mansur arranged for him to perform before the Caliph, and after doing a trick or two he suddenly thrust a knife at the young monarch. The Caliph's suit of mail saved his life, and Mansur denounced Hajj.

Hajj was carried away to the prison below the palace, there to be flung into the same dungeon as his enemy, the Sheik Jawan, who had been arrested for his past crimes as a bandit.

Taunted by the Sheik, Hajj burst his



THE NURSE NARJIS
Who was a well-meaning but harsh guardian to the motherless Marsinah (Miss Georgia Woodthorp)



THE BEAUTIFUL MARSINAH
Who was loved by her father, Hajj, the Beggar, and was wooed by the Caliph, disguised as a gardener's son. (Miss Rita Jolivet)

chains, threw himself upon his enemy and strangled him. Dragging the body to the place recently occupied by him, he changed his robe for that of the Sheik, stealing the talisman that Jawan had hoped would help him to find his son.

Jawan had bribed his jailers, who now brought a litter to carry him out to freedom. Hajj took Jawan's place, and once again was he favored by Kismet—Fate.

In his harem the Wazir Mansur's wives were disporting themselves. The cool water rippled in the marble bath, and the air was full of the scent of rare spices.

To this harem went Hajj. He had received, while jester to Mansur, an invitation from Kut-al-kulub, the wife of wives, but this was not the sole reason of his presence there. He wanted to release Marsinah from the false and traitorous Mansur. He flattered Kut-al-kulub, seeking her assistance, and succeeded in getting Marsinah safely away.

But he could not escape himself. A careless acknowledgment that he was Hajj the Beggar, roused Kut-al-kulub's anger—she rang for Mansur.

It was death to any man found in the harem, and Mansur raised his sword to strike. But suddenly he saw, on the breast of Hajj, the talisman stolen from Jawan, and in astonishment the sword dropped listlessly. How came he by the broken hand of Fatimah?

Hajj cried out that he was looking for his son, and that the talisman would help him in his search. Mansur pointed to a similar talisman on his own breast. Embracing Mansur as his son, Hajj bade him kneel to receive a father's blessing. As Mansur knelt, Hajj stabbed him. Then, seizing the wounded man, he flung him into the bath and held him under the water until he was drowned.

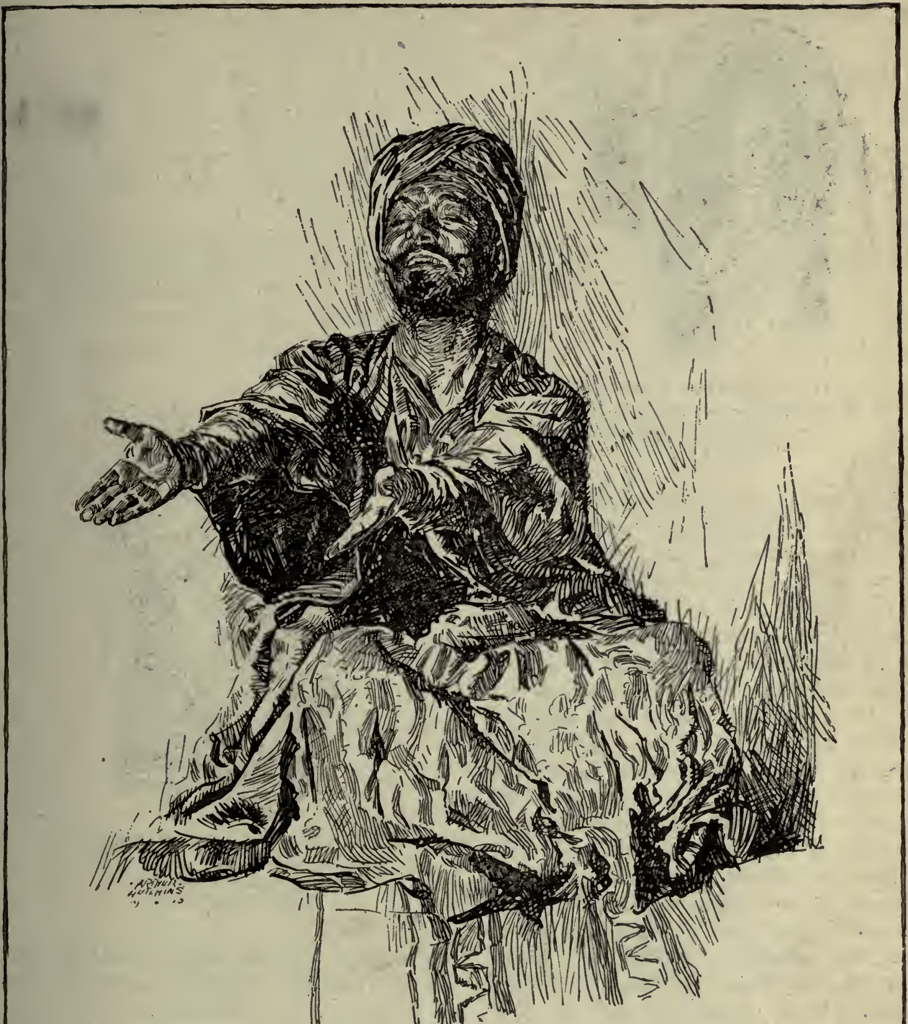
Now it was none other than the Caliph himself, disguised as the gardener's son, who had made love to Marsinah, and, hearing that she had been carried away to Mansur's harem, he set out to rescue her.

As he entered, Hajj pointed to the dead Mansur in the bath and bowed low.

The Caliph could not pardon Hajj for the attempt on his life, but spared his head, punishing him by banishment from Bagdad.

Not until Marsinah came out of the Mosque to meet her lord, the supposed gardener's son, did she learn that her lover was the Caliph—the sacred Caliph—and that she was his chosen bride.

And what of Hajj at the end of his "day of days"? Back at his post outside the Mosque of Carpenters, he witnessed the departure of his daughter and the Caliph for their nuptials, and was commanded by the priest to set out on the



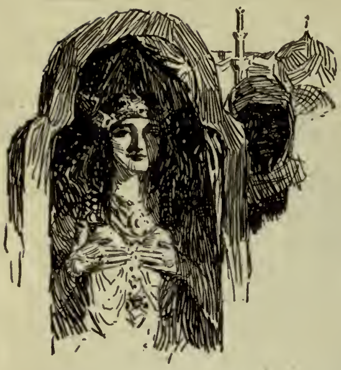
HAJJ, THE BEGGAR
Who became the puppet of Fate from dawn to dusk on his "Day of Days." (Mr. Otis Skinner)

morrow, upon a pilgrimage to Mecca, there to wash away his sins.

Thus Kismet (Fate) served them well. That which Fate ordains will surely be. All is possible to him whom Kismet favors!

* * *

The curtain has fallen; the orchestra renews the weird, passionate, soul-haunting Arabian music; lights flood the parquet and galleries. Men and women mechanically pick up their wraps and quietly file out into the lobby. Not until they have reached the street, have breathed the unscented air of the city night, have heard the calling of cab numbers and the honking of taxicabs—not until then does the spell cast by an Arabian Night

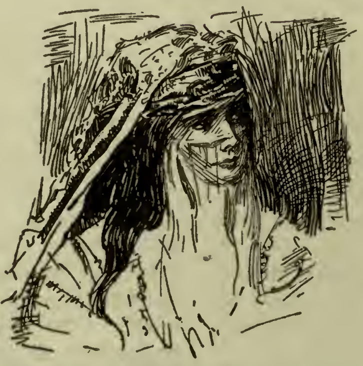


THE EGYPTIAN DANCER
Who displayed rare arts and graces for the amusement of the Caliph.
(Miss Ivy Payne)

begin to break for the audience of "Kismet."

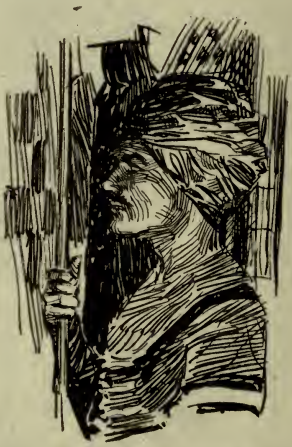
Edward Knoblauch's fantastic play has a vital influence over its spectators that is denied to many of our most realistic dramas. It is unreal and yet real. It is not only fanciful, enchanting, colorful —it is inspirational. It brings back to a mature audience all the dreams and memories of childhood days—the days of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, of Ali Baba, of Sinbad the Sailor—days when the world seemed to the breathless young reader full of wonder and enchantment, when all seemed possible and probable. As the years advanced and disillusionment came to divest the dream of its color, there was nothing left but a faded memory to face the practical, methodical world. Memory itself faded for most of us, and imagination was dulled; the cold virus of realism stilled that inner, keener nature which once pulsated with dreams of romance and adventure. Life became dull, flat, colorless.

Memories are awakened by "Kismet." Again, step by step, scene by scene, as the plot is unfolded, the mind once more welcomes the spell of the great Possible. Does not "Kismet" assign to every man his "Day of Days, wherein he shall range the skies and plumb the abyss of his Destiny, alternately its lord and its puppet?" Is there not something, after all, in this ancient Oriental conceit? Were we not happier in the days when we accepted it? Why should we not accept it now?



THE WOMAN BEFORE THE CURTAIN
Who, without taking part in the play, yet prepared the audience for "Kismet"
(Miss Lilli Carlquist)

"Kismet," then, is among other things inspiring. One of our popular authors who witnessed it forthwith produced a novel which speedily became a "best seller." He went so far as to name his story "The Day of Days," and had his central character witness "Kismet" before launching upon his adventures. On the other side of the water, Mr. Louis Tracy has just completed a "Day of Days" adventure story, which perhaps was in some way inspired by the London production of "Kismet," with Mr. Oscar Asche.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH
Who stood behind the throne of the Caliph to protect him from harm
(Mr. William Lorenz)

This suggests a word on the production of the drama. Mr. Otis Skinner, in the role of Hajj, the Beggar, has brought into play every phase of his wonderful art. He has won for himself in "Kismet" the title of "America's greatest romantic actor," and has brought to his feet the whole world of playgoers, fellow-actors and critics. His perfect performance calls forth the enthusiastic support of an admirable company.

The staging of "Kismet" is the acme of modern producing art. There are nine complete changes of scene, and the magnificent settings were designed by a group of America's foremost scenic artists. The elaborate costumes worn in the play are of outland fabric brought direct from the bazaars of the Orient. Every detail of the scenes and properties was under the personal direction of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, and as a whole the play has been aptly called "a final triumph of stage art." "Kismet"—the play, the cast, the production—is one of the most enchanting dramas of the year.

THE FOOTLIGHT SMILE

By CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN

HOW brave, how strong you are,
  You children of the stage,
To meet the crisis tense,
  To grasp the grilling gauge
Of eager hungry eyes
  That look to you for life,
With fairy-touch to gild
  The sordidness of strife.

To cover from the sight,
  If only for an hour,
The thicket and the thorn,
  And show the roseate flower.
The fairest and the best,
  To charm, to win, beguile,
To lift the waiting throng;
  And always with a smile!

And yet you fight for life!
  For ease, for love, for joy,
With toil and honest sweat,
  To make yourself a toy,
To please, to coax a smile,
  With homely, honest cheer,
Perchance to stir the heart,
  Mayhap to start a tear!

And you, perhaps, tonight,
  (Aye! many nights of dread!)
You face the pulsing glare
  With aching heart and head,
Without a sign of pain,
  All radiant the while,
The Children of the Stage,
  Who work, and grieve—and smile!

The Ragtime Painter Man

by Bennett Chapple

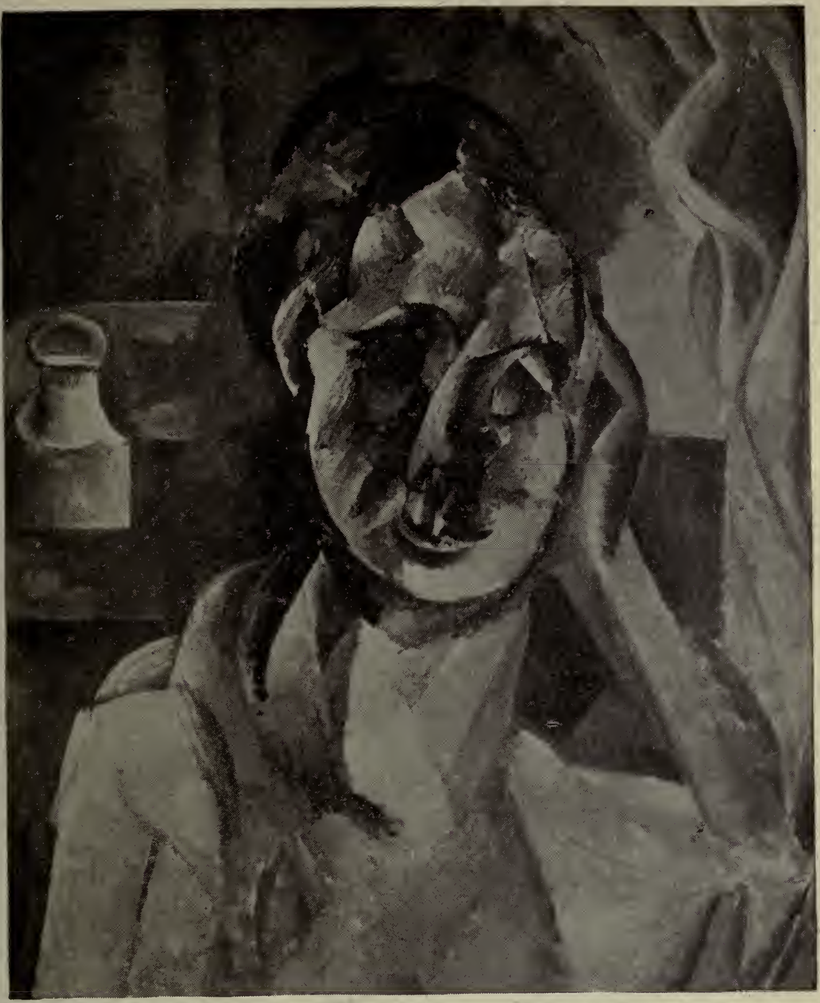
Oh, the ragtime painter-man
Is abroad, 'broad in the lan',
An' this ragtime painter-man
He will get you if he can;
For the syncopated brush is bringing in the "cush"
And he is in the crush,
Is the ragtime painter-man.

(Lines composed after a visit to the First International Exhibition of Modern Art)

THE First International Exhibition of Modern Art, held in New York City during March, attracted the crowds. That was the very first impression one had as he turned off Fourth Avenue and made his way down Twenty-Fourth or Fifth Street to the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory on Lexington Avenue, where the exhibition was held. The curbs of the side streets were filled with waiting automobiles and dancing chauffeurs—for March winds are sharp. The stone steps of the Armory were congested with patrons, and behind the little window of the ticket booth were flashes of green bills that confirmed the impression that the exhibition was a success, at least as far as the box office was concerned.

No art exhibition in America had created so much talk. The "cubists" with their strange concoctions of various colored cubes jumbled together frankly admit that they "don't know where they're going, but they're on their way." The "futurists" with their spirals and curves bubbling like a boiling pot on the fire, have locked arms with the "cubists," and together they go staggering. Drunken art, crazy art, or no art at all—which? Prizes were offered to anyone successful enough to name some of the pictures, and if the titles later became switched, as they sometimes do, nobody would be the wiser. It is the ragtime of music grafted upon art. It is the welsh-rarebit dream preserved upon canvas, it is the picture puzzle in draperies of oil, before which the public stands agape trying to stimulate enough imagination to turn nothing into something. What to the practical mind resembles nothing so much as a bunch of kindling wood is "a lady in the nude walking downstairs." Duchamp-villon, who contributed the above-mentioned subject, is perhaps the most popular member of the new cubistic school. His paintings are nicely finished with infinite care, and his sincerity of purpose is really compelling. As much can hardly be said for Picasso, who painted "The Woman with the Mustard Pot," although he is called the father of the idea. The "idea" may have its uses, however. If "The Woman in Nude" is a fair example of what the cubist hopes to accomplish, there can be no further question as to the modesty or morality of displaying such work of art. People have literally spent hours trying to catch a glimpse of the "woman," but she is so elusive that she cannot even be pointed out by the initiated. If you see the woman, you're an artist, if you don't you're a dub—but don't be frightened; many of the leading artists in New York have frankly confessed that they have not yet made the lady's acquaintance, as it were. It may be art, they say, but they have not yet grown to it, and that's the candid opinion of all but a very few who have tried to solve the enigma.

Probably in order to give the exhibition some sort of an old-fashioned artistic standing there were listed a few paintings of such eminent workers as Whistler, Degas, Puvis de Chavannes and J. B. C. Corot, who are claimed to have been forerunners in the field of impressionistic



"THE WOMAN AND THE POT OF MUSTARD"
One of the most talked-of exhibits of the cubists and futurists

painting. And in this connection the work exhibited by such American artists as Jonas Lee, E. M. Ashe, Karl Anderson, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Wier, Robert Henri, George W. Bellows, Kroll, Chaffe, Lawson, and Leon Dabo, indicate to the unprejudiced mind that the American painter, whatever the fad of new artistic "schools," is destined to lead the world.

This is made more apparent by the almost tragic picture of European art as evidenced by some of the work exhibited. Contemporary American paintings contrasted with those of the old world in the field of modern art show the difference between the wholesome and the hideous, between the bright and the grotesque. Europe today is painting without ideals; it has confessed as much. In its attempt at modern art, it has even passed beyond the pale of decency or intelligence, and has acquiesced to the worst form of debauchery that palette and brush can portray. That part of the exhibition which has let license run riot in abnormal, unbeautiful things from foreign schools, runs the risk of introducing a disease germ as foul to American art as the dread Asiatic cholera was to her people. Whatever the high artistic condition of mind necessary to appreciate such work, it is not healthful. That it is endured at all is because artists and art lovers are the most gullible people in the world. They worship art as Art and hesitate to fight its traducers for fear they may not recognize Art disguised. The whole profession in New York seems "pussy-footed," in the vernacular of the street, over this shameful part of the exhibit. Privately and guardedly they admit they can see nothing of value in mere crudity alone—yet they will only shake their heads and say, "I don't know—maybe."

America in impressionistic art is now ready to walk alone. That is the most inspiring impression gleaned from the curious First International Exhibition of Modern Art. Had the distorted abnormalities of European art been eliminated, there would have been positive pleasure in the exhibit, because it indicates a delightful, carefree abandonment of the more binding technicalities of art. It evidences a rag-time syncopation that should make the very paint dance with the rhythm. Will rag-time painters become the vogue? Who knows?

THE CRITICS

By CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

A POET wrote a song one day. Upspoke a great divine:
"Within those grand yet simple words, what sacred meanings shine."
"Behold," the scientist exclaimed, "how well his brain has wrought
The evolution of the day, the foremost lines of thought."
The maiden blushed and smiled and sighed—the printed page above;
"How can he know so well," she sobbed, "the heights and depths of love?"
Her civil engineer spake out: "Dear girl, he sings of life,
Of energy, ambition, hope, of service and of strife."
"His speculations on the soul are rather wide of range;
I speculate," the broker said; "I would not Stock Exchange!"
"Much better in his corner he, with Blackstone and with Coke,
Than maundering with such vague ideas," the lawyer's voice outspoke;
"No brief will come from talk of love, of moonlight, birds and bees,
They're only fit for womenkind, for fools and things like these."
The schoolboy learned a verse at school. One verse was quite enough.
"Why will they make us learn," he growled, "such heaps of stupid stuff?"
"How well he paints," the mother said, "the man my boy will be."
"No," cried her friend, "he paints the day when woman shall be free."
"What trash," bewailed the editor, "upon a voyage I've shipped;
I hoped it were more readable in print than manuscript."
The critic wrote: "No words of aught upon our page belong
Save pity for the mental state of him who wrote this song.
When will he learn he is no bard? Heaven knows he gives no sign."
(This critic had but just devoured mince puffs—some eight or nine).
The poet's wife, exultant, cried, "What will the *Nation* say?"
His brother eyed it from afar: "Hullo, what did they pay?"
"No poet ever wrote like that!" his mother proudly cried;
"Good land, what is it all about?" his grandmother replied.
"I always grudged," his father groaned, "his waste of precious time
When he went mooning through the woods a-scribbling silly rhyme."

The poet as he went his way the various comments heard;
He looked up at the deep blue sky. He answered not a word.

With "Cap and Bells"

by Charles William Brackett

THE ingenue took his pipe from between his lips, drew in his breath, and said something very uningenuous on the subject of corsets.

The dowager who was lacing the offending article gave a peremptory command and struggled in a most unwomanly way with the strings.

"If I had something to brace my feet against—" he hazarded.

I had the greater advantage of playing a character whose propensities were to the "ultra fashionable," and enjoyed the greater freedom of an uncorseted figure, being built out where necessary instead of pulled in. Just at the moment I was assuring the comedy lead that it was highly probable that the number of hooks on my back corresponded with the number of eyes.

It was the first dress rehearsal of "His Excellency the Governor," the play presented this year by "Cap and Bells," the Williams College Dramatic Society. Frank Lea Short, the coach for the club, was out in front giving loose rein to the fiery steeds of his temperament. He is a wonderful coach, and sarcasm is his middle name. "Are you going to starve Bobby down to the size of his corset?" he asked now. "Hurry up with this show."

The juvenile lead strode on and addressed the comedy man—and then the slaughter commenced.

When my entrance came, after two hours of "working over" the first scene, I stepped on and exclaimed "Oh, how lovely!" in a voice that made even the lone scene shifter in the back row burst into a guffaw.

Mr. Short, however, was not worried.

"You'll have to expect a laugh at that," he said. "The audience will grow used to the croak after a time. Probably they'll say it sounds like Ethel Barrymore—that's what they always say when a deep voice comes out from under a picture hat—they've been inured to it by Miss Barrymore's imitators. Now go on with your lines."

I went on, but before I could finish my first speech he raised a hand to stop me.

"Laddie," he said with a trace of suffering in his voice, "are you trying to play little Eva? Why, this is supposed to be a comedy part! Speed it up. And I don't mean by that to stop enunciating."

That was the way it had been from the beginning of rehearsals and was till the last one. And to that constant criticism was due any success we had.

The part of Stella de Gex which I had in "His Excellency" was not my first experience in a female part. I had played during the latter half of the 1911–1912 season as Lady Henrietta in the "Duke of Killicrankie," and knew a few of the rules of the game.

The chief among them are these: to soften the voice rather than try to raise it (some of the boys use pineapple syrup taken clear as an aid to this), to remember one's train and not to mind startling laughter in unexpected places.

There are a great many things that cause such laughter. For instance, a line such as "May I hold your hand? It's a beautiful hand! So white and soft!"—when the hand in question is a callous paw, or when a hoarse guffaw comes from off stage and the hero exclaims, "What delightful, childish laughter." A sagging petticoat is a detail provocative of mirth or the tottering gait accompanying the first experience in high heels. One thing is fatal and I have seen it happen twice; the heroine sinks into a chair, perhaps a trifle stiffly, but still he sinks, and as he does so naively pulls up the legs of his trousers which, unfortunately, are not there. The audience will laugh through a whole act just on the memory of a mistake like that.

The recompense for braving these dangers, and that a tittering audience is a danger anyone who has ever "tread the boards" knows—is the trip. This year "Cap and Bells" gave performances in Northampton, Massachusetts; Saratoga Springs, New York; Albany, New York; Binghamton, Vermont; Plainfield, New Jersey; Brooklyn and New York City, not including the performance in Williamstown. Alumni see to it that our houses are well filled and usually give a dance after the performance, which is ample recompense for having been squeezed breathless by a corset or frozen by a low-necked evening gown. How women manage to sustain life under those two adverse conditions, compression and cold, is a question all of us who have suffered would like answered. I can endure the exposure to the cold incurred in a cane rush or a snowshoe tramp, but the smiling heroism of the average woman freezing to death in a smart evening gown is an object of awe to me.

A GIRLISH POSE
A photograph of Mr. Charles W. Brackett which is a favorite with fun-loving friends

One of the great disadvantages of playing a feminine role is the conversation at the dance afterwards. It is invariably the same and runs something like this:

"How *do* you manage your hands?"

"Oh, I want that green dress of yours."

"Do tell me how you get your back to look so white."

One is tempted to answer the last query by saying that an application of shoe blacking is just the thing to produce a lily-like pallor.

With men it manifests itself in a bright idea. They come to you and say:

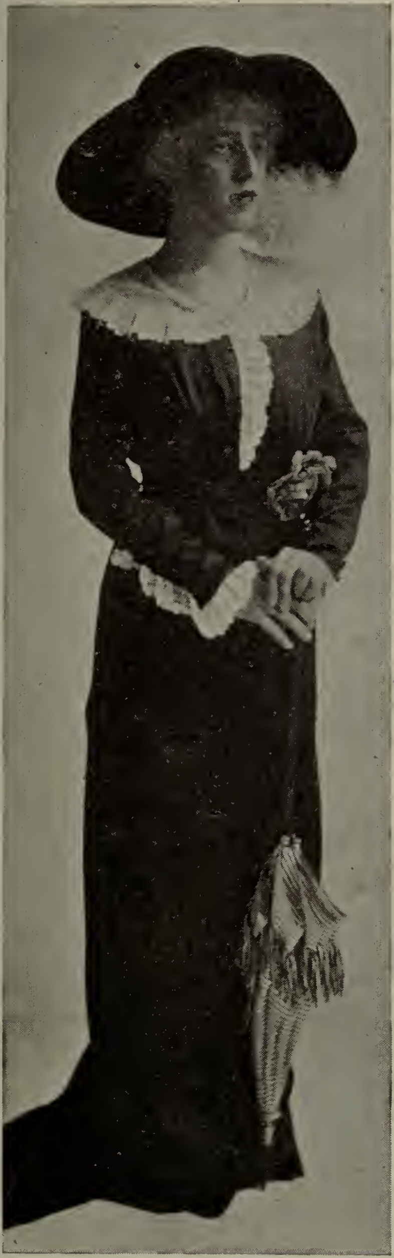
"I've got a plan."

"What is it?" You know, of course, but still you ask.

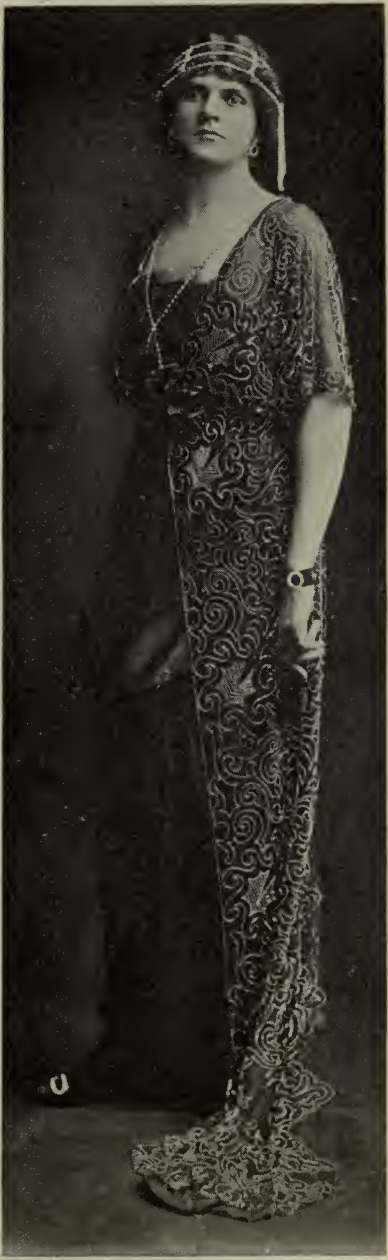
"Well, you give me one of your pictures and I'll show it to my girl (or mother or wife, as the case happens to be) and tell her—"

It is always the same, but has the advantage of permitting "canned" repartee on your part.

Of course some very amusing complications arise from men in women's roles. Sometimes at the beginning of a performance the scene shifters do not realize the situation and act with the degree of respect commanded by "skirts" in the profession. When they learn the truth their attitude sometimes changes abruptly. One stage hand unwisely tried "kidding" the ingenue, who is small but husky. Once the audience, or at least the bald-headed row, was electrified by a round, whole-hearted "damn" from the Dowager when



CARL E. PARSONS
As Mrs. Wentworth Bolingbroke in "His Excellency the Governor"



CHARLES W. BRACKETT
As Stella de Gex in "His Excellency the Governor"

someone stepped on his train. And for some reason "woemen" always seemed amused to learn that we pull on dresses over our legs rather than doing the chimney climbing stunt, which, I believe, is orthodox.

Perhaps the most amusing incident occurred after the New York performance. One of the clerks at the Plaza, where we gave the play, had seen it, and on seeing a tall lady in a very exaggerated black evening gown like one worn in the play going into the dining room for an after-theater supper, he went to her and said, gently but firmly, that they could allow no such masquerading in the hotel. I believe he added the advice that the lady in question should "go upstairs and take off that wig!" I have heard that the Plaza lost a patron.

LOVE O' DREAMS

By ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD

THROUGH the dim galleries of an ancient mansion
  I wandered yesterday,
Gazing upon the pictured forms of dame and gallant
  Long passed away.
When, as from out a pale and shadowy heaven
  Some bright star gleams,
There burst upon me from that mist of faces
  The Lady of My Dreams.

A pictured face, half tender, half disdainful,
  I know you well—
Eyes of the dusk, a-shine 'neath sombre lashes,
  Ye hold Love's spell.
O smiling lips that lure me, while denying
  The sweets they hold.
And flower-crowned heads—all these, oh, best beloved,
  I know of old.

The high gods laugh that in Time's dim procession
  We move apart;
That centuries long the flowers have bloomed and withered
  Above your heart.
In some far land, in some dim past, I know not
  The when nor where,
    You lived your day, that I, Love's hapless laggard,
  May never share.

But Love o' Dreams, though time is long in passing
  With you away.
I will keep faith—nor serve a lesser idol,
  But wait the day
When Time and Death no more shall stand between us,
  By Love o'erthrown,
And free at last to follow and to find thee
  My soul shall seek its own.

Adventure in the New Books

by Antony Dee

THE trend of the drama toward realism is certainly not followed in the fiction of the day. The new book offerings are fairly alive with romance and adventure. As in the "movies," there is "something doing every minute," even in the most modest romance, while a theme bordering on mystery or adventure is a succession of thrills. Not only are our young writers contributing to this deluge of kaleidoscopic fiction, but a group of our best-known craftsmen are setting a pace that an amateur, however fertile of brain, could scarcely hope to keep up.

Louis Joseph Vance, John Reed Scott, Ralph Connor, Earl Derr Biggers—not forgetting our English favorite, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—these are names that stand for success in contemporary novel writing. The latest works of these authors show that the spirit of adventure is not dead in twentieth century fiction.

Perhaps no volume is better able to get the reader into the prevailing spirit than Mr. Vance's "The Day of Days."* The hero of the tale is an obscure, stoop-shouldered, shabby little New York bookkeeper, by name Percival Sybarite—though he conceals his Christian name by the abbreviated signature "P. Sybarite."

One Saturday morning Sybarite receives from a well-off cousin the tickets for a theater box. A party of four is made up from the habitues of Percival's boarding house and that night the young people go to see "Kismet." Mr. Otis Skinner's realistic acting—oh, yes, Mr. Vance's story is decidedly up to the minute—duly impresses them, and on the way home Sybarite and his pretty companion are discussing the possibility of "Kismet" and a "Day of Days," when a taxicab whirls up and an evil-mouthed young man addresses the girl. A fight ensues—Sybarite's "Day of Days" has begun. A mystery attaches itself to his companion, for the supposed shop girl is really an heiress in hiding. Despite Sybarite's offer of protection, she leaves with the evil-mouthed youth, who, however, left behind him a clue that Sybarite loses no time in tracking down. Follow in rapid succession a series of adventures, in which Sybarite moves from gambling den to lady's boudoir, from underground dive to masquerade ball, where at last the girl is found and given a word of counsel and an offer of help. When the sky looks clearest, however, the girl is kidnapped and P. Sybarite begins another series of adventures which end in a manner that is as unexpected as the developments. Yet the whole course of action conforms to the old dramatic unity of time—the story happens within one revolution of the sun!

MR. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
The author of many "best sellers," among them "The Bronze Bell," "The Bandbox" and "The Brass Band." His latest work is "The Day of Days"

* * *

THERE is the same rapid fire of development in Mr. Biggers' novel, "Seven Keys to Baldpate,"* which, rumor has it, will be dramatized and presented next season by Mr. George M. Cohan. Here is another drab setting—for what could be grayer than a summer hotel in the depths of winter? To deserted Baldpate Inn, however, sojourns Mr. Billy Magee, popular novelist, who would woo the literary muse in solitude and produce a really serious work. He secures a key to the Inn and prepares to make himself comfortable when he finds that he is not alone—Baldpate Inn has another guest, who also boasts of a key. Another man, two women (one young and charming), still another man, and again another woman—holders of keys to Baldpate—continue to arrive and take their places in the mysterious drama acted before Billy Magee. It all seems very strange indeed to the lone auditor, who has lost his head and heart to the young and charming woman before even determining her part in the *dramatis personae*. Not until the end—the very end—does the mystery solve itself, and then in a most ingenious way.

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* "The Day of Days." By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.25, net.

* "Seven Keys to Baldpate." By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.30, net.

MR. EARL DERR BIGGERS
A rising young novelist whose first book, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," was an instant success. Mr. Biggers is well known in Boston newspaper circles, and has written many humorous articles

And what of the serious story, which Mr. Billy set out to write? This is the question the charming young woman put to him when Baldpate was in the distance. "And—'What book?' he asked.

"'The novel you went to write. Don't you remember, dearest? No melodrama, no wild chase, no—love?'

"'Why—' Mr. Magee paused for a moment in the joy of his discovery. Then he came back to the great joy in his arms. "'Why, darling,' he exclaimed gently, 'this is it.'"

* * *

OF all living British novelists, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling will, without doubt, leave the most decided impress on the record of post-Victorian fiction, and it is a little difficult to decide which will eventually be given the highest place.

Both are delightful creators of original and interesting characters, for Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" is no more original and interesting as an English detective than is "Strickland Sahib" as his Indian contemporary; while "Kim," "Lurgan, the Babu" and "Mahbub Ali" of the secret service are *sui generis*, striking figures revealed, as it were, by lightning flashes that for an instant illumine the dense obscurity in which the under world of British law and Asiatic fanaticism, crime and intrigue still battle for the mastery.

In the short story both are unapproachable, both like in unlikeness, both successful in awakening the interest of intelligent readers, and in sustaining it to the end of a generally not unprofitable word-painting of life in little known aspects and localities.

Perhaps, however, Sir A. Conan Doyle has been most successful in his longer and more sustained flights of fiction such as "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "Sir Nigel Loring," and "The Hound of the Baskervilles." In his latest novel, "The Lost World,"* Professor Challenger, having come upon an ancient upheaval of the Jurassic Age in the midst of the Amazonian wilderness, secures photographs and specimens of antediluvian monsters that still inhabit a vast and inaccessible plateau whose unscalable cliffs rise a thousand feet above the rest of the country. He even secures a stray pterodactyl, but loses most of his outfit in returning down the Amazon, and upon making known his discoveries is insulted so grossly by rival scientists that he utterly refuses to be interviewed further on the subject, and assaults several journalists who get access to his study. He tries to eject Mr. Edward Malone of the *Gazette*, who goes on a similar errand, but is not wholly successful in putting him out of commission, and is about to be arrested by a policeman when the reporter shields his antagonist by laying the blame on himself. This renders Professor Challenger somewhat less surly and he lays before the young reporter the evidences of his discoveries. At a scientific lecture, Professor Challenger is again publicly charged with falsehood and intended deceit, and retorts by demanding that a committee be appointed to visit the locality and investigate for themselves. Professor Summerlee is chosen by the opposition, Edward Malone on behalf of Challenger, and Lord Roxton, a mighty hunter and experienced traveler, added to the committee, which is joined later at Manaos by Challenger. They find the plateau and an outlying and crumbling mesa which can be scaled, and by felling a great tree, cross to the plateau, whence they are prevented from returning by the treachery of two half breeds who roll the great tree into the abyss.

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* "The Lost World." By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.25.

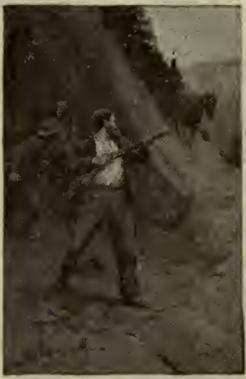
The four thus imprisoned come upon huge iguanodons like scale-covered kangaroos twenty feet in height and a breeding place of flying bat-winged pterodactyls from whose attack they escape with great difficulty. They are threatened by carnivorous dinosaurs, and finally all but Malone are captured by a tribe of Apemen whose custom it was to throw their captives over the cliffs to be impaled on the bamboo growth below. Lord Roxton escapes, and with Malone opens fire upon the Apemen, who are about to sacrifice Professor Summerlee and certain Indian captives, but the deadly fusillade of the magazine rifles disperses the Apemen and the reunited travelers are joined by four surviving Indians, one of whom is the son of the chief of the tribe. Guided by these they reach the great central lake over which a huge fleet of canoes bring the greater part of the fighting men of the tribe. A battle with the Apemen extirpates the grown males and reduces the women and children to slavery, while the white men are given every homage and attention that the Indians can bestow, excepting aid to descend the cliffs and return to civilization.

During their honorable captivity they witness an attack on the Indians by carnivorous dinosaurs, on whom rifle bullets have little effect, but which are unable to penetrate to the cave dwellings of the Indians; have opportunities to witness huge serpents, plesiosauri, immense stags and birds double the size of the ostrich, and other wonderful monsters, fully justifying Professor Challenger's claims and discoveries.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
The eminent British author whose latest novel, "The Lost World," is regarded by many as his most striking contribution to literature

Challenger attempts to make a balloon from the viscera of the great water lizards, and is so successful that he and his companions are nearly carried off the earth in their first experiment. Finally the party find a cavern from which a gallery opens through the cliffs upon a path to the outer world, and they regain their camp and return to London.

A vast audience greets the report of the committee, but a strong faction denies them belief and again it is insinuated that they seek to deceive the world by faked photographs and false statements. The spokesman has stated that he would believe if he was shown a living pterodactyl. Professor Challenger produces one which with infinite pains has been brought from South America. A panic ensues, and the grisly monster takes flight. After dashing wildly over the heads of the audience he escapes by an open window, while the relieved auditors give the committee an ovation which ends in a great procession in their honor.



IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS
A scene from Charles Eghart Craddock's colorful novel, "The Ordeal"

Lord Roxton a few evenings later, while entertaining his comrades, produces a cigar box full of rough diamonds found by him in the clay of the crater of an extinct volcano occupied by the pterodactyl colony, and valued by experts at a million dollars, which he shares equally with the others. Challenger declares that he will found a museum, Summerlee will give up teaching and perfect his scientific researches, but Roxton prefers to form a stronger expedition more fully to survey and investigate the wonders of the Lost World, and the irrepressible Malone, of course, goes with him.

THE hand that wrote "The Profit of the Great Smoky Mountain" is as skilled in its pictures of the Tennessee mountain country as in the earlier book. "The Ordeal"* is release from questions haunting much of modern literature—no frenzied finance, no labor difficulty, no social evil, no politics. A band of angry moonshiners shoot the owner of a summer bungalow in the heart of their country, mistaking him for a revenue officer who has recently wrecked their distillery. The victim is killed while driving in company with a three-year-old boy, who, with his mother, is a guest at the bungalow. Before horse and cart crash over the cliff edge with the body of the murdered man, the boy falls to the road and is carried off by the moonshiners, lest he reveal the crime.

In the cave where they first take the child he is given a stalactite lily to play with, and baby-like, he puts it in the hidden inner pocket of his new red coat. This coat, later on, is taken from him to be flung over the fatal cliff as evidence of the child's death in a runaway tragedy. The little boy finally is left to the care of an old Indian squaw in a far-away Cherokee reservation among the mountains.

No crime is suspected when the accident is discovered, but weeks later when a hunter finds the little coat in a tree, and returns it to the bungalow, the boy's widowed mother finds the bit of limestone, grasps the facts of the situation, and believes that her child is still alive. She calls to her help the lover whom she had jilted years ago and together they follow false clews until almost in despair. How the child is ultimately found is unfolded with great ingenuity by the author.

* * *

IN old New England a house used to be built about a central chimney. Most books, like those houses, are built about the chimney of a central idea. Embedded in the midst of abounding incident, much description and distinct character drawing of Ralph Connor's last book†, one finds its central chimney this time a bit of philosophy that might well become a part of the curriculum of our schools: "This world is pretty much made already; success consists in adjustment. Don't try to make your world; adjust yourself to it. Don't fight the world; serve it till you master it."

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* "The Ordeal." By Charles Eghart Craddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

† "Corporal Cameron." By Ralph Connor. New York: Geroge H. Doran Company.

The book is almost as generous in length as the old three-volumed novel. There is wealth of material sufficient to fill three average novels.

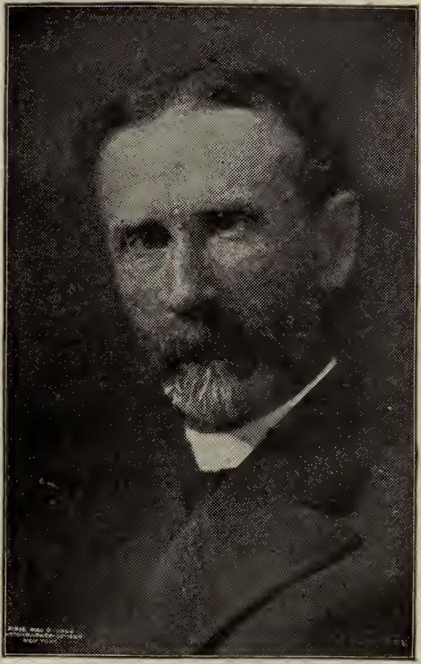
In the first chapter the defeat of the crack Scotch football team, due to the momentary weakening of Allen Cameron, the handsome Highland half-back, and later his terrible remorse, wake a feeling of sick chances like that felt when the young chieftain in Scott's "Pirate" shows the white feather.

So Allen disappears from Scotland, leaving a whole group of pleasant people in whom we have become interested and of whom we would gladly see more. He reappears in Montreal, when he tries to "make his world" by the method of knocking down the sarcastic bully of a managing clerk in the office where he finds work for one day.

From Montreal he goes to "London, a little city in the very garden of Canada." On a farm nearby he finds work and makes discoveries about another side of life. Here, too, he meets the heroine—at least we leave her engaged to Allen—daughter and drudge of the farm. Wakened by her love for Allen, like Ordine she finds a soul that transforms her body and personality until the efficient self-reliant trained nurse into which she develops suggests the heavy slovenly girl of the farm only in deep blue eyes and low rich voice. The love episode, however, is a small part of the book. The best of the summer on the farm is the day of the great county picnic with its athletic games. This chapter has an epic force and the hammer-throwing, with its dramatic close, strikes a Homeric note. Equally poetic is the scene where the music of the bagpipes lulls to rest the souls of the three Highlanders.

But we know that Ralph Connor wrote the last of the three books into which the story is divided with most delight. This is a labor of love. He is praising a gallant band. Nowhere in the world today, not even in France's foreign legion, is there a body of men so romantic, so out of the commonplace, so adapted to fine imagination as is this grim troop of servants—the mounted police of Canada.

Among them Allen Cameron finds his place in life. This is the world made for men like him, and adjustment is automatic. After many severe encounters, the book leaves the hero happy in the love of the radiant nurse, and in his promotion to Corporal of the Northwest Mounted Police.



MR. RALPH CONNOR
The author of "Corporal Cameron," a long volume of romance and adventure

* * *

TWO years before the publication of "John o' Jamestown" Mr. Kester brought out "The Fortunes of the Landrays,"* which has also been illustrated and reprinted by the late author's publishers.

Professor James De Mille in his inimitable

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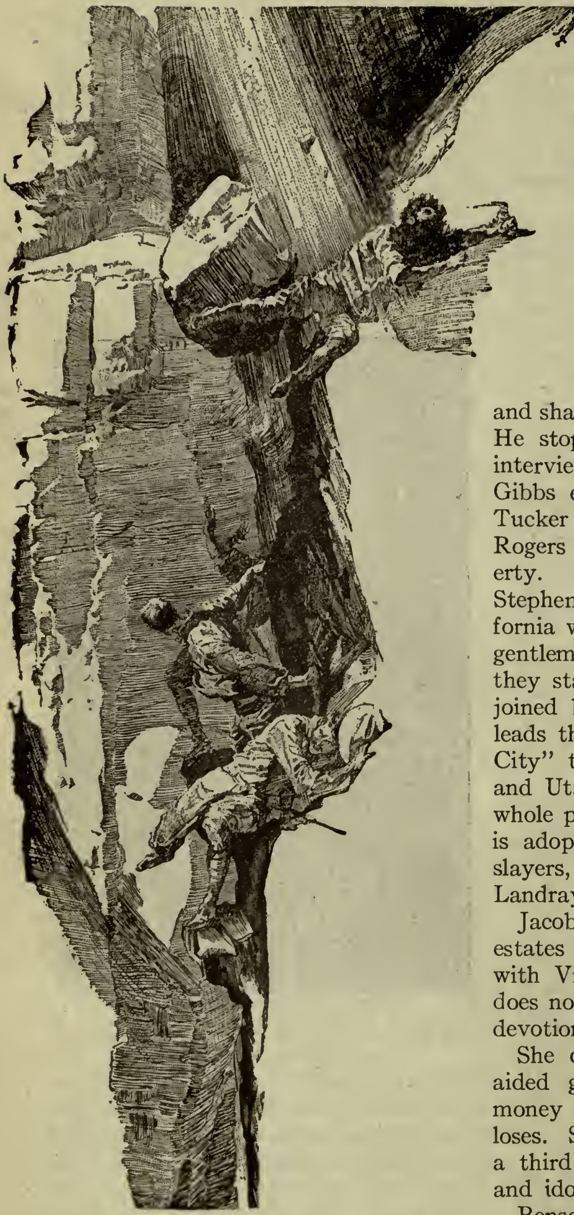
* "The Fortunes of the Landrays." By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.35 net.



SCALING THE BLOCKED PASSAGE TO THE GREAT PLATEAU
From "The Lost World," by Sir A. Conan Doyle

European tour of "The Dodge Club," wittiest of all clever satires on the average "European Tour," depicts the panic of that genial, jovial, resourceful coterie of improved American tourists, when one of its members proposed to "add to the gaiety of the occasion" by telling "the Higgins story," it being realized that the doings of one Higgins being fairly under way, the mention of another would ensure an immediate discursiveness that would never come to an end until the Higgins family, the relator or the club was exhausted.

"The Fortunes of the Landrays" seems to be patterned materially after the "Higgins Story." Truman Rogers with his little son Benny returns to Benson from California to look up his people and share with them a valuable gold placer. He stops with Landlord Tucker and is interviewed by Editor Gibbs and others. Gibbs elopes with Tucker's wife, and as Tucker is drowned in pursuing them, Rogers marries the woman and the property. He then induces Bushrod and Stephen Landray to go overland to California with him as guide, and four other gentlemen. With three prairie schooners they start on the overland trail and are joined by Basil Landray, a cousin, who leads them by "a short cut to Salt Lake City" to a body of disguised Mormons and Utah Indians. The Indians kill the whole party except the child Benny, who is adopted by the father of one of the slayers, and retains the papers of Stephen Landray until he has grown to manhood.

Jacob Benson, a lawyer, settles the estates of the Landrays, and falls in love with Virginia, the wife of Stephen, but does not dare for years even to hint at a devotion which she considers a sacrilege.

She cares for Bushrod's son Stephen, aided greatly by Benson, who invests money on his account which he finally loses. Stephen the second dies, but leaves a third Stephen for Virginia to support and idolize.

Benson aids her materially, but at last he tells his love and is almost rated like a hound in spite of all his sacrifice and devotion.

Then he sells some two thousand acres of wild lands of Stephen's for $50,000, only one thousand of which were Stephen's when he informed Virginia about his property. Benson will not see her utterly independent of him, and sure to waste her means on others, and accordingly induces her to give a deed of one thousand acres for five thousand dollars. Benson pays his own liabilities, but leaves the sum amply secured and deeded to Virginia in case of his death.

Then Benny Rogers comes to light with the memorandum of the additional one thousand acres of land, and Benson's apparent fraud is made known to Virginia, who denounces but will not prosecute him. He is fatally injured and has his last interview with Virginia, who remembers only his many good deeds and loving, unobtrusive devotion. Benson directs young Stephen Landray to bring in his will, made years before giving his whole property to Virignia, declares that he could not enrich her and leave her free to ignore him forever, and dies content that at the last she has come into the home he had hoped to give her.

* * *

THE salient records of "John o' Jamestown"* are strung like beads on the personal adventures and fortunes of one Richard Farraday, the son of an Episcopal minister living on the border land between England and Scotland near the close of the sixteenth century.

During his early boyhood his childish ascendance as the eldest son is duly swept aside by the arrival of a baby sister, and further by the birth of another girl, the daughter of a Madame Barras, who while on her journey to Scotland was compelled to seek the hospitality of the generous clergyman and died when her child was born. The helpless babe was given a home and parental care, aided by a small annual contribution from the gentleman who had escorted the mother on her fatal journey.

That Dick Farraday should love his adopted sister more than his own, and that a warmer passion should grow up between Mary Barras and the hardy young borderer was a natural result. The love pact, however, was speedily interrupted by the young lady's removal to the custody of aristocratic friends in London who had other plans for her future.

Farraday goes to seek her in London, is very plainly told that he is not of fitting degree or wealth to seek her in marriage, and when the lovers agree to elope, marry and return to Westmoreland, Dick is set upon, stunned, drugged and awakes only to find himself on board one of the ships sent to colonize Virginia and establish the ill-fated colony of Jamestown.

Here he fortunately falls in with an acquaintance made years before in his schoolboy rambles, one John Smith of redoubtable memory, who is, of couse, "John o' Jamestown." Dick becomes a fast friend and staunch ally of Smith, and relates the senseless, malicious and fatal intrigues and policies which more than once made Jamestown a shambles wherein famine, pestilence and the Indian enemy almost utterly destroyed the first settlers and their earliest reinforcements.

THE LATE VAUGHAN KESTER

Who died suddenly when his book, "The Prodigal Judge," was having its greatest success. His earlier novels, "The Fortunes of the Landrays" and "John o' Jamestown," have lately been reprinted

Among the other settlers Dick comes upon Mary's father, who promptly takes the first ship for England to find and protect his daughter. Dick, left behind, is also deprived of the friendship of Captain Smith, who being wounded returns to England but does not forget his protegees. History recounts, however, that the next winter the colonists, reduced to some sixty people, were forced to set sail for England, only to be met by a fleet under Lord De La Warr, who relieved and made the colony stronger than ever.

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*"John O' Jamestown." By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.35 net.

With him, as our story goes, came a royal grant of broad acres for Dick Farraday, and Barras himself comes ashore and takes Dick on board to find that Mary has crossed the seas to become his very own at last.

In this story the late Mr. Kester reveals his wonderful ability as a writer of the historical novel, and the publishers, in reprinting the book, with the excellent illustrations of Mr. M. Leone Bracker, have done a distinct service in bringing the work to the attention of a larger public.

* * *

CONDITIONS and contending forces regarding Home Rule in Ulster County, Ireland, are the basis of "The Red Hand of Ulster,"* in which Mr. G. A. Birmingham adds a seventh novel to the half dozen which have already found fame with the American reading public. Told by a mythical Lord Kilmore of Errigal, the story depicts in witty, if somewhat cynical style, the attempt of Conroy, a New York millionaire, to organize armed rebellion in Ulster, and the grim, determined way in which the people, the constabulary, the military and the navy fund fought one another until the British Cabinet abandoned the attempt to force the issue of the dread arbitrament of battle.

As a novel it is of stirring interest, and as a satire on existing men and issues, it is worthy of close study.

GLORIFIED by motherhood, and honored by her fellow-citizens, who by their vote confer the mayoralty upon her—this is the enviable lot of one woman suffragist, as related in "The Elected Mother."* Mrs. Pettibone, who herself tells the story, has been a real old-fashioned wife and mother, who brought up four boys and trained a husband. While on a visit to one of her boys, who is married and living in a far-away city, she comes in contact for the first time with woman suffrage, finds to her surprise that a woman is candidate for mayor, incidentally revises some of her former notions as to "woman's sphere," and decides that in the future she will shape her life's activities after more modern ideas. It is a sweet story, told in Mrs. Daviess' most charming style, and will also command the attention of the thinking woman.

* * *

BOOKS of short stories seem to continue to be a popular feature of current fiction, and "The First Hurdle,"† by John Reed Scott, contains eleven very nicely plotted and cleverly told *feuielletons* of the general tenor. A brace of young people who have been betrothed since childhood, whose mutual attempt to break the engagement only makes them more deeply in love with each other; the quick turn on a false friend by a lady investor who forced him to return his plundering; "Mrs. Randolph's Nerve" in bracing her husband up to becoming a skilled automobile driver; "The Testing of the Earls," a telling comedy of the Wars of the Roses; a bit of amateur detective work in "The Affair of the Protocol"; "In the Face of the Enemy," a Confederate tragedy before Chancellorsville; "The Balance of Power," in which a mean bully of a husband gets a deserved thrashing, are the best of the eleven, none of which are negligible.

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* "The Red Hand of Ulster." By G. A. Birmingham. New York: Geo. H. Doran Company. Price, $1.20 net.

* "The Elected Mother." By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price,

† "The First Hurdle." By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25.

Astronomy a Practical Art

by The Editor

SOMETIMES I wonder if we are not drifting away from that devotion to science characteristic of previous generations in every-day life and experience. On the crest of a hill in the Green Mountains, I was privileged to look from the observatory of a friend whose special delight in later years has been the study of astronomy. It was a circular brick observatory with a revolving roof and a telescope that would automatically sweep the heavens and follow the course of a star. Its mechanism and operation seemed mystic and wonderful. There were paper pads about and above showing calculations that made millions and billions seem clumsy, for the distance of a star is given as the number of years it takes for its light to reach us, traveling as it does 186,000 miles in one second. Thus, for example, the astronomer explained, our Polar Star is forty-seven "light years" distant. The astronomer also told of how he enjoyed "good seeing" and would set his telescope as the fisherman set his lines to come back. He would arrange for "good seeing" on a clear night and go back later to find nothing visible because of a cloudy sky. This is the reason why the great observatories are located in Arizona and other sections of the far West, where "good seeing" can be assured the year round under cloudless skies.

Here for the first time I fell under the spell of astronomy, while talking of the so-called canals of Mars, which are really channels, and derived the name from the Italian word. Will the dreams of the astronomers ever be realized in visiting or even "seeing" distant planets more in detail?

The astronomer comes in close contact with Nature in her most sublime aspect, and his calling has impressed the minds of men to an extraordinary degree since the beginning of time. It was astronomy that originated a standard time, and enabled the world to regulate the running of railroad trains and trips of steamship, and to systematize the affairs of men. The navigator finds his way over the boundless ocean, and the surveyor marks the boundaries of great empires and the estates of men, through and because of the service of astronomy. Astronomy and the science of mathematics are closely associated. Astronomy has been of pre-eminent service in the study of physical science, and a very direct connection exists between the study of astronomy and the laying of the first Atlantic cable. More than all this, astronomy has contributed to freedom of thought, dating back to the days of Galileo. Its contribution to the history of civilization and to literature have been important—for was not Omar Khayyam an astronomer? Books on astronomy, with their interminable tables of figures, may not be looked upon as "best sellers" nor is the astronomical language current in literary or sporting circles, but it is associated with important epochs of history. When you realize that men have determined the exact position in the sky of the sun, moon, planets and stars, how infinitesimal in comparison must be our survey of the mundane sphere. With careful calculations Bradley tells us of the mutations of the earth's axis, and Maskelyne was the first to weigh the earth by means of the direction of the plumb-line. Photographers have been able to prepare a great map of the sky; and their avocation seems almost verging out on the boundaries of eternity. Millions of stars have been located by the camera lens. The spots on the sun are ever of special interest to astronomers, and the jolly old Sun has his picture taken daily either at Greenwich or in South Africa or India, trying under all circumstances to "look pleasant."

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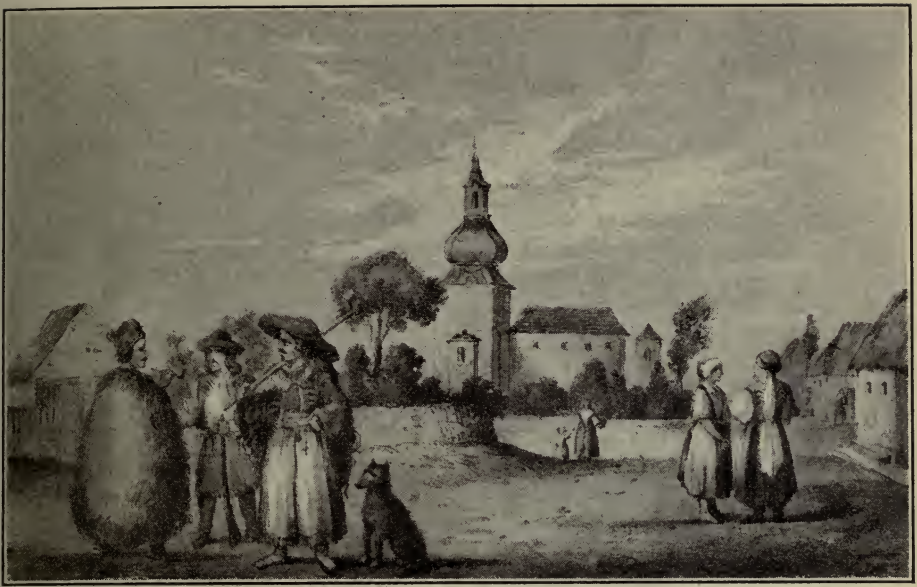
Through astronomy we have been able to learn how the axis of the earth moves inside of a space barely equivalent to the size of an ordinary business office. Helium in the sun was discovered before Professor Ramsey located it in the earth, and suggested the discovery of coronium on earth which also existed in the sun. Being very much lighter than hydrogen, the discovery of coronium may revolutionize aeronautics, and through astronomy a constellation excursion may be realized. There are astronomers who insist it is no more credible to say we might visit neighboring planets than it was to have predicted three hundred years ago that a message could be flashed across the ocean without the use of wire. In all these great achievements astronomy offers a substantial and wide range to the imagination and a conception of the Infinite that leads men on to greater and still greater achievements.

Ordinarily these contemplations would not arrive at realization unless by coming in contact with the enthusiasm of one devoted to astronomy, and in these days of the keen zest for research in the other sciences, are we not forgetting the one great science which seems fundamental to all others in its universal scope? How many boys in the schools are inspired with a love for astronomy, that science which claimed the devotion of so many great sages in the infancy of the race? Now that the world has been measured, weighed, examined and known largely through discoveries guided by the very sun itself, why might we not look forward in future years to a more concentrated study by American enthusiasts in astronomy, which has been neglected in these utilitarian days largely because heretofore it has been impossible to conceive that out of mere star gazing, anything of any salable value could be accomplished? Now that it has been proven that the observations of the planets have made discoveries of what might otherwise have remained undiscovered on earth, why may we not see in the future every factory possessing its astronomical department, and the great skyscrapers surmounted by telescopes and sweeping the heavens day after day and night after night for facts and discoveries that lead to the exploitation of some idea that can be bartered and exchanged in the marts of trade. Once that it has the hall-mark of profit, astronomy would fill its watch towers with alert, enthusiastic students, determined not to let any good thing go unchallenged that can be turned to profit, even if its quest lies through the pathless heavens, and through and over narrow and gloomy corridors and vistas searched ardently and painfully by the ancient sages of astronomy.

EYES TO SEE AND EARS TO HEAR

HE who is attent, with ear close to earth,
Hears the heart-beat of God
Beneath the turf.
And he whose eyes rest on the highest peak
Which the clouds surround,
When the sun's rays lift,
Sees the power of an Infinite Force
In every rift.

—*Nellie F. Woodward.*



HUNGARIAN VILLAGE AND PEASANTS

Real Hungary *and* Real Hungarians

by Dr. Michael Singer

DURING the last Presidential campaign I had occasion to address in a town of the State of New Jersey a Hungarian assemblage in Hungarian. As speaker I was succeeded by a candidate for the Congress, who in his opening remarks expressed his sorrow that he could not understand my speech, because he knows, so he said, of Hungarians only that much that they know how to cook Goulasch (gulyas) and that their gypsy music is splendid.

The remark of that one American, who was eager to become and actually became a lawgiver of this country and who in his fight for election solicited also the support of citizens of Hungarian extraction, characterizes the existing conditions between native Americans and the foreign-born element in the most significant way. Approximately three millions of such men are living at present in this country who were born in Hungary, a country that exists for more than one thousand years and whose history is most conspicuously interwoven with the history of the world, with the history of civilization. A history that in our opinion should be known by everybody who claims to have a right to become a factor in the public life of any country, though such country should not contain amidst its population three millions of that pre-eminently historical race. And yet of Hungarians a lawgiver of the United States knows only that much, that they are experts in the art of cooking gulyas and that their gypsies know how to master the fiddle.

The average American does apparently not care to learn of his foreign-born fellow citizen or fellow resident more than what is presented to him on the surface. And on the surface he learns of the foreigner that much only that he came to this country for the sole purpose to better his economical condition, and while he sees him performing the lowest kind of work, he believes him to be low in his whole make-up. The average American does not seem to care to peep into the mental world of the foreigner and get acquainted with the history of his nation, and with the role that nation played toward the development of mankind and toward the furtherance and maintenance of civilization. The average American is perfectly satisfied to see the foreigner dig the soil or descend into the stomach of the earth for the purpose of providing the world with black diamonds. Looking at the soul and mind-killing work the foreigner is obliged to perform in order to make a living, the American believes him to be without soul and without mind. This unjustified superficiality brings about the prejudice against foreigners, which in their logical sequence erect an unsurmountable wall between natives and newcomers and render a quick assimilation impossible. Those prejudices simply dwarf the inclinations toward higher ideals brought by foreigners to this country. They kill, they are obliged to kill in the soul of the foreigners the belief in the greatness of American institutions, the praise of which they heard long before they got acquainted with the country itself. If the foreigners are to be made to believe in that great truth which is the fundamental principle of this glorious country, in the great truth that all men are equal, then they are to be looked at through the spectacles of justice and kindness, and by no means through the spectacles of prejudices, the mother of most human evils.

Justice is especially demanded for the Hungarians in America, who did not come to this country as political beggars, nor did they come as offsprings of an inferior race. When this great republic was still an undiscovered wilderness, inhabited by savages and wild beasts only, the Hungarian nation already protected Western civilization against Eastern barbarism, and many of her best sons shed their blood for the glory of the Cross.

True enough when in the year 886 the Hungarians left the plains of Asia and under Arpad, their leader, fell into Europe; they themselves were rather barbarians. But even then they displayed already an innate sense for higher civic ideals. As soon as they conquered the different nations that dwelt in the shade of the Carpathian mountains and on the shores of the blue Danube and the blonde Tisza, they considered it their first and most important business to draw a constitution signed by the leaders with their blood. And one century later they became followers of Christian teachings, and their first king, Stephen, the Saint, was one of the most ardent protectors and propagators of Christian civilization.

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Hungary, as we see her now, comprises, besides the strictly taken land of the Magyars, Transylvania, Croatia, Slavonia and the Port of Fiume. Her population, the different nationalities included, exceeds the twenty millions. The Hungarian language is unique. As a matter of fact it is the only European language that does not belong to the Indo-Germanic group. Professor Vambery, the greatest linguist, claimed the Hungarian language to be closely affiliated with Turkish, while another famous linguist, Professor Hunfalvy, succeeded in proving that Hungarian belongs in the Finno-Ugric division. However, of the old Hungarian language as it existed at the time of Arpad and Saint Stephen there is hardly anything left, and the only "literary" monument of that age is a funeral ceremonial from the earliest part of the Thirteenth Century. Of course, the Hungarians of old times were not literary men at all. The sword was their pen, and with this they inscribed their name into the history of the world.

In the earlier part and for the first five centuries of their existence the Hungarians were in eternal warfare with the people at the Bosphorus, who are just now threatened with annihilation by the allied little nations of Balkan, incited and aided financially by Russia, that by all means tries to realize a dream of a Greater Russia inspired by Peter the Great.

One thousand years after the birth of our Lord, Turkey was the most powerful and at the same time the greatest danger to Christianity and Western civilization. Turkish hordes would have invaded Western Europe and crushed existing civilization, if Hungary had not made of her swordsmen a living wall against Eastern invasion. There is hardly a strip of land in Hungary that is not stained with the blood of those heroes who bravely died in the protection of the Cross and of Christian civilization. But however bravely that little nation fought and however successful she was in protecting the progressive Christian spirit against the ravages of destructive Islam, she received at Mohacs, in the year 1526, at the hands of the Turks an almost annihilating defeat. Even the King was killed in that battle, which was in many respects fatal for the Hungarian nation, and especially so because at that time she had chosen a Hapsburg to be her ruler.

After the extinction of the house of Arpad, who, as mentioned above, was the founder of Hungary, the nation decided always to elect her king, and very often she has chosen her ruler from alien dynasties.

And so it came that after the battle at Mohacs one faction of the Hungarian nation saw fit to offer the throne to Ferdinand of Hapsburg, a dynasty which in the course of events turned out to be a curse to Hungary and to the tendencies of the nation toward higher aims. The election of Ferdinand of Hapsburg meant the first step toward the overthrow of Hungary's independence, and as a matter of fact Hungary's decline commenced with the moment Ferdinand took possession of the throne. The Kings of the House of Hapsburg permitted themselves to be entirely influenced by the Jesuits, the logical consequence of which was the oppression of the Protestants, who in turn rose under Stephen Bocskay, and later under Tokolyi in defense of their faith and to protect their country against the despotic policies of her rulers. Their heroic efforts were unsuccessful, and in 1687 the Hungarians were forced to declare the crown of Saint Stephen hereditary in the House of Hapsburg. The unjust, unconstitutional treatment the nation received at the hands of the Hapsburgs forced her to rise in 1703. Francis Rakoczy, one of the greatest heroes of that age, led them, and battles ensued which, though unsuccessful, added to the glory of the nation. Rakoczy went into exile and died in the Turkish town of Rodosto, while the victorious Hapsburgs mercilessly robbed Hungary of all constitutional and traditional rights, and Joseph II went even so far as to dream of a centralized Austria and Hungary and tried to force the German language upon the Hungarians.

It was at that time that from the far West a wonderful phenomenon threw a great light into darkened Europe. The people of the American colonies awoke to the realization of their manly worth. And the heroic, the glorious war which America waged against its British motherland was not alone to bring to Americans the happiness of independence they sought, it was to awaken Europe from her deathlike numbness into new, pulsating life; it was to be a warning to all despots that the rights of nations and of mankind could not forever be trampled upon. And the ideas under whose life-giving, life-preserving warmth freedom blossomed in the United States to a glory never known before, the ideas which invested the new world with strength and grandeur, the ideas were carried across the Atlantic into Europe. The flames arose in France, and illumined the pale faces of terrified despots.

A HUNGARIAN FARMER OF THE PLAINS

But how greatly did the American revolution differ in its results from the revolution in France! America threw off the yoke of her bondage and freed herself to stay free. France fought against one despot to bend her neck to the yoke of another. After Louis XVI came the reign of terror, and Napoleon followed.

Napoleon knew well how to make himself master of the situation and to place the mark of his genius on the times. By quick, almost unnaturally radical conquests the brave soldier became the actual master of Europe. Fear and terror accompanied his every step, and the amazed rulers held fast with trembling hands their threatened crowns, and the tyrants of the whole continent allied themselves against this one man. From north to south, from east to west Europe seemed like a forest of bayonets, and destructive cannon scored the fields in place of the peaceful plow. And while the nations of Europe prepared for battles, and conquest held its wildest orgies, there was born in a world-forgotten Hungarian village an apostle of real freedom, a teacher of the highest human ideals—Louis Kossuth.

The united powers, which arrogantly called themselves the Sacred Alliance, tore the sword from the French tribune, and Napoleon, who but a short while ago had played with crowns, was now sent into solitary exile to learn that greatness of intellect and strength of will alone are not enough to uphold ambition, but that aims must be noble and universal, and greatness must be made doubly great by warm human thought. And while the fallen giant, first at Elba and then on the African rocky isle, mourned only his own downfall and that of his plans, thousands and tens of thousands wept and mourned over their slaughtered children.

And the people who in silent obedience had sacrificed fathers and brothers were ordered to be silent while new chains were riven as reward for the blood that had flowed. Every sigh of the oppressed hearts was answered with cannons, and the poor helpless men succumbed to the fate they could not escape.

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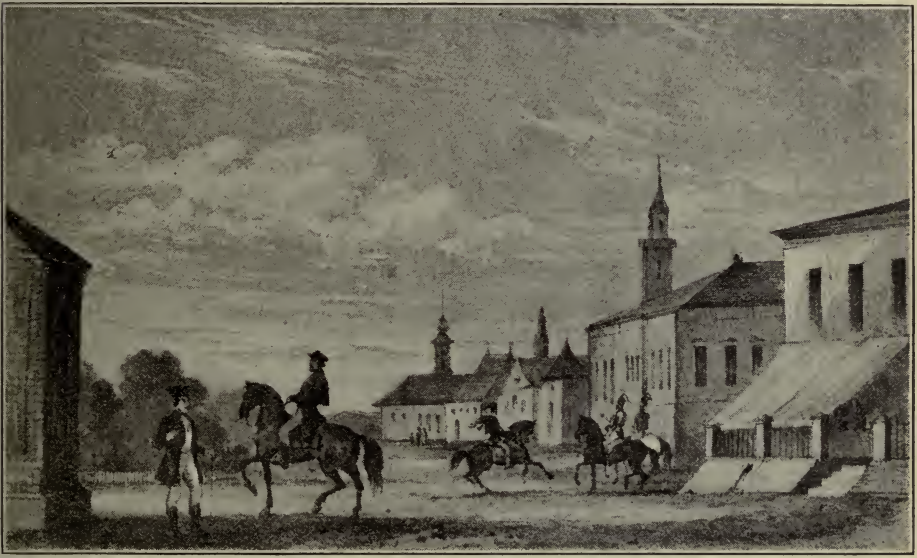
The fate of Europe and naturally also of Hungary was then in the hands of one man—the cunning and intriguing Austrian diplomat, Prince Metternich. Every thought of that man had but one object, to smother in its very inception every agitation regarding freedom. In Hungary he attempted to make any reforms tending toward freedom impossible by inciting the various nationalities against one another.

Hungary at that time still felt the centralizing methods of Joseph II. The language of the nation was undeveloped and the people danced to the tune piped at Vienna. Not only dreary but almost shameful is the picture presented by Hungary under those conditions. With a shocking indifference everything was suffered in silence. The serfs led a life almost brute-like, the citizens panted in silent and therefore blameworthy resignation under their inhuman burdens, and the members of the nobility screened themselves behind their privileges. They saw nothing because they wished to see nothing and because it pleased them more to rush from one pleasure to another.

Meanwhile young Kossuth developed into a thinking, feeling patriot, into a man with a lofty aim in life. He recognized the disease eating into the marrow of his nation's life. He knew and felt that only that country could be truly great in whose children the desire for unity was inspired by means of equal duties and equal rights. He knew that national freedom could be enjoyed only by individuals who were themselves free. He did not, however, close his eyes to the painful fact that the nobility had by far too narrow a sense of national duty to surrender its many privileges merely for the benefit of the fatherland. And on the other hand that during their oppression the people had lost all thought, all idea of freedom and right. Kossuth felt that to make this people free and great he must first teach them to stand erect. And Kossuth was not a man to hesitate. With rare love and unexampled gentleness he started in to educate his people. And a success nothing less than astonishing accompanied his first efforts. But the success was also observed in Vienna and the fact recognized that there had arisen in the young lawyer and author a strong opponent to the suppression of the rights of the people.

Metternich was also quick in his determinations; he threw Kossuth into a dungeon. But in the darkness of the cell there ripened in Kossuth's soul the mighty ideas that brought about Hungary's political and social regeneration. And although Kossuth may not have succeeded in fulfilling his political ideal, to lift Hungary from her servitude to complete independence, yet it is due to his efforts at reform that Hungary today has again an honored position among the nations of Europe. And above all does the world owe him gratitude that feudal Hungary has adapted herself to modern necessities and ideas. The fire of his ideas united feudal lord and serf, it purified the land of the inhuman customs of the middle ages and turned into every breast the consciousness of manhood.



HUNGARIAN CITY AND GENTRY

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Animated by the great patriotic spirit of Louis Kossuth, a young nobleman Count Stephen Szechenyi (the grandfather of Count Ladislaus Szechenyi, who married a few years ago Gladys Vanderbilt of New York), at that time the wealthiest nobleman of Hungary, offered and gave one year's income of all his possessions toward the development of the much neglected Hungarian language, established the Hungarian Academy of Science and smoothed the way for the literary renaissance of the country.

In the meanwhile the spirit of an awakened freedom took possession of the Austrians, also. The people of Vienna rose, and under such pressure Metternich advised King Ferdinand to grant the Hungarians a constitutional government. Count Batthanyi became prime-minister and Kossuth a member of the Cabinet. But hardly had the government organized itself, when Ferdinand, influenced by the evil spirits prevailing in the Vienna-Hofburg, withdrew his resolutions, transferred the throne to his nephew Francis Joseph, who is still the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. The young boy who ascended the throne under such fatal circumstances was a helpless victim of the reactionary forces that surrounded him, and when the Hungarian nation once more demanded her traditional rights and the re-establishment of her constitution, the ill-advised boy pointed with defiance at his sword and exclaimed, "My sword is my constitution."

The revolution was unavoidable, though Count Szechenyi, who grew in the meantime to be a thinking, conservative statesman, wisely remarked, that first the economical independence of the nation should be established and thus enabled to fight for her political independence. The over-enthusiastic, high-minded Louis Kossuth was of a different opinion. He held that only an individually and politically free people can successfully fight for economical freedom also. And he succeeded to breath his spirit into asphyxiated Hungary. At the sound of his voice Hungary rubbed her eyes and prepared for the greatest, for the most beautiful and noblest task—the task of freeing herself. It was Kossuth's voice that raised the nation, his voice that created new horizons and prepared the way for new ideas. Now that voice sounded like the roar of thunder in the land, and now gentle as the evening bell it called to prayer. And Kossuth called his Hungarian-folk to prayer. He taught it to pray for freedom and right, for a free and happy Hungary. This one man filled the hearts of a whole nation with kindling enthusiasm. Upon his word the people grasped their weapons, gathered around Kossuth, joyful and enthusiastic, carried away by the one idea—to conquer or to die.

With the exception of the Spartans of the classic age, history does not record a greater heroism than that displayed by the Hungarians in their fight for their rights and national existence. Francis Joseph having had command of the army, the Hungarian nation had hardly any trained soldiers, but patriotism and the desire for liberty turned even dwarfs into giants and Austria received defeat after defeat at the hands of the Hungarians. The world's eye rested with amazement on that little nation, while Austria's fate seemed to have been sealed. And the Hapsburgs, no doubt, would have been driven from Hungary, that declared herself a free republic, if at the crucial moment the Czar of Russia had not dispatched two hundred thousand of his Cossacks to the rescue of despotism. At the small town of Vilagos then the bloody sword that a deeply wronged nation had swung fell shattered to the earth. The dream of freedom was over and with insolent and cruel ravages the horses of the Cossacks laid waste the beautiful fields of Hungary. And the Hapsburgs in their thirst for revenge knew no limit. Thirteen generals, thirteen heroes, thirteen demigods, who went into history as the "Martyrs of Arad" were turned over to the hangman. Count Szechenyi, whom the grateful nation still calls "The greatest Hungarian," lost his mind over the ill fate of his country and committed suicide, while Louis Kossuth went into exile. He sought and found shelter on Turkish soil. But the Hapsburgs demanded the surrender of Kossuth most energetically, and the Turkish government hesitated whether to obey the command of humanity or the stern request of a dangerous neighbor. Then the United States proved anew that it was first in the ranks of those who sought humanity's freedom. On an American battleship under the protection of the starry banner Louis Kossuth left Asia Minor, and when he arrived here he was received with princely honors and refreshing enthusiasm. Free hearts beat with sympathy for his hopes, and the people of this great republic hung admiringly on his eloquent lips.

Kossuth then returned to Europe, where the war in the Crimea gave him an opportunity to prepare, associated with Ledru Rollin and Mazzini, an international upheaval. Then Italy fought for her unity and Kossuth and Cavour created the Italian-Hungarian union. Yet fate denied Kossuth's lofty aims realization. The peace of Villafranca sounded the death knell of Kossuth's hopes, and time flew by, changing people and conditions in her flight.

Hungary in the meantime resembled a big cemetery. The Hapsburgs made their power felt in the most brutal way, but the Hungarian nation endured all the heavy blows and all the petty insults in silent dignity. She seemed to be petrified, and no physical or other tortures could bring her to sigh or to complain. On one point, however, she stood firmly—she refused to put and did not put the crown of Saint Stephen upon the head of Francis Jospeh. She was obliged to endure him as usurper, but she did not recognize him as legal King, nor any of his actions as binding.

Suddenly new interests replaced the old, and new events brought about new horizons. Bismarck stepped upon the political stage, and his iron hand succeeded in wrenching the German states from Austria. The former allies, Austria and Prussia, had become enemies and again the thunder of cannon rolled round the world. The battle at Koniggraetz, that ended fatally for Austria, brought about a radical change in her relations to Hungary. History repeated itself, and the drama was re-enacted that Marie Theresa had enacted a century before. She too had received a merciless defeat at the hands of the Prussian King, Frederick the Great, and in her distress she appealed for help to the outraged, much-offended Hungarians, who in their innate proverbial chivalrousness exclaimed their historical: "Vitam et sanguinem pro rege nostro Maria Theresia —Our life and our blood for our King Marie Theresa." Now again Francis Joseph saw that his weakened and discouraged Austria could not exist without a peaceful co-operation of Hungary and a settlement followed in 1867, drawn by Francis Deak, the sage of the nation. In the very same year Francis Joseph was crowned as King of Hungary and at the coronation he solemnly declared under oath to re-establish the constitutional rights of Hungary to be protected by a responsible government.

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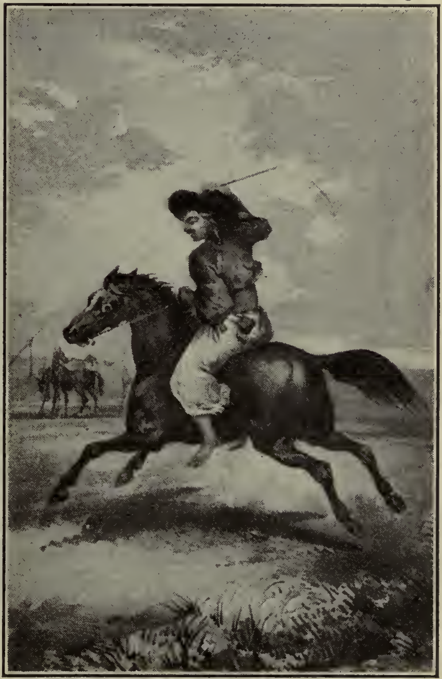
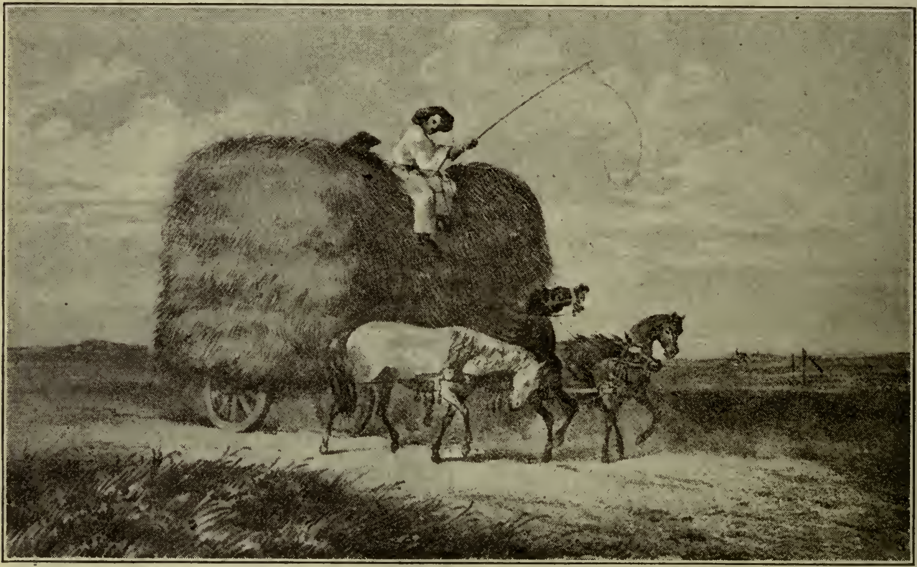
Hungary's relation to Austria is not understood clearly by most Americans. They think Hungary to be merely a province of Austria. This has never been the case. Hungary is and always has been an independent kingdom. Since the settlement of 1867 Hungary has in common with Austria the army and the ministry for foreign affairs. As for the discharging of those common affairs both the Austrian and the Hungarian parliament select every year out from their own ranks delegates who meet alternately in Budapest or in Vienna. They are just now in session at Budapest to discuss the war of the allied Balkan nations against Turkey and the arrogant conduct of little Servia toward the dual monarchy, Austria and Hungary.

With the downfall of the Servian Empire and of all other nations of the Balkans, many of them emigrated to the nearby Hungary and settled there permanently. All of them, as well as the Slovaks and Croatians, were granted by the Hungarian nation to retain their languages and their own peculiar and long-established customs. In return for this noble and unique attitude of Hungary among all progressive European countries those different races, incited by political agitators, always tried to disintegrate the unity of the kingdom and to build states within the state. The most significant light is thrown upon the ungrateful and treacherous attitude of those races by the late significant arrival of a Dr. Blaho to this country. This Dr. Blaho, who is a practising physician in the Hungarian town, Szakolcza, came to the United States with the self-confessed intention to awaken the "Slavish consciousness" among the Slovaks living in the United States. The many efforts of this man and similar men must not be underestimated, knowing that the Slovaks save a great deal of their earnings, upon which political agitators of the calibre of Dr. Blaho would like to lay their hands and to use them for inimical purposes against Hungary.


HUNGARIAN HERDSMAN (LESIKOS)

All those races dream of breaking away from Hungary to build up, aided naturally by Russia, a Slavonic Empire. The apparent victories the Balkan people gained over the Turks encouraged the different Slavonic nationalities living in Austria and in Hungary to such an extent that they openly show their sympathy with Servia, which poses now in the most arrogant claims and forces Austria and Hungary into a war. The law of self-preservation obliges Austria and Hungary to check the arrogance of the little nations in the Balkans and by keeping them in the very place where they belong to check the invasion of Russia into Central Europe. A successful war of the Balkanites would involve an overwhelming victory of Russia, a victory that would change the map of Europe and become a standing danger to the peace and civilization of the Old World, and especially to the reform movements toward freedom of thought and belief. All the leading powers of continental Europe, and even England, though an ally of Russia, appreciate this fact, and while they endeavor to maintain peace, they feel that the door leading into Western Europe has to be closed before the bear of the East. And it is to be hoped that they will close it.

After this digression, that just at the present time may be of some interest to the reader, we return again to that Hungary which after the settlement of 1867 started anew her constitutional life. The constitutional rights granted by the same Francis Joseph, who at the beginning of his career claimed the sword to be his constitution, reminded every thinking Hungarian patriot of the old saying: "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*—I fear the Greeks even though they bring gifts." No doubt the constitutional rights put Hungary in a position where she could progress amazingly within a few decades in the way of art, literature and commerce, but they burdened at the same time the nation with such constitutional duties that are altogether unbearable and have been in their ultimate results the cause of the steadily increasing emigration to the United States.



FARM TEAM ON THE PUSZTA

Francis Joseph would never have extended his glad hand toward the Hungarians if after the fatal battle with Prussia he had not felt and realized the decline of Austria's influence, if he had not known that weakened Austria all by herself will no more be permitted to lead the orchestra in the concert of the European powers. And especially after Italy's successful striving for unity, and after the Franco-Prussian war which led to the union of all Germans and presented to the world a united powerful Germany, Francis Joseph knew that the time when European politics were directed in Vienna and Austria had the deciding word in all questions of the Continent was gone forever. He knew it, and his sole endeavor since has been to keep up appearance in the form of a mighty army. For this appearance he readily sacrificed the most vital interests not only of Hungary but also of Austria. The people of Austria and the Hungarian nation were driven to sacrifice blood and wealth to the military Moloch and yet the taxes were raised year by year.

Hungary could not stand it. Hungary is a pre-eminently agricultural country without any industry worth the while to speak of. It is at the other extreme from the United States, which established a monumental industrial life and neglected its agriculture, endangering the possibilities of securing the necessities of daily life. Industrial enterprises and industrial work promise quick returns, and guided by the prevailing spirit of this country not only the farmer deserted his little land, but the newcomer too preferred the work in factories and mines to farm work. Hungary, on the other hand, depends upon agriculture, and because the Hungarian little farmer could not comply with the ever-increasing demands of his government, and because the youth of Hungary grew tired of being conscripted, they emigrated in hundreds of thousands to the United States.

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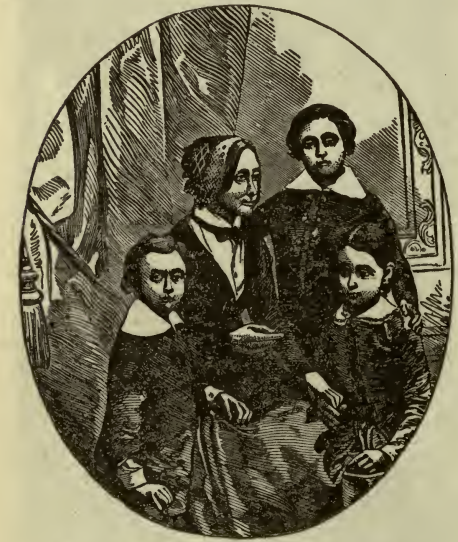
The Hungarian dearly loves the soil of his native land. He loves the charms of rural life with its folks-songs, he likes to stick to the picturesque costume of Hungarian peasantry and to the thousand sweet memories that fill his heart. He yields to an unconquerable force only when he leaves his little village to cross the ocean to be admitted to a country, which by all its greatness and its many attractions is at first foreign to him, the costumes and language of which are strange to him as is the work that he is obliged to perform. His element is the beautiful nature, and here he has to descend into the mines. His innate trait is sociability and here he is surrounded by strangers whose very voice is foreign to him. He loves hospitality, he rejoices in seeing people at his own house, at his own table, and here he is many times reminded that he himself is merely tolerated. It is a pity to see those men, who in their own country after a day's work lie down in the grass on their furtrimmed mantle to play the primitive flute they themselves have made or sing the joyously sad songs of unknown poets and composers; it is a pitiful thing to see the very same men ascend here in the evening from the mines, coated with coal dust and bearing the stamp of a mere animal existence. The stars at which they used to look in the evenings at home are hardly existing for them any more, the flute is forgotten—they know hard labor only, and in many cases the whiskey bottle. But the finer spirit that lives within them does not permit them to live the brute-like life always. They pull together, they establish societies and arrange from time to time amateur theatrical performances in the

LOUIS KOSSUTH

An apostle of real freedom, a teacher of the highest human ideals basements of saloons or in some hired hall, they erect churches of their own and are happy to revive home life in some way.

But in spite, or perhaps on account of their love of their home-country and of the old-established habits and traditions, they make good American citizens. They rapidly understand the institutions of this country, and gratefulness being a part of their nature they are only too eager to reciprocate for the manifold opportunities that were granted them here. It demonstrates their sense of gratitude that the Hungarian-Americans erected a few years ago in the capital of Hungary a Washington monument.



MADAME KOSSUTH AND CHILDREN

Hungarians are politicians by heredity. Public life has a rare fascination for them. Over in their home country it is very often a real curse to them. In the heated discussion of political questions they lose sight of the most urgent economical requirements of the country and of the everyday necessities of the nation. Political zeal simply carries them away and they lose the solid ground under their feet. This innate trait manifests itself here, too. In every Hungarian settlement throughout the country we find at least one Hungarian political organization, and it may be said without any fear of being successfully contradicted, that many Hungarian miners and laborers at the furnaces are better acquainted with the current political events of this country than some of their American fellow workingmen.

It must be stated here as an undeniable fact that the Hungarians living in America are not only the most industrious Hungarians, but also the most intelligent part of the laboring class of Hungary. And as the forces that drove them from Hungary to this country still exist, a further emigration from Hungary of the same kind is to be expected.

And perhaps the emigration will even increase. This statement is based upon the fact that Francis Ferdinand, the next heir to the throne of Hungary, is even more of a military man than the present King himself. As soon as Francis Ferdinand becomes the actual ruler he will without doubt try to increase the military force and consequently put heavier burdens upon the nation, and the increased burdens will increase the emigration from Hungary without fail.

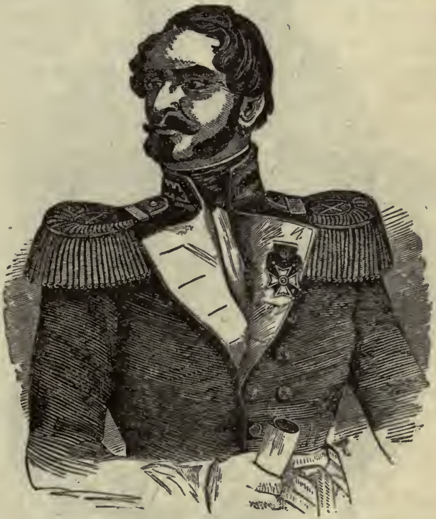
It may be proper to say here a few words on the succession to the throne, a question which will lead to many disturbances in Hungary as well as in Austria. The present King is to be succeeded by Francis Ferdinand, who married the Countess Chotek, who was later elevated to the rank of a Duchess Hohenberg by Francis Joseph, according to the laws of Hungary and of Austria, and according to the family laws of the Hapsburgs, the successor to the throne has to be the first born son of a member of the Hapsburg-Lotharingian House, he has to be an Austrian Archduke and of Roman Catholic faith. The children of Francis Ferdinand are not Austrian Archdukes, because they were born to him from his morganatic marriage. The next heir will therefore be Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, who in 1911 was married to the Archduchess Zita, who just lately gave birth to a son, after his father the next heir to the crowns of Hungary and Austria. Francis Ferdinand, the present crown prince, had, for reasons already stated, to resign the right of succession of his children. They are excluded because they are not Archdukes. But who is going to prevent Francis Ferdinand after his ascension to the throne to elevate his wife to an Archduchess, his children to archdukes, and secure for them in that way the right of succession? Charles Francis Joseph, the lawful successor to Francis Ferdinand, will naturally not accept such conditions and fight for his rights. And so it is probable that Austria and Hungary will have to face besides their many already existing troubles a fight for the succession, and be thus dismembered by new inimical factions.

* * *

The intellectual life of Hungary may have started earlier, but the only literary product of the early days of the nation is the fragment of a funeral oration from the Thirteenth Century, of which we made mention already. In the last decades of the Fifteenth Century King Mathias founded the greatest library of his time, and the capital of Hungary became the centre of the civilization of Europe. In the Seventeenth Century Cardinal Peter Pazmany and Nicolaus Zrinyi made themselves memorable as literary workers. The Hungarian language was later on neglected and the Latin took her place and in the latter language many philosophical and historical works were written. The French revolution awakened Hungary not only to political but also to real Hungarian literary life. We mentioned already that Count Szechenyi founded the Academy of Science for the furtherance of the Hungarian language. Francis Kazinczy reformed the language, and Vitèz, Czokonai, Virág, Alexander Kisfaludy and others were the poets of the rejuvenated Hungary. Charles Kisfaludy created the Hungarian drama, and Katona wrote the tragedy "Bankban," which is still considered to be the greatest Hungarian drama. At that time a star was born into Hungary, the brilliancy of which will never fade, a poet, who was one of the greatest poets of all times—Alexander Petöfi, whose works were ably translated into English by William N. Loew of the New York bar. If Hungary had never produced any other poet but Alexander Petofi, she would have enriched the world. He was the poet of true democracy. He sang:

Liberty and sweet love,
These two are dear to me!
My life I gladly sacrifice
My sweetest love, for thee,
But even my love I sacrifice
For freedom, liberty.

Besides Louis Kossuth, Alexander Petöfi created the Hungarian revolution. On March 15, the July 4th of Hungarians, everywhere where Hungarians reside his "Rise Magyar" is recited, that wonderful poem which gave the first impetus to the revolution. And, when the struggle for independence began, Petöfi fought with the sword in his hand for the holy cause, while with his pen he inspired his people to deeds of heroism. Petöfi died as he hoped to die. In his "One thought torments me," he sang:



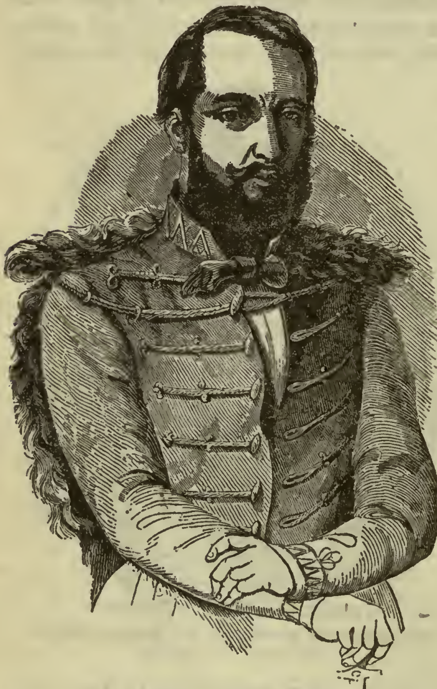
GENERAL ARTHUR GORGEY
The traitor who surrendered at Vilagos and left his fellows to the scaffold

When every nation wearing chains
Shall rise and seek the battle plains,
With flushing face shall wave in fight
Their banners, blazoned in the light:
"For liberty!"
Their cry shall be.

Their cry from east to west,
Till tyrants be depressed.
There shall I gladly yield
My life upon the field.
There shall my heart's last blood flow out,
And I my latest cry shall shout,
May it be drowned in clash of steel,
In trumpet's and in cannon's peal,
And o'er my corse
Let tread the horse,
Which gallops home from victory's gain,
And leaves me trodden 'mid the slain.

So he sang, and so he died. At the battle of Segesvar, on July 31, 1849, he was last seen, and it is now settled beyond doubt that he fell there and was buried in the great common grave, where, after the battle all the heroic dead found their eternal rest.

The contemporaries of Petöfi were, besides hundreds of minor lights, the great master minds Michael Vorosmarty, Michael Tompa and John Arany.



GENERAL GEORGE KLAPKA
The defender of Komorn

Our present age knows also of many brilliant poets; the foremost of them were and are Paul Gyulai, Julius Reviczky, Alexander Endrödi, Emil Abranyi, Julius Rüdnyanszky and last, but by no means least, Joseph Kiss. A modern poet, in the general sense of the word, is Andrew Ady, who, although a young man, is very much spoken of.

Hungary's novelists are known all over the world, and most of their products are translated into all civilized languages. The best-known novelist is Maurus Jokai, who with his marvelous imagination and with his simplicity of expression stands unique amongst all writers of the last century. Jokai never attempted to burst open the coffins, never pointed at annihilation, at mire and dirt to show "life"; he has shown the purity of human hearts, the everlasting virtues which further human happiness, and thus Jokai will be read when Zola, Ibsen, Sudermann and all other "naturalists" will be known only by literary researchers. Josika, Scott's disciple, was also a very fertile novelist. Joseph Eötvös, who was called the Hungarian Victor Hugo, created a literary sensation with his novel, "The Carthusian." As modern novelists Francis Herczeg, Alexander Brody and Louis Biro are very popular.

Although the first Hungarian drama was born but about eighty years ago, Hungary produced in that comparatively short space of time a dramatic literature that ranks with the best of all great nations. Edward Szigligeti was the most fertile playwright, next to him Gregorius Csiky is to be mentioned. Edward Toth, an unknown country actor, wrote the best rural plays. Many of the present Hungarian playwrights became famous all over the world, amongst them Francis Molnar, whose "The Devil"—translated by Mr. Alexander Konta of New York—was a few years ago the theatrical sensation of the United States. Next to him is Melchior Lengyel, whose "Taifun" is still "running" on American stages. Alexander Brody, Louis Biro are known to all European theatregoers, while Sigmund Moricz is a typical Hungarian playwright who made Hungarian peasant-life the object of his remarkable geniality. Andrew Garvay, a young man, depicts social conditions. He will be known shortly all over the world. The most wonderful play is "The Tragedy of Man," by Emery Madach, translated into English by William N. Loew. It opens with the first human couple living still in the paradise and leads us through all phases of the history of mankind to show that time may change the conditions of men, but man's nature will be the same always. This drama is full of literary beauties, of brilliant thoughts and it is very much to be regretted that no American manager attempted to present this dramatized history of civilization.

In the realm of art Hungary feels herself at home. Hungarian music is better known all over the world than anything else. Even the Congressman of whom mention was made in the introductory lines knows Hungarian music, though he self-confessedly does not know anything else of Hungary. But the gypsies are certainly not the interpreters of Hungarian musical art. There is hardly a page in the history of music that would not contain names of Hungarian musicians, of Hungarian composers. Francis Liszt will live in his works for all eternities. Karl Goldmark, Count Geza Zichy, Joseph Joachim, Francis Erkel, Karl Thern, Eugene Hufay, Hans Richter and many other Hungarians are brilliant stars in the sky of the musical world. Francis Lehar, the famous composer of "The Merry Widow," and of "The Count of Luxemburg," Emery Kalman, whose "Gay Hussars" drew full houses in the United States, are the favorite composers of our time. And even here in the United States we had and have famous musicians of Hungarian descent. Edward Remenyi, Anton Leigel, Raphael Joseffy, are names not to be forgotten. In a humble New York apartment house lives a brilliant Hungarian composer, Louis von Serly, and lately arrived, a young man, Desiré R. Weidinger, at whose hands the world is to receive musical gems. He is just now finishing a comic opera in three acts, "Mademoiselle Mimi."

In the world of colors Hungary is not less famous than in the world of songs. The Nuremberg master, the great Albrecht Durer, was of Hungarian descent. In the Seventeenth and in the earlier part of the Eighteenth Century John Kupeczki and Adam Menyoky, who belonged to the school of Rembrandt and Van Dyke, were known as great Hungarian painters. Michael Lieb, who is better known by the name Michael Munkacsy, is the foremost painter of Biblical subjects. His "Christ before Pilate" and his "Christ on Calvary," are the most widely discussed paintings of recent times. Of his earlier paintings, "The last day of a condemned man," and "Milton dictating Paradise Lost," took the world by storm. Arpad Feszty's great painting, "Arpad taking possession of Hungary," was first exhibited in 1896, when Hungary celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of her existence. Other great Hungarian painters are Philip Laszlo, who next to the English Sargent is considered to be the greatest portrait-painter of the world, Leopold Horowitz, Julius Benczur, Paul Vágo. Modern painters of considerable fame are Szinnyey-Merse and Rippl-Ronay. Right here in New York are living three great Hungarian portrait painters: Vilma Parlaghy, Duchess of Lvow, known also by her eccentricities, Arthur Halmi and Louis Mark.

Great Hungarian sculptors were Stephen Ferenczy and the still greater Joseph Engel. Of our present days we mention Alois Strobl, George Zala, Teltsch, Kallos, Joseph Rona, John Fadrusz, and two young boys, the creators of the famous Statue of Liberty, Szamovolszky and Gács.

Much more could be and ought to be said about Hungarian literature, art, scientific researches and statesmanship, but even this brief review proves that it may be worth while to learn of Hungarians more than that they know how to cook goulasch.

Her Proper Sphere

by Virginia Watson

THE lunch table, all golden with daffodils, stood on the broad veranda, and the breeze stirred the flowers in the slender white glasses and rustled the papery calyxes of their comrades in the garden bed below, from which they had been separated only an hour before. The green lattices of the veranda, and the elevation of the house a score of feet above the level of the street, secured a privacy which was almost rural. Thin silver, aristocratic in its simplicity of design, and china of a pattern for which the mold had long since been broken and forgotten, could not boast of their antiquity at the expense of the tables and chairs. These, somewhat worn and dulled in polish, were pure Chippendale, and furniture, china and silver had not come together as chance acquaintances in some antique shop, but were old comrades who had shared the fortunes of this same quiet, roomy house, even before the days when Mr. Washington had deemed it necessary to build a city over across tawny Rock Creek, while Georgetown sat proudly on her hills, looking on in well-bred amusement.

To be sure, the spoons could remember when their number was really something to wonder at. Daughters of the old house marrying in days of peace, had openly despoiled it; and then, there were those hurried days of war, when the daffodil roots had been disturbed by treasures buried among them—some of which had never again been found by their owners. And the garden, too, once box-hedged back to the top of the hill, and lilac-sentinelled down to the street, extended once toward what seemed unlimited boundaries to the great-grandfather of the present hostess—at least, while he was still wearing buff small-clothes. Other material possessions besides the garden had shrunk; but the inheritance of a quiet voice, of gentleness, of instinctive breeding, the old house had passed on undiminished to its present young owner.

There was little in the scene to suggest the Twentieth Century with its hurry and complexities, or the vicinity of the centrifugal force of the nation. Even the light spring dresses of the four young women at the round table, owing to one of fashion's revolutions, suggested an earlier and more leisurely age. Yet it would have been difficult to have found in all the district four of their sex more keenly alive, more sensitive to all the claims of the day and hour.

"It's impossible to believe you are going to leave us and this dear old home, Alida," remarked the one who seemed the youngest of the guests, to her hostess. "What are you going to do with the house, rent it?"

"Oh, no, never! Aunt Marcia and Bob will live here, and I hope some day my boy will bring a wife to take care of it. He is as fond of it as if he were a Huntington himself."

"And you will exchange it for a palace in Italy," commented Lucile, conjuring up in her imagination a gorgeous structure of glistening marble, brilliant with tapestries, and populated with bowing vassals.

"Tumbling to pieces, I believe," replied Alida smiling, "and almost unfurnished. Luckily Luigi and I have both simple tastes; for even his uncle's money won't do much more than mend the holes in the roof and provide us with macaroni and olives."

"Then I know you'll be homesick for Washington cornbread and shad," declared Juliette on her right, devoting herself to the latter that moment, "and your fingers will itch to be back in the diplomatic pie."

"Perhaps," assented Alida, her blue eyes darkening questioningly; "but I scarcely think so. You see, after all, it wasn't as if I choose the work. It chose me because I couldn't do anything else, and you know I wasn't naturally fitted for it."

"We know nothing of the kind," disclaimed Lucile with a glance of admiration, recalling the sacrifice Alida Huntington had made in order to educate her younger half-brother. She patted her friend's hand affectionately as she added: "And now you will be leaving me to make all kinds of horrible mistakes when I haven't you to telephone to in desperate moments, to know whether a senator or an admiral takes precedence, or what is the correct manner in which to address a royal personage."

Social etiquette in Washington, owing to its official customs and its diplomatic requirements, necessitates on the part of hostesses either a long experience or expert assistance. In the four-years' flux of the social population there must be something fixed, something to carry on traditions and customs, in a community where ignorance of them or mistakes in applying them may endanger an administration or even a party. So the social secretary—custodian of this sacred lore and expounder of its ritual—fills a position in the nation's capital which does not exist elsewhere in this country, and her standing there, owing to her importance, is unparalleled in any other city.

The four girls who were lunching together for the last time before the marriage of the doyenne of this corps, wielded a real influence in Washington social life. Birth, breeding, and a knowledge of one foreign langugage at least was their capital, which financial necessity had made them invest in this manner. Alida Huntington had managed for several years all the social affairs of three embassies, as well as those of some of her compatriots; and though she had too much sense to let her manipulations be seen, it was generally surmised that she had engineered to victory several campaigns that had at first appeared completely hopeless.

The conversation veered from Alida's coming leisure in her Italian home, reminiscently to significant incidents of their profession. There was much besides hard work to remember: interesting people they had been thrown in contact with, insight into human character, glimpses of diplomatic subtleties, and picturesque contrasts of Washington existence.

"What is the most interesting incident in your career, Alida?" asked Juliette Cushing, when she had given a humorous description of some of her efforts to explain and defend western customs to the members of an oriental legation.

Alida smiled as she replied:

"When Mrs. Randolph-Baker was on the point of dismissing me."

"Dismissing you!" came in astonished chorus.

"O Alida," coaxed Lucile, leaning forward in her eagerness, "how could she dare? What did you do? Please tell us."

"It is amusing to think of the role I played," said her hostess, adding after a moment's hesitation, "and I don't believe there's any real reason now why I shouldn't tell you. Mrs. Randolph-Baker has gone back to the seclusion from which she emerged to enter the Cabinet, and even if you girls should repeat it—though I know you won't, for we've all learned to hold our tongues pretty thoroughly—it could do no real harm now. You probably don't remember a certain large dinner Mrs. Randolph-Baker gave just a little over a year ago; or if you do, you never knew the truth of the rumors which it caused. I had worked over the invitations for days. It had been decided to have principally members of the diplomatic corps, and Madame, parvenue as she is"—here the little nose tiptilted a little and the little mouth pursed up maliciously—"was worried for fear things might not go well, that there might be previous engagements to prevent their coming. The invitations were all written and just about to be sent out when news came of the increased tension between Austria and Italy, which you will remember. The cables declared that the two countries would be on each other's necks, not with kisses, but blows, inside of a fortnight, and there were possibilities of complications with the other powers.

"Mrs. Randolph-Baker called me to her boudoir as I was going home one evening and told me that her husband thought, in view of these facts, that it would be better to run no risks, as we could not tell on what terms the different embassies might be with each other. So we should have to make a complete re-arrangement the next day, retaining only the Austrians, whom for some particular reason she desired to invite, and one of the Swiss attaches, who you know are always such useful and agreeable neutral buffers. The Italians, of course, were absolutely impossible, and the rest of the guests must consist of our own countrymen and women. Of these she left the choice to me, to pick out, as I always did, the requisite number from the list we made at the beginning of each winter of those persons to be invited during the season.

"As I was walking home along Massachusetts Avenue, Marchese di Signa joined me. He was nervous in his manner, quite unlike his usual light-hearted self. I asked him what he thought of the prospects of war, but he did not answer my question. Instead, he said abruptly: 'Mrs. Randolph-Baker is giving a dinner next week to the Austrian Ambassador and his daughter, isn't she?'

" 'Yes,' I replied, 'but I don't see how you know or why it interests you, Marchese, for you certainly will not be there.'

" 'Ah, but I shall, dear Miss Huntington,' he replied emphatically, 'I must. That is just what I want to speak to you about. You *will* see that I get an invitation without fail, won't you? It is of the utmost importance.'

" 'I will do no such thing, Marchese,' I said, really annoyed at his insistence. 'You can understand under the circumstances that you would scarcely be *persona grata*."

" 'Now, look here, Miss Huntington,' he began in that frank English way of his he caught while he was at Harrow, 'you've got to do me this favor. It is absolutely necessary for me to get a word soon with Von Zirbelitz.'

" 'Go to the Embassy and see him then,' I suggested coolly.

" 'And have every reporter in America cabling all sorts of idiotic nonsense to Rome and Vienna. Surely you know better than that!'

" 'Write him then.'

" 'Written words would be too emphatic for my delicate purpose.'

" 'Well, I'm sorry, Marchese, to refuse you, but I am not the one to come to for help; it isn't my dinner-party, you know, and Mrs. Randolph-Baker chooses her own guests. I'll confide this much to you: your invitation was written and waiting to be sent, but tomorrow it goes into the wastepaper basket instead. If your people on the other side will get their threads all tangled up, you must dance here.'

" 'You can talk in that frivolous manner!' he exclaimed angrily, hitting a tree-box a vigorous blow with his cane. 'You Americans are all so superficial; you don't know how to be earnest at the proper time. Do you realize that if something doesn't happen soon there will be war next week, and your precious "sposo" will be in the thick of it.'

"I turned pale and a little faint as I thought of Luigi on his ship and the possibility of a naval battle.

" 'Probably you'll enjoy the excitement of it all,' he remarked in a tone which was really almost insulting; but I forgave him, for I had known him too long not to see that he was too moved to consider his words. But I replied sternly:

" 'I am engaged to an Italian officer, Marchese—'

" 'That may mean either one thing or the other,' he interrupted; 'women are still savages enough to glory in vicarious fighting, provided it's only picturesque enough.

" 'Don't talk that way, Marchese,' I said; 'you know how I should feel if there were really war. But what can I do to prevent it? What has Mrs. Randolph-Baker's dinner to do with it? What could you do if you were invited?'

"By this time we had reached Dupont Circle. It was almost dark, and the nurses and children and the kindly policeman had deserted it. The ground was white with the petals from the snowball bushes, I remember, blown down in the shower of the afternoon.

" 'Sit down on this bench for a moment, please, Miss Huntington, and listen to me,' he asked. "It may be that I am suffering from an exaggerated form of egomania, that I imagine myself capable of doing things beyond the power of any human being, that I may be a fool—but all the same, I believe, I know that if I can get to Mrs. Randolph-Baker's dinner and have a conversation with Countess Helga, I can prevent the war.'

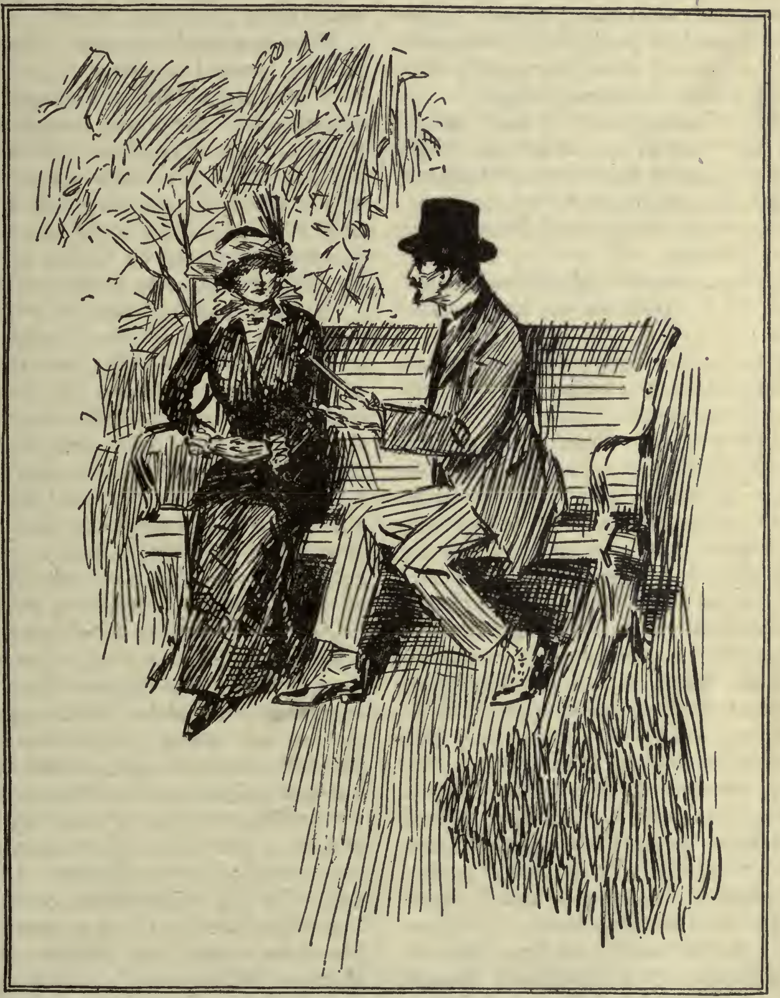
"His gestures, which his English schooling had made him self-conscious about using, were now unrestrained and eloquent.

" 'Dare you,' he continued, 'as a woman, as the prospective wife of my old boyhood friend, as a future Italian subject, dare you refuse me this chance? It is not possible. It is too easy. All you have to do is to send off that invitation which is already written to me.'

" 'But my duty to Mrs. Randolph-Baker, Marchese,' I objected; 'remember she is my employer and I owe her loyalty. Think of the position in which your appearance would put her, of the vexations of the Austrians, particularly Countess Helga, for I know you do not stand well in her estimation. What did you do to make her dislike you? It is quite apparent.'

" 'Never mind now, my dear friend,' he replied coaxingly. 'I will tell you some day—only put me next to her at table Wednesday evening.'

" 'I can't do it,' I said, shaking my head. Then, seeing the gravity which



" 'I know that if I can get to Mrs. Randolph-Baker's dinner and have a conversation with Countess Helga, I can prevent the war.' His gestures were unrestrained and eloquent"

took the life out of his face, making me think of a fog creeping up the river, I added: 'or, at least, I can't promise. I must think it over well. It's too extraordinary a proceeding you ask of me. But one thing I must know. Tell me the truth—do you honestly believe that you have a purpose big enough to justify me in disregarding my duty, or is it only to gratify your desire to annoy Countess Helga?'

"'Miss Huntington,' he said slowly, taking my hand in his, 'I ask you to do what I request in the name of Italy and of Luigi, as he would ask were he here.'

"He had convinced me of his sincerity at least. I rose.

"'I cannot promise, Marchese,' I said. 'I must think. I will let you know what I decide.'

"He was wise enough to say no more and helped me on the trolley car in silence.

"You can imagine, you girls, better than any outsider, what an impossible thing he had asked of me. It would be easy for me at any time to secure an invitation for any person if I chose to ask; but you know that we do not take advantage of such opportunities, that we have the honor of our little corps at heart. But this was no ordinary occasion. I knew that the movements of every attache of both the Italian and Austrian embassies were watched by journalists, hopeful for the smallest crumb of news. And Mrs. Randolph-Baker's ambition was to shine socially, never to dim the lustre she was acquiring by frequent replatings, through any mistake. I could not put the matter before her for advice; she hadn't imagination enough to understand, and I myself, in spite of the Marchese's eloquence, almost believed him the victim of his own self-persuasion. But then, as I thought things over that night, suppose he should be right, suppose he could prevent the war, save two countries from all the horrors which would otherwise take place—and preserve Luigi to me! I knew that if I sent the invitation Mrs. Randolph-Baker would never forgive me, that she would sacrifice me without one qualm to her reputation for doing the proper thing, that she would perhaps consider it necessary to say things about me that were untrue, but which would injure me professionally. And then, how could I do a dishonorable action? I sat out here on these steps in the dark till late, going over it over and over again, and coming to no decision. The next morning's paper showed the tension still tighter; there was small hope for peace. So—"

"You sent the invitation?" asked Lucile, leaning forward eagerly.

"I sent the invitation," assented Alida, stopping her story long enough to serve the ice cream. "How funny it is to think that anything so feminine and domestic as I am should have been called upon to help in a small way to bring about such momentous results by simply dropping a formally worded note in the postbox.

"Luckily," she continued after a few seconds of revery, "Mrs. Randolph-Baker rarely bothered herself about the details of any entertainment. If there were regrets I was to substitute others from the list. It was all a mere game to her, and she was well aware that it was only her husband's position and real importance which filled her reception rooms, that her personality contributed nothing toward it. She is, as you may have discovered, one of those numerous American women who have failed to keep up with their husband's growth, who have no perspective in regard to essentials. She believes that her unoriginal remarks about her European tours interest her foreign guests more than Mr. Randolph-Baker's crisp, crudely-expressed, but real insight into American problems.

"Just because she trusted me so completely, I felt all the more keenly that I was betraying her confidence. I was glad when the day of the dinner came, though I dreaded it too. I had a note from the Marchese, just two Italian words of thanks—'*Mille grazie.*' Naturally there were a good many things to arrange about the dinner, but, as you have all found out, system makes that easy. I always arrange the flowers and place cards at the last moment. I had put myself between a deaf scientist and Mr. Ravenstraw who was sure to flirt with Mrs. Dunning on his other side.. I was far too nervous to talk much and I wanted to be free to watch what should be going on."

"The table was beautiful. I don't believe I ever made one look so well. I had a feeling as if I were decking it for some important ceremony, something sacrificial. At all events, for my last view of it. I stuck the cards on the glasses, all but the one next Countess Helga, and I waited until the bell rang and the guests began to arrive before I had the courage to see the name, Marchese Ascanio di Signa, staring at me.

"He was the last to arrive, and when he entered the room I turned as white as a forger caught embezzling. I will do Mrs. Randolph-Baker the justice to admit that she was game. I never admired her so much as I did when she welcomed him naturally. After he had spoken to her and moved aside, I knew that she was mentally counting her guests to see if there were an even number, and that she wanted to get hold of me to explain the mistake. But you may be sure, I kept out of her way, and just then Parsons, like a blessed angel, announced dinner. I don't know whether the Ambassador or his daughter noticed the Marchese's presence before they reached the table; but Countess Helga chattered away in her fascinating unidiomatic English to Mr. Baker so long that I wondered if my plan in putting on his left a very interesting woman, and one to whom Mr. Randolph-Baker always enjoyed talking, were not going to work. However, by the time the fish course came on she was listening, though with a bored air, to the Marchese.

"I suppose I did a minimum of duty to my neighbors, but my attention never wandered from the Countess Helga in her pale blue Drecol gown, with a net of silver mesh on her dark hair, and the Marchese, whose brown eyes were dark with earnestness. Something he said made her smile and her smile is a fascinating one; then when I looked again, she was saying something to him, with a narrowing of her eyes and a drawing in of her lips that made me think of the thin edge of a well-used sword. If he was wounded he did not retreat, and he spoke rapidly and emphatically in Italian, which she too spoke well. Evidently they had got beyond the point where they much cared whether they were making themselves conspicuous or not. I could not help wondering if the conversation were really devoid of the personal element. The man was one any woman might find charming—I might if I hadn't made my choice—and Countess Helga I should surely love if I were a man.

"The Ambassador, I could see, was consumed with anger and curiosity. I wondered whether Mrs. Randolph-Baker had explained to him her innocence or whether she was attempting to ignore the fact that anything was wrong at all. Mr. Randolph-Baker looked worried; most of the guests had evidently commented upon the absorption of the Countess and the Marchese, and, of course, not attributing it to politics; and the Swiss attache, I felt sure, was mentally wording the report he was to write his chief, holiday making in Florida. I caught Mrs. Randolph-Baker's glance once or twice, and I knew that there would be no mercy shown me, though I imagined she believed me guilty of nothing more than a criminal carelessness. Once too the Countess cast a withering glance in my direction—evidently she had been informed of the way the Marchese had secured this interview, and resented, little aristocrat as she is, the impertinence of one she considered a mere paid employee of her hostess. I didn't blame her. Then she talked, defending her position, and as rapidly as he, with emphatic gestures, shaking her head with true Viennese vivacity. Then her companion replied in two words, quietly, with calm assurance, and I could see her turn pale and breathe hard, and I knew he had scored a point.

"At that moment Mr. Randolph-Baker claimed her attention, as my neighbor did mine. When she turned to the Marchese again it was with a question of her own, and he began to enumerate some things, marking off the points on his shapely fingers, while she bent toward him, her red lips parted, nodding her head as she recognized the truth of what he said. 'Si, si!' I could distinguish, if not the words, at least the sibilant motion of her mouth. He took a handful of almonds from the silver dish beside his plate and laid them out in two lines, moving now one solitary unit in one direction and another to meet it, while she looked on as eagerly as if some significant painting were visible.

"When I had a chance to observe them again, I saw he was putting some direct question to her, and her eyes, saddened and heavy, assented. Later I heard her laugh, and both raised their champagne glasses and drank, evidently some toast.

"It was well that dinner was over, otherwise, I believe the Ambassador, whose impatience and anger he could scarcely conceal—indeed he made only feeble attempts to do so—would have committed some unconventional and undiplomatic action. I was afraid when we women left the room that he might make some kind of a scene with the Marchese, but I learned afterward that they did not even speak to each other. In the drawing room the Countess gave me a little nod across the room, and I knew that she was no longer vexed with me. Doubtless she realized the torture of curiosity her father was undergoing, for almost as soon as the men came in from smoking, she bade her hostess goodnight.

"I had determined to slip off before Mrs. Randolph-Baker had a chance to speak to me, intending to write her a note in the morning, taking the initiative in my dismissal. I had a herdic called and scarcely breathed until I was safe in it. At the corner someone hailed the driver, who stopped, and the Marchese came to the door and asked if he might accompany me home. I had no thought for *les convenances*, and opened the door myself, only too eager to welcome him. He seized my hand and kissed it again and again, saying:

" 'It will be all right. I am sure that before an hour is past the Ambassador will be cabling to Vienna all that the Countess and I have discussed this evening. Thank you a thousand times, Signorina carissima; if you were not to be my friend's wife, I should hope to make you mine, for Italy could not lose you now.'

" 'I suppose it was just such pretty speeches as that you were making to the Countess,' I couldn't help saying.

"The Marchese grinned boyishly. 'Do you know, I forgot them altogether. It was the first time in my life, when it was worth while, that I ever neglected to flirt with a woman. But we were really too pre-occupied to think of it.' And his sincerity was such that I couldn't doubt him.

" 'What did you talk of then?' I asked, 'don't I deserve some confidence?'

" 'All confidence possible, my dear friend; but the secrets which I told the Countess were not mine to tell and I was only justified—if justified at all—in revealing them by the great object at stake. So I can't tell all to you.'

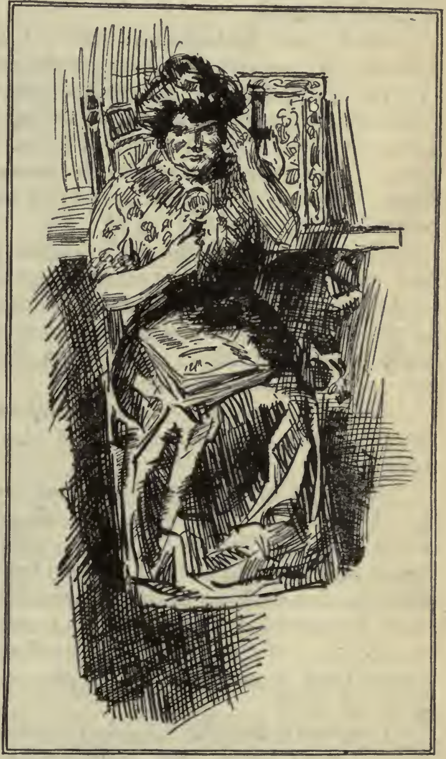
"He had grown grave again, with the look that reminded me of Luigi's when he speaks of his duty.

" 'Last summer,' he continued, 'when I was visiting some Austrian friends at Fiume who had befriended my uncle in the old days of the Austrian occupation of Venetia, I had the good luck to make certain important discoveries in naval matters, which the Austrian government still imagines absolutely unknown to any foreigner. Never mind how I gained this information. It is of course now in Rome. I started my conversation with Countess Helga by talking of Fiume and how interesting I found it. She scarcely listened to me at first and was as rude as she dared be, quite intending that I should know what she thought of me for forcing myself upon her. But after a significant word or two which I dropped casually, she grew interested. She had known nothing of these secrets until I hinted of my discoveries, but diplomat's daughter that she is, she realized in a moment what our knowledge of them meant. Then I spoke in a casual manner also of my walking tour in the autumn through the Dolomites, from the Italian into the Bavarian Tyrol. The von Zirbelitz, you know, have a summer place not far from Toblach, and I mentioned *en passant* certain points I had observed which I, though no expert, thought Austria might do well to fortify against us, and with what size batteries. These, I was sure, she knew were already so fortified, and the Ambassador, and probably she as well, would recognize from some of the detailed advice I gave for proposed fortifications, that I had discovered every defence in that region and surmised correctly the uses Austria intended making of them in case of a war with Italy. You see, dear Miss Huntington, a diplomat's life is not all dances and dinners, and I have always enjoyed making a collection of curious bits of information as Luigi does of curious weapons—and perhaps my collection is as valuable in case of a fight as his. I had a great deal more to tell her, of much more importance, which I am not at liberty to repeat to you, and I rolled out one fact after another until she was forced to recognize that there had been treachery in some high quarters, and that plans believed most strictly guarded, on which the success of a campaign depended, were in the hands of our War Office at Rome.'

" 'There seemed to be one thing in particular though,' I said, my curiosity still active, 'which convinced her beyond a doubt, judging from her looks, for I couldn't take my eyes off you both. Is that something you can't tell, either?'

" 'That,' he replied, 'was after we had both agreed that if Austria were to have a chance of success she must make war before the Emperor died and left the empire to be resolved perhaps into its different kingdoms, or to be dismembered perhaps by Germany. The Countess herself, who has lived much in Hungary, knows how restive that monarchy is even now, when the Emperor-king guides it with gentle hands, and she is fully able to picture what may happen when he goes. She assented to some of my predictions, though of course she was more hopeful. I told her what I had learned from one of our spies at the Hofburg, that Franz Joseph, whom the court and country believe to be in good health and vigorous for his age, is really in a most critical physical and mental condition. He may not live out the month—particularly should the excitement of a war still further tax his strength. I was able to give her names and details which convinced that my information was reliable, more first-hand than that which reaches even her father. You saw what was the result. She knows now that a war now would be suicidal for Austria—with us at least—who are ready to checkmate every planned move of hers, to say nothing of what our own offensive tactics may be. "It is for your good as well as for our own," I told her, "that we should keep peace. We have other plans for the future to which we must devote our energies, and which a war now, even a successful one, would endanger, and you need your resources for other enemies than ourselves." She promised willingly to do what I asked of her toward preventing such a calamity, and we drank to her success.'

"Girls," said Alida, pouring the coffee from a quaint Queen Anne coffee-pot, "I felt as if I were not in my own city, not even in America, but had been bewitched over to Europe, where wars and maneuverings are more a matter of course. It seemed too strange to think that I was mixed up in all this, and I almost doubted the Marchese's assertion that the information which he had secured could be of sufficient weight to balance the international scales. While I was wondering we reached the house here. He helped me out of the herdic and up the steps.



"To my astonishment her voice sounded quite amiable as she asked me if I had seen the morning papers"

" 'How can I thank you enough, dear lady?' he asked. 'What do we not owe to you? You know that if I had secured a talk with the Ambassador he is so angry with my country and so irascible, particularly with me, because both he and Countess Helga believed that I had flirted with their kinswoman in Fiume last summer and broken her heart, whereas in truth it was she who broke mine.'

"I couldn't help laughing as the gas light fell on his face, at the mock woeful expression he assumed, and I guessed that the von Zirbelitzes were not without grounds for their feelings against Marchese Ascanio di Signa.

" 'But the Ambassador can't help listening to his daughter,' he continued; 'he has great respect for her judgment, though he is always talking about 'woman's proper sphere." She will convince him—then, if he can only convince his government, Italy can go on quietly weaving her webs, until, until—.'

"His face now showed as grave as it had been mocking before when he spoke of his summer at Fiume, and I realized again, what I had long since learned, how virile and earnest Luigi's countrymen often are under frivolous exterior.

" 'But I am keeping you standing out here,' he exclaimed suddenly, 'good night, dear lady.'

"He forgot to ask anything about how I had managed to get him to the dinner, and I liked his disregard of such a minor detail, and was glad not to have him know what his evening's success was to cost me."

"What did Mrs. Randolph-Baker say?" questioned Juliette, as Alida ceased and leaned back in her chair; "was she very nasty to you?"

"I sat down the first thing in the morning to write her a note, saying that I found it impossible to continue to act as her secretary any longer, but I gave no reason. I was in hopes that by doing this I could spare myself an unpleasant personal interview and the confession which must follow. Then I heard the telephone ring, and I knew that she was at the other end of the wire and that I could not escape. I felt like a naughty child on whom swift retribution is about to fall, and my knees shook as I took down the receiver. To my astonishment, her voice sounded quite amiable as she asked me if I had seen the morning papers, and when I replied that I had not had time yet, she repeated some lines—heaven knows how those omnipresent and omniscient reporters found out anything!—about a certain interesting and pregnant interview which had taken place between certain members of the Austrian and Italian embassies at a dinner given the evening before at the home of a Cabinet Minister. Then she said she wished to explain to me that she had no intention of questioning me about whether the Marchese di Signa's presence had been due to accident or design, though she was not without a suspicion. There was no need for her to know, since she was too delighted with the result. Gossip was already giving her the credit for bravery and initiative in bringing them together, and she had heard that a certain official had hinted that Mrs. Randolph-Baker's dinner-party might become as famous in history as the Portsmouth conference in the Russian-Japanese War."

"And there wasn't any war, Alida," said Lucile, looking at her friend in awe; "you ought to receive a Nobel prize."

"I've got something better," said her hostess, rising from the table and taking from the mantle an old Chinese lacquered box. Out of this she extracted a small jewel case, and opening it, disclosed to the girls who had jumped up and were hovering over it, a triple string of small perfectly matched pearls, with a pendant in emeralds, diamonds and rubies. "The King of Italy sent me this yesterday for a wedding present," she said her voice trembling a little, and the Ambassador who brought it to me said some things my modesty won't let me repeat."

"Then everything came out all right," said Juliette, as they were walking later in the garden, "and everyone is happy; you will have your Luigi safe; Marchese Ascanio is promoted to a European post where his diplomatic energies will have full scope, and the Countess—"

"The Countess, I am afraid," said Alida meditatively, "is the only one who lost something at that dinner. There may not have been time for flirting during that momentous talk, but there was time enough for falling in love. She sends for me often; you know, I suppose she is really a little fond of me, and she always manages to ask if I have any news of Marchese di Signa."

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By

George Ethelbert Walsh

(Continued)

SYNOPSIS—James Everard, an eccentric old man living alone, is found dead in bed after the visit of a one-armed stranger. Suspicion of foul play is not proved, and it is supposed he died of fright. His nephew, Allen Halliwell, attends the funeral. At the cemetery four evil-looking men under the pretext of friendship for the deceased attempt to search the coffin. That night in the house a beautiful woman burglar is caught ransacking the old man's desk. Halliwell, struck by her beauty, lets her have the papers she is looking for. In his city home Halliwell is attacked by the four men at midnight, and but for the timely appearance of the woman again he would have been killed. She refuses to disclose her identity, but gives her name as Una Ruthven. Halliwell's valet is attacked. In the confusion Miss Ruthven disappears. She later sends word to Halliwell asking him to go on a long voyage to help her. He meets her at the pier and is rowed out to a yacht in the river, and they sail away. Halliwell finds that the crew consists of the four men. His presence aboard is unknown to them, and he occupies half the cabin with Una Ruthven.

CHAPTER X

HALLIWELL was awakened by a ray of sunlight streaming through the window at the head of his bunk. It passed through a yellow silken curtain of such very thin material that he could peer easily through it, but of sufficient thickness to obscure the interior of the room from any outside eyes. It was well designed to give him a free view of the ocean and deck without being discovered.

It was early morning. The sun had just risen, and its light formed a deep golden bar that extended from the horizon to the deck of the yacht. The sea was comparatively calm, and the yacht was moving steadily and with little roll straight toward the south. From the rising sun Halliwell could indicate the points of the compass.

All was quiet outside. No one seemed to be stirring. The watch, if there was one, must have been stationed forward or on the opposite side of the cabin. Halliwell permitted himself a long look at the sea before he dressed.

A steamer hull down could be seen half merged with the eastern horizon, and nearer a three-masted schooner was pointing close to the wind. Otherwise the vast expanse of ocean was deserted.

In the ten hours they had been steaming southward they may have covered a hundred or more miles. This would make their position somewhere along the southern coast of New Jersey. Perhaps they were running more than ten miles an hour, perhaps less. Halliwell could not tell, but they should be not far from Cape May or the entrance of Delaware Bay.

It did not matter much, for time and distance were of no material importance just then. If they were bound for some unknown tropical port, it would take days and perhaps weeks for them to reach their destination.

Suddenly a figure came between him and the luminous path of the sun. It seemed so close that Halliwell started back and ducked his head. Then he smiled at his fright. The man could not see him, although he was plainly visible to Halliwell.

It was he whom they called Stumpy—short and fat, and with only one leg. He was stumping along, with his back to the cabin, watching the distant schooner through a pair of sea-glasses.

He remained in this attitude of observation for some time, then as if the idea had just occurred to him he lowered the glasses, and turned around to gaze at the cabin window.

Halliwell instinctively drew back, for the direct gaze of the man seemed to penetrate the thin curtain. But he did not stare long at the window. When he stumped away without a word or shake of the head Halliwell breathed easier.

Probably Stumpy's sudden change of mind was the result of another's appearance. He had scarcely moved a dozen feet away when Blacky's huge form loomed up directly in the path of the sun. His coming had been as unexpected as Stumpy's, and once more Halliwell jerked back.

"I guess I'll have to get used to this," he breathed to himself. "I'll have to get all my fresh air and sea view from this window, and I'm not going to let Blacky, Stumpy & Co. frighten me away."

There was a stir in the other compartment of the cabin, the thin wall separating them acting almost like a sounding board. Halliwell listened. A curious sensation seized him as he realized that Una, perhaps, was looking at the sun through the window adjoining his.

A little later he could hear her moving. He quickly dressed and prepared for the day's events. They might prove tame and monotonous or they might develop into a tragedy. A timid knock on the door summoned him. He threw it open quickly. Una was dressed and radiant. She smiled as she addressed him.

"Did you sleep well in your prison?"

"Better than if I'd been in New York. The sea air always makes me drowsy. I won't ask you that question; you look as fresh as a rose."

"I feel so much refreshed," she answered, "that I can laugh at our dangers of the night."

"We generally do in the morning. That's one of the blessings of sleep."

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Well, I could eat if some good genie would provide a breakfast for me."

"I will summon the genie then," she replied laughing. "But for the present I don't think we'd better let even the genie know of your presence. He might ask embarrassing questions, and things like that do leak out."

"I'll vanish again," offered Halliwell, "if you say so."

"It will not be for long. Mango never goes in that room."

She touched a bell which communicated with another part of the yacht. Shortly afterward there was a knock on the cabin door. Halliwell closed his own door and waited.

He could hear a murmur of voices. When the outside door closed again Una called through the partition:

"Breakfast will be served in a few minutes, and I told Mango I was ravenous. I must show a big appetite at the beginning, or there may not be enough for two."

Fifteen minutes later Mango brought the breakfast on a tray. Halliwell could hear him moving around and replying to his mistress. Twice he made trips to the galley, returning each time with more food. Then Una said:

"That will do, Mango. I will summon you if I need you again."

She closed the cabin door and bolted it. Then stepping to the door of the inner room she announced:

"Breakfast is ready. Will you come and eat?"

Halliwell appeared and glanced with hungry eyes at the display of food. No need to worry about the dangers of starvation. Mango had prepared a sumptuous breakfast sufficient for two men.

"Am I to eat in here with you?" he asked.

"Would you prefer to eat alone?"

He responded to the smiling question with a quick nod of the head. "A man who prefers to eat alone deserves to live on a desert island. I'm not a hermit by instinct."

"Ah! the coffee is delicious—and hot rolls! Your Mango is certainly a genie."

"He is a most excellent cook—learned it, I think, under my tuition."

"Then I'd like to graduate from the same cooking school. Do you take pupils?"

"I'm afraid you'd spoil so many things in learning that we'd run short of provisions. You must remember we're on the sea, and we can't get everything we want on short notice."

They ate their breakfast, keeping up a whispered conversation until the last of the food and coffee had disappeared.

"I am afraid Mango will think I have a man's appetite," smiled Una. "I'll have to fib a little and tell him that the sea air always gives me a tremendous appetite."

"Couldn't we smuggle some things in here—crackers, canned goods or such things? Then I could eat, as the English do, between hours, and not so much at meal time."

She smiled and shook her head.

"I wasn't jesting entirely," Halliwell continued. "I've been thinking of emergencies. Suppose we were marooned here in the cabin for a few weeks. How would we get food? Where is the galley and store room located on the yacht?"

"Directly back of your room. If you knocked down the partition you would fall in it."

"Then, in the event of a siege, we might cut a hole through to the provisions?"

"It's pretty solid wood, I'm afraid. You see, this yacht was made without any idea of saving expense. It's solid mahogany and oak."

Halliwell tapped the partition back of his room. It certainly was made with a generous outlay of wood. It was so thick that the noise in the galley barely penetrated through the solid partition.

Una watched him as he made an investigation of the partition. When he returned to her she eyed him questioningly.

"You are anticipating trouble?" she asked.

"Yes, and no. There will be trouble when I'm discovered. There's no doubt of it. But how soon that may happen I do not know. Still I like always to be prepared for eventualities."

"I am afraid I have misled you about Blacky and his crew," Una said slowly. "They're not so bad at heart. Indeed, I think they mean well—"

"Don't imagine that anything you have said prejudiced me," he interrupted. "I think I have good reason to know what sort of human brutes they are."

She frowned a little.

"But they have been of service to me in many ways," she said. "I shouldn't say that they intend harm. They thought you were standing between them and all this wealth. Then, too, they knew you were the nephew of James Everard."

"True, I'm the nephew of my uncle, but how does that affect my standing? What terrible crime did Uncle James commit that these men should want to kill me as ruthlessly as if I were a dog?"

"They did not want to kill you," Una replied, still pleading half-heartedly for the men. "It was what they thought you possessed that made them appear so cold-blooded that night."

"The papers of my uncle. And you had them?"

"Yes, I had them. You gave them to me that night in the old mansion when I first met you."

"And now you have turned them over to Blacky, Stumpy and Company?"

"They are on the yacht," she answered evasively. "If they were not we could not undertake this journey."

Halliwell struck a match and watched her reflectively. He held it poised in his hands. "Do I smoke here?" he asked.

"It would be unkind to deny you that one privilege."

"Not if you prohibit it. Is there danger of the smoke betraying my presence here? You never smoke?"

"No," she said, "but for the sake of protecting you I will pretend it. When Mango comes in to remove the tray I will hold one of your cigarettes in my hand. I might even carry one lighted on the deck, and pretend to smoke it."

"An excellent idea. Then they will

never be suspicious if they smell smoke around the cabin."

"I think Mango is coming now. I will borrow a cigarette from you," she said with a smile.

"Let me light it for you—your first cigarette."

He took a fresh cigarette from his case and handed it to her. Then as she held it in her dainty fingers he struck a match and applied it to the end of the cigarette.

"You must take one or two puffs on it," he said, "or it will not light."

She made a wry face at it. "I couldn't," she protested.

Halliwell, with a smile at her protests, took the cigarette and puffed on it until well lighted. Then he handed it back.

"There; now you will make a good cigarette girl," he said.

"I hope not. I never want to learn to smoke. I—I don't think it looks well for women to smoke. Do you?"

Halliwell reflected. "I've seen plenty of women smoke, and didn't seem to mind it, but—"

He stammered awkwardly, but she was waiting for an answer.

"A man never likes to see his mother or sister smoking," he finished lamely.

She laughed softly. "But I am neither to you."

"No, but there's another woman he doesn't like to see smoke."

She looked inquiringly at him.

"That's his wife—or the one he intends to make his wife," he said slowly.

Their eyes met for an instant. Then without changing color she said simply:

"It's time Mango cleared off. I will ring for him."

She touched the bell, and a few moments later Halliwell retreated to his quarters.

CHAPTER XI

The morning was without mishaps or adventures. Mango cleared away the breakfast dishes, and after he had departed Una tidied up the cabin.

Then she turned toward Halliwell's room. With sleeves rolled to her elbow, and her hair gathered in a coil at the back of her shapely head, she presented a picture of housewifely loveliness.

"I like you in your working clothes," he ventured to remark, glancing up from a book he was pretending to read.

She did not answer directly. Standing in the doorway of his room, she said:

"May I go in now? I will freshen things up for you."

"No, that is my work," he objected, jumping to his feet. "I can take care of my own room."

"That isn't fair. I brought you here a prisoner, and I should look after your prison."

"Do most jailers do that?" he laughed, standing before her.

"I don't know," she murmured. "I was never in jail."

"Nor I. But I understand that each jail-bird is given the privilege or duty of making his own bed and sweeping up. We'll begin right."

"But you're not a jail-bird."

"I'm a prisoner—a willing one, it is true, but a prisoner nevertheless."

"You must let me do that much for you," she persisted, forcing her way past him.

Halliwell heard her moving around inside. Once or twice he peered through the doorway and made some remark. Surely no prisoner ever had such a fair keeper, and not one enjoyed the situation more thoroughly. Halliwell inwardly hoped that the voyage would be a long one.

When she finally reappeared with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes, she said: "The room is very small and stuffy. I never realized it before. Are you sure you slept well?"

"Like a top. I never enjoyed a better night's sleep."

A knock outside brought them to a sharp pause. Una's face turned a trifle pale. She motioned Halliwell to hide, and then she opened the door.

It was not Mango, but Blacky who stood there.

"You're coming on deck, my dear, aren't you?" he said. "It's a beautiful morning. We're passing the Delaware Capes now, and you should sniff a little of this salt air."

"Yes, I was getting ready to come up," Una replied. "I had my room to fix."

"Mango should do that for you," the man said.

"I prefer to attend to my own room. The exercise will do me good. Otherwise the trip will seem so long to me."

"Just as you say. I will wait outside for you if you will come now."

"In just a minute."

She closed the door. When she turned she came face to face with Halliwell, scowling. He was ready to resent Blacky's intrusion.

"Go back," she whispered softly. "I must appear on the deck or they may suspect something. I will return as soon as I can. But I must act natural and not give the impression that there is anything to conceal."

"They won't attempt to search the cabin when you're away?" he asked suspiciously.

"Why should they? No, they can't. The door locks when I go out, and I alone carry the key."

"Well, then, I must wait for you in patience. But don't be gone long. I'm a lonely prisoner without you."

"Poor man!" she replied laughing.

She snatched up a sailor hat and a silken scarf, and disappeared.

Halliwell paced up and down the narrow quarters impatiently, listening at every turn. All was quiet, and finally in gloomy irritation he walked to the window and peered out.

As the minutes sped slowly Halliwell repeatedly consulted his watch. Half an hour passed. Still she did not return. At the end of a full hour he grew alarmed. Had anything happened to her? In the midst of these cutthroats what might not happen to a woman of her marvelous beauty?

"I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed, "I can't endure this much longer. I'll go on deck and fight the whole crew if she doesn't come back soon."

Then a shadow flitted in front of the cabin window. He glanced through it and sighed with relief. Una had paused directly in front of him, and stood there leaning against the rail. At her side was Sandy, he of the long arms and lanky build. They were talking in low tones. At first Halliwell could make nothing of their speech. Then Sandy turned a trifle and raised his voice.

"Yes, ma'am, we'll get there in a couple of weeks if Blacky ain't misjudged the distance. You see this island ain't nowhere on the charts, an' we has to sort of feel our way an' explore around a bit."

"But the papers gave the true location—latitude and longitude—didn't they?" Una asked.

"Yes, m'am, but Blacky's a little rusty in his reckonin', I s'pose these days. He ain't been master of a ship in so long that he's feelin' like a beginner ag'in."

The two moved out of hearing distance, but the snatch of their conversation wafted to his ears set Halliwell to thinking. They were bound for some distant island that was not down on the charts, but whose location was described in his uncle's papers. That much Halliwell gleaned from Sandy's words.

"A treasure-hunting expedition," Halliwell muttered, shrugging his shoulders. "A wild-goose chase for some mythical hoard of buried wealth, I'll bet."

He smiled to himself. The mystery of the strange trip had been partly revealed to him, but a moment later he frowned and added aloud:

"But what the deuce did Una mean by saying that it meant more than life or wealth to her? Surely she must have some other purpose than the recovery of the treasure. I wonder now!"

But he did not express in words what new thought had occurred to him. Instead he paced up and down the narrow cabin with renewed activity, frowning when the yacht lurched and interrupted his orderly gait.

In this perturbed state of mind Una found him half an hour later. She gave due notice of her coming by making an unnecessary amount of noise with her keys. Halliwell stood with dilated nostrils and flashing eyes waiting for the door to open.

But Una was too shrewd to be taken off her guard. The door did not immediately open. Instead he heard her withdraw the key, and say with a musical laugh:

"I always get the wrong key first. There, I have the right one now."

Halliwell heard a muttered response in a masculine voice and discreetly withdrew. He was none too soon, for the door flew open and Una entered. With her was Blacky, the leader and commander of the expedition.

"Did you wish to speak with me further?' Una asked in a voice that rang with a slight challenge.

From his position in the shadows Halliwell could see that she had stopped near the door as if to block the way in the cabin, but Blacky had entered without asking permission.

"Do you object to my coming in, my dear?" the giant asked in a low voice. "Surely you don't want to hold yourself aloof from us on this voyage. It will be a long trip, amd we must be sociable, or we will all get the blues."

"But Blacky, the understanding was that my cabin was not to be invaded," Una replied. She was very calm, but there was a glint of steel in the inflexible voice.

"Of course not. No one will invade the cabin. If they do I'll trice them up and feed them to the sharks."

"Then—then why do you force your way in?"

The question was asked without a waver in the voice, and it was so unexpected that the man blinked and hesitated before he could answer.

"But, my dear," Blacky finally stammered, "you don't call this forcing my way in. I merely wanted to talk with you a few minutes. It's just a sociable call."

Una's forehead puckered in a little frown. She stood aside to admit him. Then when he was fully in the room she turned to him with a winning smile.

"We don't want any misunderstanding, Blacky, on this trip. If quarreling and bickering once begin we never know where they will end. On shipboard everything must be conducted in an orderly manner. You are in command of this expedition, and you insist upon obedience to your orders and regulations, don't you?"

"I certainly do! And if they don't obey somebody will suffer!"

"Exactly! And now I have my rights and rules, too. That was a part of the understanding before we ever sailed. You remember you promised me that?"

"Yes! Have any of the men been annoying you?"

Ignoring this question the girl went on:

"One of the rules laid down was that I should have this cabin all to myself, and no one should enter it without my permission or invitation. Was not that understood?"

The big leader frowned and nodded his head. "I didn't think I was included in that," he stammered. "As the leader of the expedition and captain of the yacht, I thought I had a few privileges. I'm not bound by the same rules that we laid down for the crew."

"Did we say anything about exceptions?" Una asked.

Then in a gentler, more conciliating tone, she continued:

"Now, Blacky, you have been kind—very kind to me in the past—and it was good of you to lead this expedition, but I must insist upon one thing. This cabin is my home, and no one is allowed here—no, not even the captain—you, Blacky—without my permission or invitation. Surely that is reasonable."

The man was scowling now harder than ever, and from his hiding place Halliwell could see the great veins of his forehead swell and pulsate. The pig-like eyes gleaming from under the bushy eyebrows had a fierce expression that gave a sinister aspect to the bull-like head.

"You mean, then," he began slowly in a husky voice, "that I'm not wanted in here?"

The girl trembled before the man, but her answer was firm and uncompromising.

"I mean," she said, "that the rule must be obeyed by all. If I make exceptions to one, the others may see fit to break it too."

"They dare not—not while I'm in command!" the man exploded wrathfully.

"No, I don't think they would. But you must not break it either. Now let us understand each other."

She extended a hand frankly. Blacky glanced at it, and then up at her face. Halliwell expected to see the man lose his control and stood ready to spring.

But he misjudged Blacky. The fire in his eyes suddenly vanished to a smouldering glow, and the big corded veins of his hands and face relaxed their tension. An apology for a smile even hovered on the bearded lips, but the head was bent a little, and it might have been only an illusion at a distance of five paces.

"You're right, my dear," he said slowly. "We must preserve discipline on the yacht. Discipline has always been my strong point, and I insist upon it now—for myself as well as for the crew. You won't be disturbed again."

"Thank you, Blacky," she replied gratefully. "I knew you would understand and appreciate my position."

He took the extended hand and pressed it. Then he turned to leave. On the threshold he hesitated and added:

"If any of the crew—Sandy, Stumpy, Pete or Red—bother you, let me know, and I'll kill them."

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. Blacky closed the door behind him and tramped heavily away.

Chapter XII

Una stood a moment in the middle of the room, with eyes glued upon the door, and hands clasped in front of her. Halliwell emerging from his hiding place found her there—white of face and tragic of expression. The interview with Blacky had unnerved her, and she started when Halliwell touched her arm.

"Una!"

She turned and stared at him, her alarm still uppermost in her mind.

"Una!" he repeated. "That scoundrel means mischief. Don't trust him."

For reply she wrung her hands and continued to stare around her. Then a great trembling seized her and she had to be led to a seat. With dry eyes and in a quivering voice she whispered:

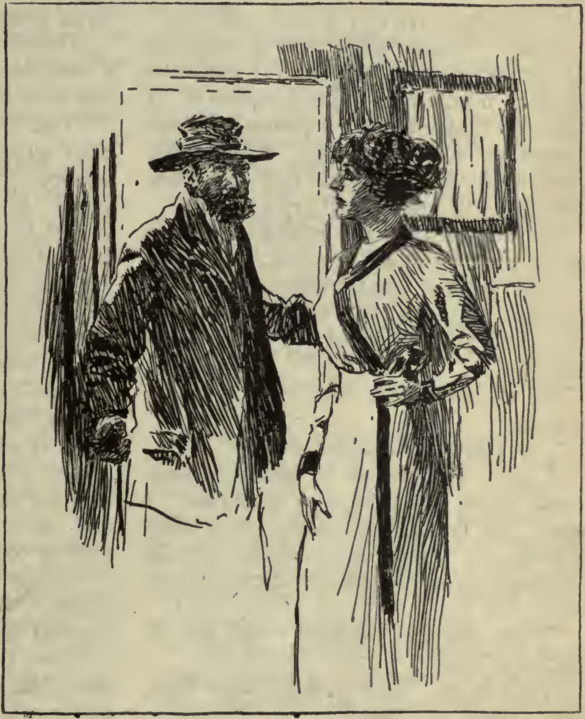
"I am afraid of him! Oh!—and I trusted him! I thought he was so good to me. But now he—he—you saw him?—his look, his eyes?"

Halliwell nodded.

"All—everything. I was watching from behind the portiere, and I was ready if you needed help. If he had touched you, I had this ready."

He exhibited a short-barreled pistol he had taken from the sea-chest. She stared at the weapon in silence.

To her unspoken query, he added, "I would have shot him dead with as little compunction as I would a mad dog. Una, that man means mischief. Your life isn't safe a minute in his hands."



"Did you wish to speak with me further?" Una asked in a voice that rang with a slight challenge

"No, no," she protested, "not so bad as that."

Halliwell regarded her with a queer smile playing on his lips. Then, convincingly: "Yes—worse!"

Una buried her face in her hands and wept noiselessly. He let her sob to relieve her feelings. When she had dried her tears, she looked up with a wan, pathetic little face.

"And I brought you into all this danger. I can never forgive myself."

"You brought me here because your

conscience told you that you might need me," Halliwell replied thickly, "and I'm mighty glad I'm here! Think of what might happen to you if you were alone with Blacky and his murderous crew! Ugh! The thought of it makes me shiver."

"Oh, that we had never started!" she wailed. "Why did I come? Why—"

She stopped and quickly controlled herself. When she rose from her seat she showed a measure of calm that surprised him.

"I shouldn't give way to such weakness," she said. "I knew that the trip would be full of adventure and danger. I shouldn't regret it now. No, I don't regret it. I would do it over again—a thousand times! I must go on and find out. I have only lived for this for years, and now—in a few weeks—I will know—will know all."

Halliwell watched her in silence. When she stopped he spoke in a pleading voice.

"Una, what is this terrible secret that is wrecking your life, and which is drawing you on to such dangers? Is it—is it the treasure—"

She stopped short and faced him inquiringly.

"You know?" she asked faintly.

"I know that you are in search of some island where some treasure is buried. I heard that much from Sandy's lips when he passed in front of my window. I could not help hearing the conversation between you."

"What else did we say? Tell me all that you know."

"That is all. You walked away then, and I heard no more."

She stared at him as if to read his thoughts. Slowly the expression of her face changed, and with a little scorn in her voice she asked:

"And you think it is the treasure that has made me endure all this? You think that I would sacrifice my life, my honor, everything, for the sake of gold—that I have dreamed and planned and denied myself simply for a treasure that has brought only sorrow and misery to all those who have ever touched it? That is the standard by which you judge me?"

The eyes were hard under her sudden change of emotion, and the voice vibrated with a passion that startled Halliwell. He reached out a hand to touch hers, but she withdrew it and stepped back, head flung high and eyes looking dangerously scornful.

"Una! Una!" he cried. "You misjudge me. You accuse me of things that you know are wrong. It is not fair."

In his excitement he raised his voice so that it echoed alarmingly clear and resonant in the cabin. A noise outside brought both to their senses. They stopped and listened. Then the footsteps passed beyond.

"We must be careful," she cautioned in a low whisper. "If you're discovered I fear that something terrible may happen."

"Yes, I fear that it will," Halliwell replied grimly, fingering his ugly-looking weapon. "It's going to happen anyway, Una," he continued. "This deception cannot be kept up forever. You refuse to tell me of your trouble, but I shall fight for you—blindly, obediently. I ask no further questions. Whether it is gold or some terrible tragedy of your early life that is luring you on, I shall stand between you and danger as long as I have the power to shoot and strike. Now tell me if everything is all right on deck. Is everything going on smoothly?"

She yielded quickly to this new mood, and her own scorn was succeeded by sudden contrition.

"Forgive me," she said gently. "I was excited and—and—frightened. Blacky startled me."

"Yes, I saw that. But you did right. Keep him from this cabin. If he attempts to force an entrance against your will he will have to fight me."

There was not much relief brought by these words, for she murmured anxiously:

"But the others would kill you then."

Halliwell shrugged his shoulders.

"Not with my permission. I think I could make them pay dearly for any attempt on my life."

She suddenly seized his hand, and leading him to the inner room said:

"Come, I will tell you all—the whole miserable story of my life. Then if you think I am wrong you can condemn me."

"Not now, Una, if it hurts you. I am willing to wait—and trust."

"No, it must be now. I should have

told you before. You could then have advised me."

Once inside the small, stuffy room that had been partitioned off from the cabin by some late owner of the yacht, the girl seated herself and began in a low monotone, with frequent twisting and clasping of hands and fingers. Halliwell in an attitude of sympathetic appreciation listened, forgetting for a time their dangers and the strange circumstances which had led up to their peculiar relationship.

"My real name is Patricia Shelton," she began in a whisper. "My father was Horace Shelton. My mother was Una Shiebert before she was married. So you see I adopted my mother's name when you asked me for one."

"It's a good name," Halliwell interrupted. "Una! I like it. But Patricia, that is good, too."

"My father was a sea captain and a ship owner from New Orleans," she continued. "Before he married my mother he was in partnership with James Everard—"

"My uncle?"

She nodded.

"They were very intimate friends, but they both loved my mother. I don't wonder, for she was beautiful. I have only seen her picture. It is here—it's all I have to remember her by."

Halliwell gave a little cry of astonishment as he looked upon the picture she drew from her dress. It was a perfect imitation of the living face before him. She smiled at his surprise.

"We look very much alike," she murmured.

"I would never know you apart in a crowd," he stammered. "And this is your mother? No wonder you are so beautiful, Una—or Patricia—with such a mother. And your father?"

"He was considered handsome, too," she replied.

She handed him another photograph. It showed a blonde giant, with a shrewd, kindly face. The two made an ideal couple.

"No chance for Uncle James with him around," Halliwell remarked with a smile. "I don't wonder your mother chose Horace Shelton. But go on with the story."

"After my father and mother married," she continued after a pause, "hard times in the shipping trade came. One ship after another was lost, and without insurance on the cargoes or ships the losses nearly ruined father and your uncle. Finally, they had to give up the shipping business and return to their old trade.

"Father had been a sea captain before he settled down on shore, and so had his partner. They decided to dissolve the partnership and each go his separate way. Father looked around to get a ship, for he had to live, and family expenses were increasing. I was born about that time, and this made his necessity all the greater.

"He hated to leave mother alone on shore, and he tried to get a ship in the coasting trade so he would not be away from home on long trips. Before he found what he wanted his partner came to him one day and told him of a wonderful story of buried treasures on an unknown island in the southern seas.

"It was a story that naturally excited father, and the two talked it over for many days and nights in the greatest secrecy. Then they decided they would put all their money in an expedition to find the treasure.

"How they raised the money or fitted out the ship, I don't know, but one day they sailed away from New Orleans and headed for the uncharted island in the southern seas. Mother and I accompanied them. I suppose father didn't have enough money to leave us behind, and it was cheaper to take us along.

"The treasure had been buried on an island in the southern seas by some pirates. The news of its discovery had been brought to father and your Uncle James by a sailor who had been shipwrecked there. For years he had lived on the island with the treasure. Then after constructing a raft he set out to sea on it, hoping to find the mainland. But he was nearly dead from starvation and exposure when picked up by a passing ship. He had lost off the raft all the money he had taken with him, and for months he was delirious and remembered nothing. Then he fell in with your Uncle James and told him the whole story.

"The ship father and his partner fitted out sailed south for many days. They encountered bad storms, and lost half their crew overboard. They had a hard time of it, and frequent quarrels developed.

"Until they took this voyage father never knew that his partner hated him for having won mother away from him. In the hardships that followed, the true nature of the man came out. They came to blows more than once.

"Poor mother must have suffered terribly. Then the crew mutinied, and more trouble followed. But in spite of all these difficulties, they were successful. They found the island—and the treasure. It was all that the shipwrecked sailor told them, and more too. There was wealth enough for a hundred men.

"But, oh, the greed of men! The sight of all that treasure turned them into brutes. They quarreled and fought for it, and several of the men were killed. Every one was jealous of the other. No one could be trusted.

"They got some of the gold aboard the ship. It was enough to buy a king's ransom, but there was still plenty left on the island. Then one night your Uncle James and my father had a terrible fight, and in it both were nearly killed. Father was shot, but not dangerously.

"In his mad passion James Everard decided to leave the island with all the gold he had on shipboard. He got the crew to go with him—all except father and mother. Then he tried to induce mother to desert her husband and accompany him. But she laughed at him, and ordered him from her sight.

"I don't know what demon possessed the man, but he was not satisfied with marooning the man he hated and the woman he loved with their little child on the lonely island. He wanted to wreak vengeance upon them that would leave a lasting scar.

"I happened to be the instrument for torturing them. Without their knowing it he stole me from the rude tent in which I was sleeping and smuggled me aboard the ship.

"That night they got up sail and stood out to sea. My father and mother were left alone on the desert island in the southern seas to live or die as fate ordained. I never saw them again. I was too young to understand the meaning of this separation. For years I did not realize what it meant to my parents to be left there on the island with the fate of their little baby a mystery to them.

"Long nights since I have dreamed and thought of them. From the time when I could comprehend the whole terrible story, I have longed to know their fate, and if possible to rescue them. That has been my consuming ambition, the dream and hope of my whole life."

The head drooped and the hands covered the face from Halliwell's eyes. For a moment she remained quiet. Then he said gently:

"Uncle James brought you home and cared for you until—"

"No," she almost shrieked, "fate pursued him. The crime he had committed was partly atoned for. The gold they carried away with them bred discontent and mutiny among the crew. I never knew all the details of the fateful voyage. There was murder, starvation and a wreck.

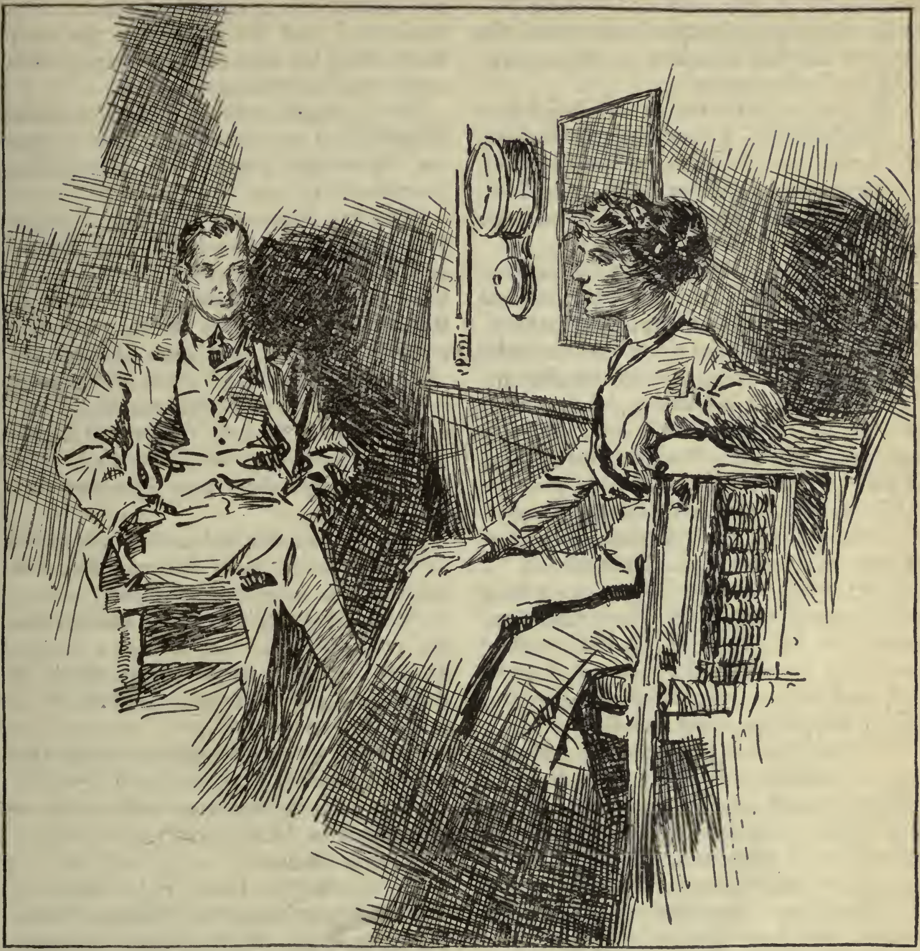
"James Everard was a hard man, and he ruled the crew with an iron hand. Finally, the ship was wrecked and all the treasure lost. The men took to the small boats, but were separated in the storm. In the excitement I was taken off by one of the sailors and carried in one of the boats that was picked up by a ship bound for Valparaiso.

"Your uncle was lost, it was supposed, with four others of the crew in another boat. The sailor who took me off was Blacky, and the rest of the crew were the men with us now."

Halliwell started at this announcement. The disreputable crew had after all something to their credit. This news was not particularly consoling. His own uncle had been responsible for the crime against her early life, and the men who had threatened his life and still had him in their power had been her benefactors.

Chapter XIII

Una—or rather Patricia Shelton—continued her story after a long pause in which she was completely absorbed in memories of the past. Halliwell waited until she had recovered her self-control, and then led her on.



Una continued her story after a long pause in which she was completely absorbed in memories of the past

"You were brought up by Blacky and his men?" he asked.

"No, and yes," she answered. "I was placed by them with an old woman living in New Orleans after their return to their native country. For ten or more years I did not see them again. Later I learned they had been scouring the southern seas in a search for the treasure island.

"They had been unsuccessful, for they had failed to get the longitude and latitude of the island. James Everard had carried away the ship's books and log in his boat, and without them the men could not locate the island. Three times they fitted out expeditions, but without the ship's books and log they could do nothing. The island was uncharted, and no ships had ever before touched there.

"When I was fifteen Blacky told me the story of my early life. It impressed me so that for months I could think of nothing but my parents marooned on the lonely island in the southern seas.

"I questioned the men one by one, and hunted through libraries to see if I could not pick up some information that would help to locate the place. I had a forlorn hope that possibly my parents had survived and were still living there.

"The islands was rich and fertile, Blacky said, and there were wild tropical fruits in abundance in the interior. There was fresh water and plenty of sea birds. On such an island, I reasoned, a couple might exist easily for years.

"The thought that they still lived fired my imagination. I wanted to go to them, and bring them back to their native land. But there seemed little hope even if we had the money necessary to fit out the expedition.

"Of course, I realized it was the treasure buried there that influenced Blacky and his men. They did not care for my parents. In fact, they had been partly instrumental in leaving them there and kidnapping me. But I did not mind that. All I wanted was to reach the island and find my father and mother. The gold was nothing to me.

"I worked and saved, denying myself everything that I might gather together enough to fit out a small expedition. I thought when the time came something would turn up to help me. I continued my search in the libraries for information about the islands of that part of the sea, and read all the reports of ship captains and of the geographical societies.

"In time I gathered together an immense mass of information. The authorities at Washington helped me, but they were skeptical of the existence of any such uncharted island. Some ship, they reasoned, would have accidentally stumbled across it.

"Then when I was both despairing and hoping, the news of the existence of a James Everard living at Meadowcroft reached the ears of Pete. They had hunted down other James Everards in the past only to be disappointed. There was a possibility that the other boat had escaped and the men picked up. In that case the log book of the wrecked ship would be saved.

"One day Pete walked a hundred miles to Meadowcroft to see if the James Everard living there was his old captain. That visit proved the beginnings of the events which involved you. Pete's interview with your uncle must have given him a shock which caused his death.

"It was a stormy interview. Pete learned that the rest of the men in the boat with your uncle had all died, and he was the sole survivor. The secret of the treasure island belonged to him alone. Pete demanded that he turn over the ship's log to him, but he refused. Then he went away vowing vengeance.

"It was possibly the fear of his returning with Blacky and the others that brought on his sudden death. He died leaving everything to you.

"Blacky, Pete and the others reached Meadowcroft on the day of the funeral, and they must have feared trickery, for they searched the coffin of the dead for the papers. Then not finding them they proposed searching his house at once.

"I wished to do my share of the work, and offered to make this search. I supposed it would be easy, for we had no idea you were spending the night there. You know the rest—how you discovered me, and—"

Halliwell interrupted as she stammered.

"Then the papers I let you take were the ones you were searching for?"

"Yes. The ship's log book was missing, but your uncle had written out a diary of his life and had given details about the treasure island and how to find it. It was enough for me."

Halliwell looked silently at the speaker. Then he added:

"But why did the men visit me in my apartment in New York?"

Patricia flushed.

"I didn't tell them right away. I wanted to read the story before I turned it over to them. Besides, I had discovered things that I didn't like. They drank a good deal, and often I heard them tell of terrible things they had done—murders, robbery and piracy. I began to be afraid of them. I found out so much of their early life when in their drunken fits that I questioned whether it would be wise to go on with the expedition.

"At first I thought I would withdraw and let them sail alone to the island. But how could I trust them? All they were after was the gold. They might take that away and report to me that my parents were dead. How would I ever know?

"No, I had to accompany them. Then —then I thought I would go alone without them, hiring a captain and crew whom I could trust. But that would have been treason to them, and I knew they would resent it and possibly pursue me to my death.

"I was uncertain what to do when I told them that I had not found the papers. I made up a plausible story that you were in the house and discovered me before I could find them. Thus I unwittingly set them on your track. They followed you to the city and entered your apartment.

"Something made me suspect them, and I hastened to the apartment after them, and arrived just in time to prevent their killing you. After my fright that night, I went to them and gave Blacky the papers. I pretended that I had obtained them from you after they had left.

"One did return—Sandy, I believe—to see if I was safe. He entered the back of the apartment from the roof, sliding down the vent pipe—"

"Ah, that accounts for the attack on Williams. It was Sandy, was it, who knocked out Williams? But how did you escape so suddenly and mysteriously that night?"

"I went out the way I came in—through the front door, and from there to the roof and so down the stairway of the adjoining apartment."

"And I thought you must have jumped out the window or vanished into thin air? I looked in every closet and room for you, but you were gone. I was horribly disappointed."

Patricia smiled. Remembrance of that night's work brought a lovely flush to her cheeks.

"It was time I left," she said simply. "I was afraid that one of the men had returned, and I had to go home and get the papers to show them. There was no further excuse possible without endangering your life. They were determined to get hold of them, and I believe they would have murdered both of us if it had been necessary."

"No doubt of it, and they'll murder us yet if it suits their purpose."

"I handed the papers over to Blacky. He was so overjoyed that—that he kissed me." She stammered as she confessed it, "And—and frightened me."

Halliwell leaned forward.

"The brute! That's another score I'll have to settle with."

"He wanted me to marry him," she continued after a painful pause. "He said that he loved me, and would make me his wife. I tried to reason with him, but he only laughed, and said he'd marry me in spite of everything and everybody."

"The devil he will!"

"At first I was so frightened that I did not dare go on with the expedition. Then I decided to get a crew of my own on whose loyalty I could depend. I thought of you, and—"

"Why didn't you ask me? I would have helped."

"Yes; I know it now, but I had involved you in enough trouble and danger, I thought. Then, besides, I could not help thinking of you as the nephew of the man who had kidnapped me and marooned my father and mother on the lonely island. It—it was natural."

"Yes, you had reason to distrust me. But"—with a whimsical smile—"I'm not responsible for my uncle's misdeeds. You don't hold them against me now, do you, Patricia?"

"No, but sometimes—"

"I see, it rankles deep. Well—" he paused a moment—"I can wait."

"I did not mean that," she said impulsively, placing a hand on his arm. "I do trust you now. But on the night I induced you to come here I did think you owed it to me to help me. It was a part atonement for your uncle's crime."

"But why did you send for me so late in the game?"

"Because I hoped that things would turn out all right. I had engaged a captain and crew. Then Blacky came to me in a rage and said I would have to discharge them. He would be the captain of the ship or it would never sail. Besides, he threatened, he had possession of the papers and charts, and he would turn them over to no one else.

"I reasoned with him, but he grew ugly and defiant. He frightened me more than ever by his temper and threats. Finally we compromised. I was to have Mango and six sailors; but the new captain I had engaged was released. I thought with such a crew I would be safe.

"Then as the day drew near one after another of the sailors backed out or left for unknown parts. They could not be found. On the afternoon of our sailing not one of them turned up. Then it dawned upon me that Blacky had been intimidating or buying them off. I was to sail after all with only the friends of Blacky.

"I wanted to postpone the trip, but they would not listen to it. Then—then in desperation I appealed to you. I—I didn't know what to do. I could not stay home and let them go without me, and I was afraid to go with them.

"It was a terrible condition to be placed in. Here the work of all my life was doomed to failure if I hesitated. If the men sailed without me they would get the treasure and I would never know whether my parents were alive or not. I didn't believe they would bring them back if they found them there. Besides—"

"You did right, Patricia," Halliwell interrupted. "I'm mighty glad you appealed to me. Now I can understand things, and I will know what to do."

"But think of the danger I've got you in! The men—especially Blacky—will be angry when they discover you aboard the yacht, and I'm afraid they will try to kill you."

"I'm certain of that—especially Blacky."

"When we reach the island if you could escape—"

"What! and stay there alone perhaps for the rest of my life? No, I prefer to take the chances in a fight with the crew."

"Of course, I didn't mean that," she stammered. "If you had to stay behind, I—"

"It would be paradise with you," he replied, as she hesitated, "any island would. But I like civilization too much even to think of banishing myself for the present. I prefer to live—with you—among our own people. Besides, judging from Blacky's fervent glances, I don't think he would give me the pleasure of your company on the island. He would leave me there, and take you away with him."

"No, not that," she exclaimed in alarm. "I would kill myself first."

"We won't talk of killing each other yet, Patricia. We're going to work this thing out together, and somehow I think luck will help us. There's a lot in luck if you look at it in the right way. For the present we must play a quiet game. We have one advantage. We know what trumps they have in their hands, but they don't know the joker in ours. Keep a stiff upper lip, and we'll outwit them yet."

"Suppose they do not find you until they reach the island? Could we not then slip away with the yacht while they were digging up the treasure?"

"You mean with your father and mother?"

"Yes—if they are alive."

"A capital idea! The thing then is to smuggle your father and mother aboard and get away quickly. We'd be short of men, but somehow I think we could manage the yacht."

"Father is a good sea captain. He understands navigation, and mother is a captain's wife."

"And you a captain's daughter. Well, I think we might make a pretty capable crew. I'm willing to risk it. But—" he hesitated a little—"I wouldn't get my expectations up too high, Patricia. Twenty years is a long time. They may have died there in peace and happiness. You musn't be disappointed if you do not find them. It's well to be prepared."

"I am. I know that it is unlikely that they've lived there all this time. But—I—think I'd like to know where their graves are—where they are resting—and may be put some flowers on the place."

Halliwell turned away from her pathetic face. He wondered what the future would reveal. Twenty years on a deserted island might mean—well, there would hardly be any evidence of the sufferings of the couple which the daughter could read. The tragedy of long ago would leave few signs behind.

(*To be continued*)

* * *

Animal Morality

by *Arthur Powell*

NOW listen, little Nancy, to my highly moral tale:
  Though man declares himself creation's king.
There are many gentle animals could make his boastings fail,
  That never "sow wild oats" nor "have their fling."

This rail-bird has no dealings with the wicked railroad folk;
  Has naught to do with jail-birds or with steel;
A shot may rake it off a noble elm tree, or an oak,
  But it never got a rake-off on a deal.

Observe this queer contraption with the curious hop-and-crouch
  Its young 'uns in a little bag, perceive!
The kangaroo oft carries deuce or trey within its pouch,
  But it never carries aces up its sleeve.

This elephant so big and high, and seeming so aloof,
  Will gladly take a peanut from your hoard;
Should you cruelly feed it pepper, it might smash you 'gainst the roof,
  But it never left its trunk to jump its board.

Now mark this sow, surrounded by her higgle-piggle mess;
  By passing pails her interest is aroused.
A sow may be somewhat inclined toward greed, I must confess,
  But you never saw a sow a-getting soused.

Here, in this cage, on peanut shells an old ape sadly dines,
  Two mischief-makers hit him with a cup.
You may often see the monkeys cutely cutting monkey-shines,
  But you never see one going home lit up!

Within this oblong, shadowed tank, like churchman in his pew,
  There sleeps a fat electric eel so pure.
He might upon occasion shock a fisherman or two,
  But would never shock your modesty, I'm sure.

Yes, Nancy dear, from each and all we learn; from little dogs
  We learn the tail should never wag the pup;
From bears, to bear and forbear; to keep cool, from swimming frogs,
  And from the lowly oyster, to shut up.

The MOVING PICTURE THEATRE OF TOMORROW

By *Robert Grau*

IN the last three years the number of what are called "five-cent theaters" erected from empty stores where the moving picture is the attraction has been reduced in New York alone more than fifty per cent, while during the same period twenty-two of that city's playhouses have reverted to the camera man. Moreover, during these three years forty per cent of the erstwhile Nickelodeons that have not been abandoned have raised the admission price to ten cents.

It is also true that a large percentage of the little theaters were replaced with well-built auditoriums, costing to erect from $10,000 to $100,000. More than fifty of this class have been erected in 1912. In most of these vaudeville at the outset was combined with the film productions, but this vaudeville was of such an inferior grade that the tremendous public—mostly new amusement seekers attracted by moving pictures—began to resent the infliction to the extent that the box office records showed a declining tendency, and it is a truth that in many of the better class of moving picture theaters vaudeville has been wholly eliminated without a decrease in admission prices; in fact, in several instances where the management had increased their expenditure for an improved class of films, to offset the vaudeville acts, the admission price has been advanced to fifteen cents, with a result wholly constructive.

This is so true that Marcus Loew has devoted three of his most expensive theaters exclusively to the silent drama, and he, too, has found the public response so great that the price of admission has been permanently raised. The public that patronizes the better class of photo-play houses refuses to tolerate the spectacle of sitting through the average vaudeville "chaser" in order to see a good photoplay—and this is so well understood outside of New York City that hundreds of exhibitors have placed their establishments on a permanently profitable basis by cutting out the variety turns—even the illustrated song is tabooed; the money now being spent in a far higher grade of film; and in thus immeasurably raising the level of their offerings on the screen has come the advent of the lecturer, and in some of the best houses a symphony orchestra.

But New York is far behind cities of lesser size, the uplifting movement here being greatly handicapped through lack of co-operation on the part of the exhibitors, who seem to cater to the particular taste of the neighborhood in which their theaters are located.

With the Kalem Company spending $100,000 for one photoplay, and $50,000 for several, and with the Edison and Vitagraph companies employing players and authors of equal rank to those engaged for Broadway productions, the day cannot be far off when the cheap and inadequately constructed photo-playhouses must pass for all time. We have seen more than one of the Broadway playhouses prosper with moving pictures at prices almost as high as usually obtain for the best plays, and there is everything to indicate that the trend is now toward well-built and even palatial establishments, where the scale of prices will range from five to twenty-five cents. In these good music—even the photo opera is near at hand—will quickly atone for the elimination of vaudeville, even to that small public that is yet attracted by the latter.

In the year 1913 such eminent stars as Sothern and Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, James K. Hackett and James O'Neill will emulate the example set by the illustrious Sarah Bernhardt, who with grace and dignity has made the excursion from her Parisian playhouse to the film studio, and these artists, representing as they do the best traditions of the stage, will require of the exhibitors an environment far superior to that which now obtains in the greater city.

Recently an investigator made the discovery that eighty per cent of the population in six cities of an average population of fifty thousand attend the moving pictures at least once a week. This means that for every regular theater patron there are eight to whom the lure of the camera man appeals.

There are many who believe that as the years go by the sixty million patrons of the photo-playhouse will demand something more than that which is now meted out to them, and unless the exhibitors of films show a share of the public spirit so clearly indicated by the manufacturers, they will find that many millions of their patrons will be attracted to the higher-priced playhouse, where the actor in the flesh will be revealed to them for the first time.

THE LITTLE CITY FELLER

By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

THE little city feller was as pale as he could be—
My mother had him sent out for a week, so he could see
The really, truly country, an' get lots of milk an' eggs,
An' put some fat, ma said, on his pore little arms an' legs;
An' then she told me he ain't got no good home like I got,
An' never knew his father an' his mother, like as not.

At first he sort of dumped around an' wouldn't play a thing,
An' wouldn't talk or answer me, but set there in the swing,
Until I brought my rabbits out, an' took him down to see
Old Bess, an' her new, spotted calf that daddy give to me.
I took him to the crick, an' say! what do you think of him?
A-goin' on eleven an' ain't never learned to swim!
An' then we drove the cows home and we helped corral the sheep,
An' he was so done up an' tired, he et, and fell asleep
Right at the table, an' my pa he carried him to bed,
Because he wasn't bigger than a minute, daddy said;
Said we must help him get red cheeks an' muscle, like I got,
An' cut up Ned—I'd have to show him how, as like as not.

But now I guess there ain't no devilment that he can't find,
He keeps me goin' some, but I ain't very far behind.
Ma says the two of us is all a mortal can endure,
An' just another week of it would drive her crazy, sure.
He's company, an' going home today as like as not,
Or I bet he'd get a tannin' with a hick'ry, like I got!

The Sheep Herder Wool Manufacturer and Tariff

by Andrew Adie

THE "Silly Sheep" of the poet and novelist is the first animal mentioned in sacred history—except the snake—and with its solitary caretaker, the shepherds form the most effective example of gregarious dependence and untiring guardianship. Throughout all ages the sheep has enriched nations, fed millions, and been one of the great factors of commercial and industrial prosperity.

Especially gregarious, peaceable, and hardy, the sheep can fatten on pasturage too sparse for any other creature, except his cousin the goat, and hence wilderness land, too sterile for any other purpose, affords a living to great flocks, except in winter, while a very small number of shepherds can care for a great number of sheep.

The bleak moors and remote valleys of Iceland, the Shetlands, Tierra del Fuego, the Falklands, and other remote and almost Arctic islands, the great moors of Scotland, England and Ireland, the dreary lands of Brittany and Navarre in France, and immense areas of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Russia and Northern Africa, are all largely given up to this industry, not to speak of the great "bush" pastures of Australasia, the "Karoos" of Southern Africa, and the "Pampas" of Patagonia, Uruguay, Argentina, Chili and other South American countries.

For many centuries the home was chiefly the factory in which wool was carded, spun, dyed and woven, and the home-made "wadmaal" of Iceland, the "homespun" of the English-speaking races, and the finer cloths of France, Spain and Germany, were prized at home and exported abroad; indeed to so great an extent that the wadmaal of Iceland was accounted a recognized currency with which debts were paid, and fines and forfeitures for many crimes and man-slayings were satisfied. Until the middle of the last century a very large proportion of the farmers of Canada and the United States kept a number of sheep, both white and black, out of whose flesh and wool they received considerable profit, besides spinning, dyeing and weaving no inconsiderable proportion of their heavy clothing, stockings, blankets, etc.

In many countries the yarns thus spun at home were bought up by merchants and sold in the larger cities, woven by individual "Websters" or weavers, or exported abroad. This method of business of immense antiquity became the pride and profit of many a city, and the Phoenician yarns, dyed with the "Tyrian purple," sold at times for its weight in gold, and its use denied to any wearer not of royal or at least noble family.

In the Middle Ages and indeed at an earlier date, the fleeces of England were noted for their lustre and length of fibre and were probably in some degree of the same blood as the Merinos of France and Spain, introduced possibly from Gaul and Iberia during the Roman occupation. There was a great demand for English wool in Continental markets, and this trade was at an early date confined to favored traders and towns known as merchants and markets "of the Staple"; or again, all exportation, as in the days of Henry VIII, made a penal offence, in spite of which smuggling French brandy and laces and Dutch gin into the British Islands, and smuggling out great bales of wool, became a remunerative if hazardous industry. The traditions of the Southern English and Irish coasts abound with stories of conflicts between these smugglers and the custom officers, in which many scores were at times engaged, and many men lost their lives in the fight, or were afterward executed.

* * *

Today the finest wools known are found in the Merinos of Spain, France and Austria, the "Electoral Flock" of Saxony, bringing the highest prices known to the trade. In Northern Russia the fleeces known as "Denskoe" are chiefly coarse, showy "carpet wools," but her southern "steppes" export from Odessa on the Black Sea very fine Merino grades. Along the Mediterranean in Northern Africa and Southern Europe there are still large exportations of "native wool," as also in Syria, Persia, East India and China. South African fleeces are of comparatively fine grade, the yield amounting in 1910 to over 11,000,000 pounds.

South American wools are known to the trade by the names of the ports of exportation, as "Montevideo" or "Buenos Aires" wools. In Buenos Aires, the breed has been much improved of late years by the importation of choice English stock. In Montevideo the Merino wools have led, but the cross breeds are rapidly increasing and in a few years will exceed the merino production. The total yield of South American wools is about 600,000,000 pounds yearly.

About 120 years ago when the first immigration from England to Australia began there was not a sheep in Australia. In 1787, some sheep were taken for food on board a ship sailing for Australia, but all were eaten before reaching the Cape of Good Hope. Forty-four "Cape Natives" were there taken on board with some cattle and pigs, some of which were landed in Australia, but all died.

In 1791 sixty-eight sheep were brought on the ship Gorgon to Australia from the Cape of Good Hope: in 1792 twenty were brought from Calcutta, and in 1793 one hundred more came from Calcutta.

Captain Waterhouse, an army officer, brought the first Spanish Merinos to Australia in 1797. A few Spanish Merinos had been brought to the Cape of Good Hope and had increased to thirty-two—Waterhouse bought twenty-nine of them and brought them to Sydney.

This was the beginning of the wool interests of Australasia, which now produces more than 800,000,000 pounds of wool annually.

China also produces a wool suitable for carpets, but of poor quality. Chili and Peru produce moderate quantities of fairly fine wool.

Originally a large portion of the wool consumed in this country was grown in New England. Later it was largely grown in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Michigan. These sections have generally decreased in production of wool, and Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Nevada and Eastern Oregon have furnished most of the wool consumed in this country. The changes of fashion have lessened the demand for California wools, as they are better adapted for fine faced goods. Texas, New Mexico and Colorado produce some very good wools.

* * *

Ever since the government of the United States was formed the question of tariffs on wools and woolens has been a subject of controversy between the two parties who have alternately controlled national legislation. In the very beginning, influenced by the teachings of Alexander Hamilton, the Federalist Party favored the enactments of such tariffs as would tend to stimulate in this country the production of such articles as could be favorably produced here, with the idea that the new country should so far as possible be independent of the Old World in all matters absolutely necessary to the comfort and welfare of the people.

Acting upon this theory they commenced very early to encourage the importation of sheep and the increase of flocks both for mutton and wool.

On the other hand the Democrats, first called Republicans, under Jefferson, being composed largely of those who lived in the Southern States and made the raising of cotton their principal business, opposed all tariffs except those absolutely needed for revenue to carry on the government; taking the position that as their product was largely sold to other countries, they should have the right with the money obtained from their product to buy in the cheapest markets of the world such articles as they needed for domestic consumption.

This difference of opinion caused endless disputes in Congress on the subject of tariffs, and as to the tariff on wool, it had caused so much discussion that it gave John Randolph the reason for saying impatiently that "he would go out of his way a mile any time to kick a sheep."

The attitude of the Democrats, whenever they were in power, was to reduce the tariff on wool to a minimum. When the Whigs were in power they levied duties upon wool and woolens for the purpose of encouraging their production in this country.

The gradual reduction of duties from May 22, 1824, to 1842 nearly paralyzed the struggling manufacturers of those days. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages of frequent changes, the woolen industry increased from 1844 until the panic of 1857 when many of the individual and corporation manufacturers failed. The industry revived somewhat in 1858 and 1859 and was given a great impetus at the opening of the Civil War when large contracts for cloths for soldiers' uniforms, flannels for underwear and blankets for the field and camp were made. This demand continued with constantly increasing force for about four years, more than one million of men having to be provided for by the government with all the clothing required, which, owing to the waste and wear, was much greater than would have ordinarily been required for the same number of persons.

During the same period the so-called Morrill Tariff was in operation. The greenback currency issued to procure money to carry on the war depreciated at times, and gold rose to a premium of about 240; in other words the currency of the United States was only worth about thirty cents on a dollar in coin. This was reflected in the price of wool, which reached, for Ohio washed wool, $1.10 per pound in 1864 and 1865, or about $2.00 per pound for scoured wools.

Immediately following the close of the war the Government sold its surplus stock of soldiers' uniforms, flannels, blankets, etc., causing great depression among the woolen manufacturers who had been making these classes of goods. Ohio washed wool fell from $1.10 to about fifty cents.

In the meantime, during the war, many sections, stimulated by the high price of wool, bought sheep and undertook the business of raising wool in sections which were not well adapted for it, notably in Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, where the soil and grasses were unsuitable, being better adapted for agriculture. The capital invested was impatient at the sudden fall in prices, and the wool growers got together and formed an Association about the year 1864 which had its headquarters in Chicago.

The manufacturers formed an association at about the same time, and these two associations, through their officers, had conferences with a view of asking for friendly legislation, Congress at that time being composed largely of a majority of the Republican party who were in favor of such measures. These conferences resulted in the formation and exactments of the Tariff Bill of 1867, which was an agreement between the wool growers and manufacturers as to the relations which should exist in the tariff, between the raw wool and the manufactured article.

The wool growers were represented by able men who took good care that their interests were well preserved. The manufacturers were represented by such men as the late J. Wiley Edmunds, representing then the small "Worsted" industry; Erastus B. Bigelow, who represented the carpet industry, and Charles L. Harding, who represented the woolen industry. The two committees, having frequent exchange of views in conference, united upon the Tariff Bill of 1867. This was the beginning of unity of action between wool growers and manufacturers in such matters.

The tariff bill of 1867 was in force until July 6, 1872, when by an enactment of Congress, ninety per cent of the bill of 1867 was accepted, in other words the United States government allowed a rebate of ten per cent on imports of wool and woolens. This lasted until 1883, when, owing to the great changes in currency, internal revenue, taxes, etc., and the rapid growth of the worsted industry, changes were demanded by the manufacturers, the theory at that time being that the Tariff Bill of 1867 had imposed duties which were more than sufficient on heavy weight woolens and not enough on light weight worsted goods, which had recently become an important part of the production of the mills of New England and in the Middle States.

At this time there was a careful consensus of the manufacturers' opinion under the guidance of John L. Hayes, Secretary of the Wool Manufacturers' Association, and an elaborate system for a new tariff was made and taken on to Washington to be carried through. At that time it was presented to Hon. John Sherman, who said, after looking it over, "You can't pass that Tariff Bill in this Congress." "Why not?" was asked. "Because you have got too low a duty on wool and Ohio won't stand for it." At that time there was a readjustment made raising the duty on wool, but unfortunately an equivalent was not levied on goods and the bill was passed with most disastrous consequences.

* * *

In speaking with a large manufacturer the day after the Bill was passed I asked him what he thought of this Bill and he replied. "It is the worst bill that has ever been passed by the United States Government." He then asked me what the present price of fine Ohio Delaine Wool was and I told him forty-two cents. He replied, "Under this bill you will never again see that price, it will be a much lower price." As a matter of fact that class of wool fell to twenty-eight cents per pound in order to compete with foreign importations of woolens and worsteds, and the manufacturers in this country had the worst time they ever had in my recollection.

Under that Bill the looms of Bradford, England, increased forty per cent, all of which were required to produce cloth for this country. The manufacturers were greatly discouraged and it was on account of this fact that Mr. McKinley made his new Tariff Bill of October 1, 1890.

Before this Bill could have very much effect it was changed by the Democratic Congress under President Cleveland, who finally passed the so-called "Wilson Bill," August 27, 1894, when wool was placed on the free list. The duty on woolen goods was forty per cent and over fifty cents per yard, fifty per cent, etc. During the period of free wool there was very little, if any, money made by manufacturers, and as soon as the Republicans were restored to power they enacted the Dingley Bill, which went into existence July 27, 1897, and is known as "Schedule K." This bill has been in operation fourteen years. Under its operation a fair price has been paid to domestic wool growers, goods have been made largely in this country, prices have been reasonable so far as manufacturers are concerned. This I believe is the best bill ever enacted in this country for woolen and worsted manufacturers. For carpet manufacturers I believe a lower duty would have served better because wools suitable for carpet manufacturers are not produced in this country. Since the passage of this Bill on July 27, 1897, there has been a fair price paid for domestic wool, encouraging the growers to increase their flocks, especially in the territories.

A great deal of criticism has been aimed at the excessive tariff on wool, woolens and worsted, as imposed by Schedule K, but it is well to consider for a moment the conditions surrounding the world's raw material at that time—July, 1897—and previously. It is interesting and instructive to compare the prices of today with those paid for the same raw material in July, 1897. At the time this tariff was under consideration and discussion, wool had reached about the lowest level of price known in the history of wool and woolen manufacturing and I give you the prices that existed at that time for comparison with those of 1911:

July, 1897, Australian Geelong Wool, ten pence per grease pound for 64's to 70's Merinos or twenty cents American money, shrinkage forty-seven per cent—thirty-seven and one-eighth cents per scoured pound, American money, being cost in London.

July, 1911, Australian Geelong Wool, sixteen and one-half pence per grease pound, for 64's to 70's Merinos, or thirty-three cents American money, shrinkage forty-seven per cent—sixty-two and one-eighth cents per scoured pound, American money, being cost in London.

It was apparent to those who were

THE LATE JOHN G. WRIGHT

One of the most extensive wool importers in America and a man who represented the highest ideals of business integrity and generosity. For more than half a century a preëminent figure in the wool trade of America, the passing of Mr. Wright has been greatly regretted studying the question and doing their utmost to frame a tariff bill for the protection of both the wool grower and manufacturer that in order to give the wool grower adequate protection against an extremely low world's price for wool, that eleven cents per pound was none too high. Today, the price of the world's raw material being almost double, a much lower duty is admissible from the standpoint of the wool grower and manufacturer.

During the last two years while changes in the tariff have been contemplated in Congress the prices on domestic wools have been practically declined to a free trade basis. It would be to my mind a very great misfortune to have the wool grower of this country so discouraged as to give up his sheep. The decrease of mutton for food would be a serious matter for the people of the United States and must increase materially the cost of living.

At the time the Dingley Bill was passed the manufacturers proposed to make the rate six, seven or eight cents per pound, and base the cost of manufactured goods in proportion, but at that time the wool growers were very strongly represented in the Senate, and the manufacturers found that no tariff would be considered on the basis of less than eleven cents per pound; therefore they simply made their own arrangements on that basis and have since done business at a very moderate profit.

My contention is that if the duty is reduced on wool to six or seven or eight cents per pound—which would seem reasonable, considering the local high price of raw material throughout the world—the relations between wool and goods should not be altered. If the country demands twenty-five per cent less duty on wool it should be taken off, not only on wool but pro rata on goods, and the existing relation between wool and all manufactured goods should not be changed because the present system is the best system that has been devised in my experience, and any change would upset business for an indefinite period. In other words the relation between raw material and manufactured goods should be left as it is at present if it is desirable to have the bulk of the goods manufactured in this country, thus maintaining the present standard of wages. A drastic cut in the tariff on manufactured goods will spell disaster to the manufacturer and working people of this great and important industry alike, and ever remembering that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, let wisdom and common sense prevail.

THE ENCHANTED HOUR

FAINT, vagrant breezes make their presence known
Fraught with the fragrance of the new-mown hay
Here where our moving boat, from idle play,
Drifts shoreward where the reeds are lightly blown;
Now, airly from fairy fingers strown,
The blue-gray shades of night-fall veil the day,
Our fern-clad path becomes a wonder-way
Where legends smile from ev'ry lichened stone.

Here would I dwell a day-worn, dreamy guest,
Won by the elfin sweetness of the hour
And night-voiced minstrels singing in the grass,
To watch down silver ways of twilight's quest
The dusky trees change to a charmed bower
Where leaf-light feet of Faun and Dryad pass.

—*Eleanor Robbins Wilson.*

Respectfully Addressed to the Indulgent Reader*

by Harold de Polo

BEFORE I finally embraced the elusive—but charming—pursuit of trying to write, I attempted many things. I have acted and given it up; I have tried various business ventures and given them up; I have bossed a gang of blacks on a large lumber ranch in Mexico, and given it up; and—I have been a person of leisure and—but you will see. The latter occupation, I admit it with a sigh, was one which I followed assiduously for—oh, for more time than I care to think of.

But do not, pray, condemn me immediately—or possibly you *will* condemn me—for it was by this very same failing that I began writing. Some eight years ago I went to Mexico and spent close to two years there, most of the time traveling about for pleasure, and finding it in abundance. I was born and still live in New York City, and although my parents were of Spanish origin, scarcely any of that language was spoken at our home, and I found it necessary, when I arrived in Mexico, to learn the tongue if I would appreciate the country. This I did quite readily, for it of course came to me naturally; and after I had been there several months, I could speak the native tongue fluently.

MR. HAROLD DE POLO
A popular New York author whose field is Mexico and her peoples

The time I spent in Mexico was some of the most enjoyable I have ever known. I found the people, even down to the most poor and lowly, the personification of courteousness and hospitality. Perhaps it was because my Latin blood enabled me to understand them so thoroughly; but, be that as it may, I know that they were always eager to do some service for the stranger within their gates; and when that same service, as well as their country, was duly appreciated, they were as proud and pleased as was possible to be.

I did my best to learn as much as I could of the country, the people, the conditions, the land itself—but I was especially interested in the *peon* class, a people who are very seldom entirely understood. They are naturally humble and a trifle timid before their own aristocracy and all foreigners, for the great class difference which prevails has been drummed into them for generation after generation; and their courteous humility is usually taken for feigned servility and abominably abused. But, if you treat them kindly, show them that you believe that they are human beings and entitled to some consideration, they will cheerfully and proudly lay down their very life for you. I can say, without vanity, that I was liked by them; for I was always fair and agreeable to them, seldom enjoying myself more than when I sat in some poverty-stricken hut talking with the husband and wife about their trials and tribulations, their hopes and pleasures.

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* Written in response to an editorial request made in turn from readers' requests for "something about the creator of *Padre Bernardo*."

THE CHURCH OF PADRE BERNARDO, A CHARACTER MADE MEMORABLE IN MR. DE POLO'S STORIES

It was in one of these almost barren dwellings that I had the pleasure of meeting the man from whom I have taken the character for my Padre Bernardo—a stout, benevolent, genial soul who presided over the little church on top of the hill, the photograph of which is here reproduced, taken by me one sunny morning. It was fortunate, by the way, that I have it; for all of my films, and most of my prints, were stolen from me on my trip back from Mexico. The pilferer left me out of some six hundred films and the same number of prints only about two dozen or so of the latter; but I suppose that I should be grateful for his having overlooked even that number.

There are many such men as Padre Bernardo in Mexico—not only in the church, but in every walk of life, especially among those of the poorer classes who have risen in the world and acquired wealth. Don Jorge Jiminez, the ranch owner who presented the priceless claret to Padre Bernardo on Christmas, was such another man. He had a very large *hacienda*, and was almost like a father to all who worked for him, as well as always looking after the welfare of those whom he knew were not endowed with worldly goods; and I am glad to say that I was able to call him my friend.

* * *

On looking over the above paragraphs, it suddenly comes to me that I have almost gone into a dissertation on Mexico and its people, which is perhaps a trifle lengthy and far from what I set out to do. But I excuse myself and trust that you will do the same, on the ground that my love for the place got the better of me for the moment. . . . And now for a bit more about myself; for that, if you remember, is what I have been asked to do.

Over three years ago, a friend of mine,

to whom I had constantly written from Mexico, casually asked me why it was that I had never thought of doing some stories about the land of which I was always talking; and he was kind enough to say that my letters, in themselves, were worth reading. To make a long story short, as the phrase has it, I *did* start in writing; and I was rewarded, after many heart-breaking repulses, by finally having a story, dealing with the tragic death of a horse I had owned in Mexico, published in a newspaper short story competition.

Ever since I have worked constantly and faithfully, trying to do the best that is in me, and having a fair amount of success. I can truthfully say that, with all its vicissitudes, writing is by far the most pleasing and congenial work which I have ever undertaken—so much so that I fear it has gripped me once and for all. So, now, lenient peruser of these lines, you will see that my days of leisure, although possibly open to censure, did some good—to me, I should add—as I am entirely contented to be able to pound the keys of my typewriter day in and day out. It is, indeed, a fascinating tune that they play; so fascinating that I find it utterly impossible to write a single word with either the pen or the pencil.

And now there is but one thing which worries me: I fear that I have bored my indulgent reader beyond hope of forgiveness. Yet I promise you that the writing of *three* stories would have been a far more easy task than the writing of this, and one which, I really believe, I could have done much better.

THE GRAND ARMY

By JOHN E. DOLSEN

HARK to the stirring sound
Of fife and drum,
As slowly up the flag-draped streets they come!
Once more the day rolls round
When, halting, weary, gray, and glory-crowned,
These heroes of an epic grand,
These men whose beards were singed by cannon flame,
Who fought the bravest foemen known to fame
Until the glad truce came,
Pass in review before the land,
Memories bitter-sweet and deep
Thrill through the veteran's breast
As, wind-caressed,
The nation's banner waves
Above the peaceful, flower-strewn graves
Where comrades sleep.
Soon must they all be tenting on one ground.
Before they go
"Across the river in the shade to rest,"
'Tis well that we, their sons, should let our sires know
How honored in our hearts they are and blessed

A PORTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

The South American Travels *of* William D. Boyce

by Hallam Winter

THERE are books of travel and travelers' books, but among the many volumes issued this year one stands out pre-eminently on the library table as the best book on South American travel since the classic but ancient narrative of Humboldt. "Illustrated South America" by William D. Boyce is more than a mere book of travel—it has the familiar, colloquial touch of a popular writer, and no one can read the book without acquiring an enlarged vision and enthusiastic appreciation of the wonderful resources of South America and the remarkable development of the Latin-American republics. It adds immensely to that smattering of information most of us gained years ago at school from the old geographies. It is a work characteristic of the writer, superbly printed with hundreds of illustrations made from photographs taken during a tour of the countries and cities of South America. An intelligent and comprehensible comparative statement of those things that interest is always before the reader. The work is indeed a text book because it contains up-to-date and reliable information that can be found in no other work.

An intrepid world traveler, Mr. Boyce in his letters of travel from South Africa, the Philippines, East Indies and other countries has never failed to interest his readers, and the present record of his investigations in the republics of South America with five hundred illustrations collected in a tour from the Isthmus of Panama to the Straits of Magellan and thence up the Atlantic Coast line make a magnificent volume.

Mr. Boyce as publisher of the Chicago *Saturday Blade* and the Chicago *Ledger* has been recognized as one of the most intrepid and forceful figures in his profession from the days of the

THE GREAT COLON THEATRE, OCCUPYING AN ENTIRE SQUARE, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

MR. WILLIAM D. BOYCE

Dakota land boom, when he launched one of those newspapers that drew its chief revenue from "final proof notices." He launched the great Boy Scout movement in America, getting his inspiration from a boy who carried his bag in London and showed him the way to his destination and would not accept a tip, saying that he was a "Boy Scout of England." This so interested Mr. Boyce that he instituted and promoted the movement in this country with both effort and money.

"Illustrated South America," prefaced by splendid maps of South America, carries you southward bound, and you feel at once that this is the work of no "closet naturalist" or "library traveler," but a record of actual experiences under the tropic sun, on the lofty plateaus, broad prairies and mountain ranges of the Southern continent. His description of the work in the Canal Zone, although brief, is comprehensive, and the progress of the work up to date is fully pictured. The resume of the history of Panama, whether in description of ancient ruins, or the magnificent ravine of the great Culebra Cut, evinces the thoroughness of a trained investigator, with now and then a gleam of quiet humor which is always attractive. His comments on the past history and existing states of the republic of Panama are worthy of careful study.

Of Ecuador, "three times as large as Pennsylvania," and with only as many inhabitants as Philadelphia, there is a terse description and a lively story of fever-cursed Guayaquil and its comic-opera fight against yellow fever and the plague. Thence Mr. Boyce ascended the Andean ranges to Quito, the capital, passing in the littoral herds of cattle browsing shoulder-deep in lush grass and swampy lands where dwellings were built on piles, and then climbing passed "The Devil's Nose" to the plateau 12,000 feet above the sea, whereon Quito stands in view of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, whose volcanic activity may at any time make new and striking additions to Ecuadorian history. He tells of the wild and largely-unexplored eastern section where the head-hunting savages of the upper riverland still cure and preserve the whole face and hair of their slain enemies and sell them at a profit to misguided collectors of such gruesome curios. The fact that most of the Panama hats come from Ecuador and the desirability of acquiring a United States coaling station at the Galapagos Islands are also noted.

MR. BOYCE'S PRIVATE CAR IN THE HIGH ANDES, SOUTH AMERICA

His description of the arid sea coast of Peru is interesting as his resume of Pizarro's conquest, Bolivar's revolution against Spain and the Chilian conquest of 1879 are vividly told on the spot. Peru

Mr. Boyce
De Lessep's House
U·S·Marines Canal Zone
Fishermen at Noon
Tivoli Hotel

IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE

was the last country in South America to become a republic, but contains the first university established in the Western hemisphere. One almost shivers as he reads the description of the railroad journey "On the roof of the world," over the Andes, where the rails of the Fierrocarril-Central of Peru reach an altitude of 17,500 feet above sea level. His journey into the river country to the East, and the ancient City of Cuzco are salient features among many interesting Peruvian incidents. The heroic efforts of Northern promoters in developing the wonderful resources of the mines which furnished the wealth of the Incas are recited by one who understands promotion. In Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru, he gives the price of food; tells how the stores close on Sundays at ten in the morning, and in his description of the old Incas' ruins rivals the interest of fiction. South America does not seem so large after you have read of his trip through Peru and how farmers plowing with a crooked stick live in the Huancayo Valley and how expert observers greeted him in a Harvard Observatory near Arequipa, and Indian rubber gatherers and head-hunters posed for his camera in the fascinating triangle of wilderness around the headwaters of the Amazon.

AN OLD FOUNTAIN IN CUZCO, PERU

In Bolivia, the major part of the people live in the rarified atmosphere of plateaus and valleys twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the scenery has been compared by many writers to that of Switzerland. On the shores of Lake Titicaca, twelve thousand feet above the sea and as large as the State of Rhode Island, the ruins of great buildings call to mind the legend that these people were the progeny of a South American Adam and Eve, who are supposed to have lived in a prehistoric Garden of Eden. La Paz,

INDIAN WOMAN AND CHILD, DESCENDANTS OF THE INCAS, PERU

TYPE OF INDIANS WHO CHEW COCO LEAVES, FROM WHICH COCAINE IS MADE, PERU

A TYPICAL RETAIL STORE OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE IN THE PLAZA, CUZCO, PERU the capital of Bolivia, is vividly described and even the soldier on guard at the President's palace does not escape the omnipresent camera. Here Mr. Boyce makes a plea for the choice of able men to serve as United States consuls in these foreign countries.

INDIAN LABORER ON MOVING DAY
LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

In northern Chile the great wealth of that country is due to one Smith, a Scotchman, then living in the small village of Pica, who observed that his garden and fruit trees grew much more rapidly when he banked them up with the white nitrate which permeated the soil. The crystals are mined, crushed and then boiled violently for four hours and from the liquor pure saltpetre is deposited. The northern coast of Chile is dry, tropical in climate, thinly populated but rich in minerals.

Chile has a shore line extending even to Cape Horn, the southern extremity of Tierra del Fuego, and immense revenues from the great nitrate-beds which supply the world with saltpetre, iodine, and other chemicals. The Chilean army numbers 17,500 on a peace basis and 150,000 on a war footing, and the navy stands eighth in force and effectiveness in the world. As a result Chile is the most warlike and exacting of all the Pacific Coast nationalities. Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, only a few years ago an utter wilderness, are now divided between Chile and Argentina and are rapidly becoming great grazing and sheep-raising countries.

The northern section of Chile is hot and arid for the most part but rich in mineral wealth. The middle zone is temperate and the great Central Valley, six hundred miles from north to south by about fifty miles in width, is the real backbone of a country which is only about ninety miles wide for most of its "sliver-like" littoral. The lower section is cold, owing to the Antarctic currents which parallel the coast.

LLAMAS IN A STREET OF LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

There is no postage on newspapers in Chile and no duty on white or blank paper, and as a result Chilians are generally habitual and interested readers of newspapers. *El Mercurio*, one of the oldest papers in South America, is printed in four cities and the white paper is obtained

Milk Woman
Asuncion

Market Women
Asuncion

A Comfortable
Smoke

Cigar Makers Asuncion
Paraguay

SCENES IN ASUNCION, PARAGUAY

more cheaply than any publication can supply itself in the United States. There is an absolutely free press and no censorship by the Postoffice department.

* * *

The author's graphic portrayal of his trip through the Straits of Magellan and by way of the Falkland Islands to Argentina recalls the stirring epic which brought John Masefield to his own among contemporary English poets.

Mr. Boyce points out distinctly the difference between Uruguay and Paraguay which in years gone by used to trouble the student of geography. Uruguay is on the Atlantic seaboard, while Paraguay is a thousand miles inland. The smallest of the South American republics, Uruguay has been the fighting ground of eastern South America, and yet is a country that contains no desert land and has a climate like that of Kentucky and Tennessee. Under President Batlle, who has something of the Rooseveltian characteristics, the Socialistic tendency is pronounced. The president proposes to make a government monopoly of every great industry, insisting that if the people produce the goods they will get the profits sooner or later. He is interested in insurance and all the newest and oldest ideas in Europe and the United States. In Uruguay alone more than a million head of cattle are killed annually to make Liebig's Extract of Beef and this is what Batlle wants to do away with through state monopoly. The description of this republic, although brief, is very interesting and Mr. Boyce's personal interview with President Batlle shows the inquisitive American traveler to good advantage.

* * *

In Argentina Mr. Boyce felt at home, for the city of Buenos Aires reminded him of his own breezy Chicago. Here was a city that had the beauty and charm of Paris, with buildings of from ten to thirteen stories, and magnificent streets—and prices that made an American stagger. Thirty dollars a day was the rate for three rooms and a bath in a Buenos Aires hostelry, and in the shops the same exorbitant prices prevail. A hat costing five dollars in the United States sells for seventeen in Buenos Aires, but then, confesses the author, they seem to have more currency to buy with in Argentine's capital. The oldest paper in Argentina is printed in English and known as the Buenos Aires *Standard*. Traversing the interior of this great republic which in many ways resembles the United States, every now and

THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA then, like all loyal Americans, the author laments that, as in all the harbors of the world, he never finds American ships or an American flag—and wonders why. His experiences with the members of the Argentine Congress indicates a keen desire on the part of the great republic of the South to learn progressive ideas from its big brother to the North. The government owns large tracts of irrigated lands and more miles of railroad in proportion to population than the United States. Mr. Boyce's studies of racial types and the cosmopolitan population of the cities and on the ranches owned by former President Julio Roca suggests great developments not unlikely to occur during the present century. The Argentina country seems to be a land without a song bird, the very kingdom of silence, and many of its scenes recalled to him early days on the plains of Dakota, where the plovers sang and the buffalo bones were scattered as mementoes of the past.

Paraguay he describes as a republic still suffering from the policies of its old dictators, Francia and Lopez II, and the baneful influence of Madam Lynch, the mistress of President Lopez II, who brought ruin upon him and his unhappy country, which at the close of a war with Brazil and Bolivia was freed from its tyrant. Left with a population of only twenty-five thousand old men and boys and two hundred thousand women, out of an aggregate of seven hundred thousand people six years before is a tragic chapter of South American history. The author sums up the utter desolation and chaos of this unhappy country: "Ten women to one old man or young boy; no morals, no laws, no property, no rights. From such a stock and from such a deplorable condition Paraguay started over again."

CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA

Brazil, larger than the United States, without Alaska, indicated impressively to Mr. Boyce that there was a large portion of the earth not yet settled. He describes the rugged coasts of the roadstead at Santos, as like the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and epitomizes the story of Brazil, her emancipation of slaves, the coffee plantations, the rubber gatherers of the Amazon and Caucho and beautiful Rio Janeiro where nearly $100,000,000 has been expended in public improvements. In the new republic, presidents cannot be re-elected and twenty-one states are represented in its Congress. He visited Villa Americano, a Brazilian-American colony of Southerners, who sailed from

New Orleans in 1866 to escape the humiliation of the reconstruction regime, and founded a town located three thousand feet above the sea level, surrounded by plantations, raising the staples usually planted in the South and especially vast crops of watermelons for which they found a ready market. The great rubber district of the Amazon, and its wonderful revelations of plant and animal life in the tropics were duly and lavishly illustrated by Mr. Boyce, who believes that some day the Amazonian Basin will support an enormous portion of the human race.

* * *

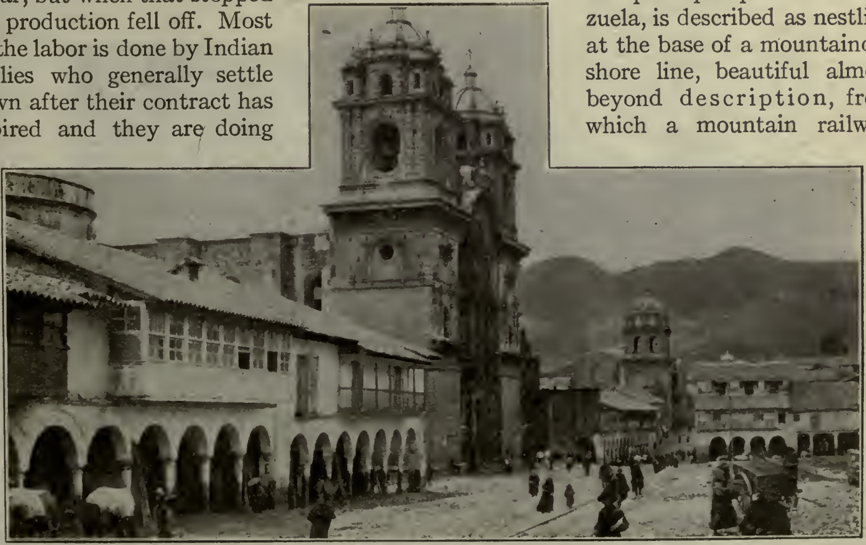
The three Guianas are unique colonies in South America and curiously enough the Dutch first occupied British Guiana and the British first settled what is now Dutch Guiana; but somehow through war and diplomacy they got exchanged. British Guiana thrived as long as the English kept up the bounty on sugar, but when that stopped the production fell off. Most of the labor is done by Indian coolies who generally settle down after their contract has expired and they are doing well. They now number about 125,000 and are being educated by government schools. Gold, diamonds, rubber, and valuable woods abound and the Kaietur Falls in the heart of a tropical forest are nearly four hundred feet in width and fall 741 feet into the gulf below.

A BLACK CREOLE WOMAN IN THE KOTTO-MESSI COSTUME, DUTCH GUIANA

French Guiana is looked on as a French penal colony, and here we are reminded of Cayenne pepper, although none of the condiment is raised in Cayenne. The small population is mixed, including many negroes, Hindoos, Japanese, Jews, Moravians and native Indians. Paramaribo, the capital, is a curious old town of the tropics that always interests the tourist.

* * *

The author further shows his loyalty to the United States by announcing that Venezuela, about five to six times as big as Illinois, is one of the most interesting of the South American republics and with varied resources should become a very prosperous republic. La Guayra, the principal port of Venezuela, is described as nestling at the base of a mountainous shore line, beautiful almost beyond description, from which a mountain railway



CATHEDRAL AND CORNER OF PLAZA, CUZCO, PERU leads up the sides of the hills to Caracas, the fortress capital, where the president for the time being, if he has the army at his back, can defy almost any adversary, alien or foreign. He tells how Cipriano Castro—nicknamed "Slippery Elm," who was recently seeking admission to the United States from Europe—for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain"—rose into power and feathered his own nest so well that he brought Venezuela to the verge of ruin and ensured his own exile, and the promotion of Vice-President Gomez in his stead. As to whether Gomez will hold his own or Castro will get back among the mountains whence he sprung and raise the standard of revolution again, Mr. Boyce seems to be in doubt, but states that thus far no Venezuelan president has ever been peacefully elected.

In Colombia, the home of alligators and orchids, Mr. Boyce found that the Colombian people, ever since the Panama Canal purchase, have not been on the best of humor toward the United States. He describes scenes on the Magdalena River, a trip to Bogota, the capital, and a visit to Cartagena, the great walled city of the Spanish Main. His visit to Venezuela and Colombia developed the fact that both are rich in natural resources with unstable governments, so that foreign investors are never safe in trying to develop production or transportation. The Boston capitalists who built a railroad from Cartagena to the Magdalena and established a line of river steamboats to Bogota, found to their cost that a revolution made their millions the football of contending factions and they sold out to an English syndicate. It is evident that Colombian leaders have never yet been able to induce their people to establish a lasting regime of law and order.

* * *

In all "Illustrated South America" has been warmly praised by the critics because of the simplicity and force of its narration, and the wealth of information afforded concerning the countries visited, which with the approaching opening of the Panama Canal becomes of inestimable value to the business man, statesman and scientist. Mr. Boyce is to be congratulated on his success in compressing into one volume such a wealth of timely and interesting material which differentiates "Illustrated South America" from many books of travel and makes it one that should be found in every public and private library.

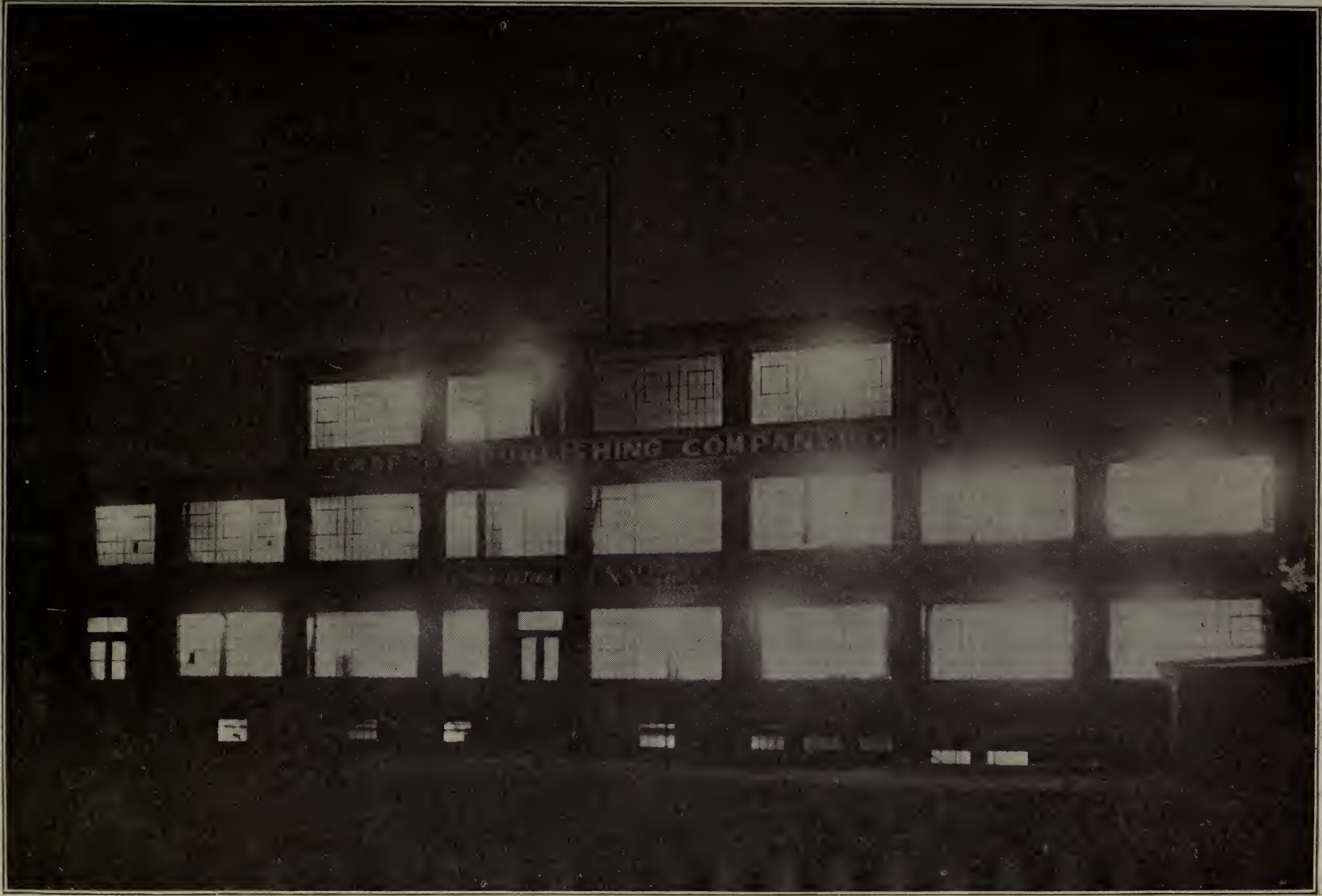
A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR OF COLOMBIA

The Chapple Press:

A Print·Shop of Today

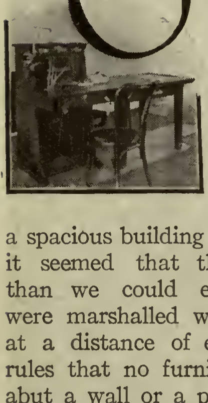
Boston

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD.
NATIONAL MAGAZINE
NEWS-LETTER



View of the same building at three o'clock in the morning, showing light effect through the Fenestra sash

The CHAPPLE PRESS
A Print-Shop of TODAY



OUR dream picture of a perfect plant now stands out in satisfying reality, and contrary to the usual result of human fancies, it surpasses even the hazy vision of the dreamers. Some years ago when we removed to the second floor of a spacious building on Dorchester Avenue it seemed that there was more room than we could ever use. The desks were marshalled with military exactness at a distance of eight feet apart, with rules that no furniture should adjoin or abut a wall or a post. We then felt we had the most delightful place one could find for a workshop—clean and airy, and from all sides a flood of sunlight.

One window near the editorial desk looked out on a vacant plot, beyond which a schoolhouse playground recalled Eugene Field's verse of the "Waller lot." Into that "lot" the school children were wont to overflow from the "regular" school yard and play Indian and "pom, pom, pull away," baseball, marbles and cowboy. The land was owned by the West End Railway and formerly served as a gravel pit, giving it a picturesque semblance to hills and dales, which appealed to the boys as an ideal retreat. This vacant lot, twenty-eight thousand feet of irregular space, was located near the corner of Harbor View Street and Dorchester Avenue, and was near the spot where the first settlement was made in New England after the founding of the Plymouth Colony. Within a stone's throw is the site of the first free schoolhouse in America, and nearby also is the old apple tree, on the Codman farm, where 'tis said Emerson, Alcott, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes were wont to wander on Sunday afternoons in the Brook Farm days. Close at hand, girdled with beautiful islands and dotted with white sails in summer, is Dorchester Bay, which the first settlers regarded as an ideal harbor location for the capital of New England.

This gravel pit, sidling up against the schoolhouse, early fascinated us, and year by year air castles took shape amid the historic scenes of early New England. A new structure was planned—a model print shop that might renew the publication of the *Boston News Letter*, the first newspaper printed in America, and make a permanent home for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

The land was purchased and the lot re-surveyed. With scarcely any "preconceived" or formulated architectural plans, the new home of the NATIONAL was begun, and the lines of the building were made to fit snugly the lines of the rear end of the lot.

There was no formal laying of the cornerstone—the dirt began to move on the lines laid out at the rear of the lot, and the size of the building was determined by the land available.

* * *

The first shovel of earth had not been moved when each department began to draw up comprehensive plans for its quarters "when we move in the new building." That idea formed the date from which all things were decided.

All sorts of floor settings were discussed, and an aggregation of all departments began a lively skirmish. Fortunately we had a genial and good-natured contractor, Mr. W. F. Kearns, who never demurred though fourteen different plans for the same space were projected at him the same day. He had erected the buildings for the Walter Baker Co. plant at Milton nearby, and the sumptuous home of the Brasscrafters in classic Cambridge. A great ball park also was constructed under his experienced eye. Without any more preliminary than saying "Good-morning, where do you want to build?" he set his men to work, and before interior plans were entirely completed the basement lines rose like a fortress, with half windows providing plenty of light for the "hold" of the building craft. The front of the land facing on Dorchester Avenue was to be preserved for a park. First there was suggested a "Sunken Garden," something classic like that of the Christian Science Mother Church in Boston, but somehow the ground did not sink enough, so a graceful brick walk was made, flanked on either side by border stones found on the premises.

There were dreams of having a little Norman tower around the tank of the power house to make the picture complete, some day, converting the power house into a little chapel, a pretty architectural pun for the Chapple Press.

The Chapple Four:—From a flashlight picture taken the night of the house-warming

The old billboards hedging in the land were swept away at last, and in their place an old-fashioned picket fence was constructed. Flower beds were mapped out, to be planted in the early spring.

When the threshold of our front door was being laid the Associated Advertising Clubs of America convened in Boston, and a delegation of several hundred "ad men" from nearly every state and section of the country gathered on the spot while a brass band played and everyone sang

"America." The threshold was fresh with new mortar when the editor mounted and on new-laid bricks made a "stump speech." How the people did sing "Auld Lang Syne," page 178 of HEART SONGS, and how interested they seemed as the bricks rose under the deft hands of the masons, who stopped only a few moments for the spontaneous ceremonies which closed with a brass band leading, while five hundred voices sang the National hymn. And so the building was raised.

The corner allotted to the Editor, where Ben Franklin always keeps him company and never talks back

* * *

Well, I suppose all structures are interesting to their builders, but buildings looked different to us then, as babies seem different when they come into your own home. Friends came from far and near to give advice. Many valuable suggestions were offered. They came from the Pacific Coast, from Chicago and from the South, so we feel that the construction of the NATIONAL's new home is really a work of national scope. The saw-tooth roof of the press-room was suggested from Chicago; the Fenestra sash—those striking eighteen foot Fenestra windows—came from Detroit. The massive timbers came from the Southland, the maple flooring from Vermont, and the Atlas cement—which is being used in the great Gatun locks at Panama—came from Pennsylvania, and made a rock-ribbed foundation that suggested a fortification of Uncle Sam rushed through on a belated appropriation.

The extensive basement, in reality a sub-basement, was an afterthought. Located upon a solid floor of re-inforced concrete the pressroom backed into the hillside, with the sill of the windows just touching the ground above. Warm and protected, light and airy, with seven massive sawtooth roof lights, giving the north light which is the envy of an artist—

for in color work the light must be north so as not to throw a shadow—that press-room reached and surpassed the press-room of our dreams. It was as softly lighted as a Parisian atelier.

A great aperture in the side of the building adjoining the old plant had been left unbricked, and through this the mammoth presses were moved in without the aid of a single horse. Ever since the first Miehle presses came from Chicago, Messrs. Youlden, Smith & Hopkins had done the teaming, and there was a satisfaction in assigning to them a job of this kind.

When the problem came of moving the great plant and moving it without a horse from one building to the other with derricks and pulleys, the Youlden people knew just how to do it. When a mammoth new press arrives, there is no more trouble in getting it in place than in handling a package of dry goods, simply because, as in other matters, they know just how. There was careful planning to see that each one of the great presses had a proper location for the handling of products as they traveled from manuscript to mail-bag. Things seemed to "fit" nicely, and without the cessation of work for even one hour, in moving the several hundred tons of material belonging to the various departments from one building to the other, the two plants were kept in operation at the same time.

One of the first visitors, who had been in printing offices in all parts of the world, pronounced it "the model press-room of America," and no later observer has gainsaid that statement, because that press-room just fits the purpose for which it was intended.

A glimpse of the Editorial Office, where a statue of Longfellow stands guard, while the lines of the spirit of "Excelsior" ring out as an office motto

An amazing amount of material turned up when moving commenced. What memories were awakened when we went over the old NATIONAL files and cuts, before they were snugly stowed away in apple-pie order in the new basement. There was the "morgue"—that place where old cuts are "buried" after use, ready to be called out again like a volunteer fireman, on emergency, at a moment's notice, or "resurrected" without the formality of Gabriel's horn.

The really exhilarating times occurred when the different departments began staking out their "claims" and requirements. It suggested a stampede for farms on an Indian reservation, or the days when the "sooners" rushed to Oklahoma. "Smithy" of the composing room was singularly quiescent, and with unusual patience submitted to being bundled about on nearly every floor of the building. But hold—"Foxy Grandpa" was only biding his time—he landed at the southwest corner of the second floor, the ideal sun spot of the building.

Hollyday was on the job downstairs, at first content with modest proportions for his press-room. But somehow that concrete floor extended until boundary was pushed twenty-five feet to the west, into the "Venezuela" district, encroaching on the bindery. Hollyday watched his moving corps early and late and made the process one continuous "Holiday" or Christmas "hollyday" whichever way you want it.

Not to be outdone, Laura, of the bindery, with a woman's intuition, made a flank movement and captured both sides on the lower floor front, routing the editors, whose upward flight landed them on the second story.

Then arose the debated question of the location of the elevator shaft. No one seemed to want it in his quarters; the different departments seemed to be in the plot. The first thing the editor knew, he found his private editorial sanctum "abutted and adjoined," to use a real estate phrase, on the elevator shaft.

Believing still in Pilgrim's Progress, the circulation manager was the first to land with his forces on the top story. Before anyone was aware that the floor was laid, he was at work in the southwest corner. He had picked out a spot where there was light and plenty of room to take care of the boys on the News-Letter, and where, looking out into the schoolyard next door for inspiration and for real verisimilitude of boy life, he could write pensive letters.

A corner of the Library, showing, perched over the door, the Alaskan eagle sent in by a subscriber

Quiet and dignified, saying little and making no claims, Mr. Dowd first captured the prize vault on the lower floor for his books, passed the second floor, and established his desk in the snug southeast corner of the third. The books, he announced quietly, but firmly, should be handled from downstairs, as they bring in real money.

And so all the choice vault space was

pre-empted, and when the editor arrived on the scene he found nothing left but the little old safe, a memory of other days, in which to keep his writings over night.

The business office got around on time to secure a choice quarter section. Where to cage the bookkeeper was the next question. The remaining floor space was carefully inspected, and finally snug quarters were discovered near the vault and outside the editor's sanctum. It was not far from the door, and the revenue can be carted in and out quite as conveniently as at a United States mint.

The shipping room required storage basement for about seven carloads of paper, and while no one was watching, Tom Quinn and Quigley farmed out a location and took possession—first floor front—for two carloads of emergency stock.

Butler, who could not go up just where he wanted, was not to be outdone; he put his folding machines on stilts and thus got "above" just the same, with his trim machines fluttering out sheets in a flood of sunlight. When the Christiansen stitchers arrived he demanded a right of way clear across the first floor with his traveling covers.

The last to find quarters was the weary editor. He arrived home just after the moving was all done and solved the problem of getting established in a secluded spot by utilizing the leaded glass partition, a choice inheritance of early days. It didn't seem to fit anywhere and no one seemed to want it. During the absence of the editor it had been borne down to the basement. At his earnest suggestion it was brought forth again, and gayly flung across the north end of the second floor. The editor was later informed that both corners were "spoken for," and found himself stationed in the middle, due north, with doors leading in and out to all points of the compass.

Beyond him to the east is Hutchins, with his array of art studies. Here,

A corner in the editorial room where accepted manuscripts are filed away of an afternoon, the art staff are wont to gather and pay homage to one another, as in the salons of the old world. This corner among the statuary and drawings is called the "art mosque" of the institution. No talking above a whisper here, and as one enters the sacred portals of this Art Department and enjoys the Bohemian environment—spattered paints on the palette and the creaking of easels, with an entire absence of fish-nets—he feels truly impressed with the marvels of art.

The spot that will be of most interest to contributors is the opposite corner—the northwest extremity, to be exact. Here the manuscripts are preserved, and here the final "O.K." is said before the typewritten sheets go out to be set for the presses. The editor was away when the furnishings for this corner were moved in, but he was told that the equipment first considered was a waste basket three feet in diameter. And when he asked innocently if this were the receptacle for the spring crop of poems, "No," he was promptly answered, and was informed that here would be consigned his random writings that no one has ever been able to translate completely.

* * *

One enters the building now through doors that are made with plate glass panels. Of course the orginal plate glass is not now doing service. Antoni, the Italian hustler, felt that there could be no luck in a building which had not been properly christened by breaking the front door panes and he did the job thoroughly by shattering both sides.

Where the Bookkeeping Department, with the Burroughes Adding Machine, holds forth. You cannot keep a business house these days without an adding machine

Beyond this imposing portal there are stairs, and an "easy ascent," as the architects say, brings one to a landing. The door to the left opens into the composing room. The visitor who by mistake wanders inside is mutely directed to the opposite entrance, for the double-cross proofreading does not permit of much interruption. Inside the "right" door the telephone fountain—the "information" desk—first greets the view. Here there is "Hello" and "Hold the line, please," with the lights winking and blinking as the branch exchange is kept buzzing.

Just move into a building that is not quite completed, and try to work while the hammers and saws are pounding away. Mr. Ed. Philbrook, the man who is directly responsible for the splendid work shown in the building, superintended the finishing touches. Nothing escaped his vigilant eye, and he was in constant demand.

The great vault, built on a foundation adequate to sustain five stories more if necessary, and with a supporting capacity of a thirty-five thousand gallon tank filled with water, indicates something of the rugged proportions of this print-shop. A print-shop it is, nothing more nor less, although it has in it the elements of a home. It is warm, it is big, it is fairly ablaze with sunlight in every corner at all hours of the day, and is thoroughly illuminated with soft lights in the evening. Manufacturers are today beginning to realize the absolute necessity of providing comfortable, cheerful surroundings for their force of workers. Thus in our new plant the proof boy insists that he would rather be at the office than home "sick" or at a ball game. "Honest, it's more fun," he declares. And how the busy hours sweep by, and what an inspiration it is to see the workers look up with surprise as the noon whistle blows, and express their amazement that the morning has passed so quickly. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the one thing in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office is light—light and more light, as light as open air itself.

Only a group of desks over which thousands of letters and subscriptions pass every day—the Paul Revere statue in the background gives a suggestion of the pace at which work is handled with the Columbia Dictaphone and the typewriters

* * *

The day of the housewarming will always remain a life inspiration. There was a glow in that greeting of friends which had all the neighborliness of those frontier gatherings, where friend helped friend in making his home out of hewn logs or sod.

It was the celebration of the editor's wedding anniversary, and while the carpenters were still hammering away at the floors, the bridal couple entered to that music: instead of "Lohengrin" it was a sort of "Anvil and Hammer Chorus."

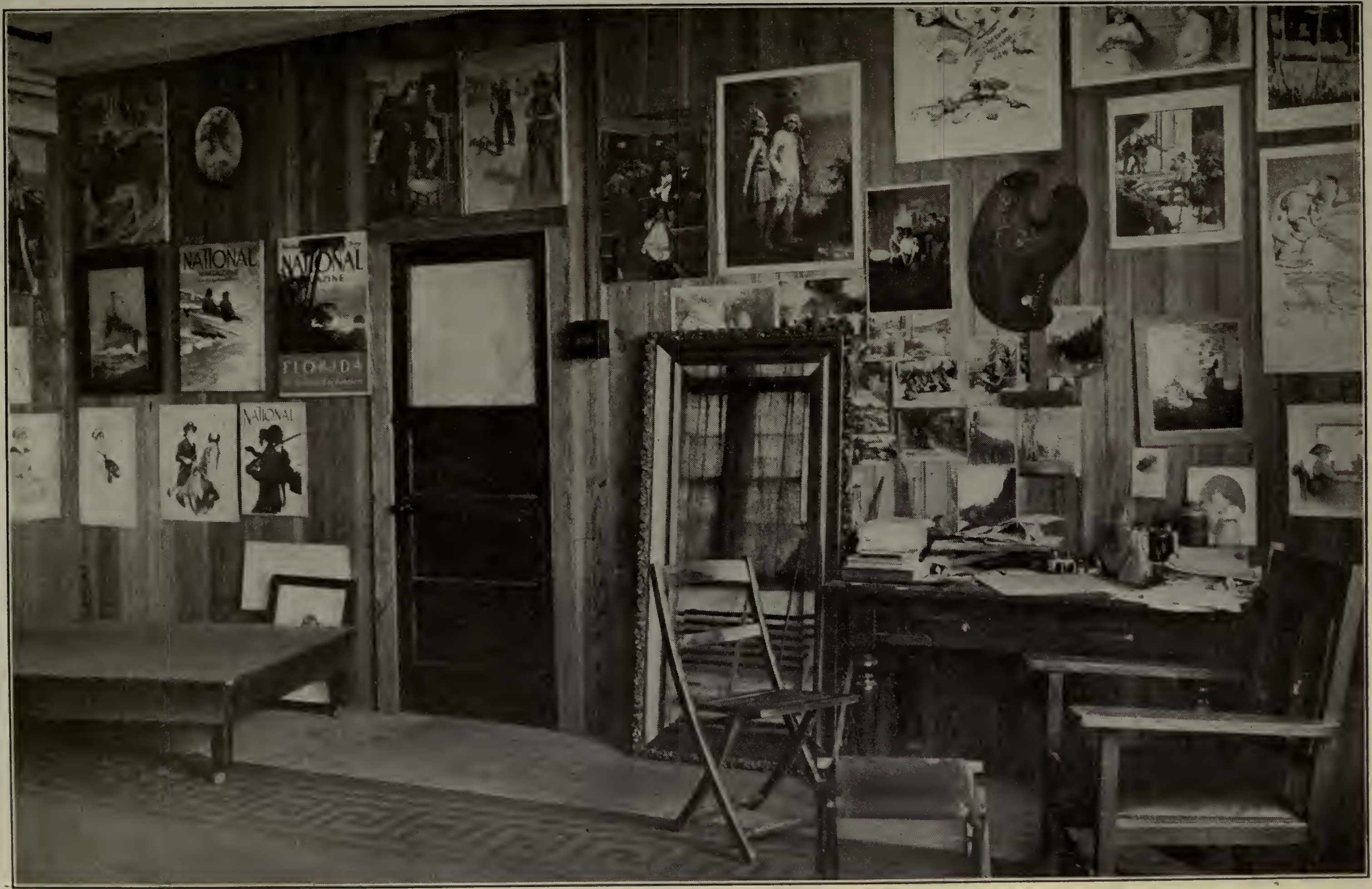
Under the deft leadership of the friends who had it in charge, the building had been decorated. "WELCOME" hung over the door. Red chiffon paper from

Dennison's draped the posts and Lamprell & Marble drew heavily on their stock of new bunting to give the NATIONAL office a patriotic glow from basement to roof, inside and out.

Of course Newman Brothers the florists were there, and the floral display was hung in Newman's own best way. The hundred stately palms from a neighbor's greenhouse made it look like a scene in the tropics. The boxes kept coming and coming—I don't expect to have as many flowers at my funeral. How inspiring it seemed in the glow of those bursts of chrysanthemums, and how beautiful were those roses and carnations—those same pink carnations which McKinley loved, and which always bring fresh thoughts of him. Rugs had been brought from the homes of friends, and there were vases, too, and chairs and tables, until the printing plant was transformed.

The caterer was telephoned to, and Mr. H. J. Seiler understood the rest. The bill-of-fare was decided over the wire and the guests were provided that night with a dainty repast, just because Seiler knows how to do it. There was no more confusion than if he were calling to leave a package. He had everything arranged and with trained help took the entire responsibility, and when the great

Where Fairweather, the artist, touches up the photographs with his brush and pen, and has a corner with a "north light"


NATIONAL
NATIONAL
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NATIONAL

The Studio where the artists assemble and keep brushes busy. The platform is for models who pose for illustrations. The mirror is used when an artist wishes to reverse his picture, getting a new view and distance. The large collection of original drawings are in themselves a most interesting art exhibit long tables loomed up with salads, cold meats, delicious rolls, cakes, ices and appetizing coffee, he promptly won the admiration and appreciation of hosts and guests alike. The refreshments came in a sort of caravan, tables spread and dishes provided as quietly and easily as if it were a simple afternoon tea at home. After the festivity was over and the lights extinguished, Seiler had folded his tablecloth and napkins and, like the fabled Arab, silently stole away.

A corner of the Studio, showing where the drawings are stowed away. Notice everywhere the trim border of the Oshkosh Deltox grass matting with its suggestion of the Swastika cross

The guests began to arrive early in the afternoon and the presses, gay with flags, kept going to show how they worked.

Just as the whistle sounded the delegation of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE workers came as it were "from labor to refreshment," with healthy, happy faces aglow with greetings. Never again do I expect to see a gathering which will impress me more than when the "home folks" arrived that afternoon.

The pleasure and sweetness of those few hours can never be forgotten. Old friends and old faces not seen for years gathered around us on that happy occasion. Dr. L. O. Emerson, ninety-three years old, came from Hyde Park to be with us, and later in the evening he sang "Afloat" in that clear, ringing voice which has been heard at musical gatherings fifty—yes, sixty, seventy, nearly eighty years past.

Dr. Loring W. Puffer of Brockton, now approaching ninety, was also there. It would require many pages to give the list of the dear old friends who honored us with their presence.

During the afternoon the visitors passed through the great press-room, where the immense cylinders of the new Cottrell had just been "raised." Everyone stopped to look at this wonder of modern machinery—the latest press, which will print two hundred thousand copies of the NEWS-LETTER a day in two colors, all folded and opened and ready for shipment. Then there was "Jumbo," the old Cottrell rotary, which seemed to gleam with pride and was not at all jealous of the new arrival. The row of Miehles were busy whirring, two of them made into two color machines by the use of the Upham attachment and all equipped with either a Cross or a Dexter automatic feeder. The tiny flags were flying from the deliveries, and the boys with white caps, as a young visitor said, looked as if they had come from a baseball game. The Dexter folders, the Boston stitchers and the Siebold cutters trimming the magazines all suggested a battle in progress, and yet when one stopped to listen it seemed that every sound blended into one symphony of industry. The friends inspected this display, the "battery" of the establishment, and a little souvenir of the occasion was handed them at the door.

On that day and date came a sheaf of congratulatory telegrams from friends in every state and territory from the President at Washington down to the friend in the most isolated section of the Canadian Northwest. They are all put away in the archives and prized more highly than any bonds or security that may accrue, for after all they represent what is more dear to the human heart than any material success—the good will of one's fellow-beings.

In the reception room, former Governor John L. Bates, who as chief executive of the Commonwealth had been present at the christening of the old office, made an address recalling the early days. Nathan Haskell Dole, the poet, also responded in his usual felicitous way. Dr. George L. Cady of the Pilgrim Church had a word of congratulation. There was present, too, an old friend, aye a poet, who radiates sunshine in everything he writes, and who reflects optimism and buoyant youth in every act and deed. He was called upon to address the gathering. "It makes me think of an incident," said Mr. Nixon Waterman as he took the floor, "of a gentleman at a gathering where I was to read. When it was time for the reading, he came to me and said, 'Mr. Waterman, the time has arrived when you should begin your reading, but the people seem to be having a real good time. Now do you think you had better begin or shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer?' I think you should let the people have gone on and enjoyed themselves a little while longer." With this witticism Mr. Waterman launched a delightful talk of his acquaintance with the NATIONAL.

It was just a spontaneous affair—there was no program, not even a rostrum, and later in that circle of friends, the four Chapple boys for a moment stood side by side as they had worked together, and in acknowledgment, each briefly expressed his sincere appreciation of the good wishes so freely expressed.

In four large vaults are stored "Heart Throbs," "Heart Songs," "Happy Habit," "The Minor Chord," and all the "Books the People Built"

The perfect tribute of the evening was the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple of a veritable "Heart Throbs" book, appropriately bound in silver, containing a "heart throb" from each individual member of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE force, in his or her own handwriting, even including Daffodil, the new office boy.

If there is any one thing that appropriately represents the spirit of the Chapple Publishing Company, it is the

"Heart Throbs" book, which is now scattered far and wide in every nook and corner of the world, wherever the English tongue is read, and this gift of the NATIONAL'S co-workers touched a chord that can never cease to vibrate in appreciation.

Then there were more speeches. When the time came, Smithy's wife nudged him, and although it was hard for him to summon the courage, he came forward and responded to the toast as veteran of the force. He forgot what he intended to say in presenting that silver set, but every one in the NATIONAL plant knows he is a man of acts rather than of words, and oratory was unnecessary.

In the latter part of the evening—it could not be resisted longer—the editor broke away from the regular reception and found over across the hall that the new maple floors were having their initiation at the hands of the dancers. It was a pretty sight to watch the young people gracefully gliding to the orchestra accompaniment, and the old folks found nearly as much pleasure in "looking on."

The closing hours were spent gathered about the "round table," thirty-five feet in circumference, on which were piled high the various "books the people built." The orchestra was softly playing when someone picked up a HEART SONGS book, and soon everyone was singing. What an inspiration it was to hear McGraw as he pealed forth the tender strains of that beautiful song, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," in a voice that we feel should some day be heard on the operatic stage.

Although there were gathered at this informal housewarming, individuals ranging in age from two to ninety-two—nearly the span of a century—the occasion reflected the spirit of youth in all its hope and promise, and although a quarter of a century has passed since the golden moment that linked together the destiny of two lives, since the home was established with a printing office as part of the household effects, yet the bride and groom of twenty-five years ago still feel young.

The merry-making continued until after a few warning blinks the lights went out. Even then the radiance through the Fenestra sash from the street lights made it seem just right for a twilight chat.

The old Washington Hand Press, such as Benjamin Franklin used, which is still unexcelled for proofs of half-tone cuts

* * *

THE remark is often made that the Chapple Press building is better known than some million dollar skyscrapers. This is because it is a building wherein the greatest possible efficiency is secured from every dollar expended—and we shout about it. The person who is building seeks information from others—we did. He also wants to know just where and how and why the various materials were obtained in erecting other buildings. One who is building for the first time knows of the many weeks spent in "looking about." It has been suggested by several intending to build who have visited the plant that this information be given in succinct form.

The construction of our new building

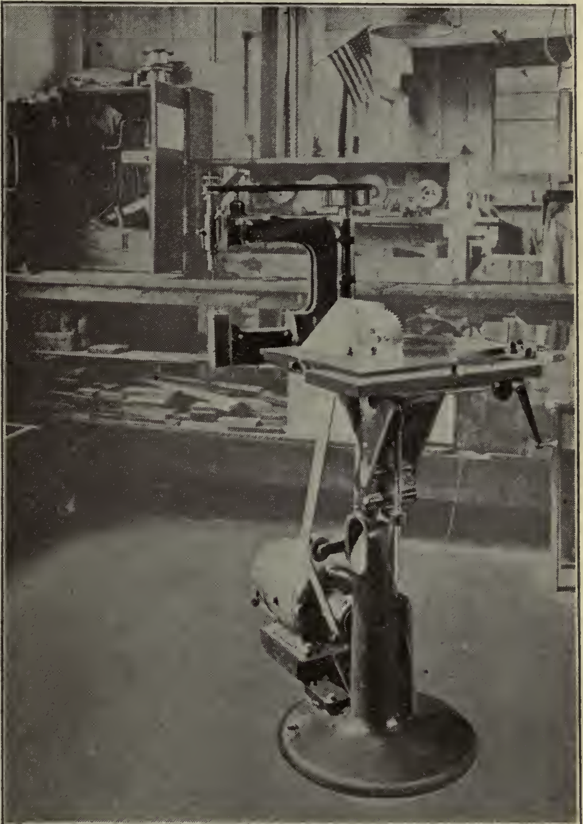
A portion of the Composing Room—where compositors work on sunny "banks" and are never "out of sorts." The imposing stones are a safe distance from the morgue, and here swear words are the only ones never used, because the magic movable types speak nearly all languages. Decreed by the printcraft the ideal Composing Room

Circulation Department of the National Magazine was begun with the purchase of shovels and picks. They had to be provided before the foundation could be dug and the question was, "Who handles shovels and picks?" The name of the Dyar Supply Company was handed in, and in record time the shovels and picks were ready and the foundation begun. Then followed a demand for crowbars and hammers, and somebody came along who said that he bought his of Perrin, Seamans & Co., who supplied crowbars and hammers forthwith.

When we determined on concrete work we thought of Atlas Cement, and that meant Waldo Brothers in Boston. Then came the question of lumber. Massive timbers were needed, such as would meet all requirements and make as low a risk in insurance as possible. The name of George McQuesten Company now came to us as to thousands of previous purchasers. The order was placed over the telephone, and the lumber shipped on the boats from the mills in the south direct to Boston. It all arrived on time, and not a stick or splinter of timber was wasted from ship to building. The McQuesten Lumber Company is one of the oldest lumber firms in Boston, and for years has had brought to its docks and wharves dimension stuff and lumber for many large buildings. Many of the old-time difficulties in building have been eliminated. Today it is simply a question of finding out what is wanted, and the order is immediately delivered from the yards. Much of the heavy stuff in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE building came direct from the mills in the South and obviated an expense of at least one transfer from yards to the boat.

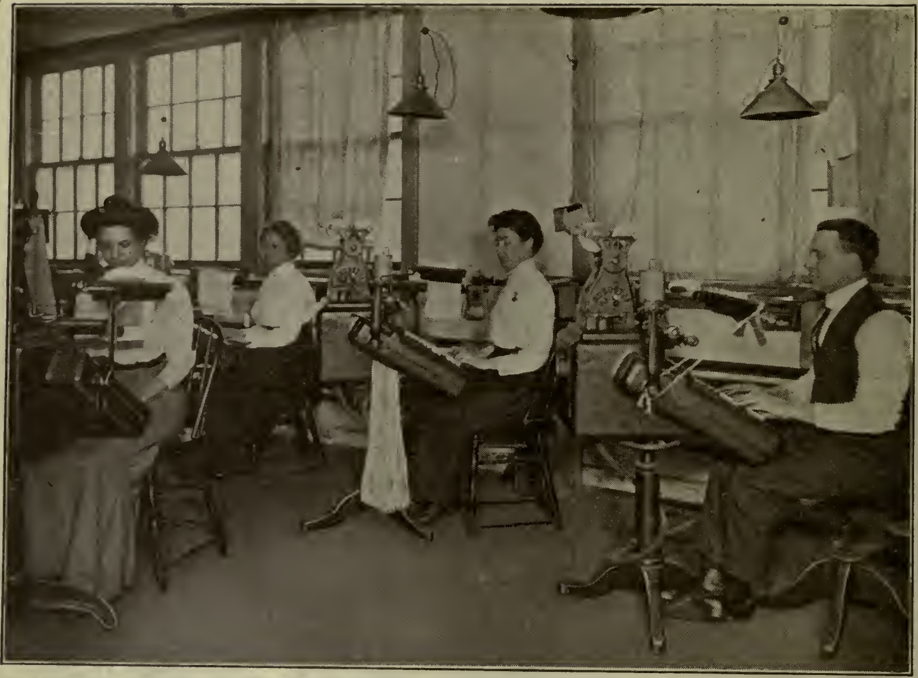
Mr. Wendell Brown, the manager of this company, has long been prominent in the lumber trade, and if there is anything he does not know in reference to lumber requirements, it has not been discovered by any of the customers who find it a pleasure to deal with him year after year as the new buildings come and the old buildings go in the re-making of Boston town and the factories in other towns throughout New England.

When iron columns were needed the New England Structural Company had the steel beams ready for position and the same firm furnished the long rods for reinforcing concrete. It is really wonderful how these little threads of steel add to the solidity of the building.

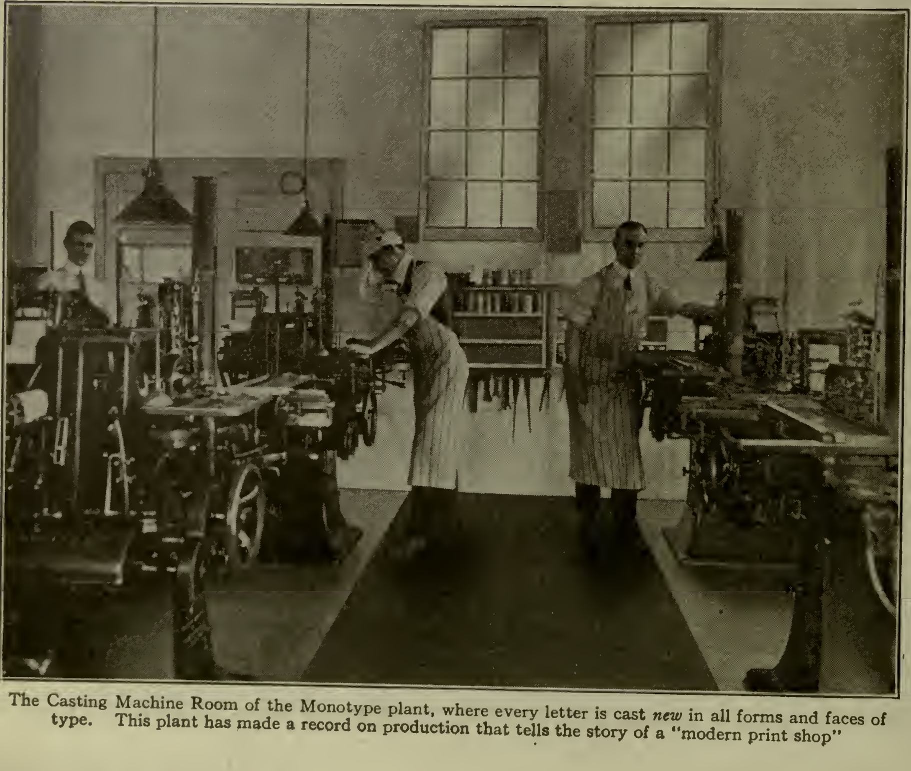


The Miller Saw-trimmer, one of the most profitable equipments in the Plant. It sings while it makes the dollars

Curious it is how in building, the list of firms from whom you buy materials becomes almost as extensive as a telephone directory. When the roofing was needed, the New England Metal Expansion Company proved to be the firm we wanted to



The Monotype Operators keep up the gatling gun fire as the manuscript is coined into spools of perforated paper later to be cast automatically. The Monotype output is the pride of the composing room



The Casting Machine Room of the Monotype plant, where every letter is cast *new* in all forms and faces of type. This plant has made a record on production that tells the story of a "modern print shop" get in touch with. How many different firms figure in the erection of an up-to-date building, and how little is known of them even by the owners, so thoroughly organized and systematic is building construction in these days.

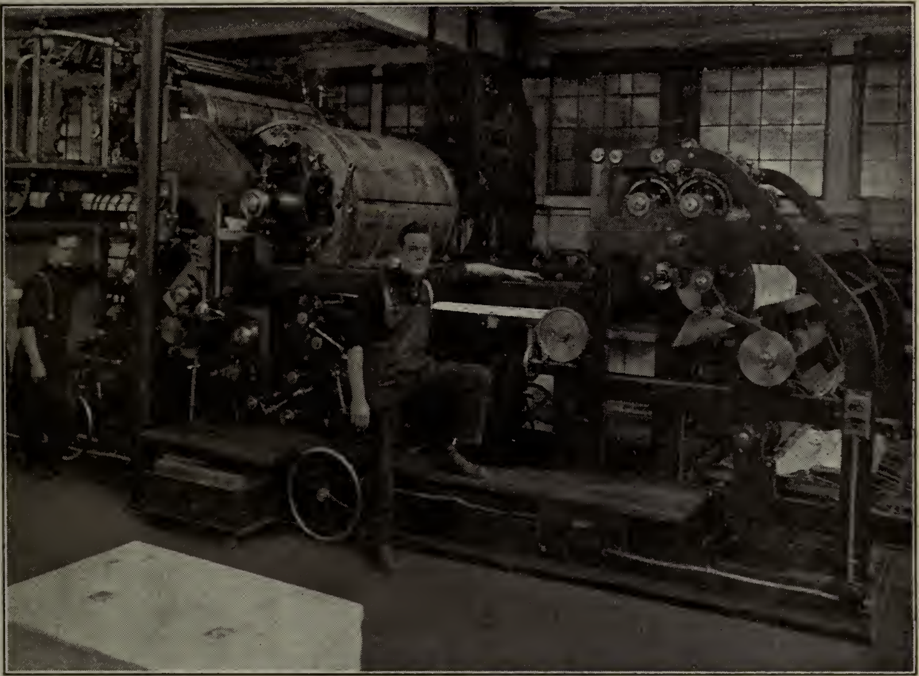
One could not think of buying gravel in or around greater Boston without remembering the Hugh Nawn Contracting Company. There were also the Croft Iron Works and the Ford Steel Column Company, whose hollow columns are filled with concrete. Although smaller than ordinary columns they have all the strength of Pompeian pillars, and scarcely a building is now constructed without a contract with the Concrete and Expanded Metal Construction Company.

Building hardware brings up the Boston firm of J. B. Hunter & Co., who are located on that circle in Summer Street, famous in history as the Boston home of the great Daniel Webster. We give the location because when hardware is wanted it must be supplied at once, to keep the men busy. Right across the street from the plant W. J. Troy, the hardware man, furnished promptly the sundries needed and for a long time Mr. Troy's force worked like Trojans at the siege of Troy to see that nothing was lacking.

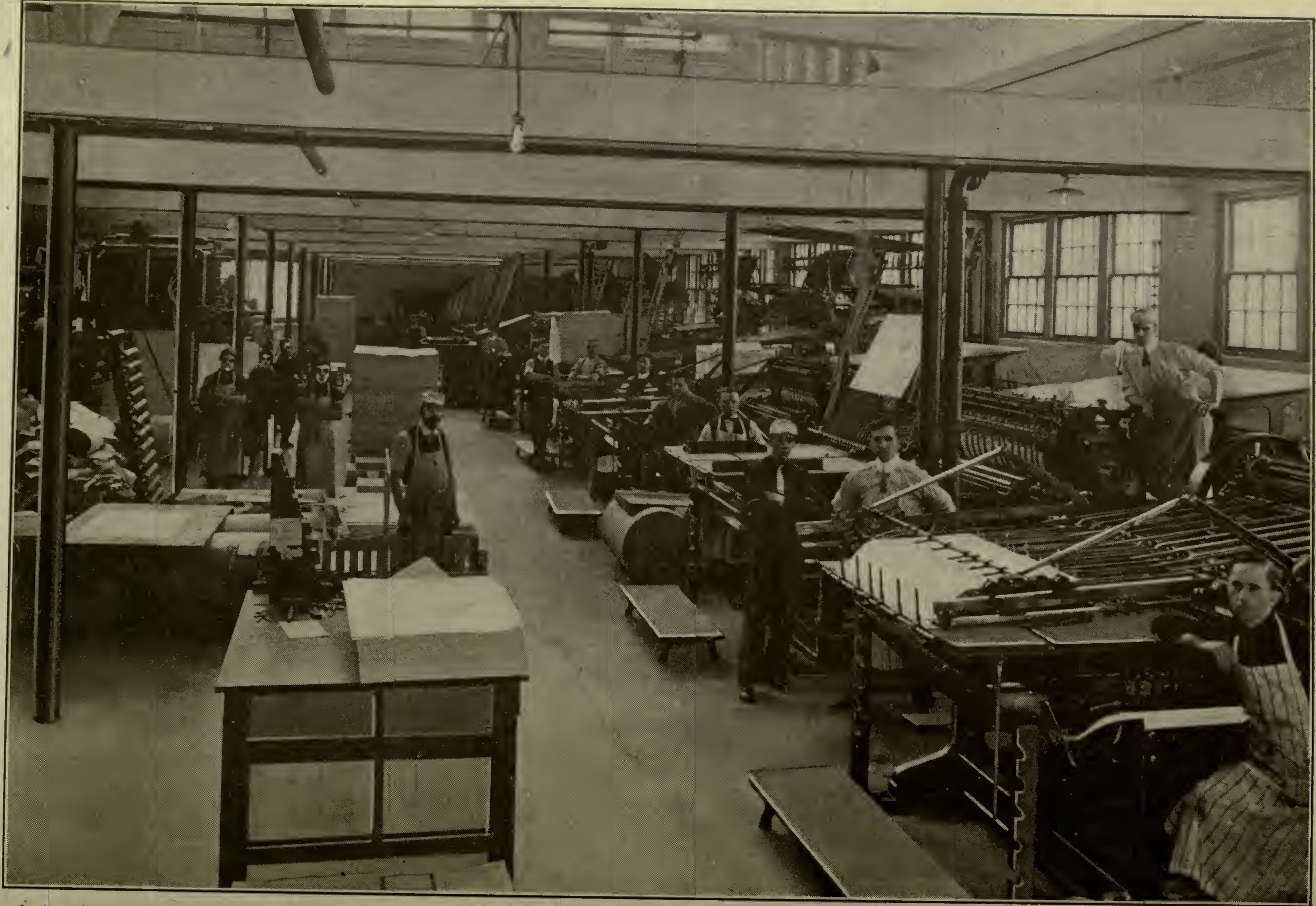
There were no irritating delays. The contractors followed the building plans, utilizing every economy in material and construction, and if Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, in his contemplation of saving millions of dollars a day for railroads, had been around he would understand what might be saved on a building when there is loyal co-operation between all who are interested in the structure.

The business section of Boston is practically rebuilt every ten years, as Messrs. Elston & Swift know by experience, and when we needed vault doors for four-story vaults, the second-hand doors from a "deconstructed" building over town armed and gave our vaults the appearance of a National Bank.

The roof question was discussed very

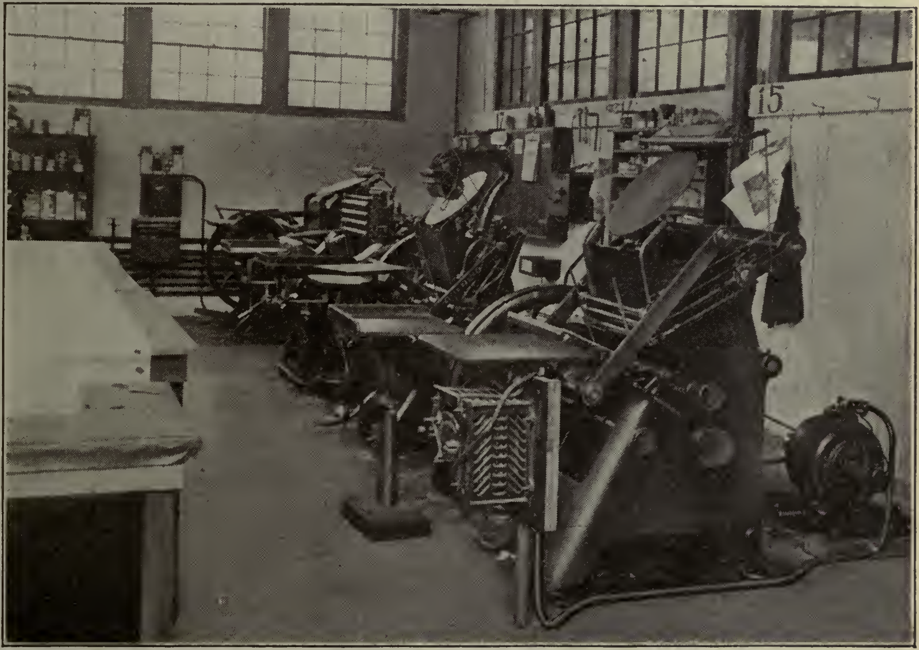


The new Cottrell Two-color Perfecting Press with a capacity of printing and folding a million News-Letters every week, in two colors. Pronounced one of the greatest triumphs in press building in modern times. The press was built especially for printing of the News-Letter, at the C. B. Cottrell & Sons factory, Westerly, Rhode Island



A view of a portion of the great Press Room, where only the north light craved by artists and printers prevails. From nine large saw-tooth transoms the Press Room is flooded with the north light in which it is impossible to cast a shadow. Here some of the best color printing in the country is done seriously. Even a roof garden was considered, but when the E. Van Noorden Company came along with their proposition on roofing, there was nothing more to be said; because they simply guaranteed to keep out the water, and that is what a roof is for. The example of the "Arkansas Traveler" was remembered, and when the Van Noorden roofs were finished we awaited the next deluge with confidence.

The wood casings from George W. Macauley were casings that encased. Mr. Macauley said they would do it, and that was the end of it. The winter winds proved how well they fit and that is what window casings are made for.



The battery of Platen Presses for printing small work. Here is the Golding, the imperial "Victoria Press," from Germany, and the Prouty and Gordon. Advertising matter and all kinds of job printing and fine embossing is done here under Merle's magic eye

Our metal windows for the great roof came from T. J. Flynn Sons Company, and they fitted like the parts of a watch, air-proof and dust-proof and yet equipped for furnishing ventilation. They are so complete and perfect that not a smell of ink is discernible in the press-room.

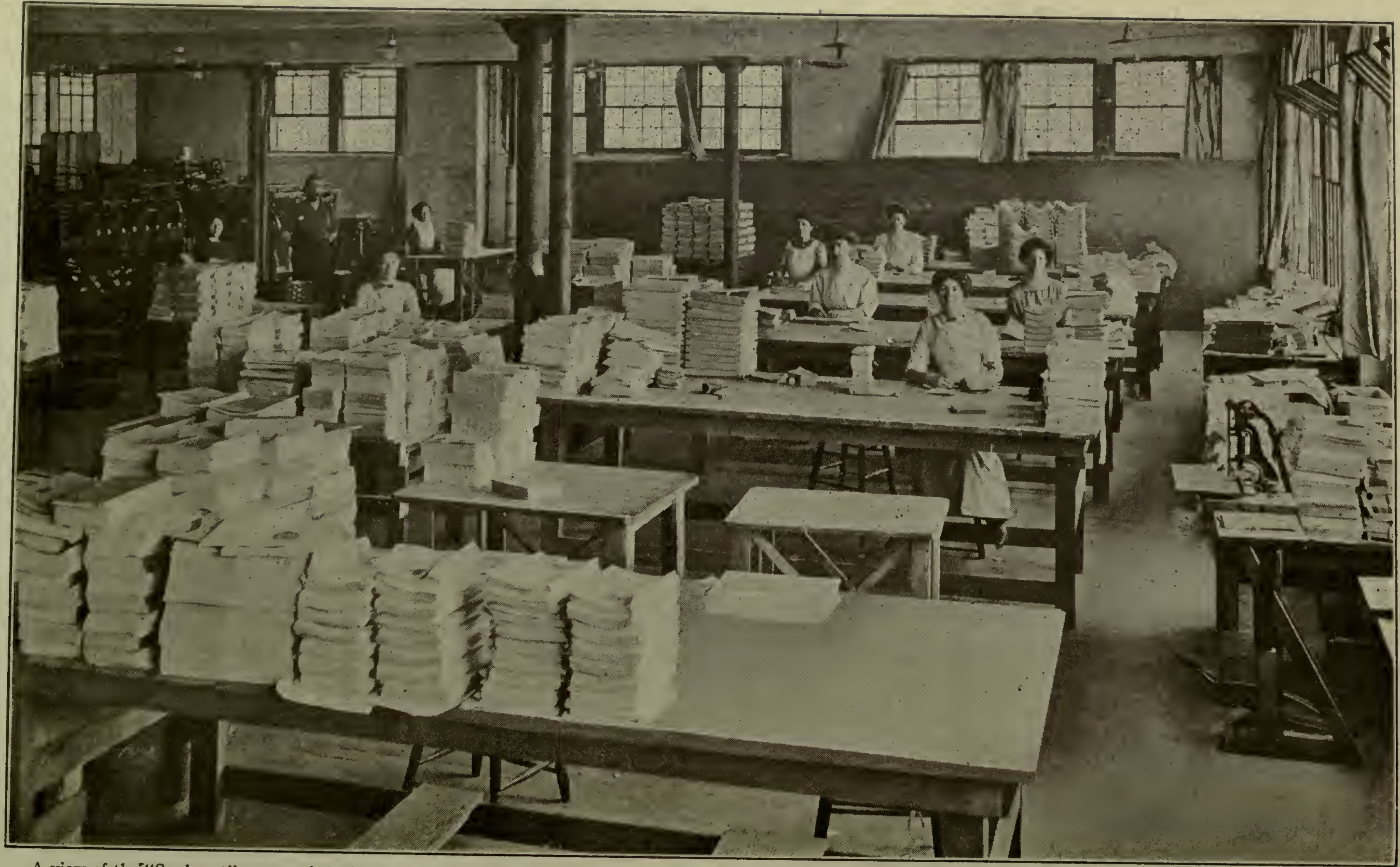
From W. Bowman Cutter we obtained our putty and oil. When the question came up Mr. Cutter said that this was the right putty and the right oil, and we had indeed putty that puttied and oil that oiled.

The glazing and glass was furnished by W. N. Wells, and it is just as important to have the proper glazing and proper glass as it is to have a proper building.

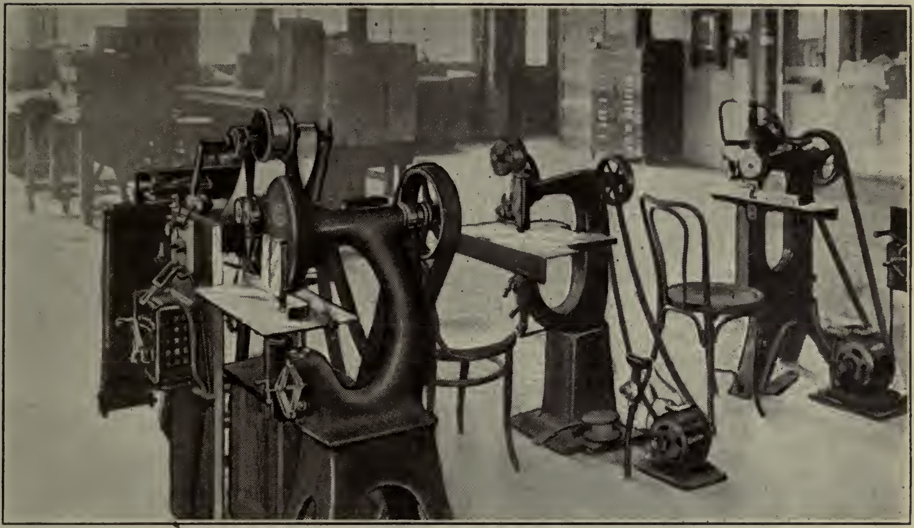
Window-frames are a special and most important consideration in the planning of a modern workshop. Our window-frames were built by Thomas J. Johnson & Co., for those who had used their products said they were just like good clothing, "just fit," and they have made good ever since.

We needed glass—strong, light-radiating and semi-transparent—and all over the country little pasters on the glass advertise the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. A window glass so generally well-known and standardized leaves one no choice but to order, for there are few firms more reliable than the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

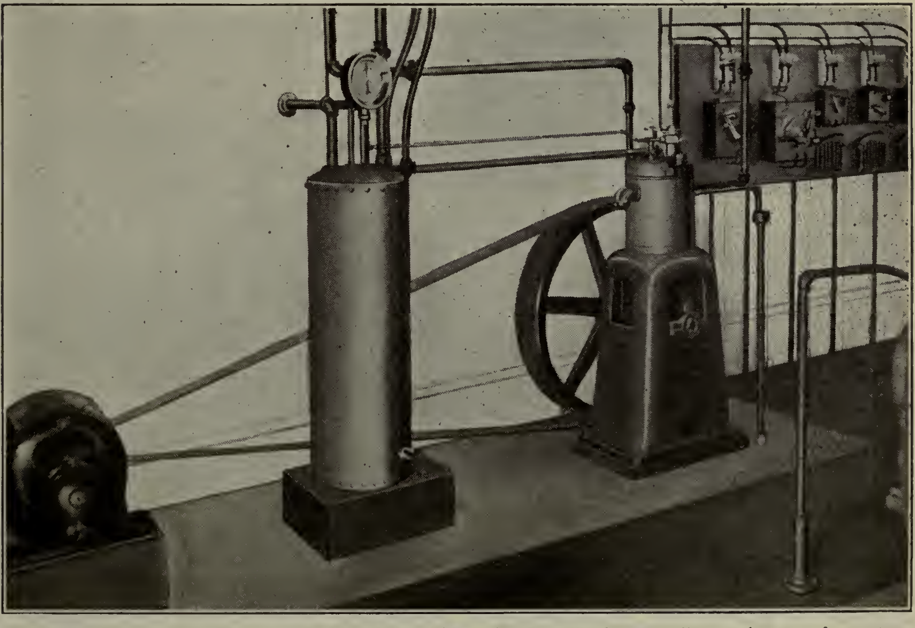
You can hardly conceive of a building nowadays without plastering, and the



A view of the "Sunburst" corner of the Bindery where "Blest be the Tie" is crystalized into products. The barricade of magazines in front was removed to give the camera a chance, showing some of the girls on duty from the noon-day relay



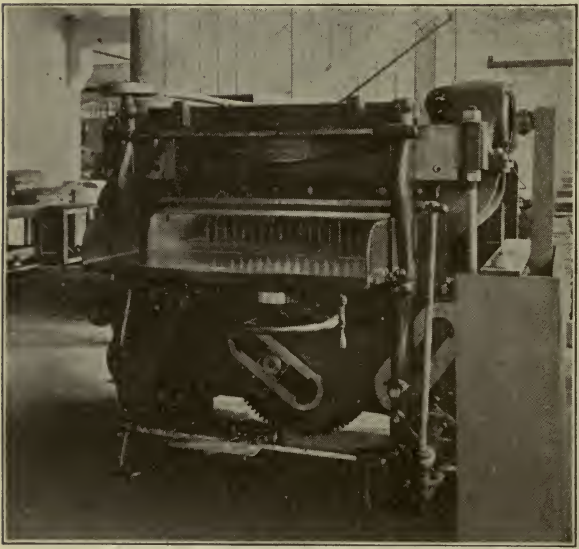
A scene in the centre of the Chapple Press bindery, showing the line up of our battery of single stitchers. The first one is a Morrison, for heavy work, and it will drive a staple through almost anything but solid steel; the second stitcher is a New Jersey, used for light work only; and the third is a Boston, a general utility machine for either light, medium or heavy work. The Boston is the same make machine as is used on the Christiansen gang machine shown in another picture



The compressed air plant and one end of the electrical switch board used in controlling our battery of monotype machines and keyboards. It is not "hot" air but "hard" air the monotype machines use plaster that won't come off is furnished by D. F. Donovan & Co., not far away in "Dorchester town." They did the plastering so well that there is not a crack or crevice in the first year that has passed.

Crushed stone was called for, and the inspector insisted that only the best should be used. The Bleiler Contracting Company furnished supplies promptly, and the material drew its cleanliness and solidity from the famous granite quarries at Quincy.

For sand, real sand that sticks and sand that stays, we consulted J. R. Worcester & Co. This concern brought the sand from pits that had been thoroughly tested, and the builders declared that none better could have been purchased.



The Twentieth Century Seybold Paper Cutter that trims thousands of books and magazines every day snug as a clipper ship. The Seybold Cutting Machinery is the standard

When it came to beams—and where is there a building built nowadays without a beam?—the New England Structural Company was first on the list. If you have begun work on a building, you become fascinated with details entering into construction, and you feel like passing the beam within your own eye when you know it is a New England Structural beam, and it occupies a place before your eyes in the building under construction.

There is lumber and lumber, and when the invoices came from old Vermont through the E. D. Sawyer Lumber Company the flooring was already down for the day of the opening. The young people danced on the new floor, and there was not a splinter or crack to be seen. There is a satisfaction in knowing that you will get just what you pay for when you order of the E. D. Sawyer Lumber Company.

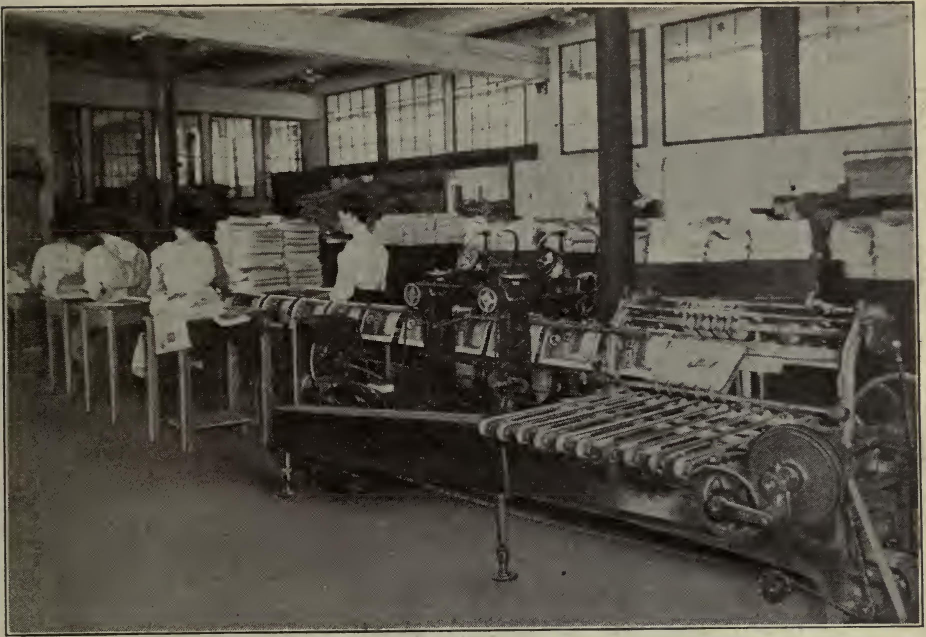
Blacker & Shepard generally manage to secure business somewhere or sometime whenever a building is to be constructed in or around Boston, because they seem to have what you want at the time you want it, as the old story of lumber service goes.

* * *

One thing too often forgotten during the construction of a new building is fire insurance, as there is always a likelihood of fire damage even before completion. While the building was in process of construction, Mr. P. A. Kearns came along one day and said that not one day should pass without insuring a new building after it had reached outline and form. He proceeded to secure an application.

The blue prints were not dry before there was a conference with the ubiquitous insurance men to see just what was necessary to secure the very lowest possible rate. Every detail of the building from basement to roof was constructed according to the strictest requirements of the underwriters. Some of the innovations seemed unnecessary, but as the work progressed the conviction was forced upon us that the fire underwriters understood how to protect a building against fire. The perfection of the NATIONAL building is to a large extent due to their rigid requirements.

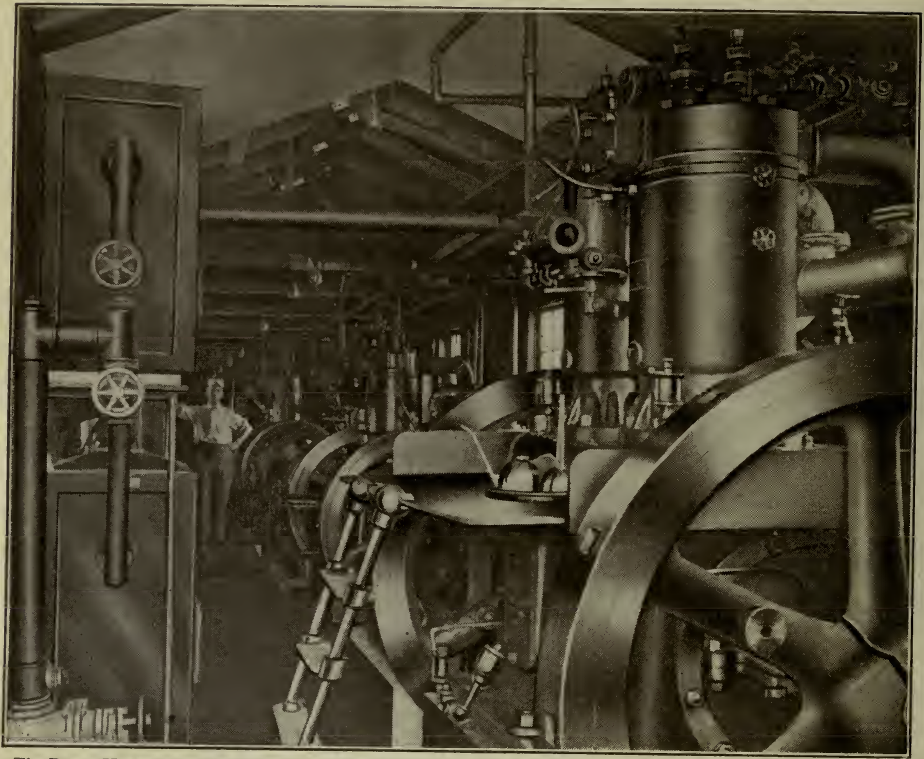
No sooner was the Rockwood Sprinkler System installed and the Eco Magneto watchman's clocks located, than there



The Christiansen Stitcher Feeder, an innovation in binding machinery that runs out the News-Letter in a steady stream of books—continuous and never ending. The two Boston Stitchers are the battery that "play ball" with the wire

was a feeling of security that nothing else was necessary, and the rate—aye, there's the rub! Insurance rates are not high if you join with the insurance company in eliminating the risk. The provisional rate on the building was one-tenth of what we were paying in an adjoining building not properly protected, and no sooner was our new rate named than our neighbor began to study "insurance baptism," otherwise

The Dexter Folders—quad and duplex—stand in martial array making packages out of the great sheets that find their way into the bound books or periodicals. When folding is mentioned Dexter is the last word



The Power House where the battalion of three large Bruce-Macbeth gas engines and Holtzer-Cabot and Crocker Wheeler generators furnish power—night and day, and all the illumination at night

known as the sprinkler system. Startling was the revelation that a well-constructed and thoroughly "sprinkled" building with heavy wooden timbers is given approximately the same rate as a concrete building.

Finally a policy was placed in that old, reliable, foundation stone company of the United States of America, The Hartford Fire Insurance Company. There was a bit of sentiment about this. Years ago this company had an agent in the West, and as the farmers and merchants took out their policies a little tin sign was hung with pride over the door of every insured building. Early home associations are lasting, and the young man, when grown up and in business, is likely to remember the old tin sign and to take out his policy in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. With a vigilance that justifies the low rate, every month or six weeks the underwriters provide for a test of the registers of the watchman's clock, and the sprinkler system, and when the bell goes off during the inspection, one would think that the building was on fire sure enough. There is a gong that would waken Gabriel himself, and the best of it is, that the system is automatic and furnishes its own alarm as well as fire protection. And fire protection should be the first and most important consideration in the construction of a new and model printing plant.

The lighting effect of the print shop suggests the Congressional Library. The young men from the Pettingill-Andrews Company of Boston brought to bear every new improvement in wiring the building, giving a well-distributed illumination. A few hours before that night of the opening they had scattered Tungsten lights over the building like magic. The Pettingill Andrews Company is one of the old Boston firms, whose prices and goods are as standard as exchanging a dollar for small change at the bank.

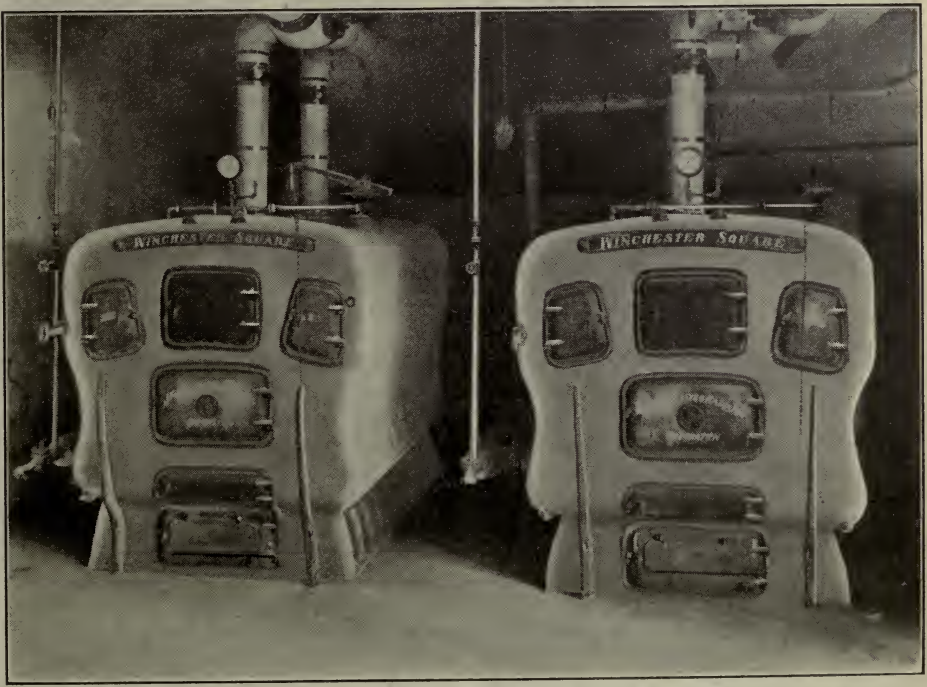
Yes, there are Winchester boilers and the equipment of the United States Radiator Company stands for the superlative. They live right up to the full significance of their name, United States. Many years ago we were convinced that Mr. W. H. Thayer knew as much as anyone on earth about the heating of a building, and Mr. Thayer's boilers were selected because they are just like him—they do just what is expected of them. The heating contract was in the hands of Messrs. Braman & Dow, one of the most widely known heating firms in New England, who installed the system with that dispatch and thoroughness that has been the basis of their large and steadily increasing business. This winter has been a test—no cold shivers in our new home.

The Standard Sanitary Company's products, advertised so widely, were used of course, for it was decided that the building must have all "modern" conveniences. Their product in our model home shows what a prominent part this company has played in up-to-date sanitary equipment.

Then there were screws and many screws, and of course they had to be good screws, so the telephone number of Dodge, Haley & Company was consulted, and the screws came and the screws remained and even a small screw in doing its work and holding its place has a dignity just as important as the sturdy iron columns.

Whether a building is new or old, at some time or other Liquid Veneer creeps in—you cannot keep house without it. It makes the desks shine up, makes the automobile look new, makes the piano glisten, and there you are. No wonder Liquid Veneer with its back-hand script type has made itself known as a familiar household word. Liquid Veneer is made in Buffalo, but goes to all parts of the world. It has become as necessary in keeping up an office plant as in the house, and a little Liquid Veneer makes the whole atmosphere seem different.

You who have wrestled with ash cans in the basement know what I mean when I say that the first equipment that came into our basement was the ash can. There are ash cans and ash cans, but there is only one Witt Can. It saves irritating annoyances and banishes the dread with which one tackles the ash barrel. It is not alto-



The Winchester Square Heating Plant:—Twin boilers, either one of which can heat the building to the required temperature even during the very coldest weather gether a poetic subject, but there is something practical and gratifying in knowing that around your basement the Witt Ash Can stands sentinel and more than fulfills the functions for which it is advertised. It will do almost everything except walk out to the dump-cart.

The walls were scarcely up before the white water-paint was secured from Portland, Maine. That paint soon gave the interior of the building the shipshape brightness of a sea-going craft. After a year it continues white, and it looks as if it is going to stay white for many more years. It is a paint that just "stays on the job," and that is what is wanted of white—to keep its color and defy the ravages of time.

THE NEW "NATIONAL" BUILDING

The scene at the laying of the corner stone of the new Chapple plant at Boston, where a hundred people from the old home state were present to "lay a brick"

Just inside the door as you enter are hundreds of cards peeping out over the racks. These are the visiting cards of the National Magazine workers as they come in in the morning. They slip them in the Bundy Time Clock. Of course, no one is late. The whistle gives a warning of five minutes and that is enough. The clock indicates the time consumed on every job and is equipped so that the payrolls may be checked up against the cost and cleared through regular channels to the customer. The Bundy Clock of Syracuse is one of the first familiar things found at the entrance of thousands of factories throughout the country.

The factory inspector called, and he is a real inspector and no mistake. The State of Massachusetts is rigid in its requirements, and every nook and corner is looked over. Later the health inspector called and was equally as rigid. These gentlemen agreed and said in decided words that in all their experience they never saw a better factory home. There is not a dark spot or shadow in the entire plant. A sanitary, healthful atmosphere which Nature provided pervades the building from the basement to the top floor, say the inspectors. The National plant has every comfort and convenience and a cheery overplus of light, warmth and sweet air, and consequently the disease germs are not given a chance in this print shop, which carries out the ideal of a homelike factory that makes the working hours pass swiftly.

* * *

When the first dream of a real printing plant was realized, the invoices bore the name of Marder Luse & Co., now a part of the American Typefounders Company. The development of the printing business has to a large degree been the history of the type foundry. Improved equipment is more imperative today than ever, and while the inventory books show that a comparatively small portion of the investment of a printing office goes to the typefounder, yet he has never been more indispensable. Through the factories of this company at Communipaw Avenue, N. J., Boston or the branches in all parts of the country, printers are enabled at a few hours' notice to get every kind of "sorts" and equipment. The enterprise and foresight with which the American Typefounders have served American printers have done more than any other agent for the wonderful development of the art preservative. Ingenious machinery is chiefly the result of purely mechanical development, but the designing and casting of new types and furniture has been the mission of the typefounder. Even the printers themselves little realize the immense amount of money, labor, and artistic as well as mechanical genius required to provide a single font of type which is purchased in large or small quantities and thrown into the brand new case ready for the next job. Compare the commercial job work done twenty years ago with that done today, and you have the eloquent story of the development of the American typefounder, for he is, indeed, a founder in more ways than one, and his progress and development should be desired and encouraged by all printers, from the smallest to the largest.

Filing cabinets for subscribers. "Is your name written there?"

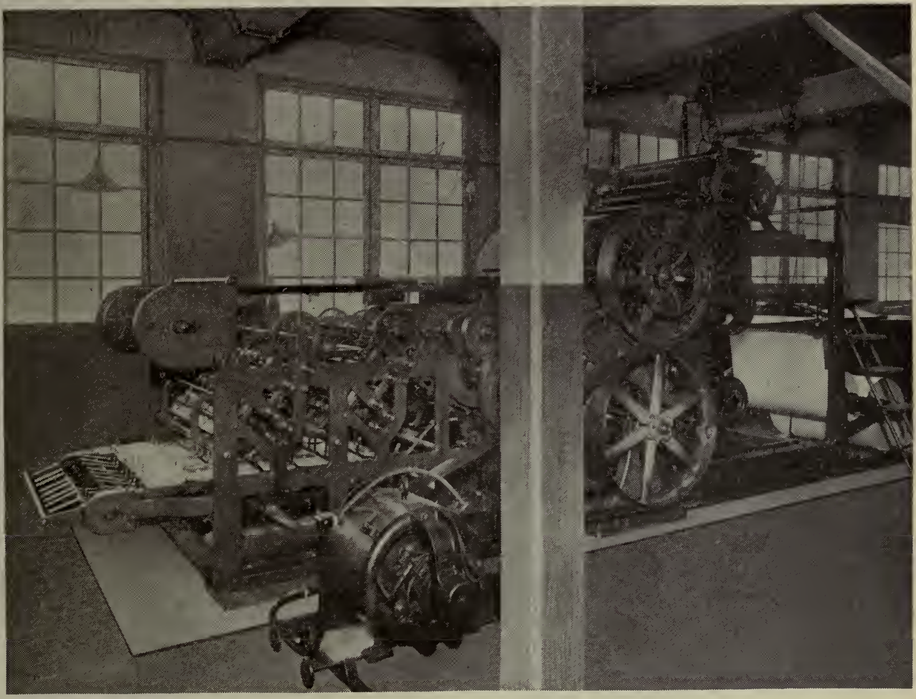
There are the new steel cases, the composing room equipment and devices—something new every year, almost every day, in the way of labor-saving equipment. Consequently when we look in upon the great composing room, full of "live matter" being made up into pages with the sort cases close at hand and the great strips of brass rules, leads and slugs, the printer would often find himself in a sorry plight if it were not for the telephone and mails giving direct communication with the American Typefounders.

One of the vital factors in the evolution of the printer's craft was the perfection of the Lanston Monotype machine. It was the consummation of the dream of actual typesetting by machinery. The printer welcomed it because it did not do away with movable types, speedy corrections and clear impressions—the ideals dreamed of for ages by printers. When the first monotype equipment came into our office it marked the advent of permanent growth and development in the business. Then another came, and another and another, until a battery of four casting machines and four double keyboards make an equipment that is one of the attractive features not only to visitors, but to the rapidly-growing list of customers who want and are securing the best class of work. It is a veritable type foundry, and the display type cases are always well filled. The compositor no longer asks himself "Can I get enough of this type?" but simply decides on the best line and knows he can get all he wants of it. It is the climax of a perfect equipment. The big newspapers of the country are using the monotype to set their ads, and in fine book work and job printing the monotype is a positive necessity. With the Lanston machines came the higher standard of printing and better profits. It helped to place the printing business in the fore rank of manufactures. Ever since I witnessed the operation of the first machine at the Columbian Exposition I felt that our printing office would never be complete until we had a Lanston monotype. It seemed so handy for run-arounds and it would not eliminate type flexibility. The monotype has wrought the metamorphosis of movable types of the finest art printing into a profitable industry, and in the sunlit corner where the monotypes make merry music the visitors linger. No printer can stand by and see the efficiency and effectiveness of a monotype

The arrangement of the third floor for a New Year's Banquet given by the NATIONAL workers equipment in these days without being impelled at once to write to the Lanston Monotype Company at Philadelphia and begin laying the right foundation for an up-to-date printshop.

Kelley must have descended from a race of plumbers the way he handled the gas pipes and put the monotype artillery in action. There was no "gas pipe cinch" in this operation, and Kelley dissipated all our traditional inclinations to swear at plumbers' bills, for the work "plumbed true" with the bill.

Of the indispensable machines in the Chapple Publishing Company's establishment, none can quite compare with the Miller Saw-Trimmer. There was a great deal of coaxing on the part of the salesman before a sale was effected, but once it was installed, a few weeks demonstrated its value. Is there a plate to trim or an adjustment to be made, the Miller Trimmer, with all its various contrivances, is always ready. A careful record of what it saves in a busy shop will soon total the first cost price. There is a music about the little sawing apparatus in the corner of the composing room that is alluring to the boyish instinct to tinker and "do things." In fact, this corner is the most popular place in the shop, and it would be almost impossible to include here a list of the work done by this little machine, not only for the composing room, but for the different departments. They all seem to require the Trimmer's services at one time or another. When we want a yard or a hundred yards of reglet, they are made in a jiffy on the Miller Saw. If there are leads or brass rule to be cut, the saw does it and does it right. If there is a cut to be squared up, or made type high, a box to be made or a board to be sawed, no matter what the emergency, the Miller Saw-Trimmer is always ready and equal to the demand. The Miller Saw-Trimmer is made at Alma, Michigan, and from that little town hundreds of these machines are shipped, carrying with them a labor-saving record



The Cottrell Rotary, used on the NATIONAL MAGAZINE only that is truly marvelous. The Miller Saw-Trimmer has attachments for sawing, trimming, mitering, mortising, routing, filing, jig-sawing, making cuts type high, drilling, sharpening saws and edge tools, countersinking, and metal sawing, with wonderful accuracy and speed. There is no music in the busy symphony of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE equipment that sings a song of thrift more conclusively than the Miller Saw-Trimmer, located within speaking distance of the monotype machines and keyboards, and right near the drinking fountain and splashing faucets.

The busy crew in the mailing room

When you mention the Suffolk Engraving and Electrotyping Company today, you awaken a general recognition of the very highest standard of engraving known in the United States. Years ago a young man, Mr. H. L. Blanchard, started in business with a determination to found one of the best engraving companies in the country. The rapid growth and development of the Suffolk Engraving and Electrotyping Company, with offices and plant in Boston and New York, and customers including all the large publishers and users of half-tones in all parts of the country chronicle his success. There is a thoroughness and system in the way in which the Suffolk Engraving and Electrotyping Company handle their work that indicates a purpose to secure efficient service with a standard difficult to excel. But "Suffolk service" is only one item, for "Suffolk quality" is worthy the name of the staunch old county in which Boston is located. "Suffolk County ss" appears on all legal documents reaching back nearly three centuries, and the same reliability is reflected in the work of the Suffolk Engraving and Electrotyping Company, whose copy writers, artists, engravers, foundry men and experts in all departments have a way of just working together to secure the best results and keep abreast of the times in improving the engraver's art. The work on the NATIONAL and NEWS-LETTER every month is the Suffolk's message to our readers.

Is there anyone in the engraving business who does not know "Billy" Wright? In all parts of the country "Billy Wright" means the Massachusetts Engraving Company, for the work of this old-time engraving firm began with the introduction of half-tone engravings. The Massachusetts Engraving Company has witnessed a development in the engraving art from its inception, and now, whether it is a fine art catalogue, the cover of a magazine, or a hurry-up newspaper job, the engraving company named after the "Old Bay State" is always found "right on the job."

Another engraving company that always represents quick and good service, as shown by the handsome cuts of the Panama Canal issue, is the Hub Engraving Company. When George Wright comes after the work and says it can be done well and right away, we believe him, and confidence is indispensable to satisfactory business dealings.

* * *

The question of electric power was the most important of all, and before the battery of new gas engines was installed a thorough study was made, and the Bruce-Macbeth engines were chosen. After the first two engines of fifty-four horse-power were installed, another sixty-five horse-power engine was added and the power-house enlarged. The Bruce-Macbeth engines seem to have such a way of making good that running them is just like a man having a healthy stomach. We have scarcely known that they have been installed and it is a pleasure just to go down and look through that power-house and see the wheels whirring their red rims. They seem almost human, and Mac has them all properly christened. When he approaches "Jumbo" the big fellow splutters and starts away in high glee. Then the lever is turned on and the battery begins work. During the baseball fever one of the engines was called "Joe Wood," and indeed seemed to be making good. Then came "Matty," the New York Giant, and it was better than the "World Series" to watch those engines do team work. While the batteries were working on the engine-house, there was fielding work going on in the main building, and the scores indicated efficient and economic production.

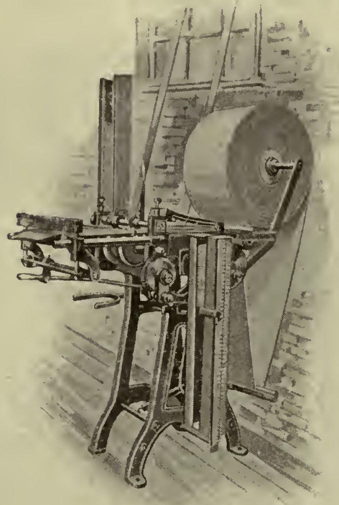
Hundreds of people came to see this power plant located in the little gray building surmounted by a roof that will some day evolute into an ivy-covered Norman tower. The vexatious problem of power is speedily solved by the manufacturer who installs Bruce-Macbeth engines, made in Cleveland and known and used the world over.

It was the old Boston Consolidated Gas Company that proposed to furnish gas for our battery of gas engines and proved that they supplied adequate and economical power, which claim was corroborated by government tests. The company has the reputation of being one of the most wide-awake public utility corporations of the country. It understands not only how to sell its products, but how to care for its customers. The appreciative expressions of all who have had dealings with this company, especially in the manufacturing line, is a revelation. Since the pipes have been connected and the gas engine plant established there have been no fuel troubles, for with a fatherly inspection the Gas Company makes the interests of its customers its own interests. What more can be said?

When you say "Sprague Electric Company," that means motors as well as other electrical equipment, but it was in motors that we were most concerned. When the great rotary press was being installed, the Sprague Motor was called for just as naturally as a thirsty man seeks a drink of water. The Sprague Electric Company

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Just a corner where the Chapple plans are made has been especially successful in fitting out printing plants, for it seems to understand the details and requirements of the business. We know on whom to call because the Sprague habit had been established and the Sprague motors had given good service and promoted progressive and efficient production. The Sprague Electric Company has made the question of motors a simple proposition. You just say what you want. They do the rest. The Sprague motor was adopted and also the Cutler-Hammer Controller, a Milwaukee invention, which has played an important part in the world development of electrical equipment. The work done by this ingenious device almost deserves the name of one of the modern miracles. Cutler-Hammer Controllers are sold in Argentina and many other foreign countries because this concern seems to be the first to understand how necessary it is to control electrical power perfectly as well as to utilize it, and today the printing equipment of an up-to-date office would hardly seem complete without reading somewhere the inscription on a brass plate, "Cutler Hammer Controller."



The Wallace Mailing Machine where your address is printed on the wrapper

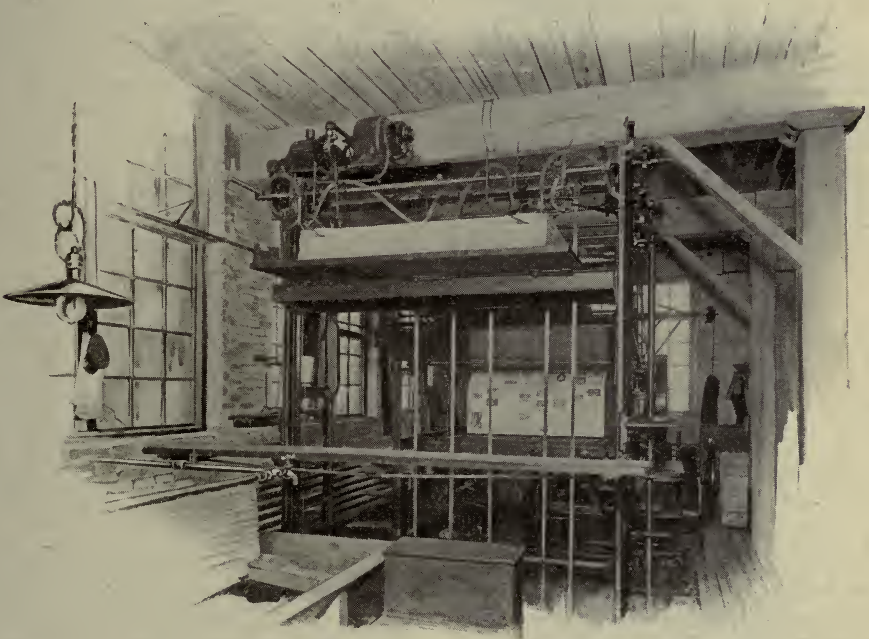
The well-known Seybold Manufacturing Company represents the world's standard in paper cutting. Ever since the exhibit at the World's Fair Exposition at St. Louis, there has been a feeling in the National Magazine plant that the "Seybold" is the stuff. The Twentieth Century Cutter that has come to the National Magazine is a machine that is a joy and a delight. There is never a hair's breadth in the register, almost absolute perfection, trimming with an exactness that would drive a mathematician to logarithms. The visitors going through the plant linger to watch Tom as he trims the magazines or News-Letters and the great sheaves of white paper gather like foam around him. The work is dispatched and the great knives pare off the piles of paper as if it were mother's bread and cheese. It is usually the last process in printing, just the trimming to see that things are shaped up and the pamphlet or magazine is given a hair cut, as it were, before being sent on its journey.

The Seybold Machine Company is located at Dayton, Ohio, and has made a scientific study of all the necessities in a print shop on the line of cutting machines. You feel this when you meet any member of the firm or representative of the company. They know the business and in these days the building up of an equipment is simply to assign responsibilities to the best made machinery for each particular part of the production. No one could think today of equipping a print shop without first consulting the Seybold Manufacturing Company. How well I remember St. Louis, as the magazines were being trimmed in the exhibit of the National which was produced "from manuscript to mail bag" within sight of the great throngs. Mr. Luders, a relative of the late author and composer of "When Good Fellows Get Together," was whistling a potpourri of "Prince of Pilsen," an opera that gave us that standard air of comradeship. The same is true of good machinery—"the good machines get together."

The massive knives of the paper cutter have to be ground, and for some reason the Cadieu Company has been grinding the knives that trim the stock of the National Magazine. It has been grind,

grind, grind, as the business has developed, and the best of it is they always seem to be ground just right for carving up stationery in good shape, and the men at the head of the stock tables know what it is to have their knives prime for the paper paddings.

The Christiansen stitcher as it reels along like the tail end of a sawmill throwing out endless chains of periodicals is the invention of a young man of Racine, Wisconsin, a mechanic who knows how to save time and money. With his partner, Mr. Green, Mr. Christiansen has built a stitcher that has proven one of the most efficient of the kind ever offered to the trade.

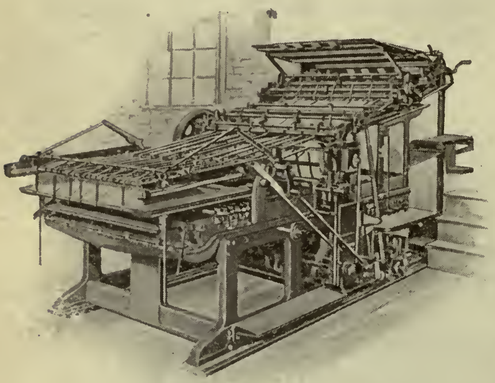


The rear of Press No, 9, showing the Dexter Pile Feeder

One of the first machines purchased for the plant years ago came from E. C. Fuller Company, the multiple punching machine that looks like a Victrola. It does the work just about as smoothly and as pleasantly. So, too, does the machine for tinning the tops of calendars. Whenever any equipment is needed for the bindery, the mind reverts to the E. C. Fuller Company.

As the Wallace Addressing machine reels off at the rate of sixty a minute wrappers that flash the message, as it were, to all parts of the country, it is fed from large rolls of wrapping paper that have been coming from the Andrews-Burr Paper Co., for, lo, these many years. The supreme test of the successful publication of a periodical is not only in preparation and production, but in the final delivery. No matter how good it may be, it must be delivered, and this has been materially aided by the scientific and practical manufacture of paper by Hamburger Bros. They know just how a magazine should be wrapped and what condition it should be in when received at distant points.

Listening to the soft click and clatter of the three big Dexter folding machines I think of the days back in the old printing office, when hour after hour I stood at the bench folding the papers to be mailed to subscribers. In handling the immensely increased output of printing presses nothing has been so essential to the development of the craft as the folding machines. When Gordon Dexter began his scientific, practical study of folding he started with the right basic ideas, until the Dexter folding equipment is now of vital necessity. When I look on the old quad grinding out sixty-four pages and distributing it in four signatures, picking up the sheets with the delicate rubber fingers of the Dexter pile feeder; then at the Duplex whirring away with its 16 page forms, and the parallel folder, it seems as if there is nothing else left to be desired in the way of folding equipment. Ever since the plant has been established the Dexter Folder has been the one standard. Whenever new problems are to be met in any printing plant, the folder man is called and soon his genius is at work evolving something to maintain and even exceed the accelerated speed and increased production of printing presses. There is no "red tape" about a folding machine doing work. Now when a job reaches the folding machine it is felt that a greater part of the troubles are over.



One of the seventeen presses, showing the Cross Feeder

* * *

The basis of all office-production in a printing plant is the ink. It is like the colors which an artist uses in a picture —they define those subtle lights and shadows that distinguish a good picture from a bad one, and the masterpiece from the work of an amateur.

When the new press room was completed the atmosphere was surcharged with demands for the best of everything, and shortly after, along came Mr. John Eggleston of The Queen City Printing Ink Company. He did not receive an order at first, but came again, again and again. He examined the work, studied the paper and acquainted himself with the conditions, and the results were easy to surmise. Customers were pleased, the readers of the NATIONAL noted the strong color and we felt that from the city of Cincinnati, where Ivory Soap was made "99 per cent pure," the Queen City Ink has the same qualities. You know there is an alliteration of Q's, Queen City and Quality that sounds well together. Later we met our old friend, J. O. Reay, who knew of the plant when it started and has kept a weather eye in this direction ever since. Then the relationship was consummated in meeting Mr. E. H. Murdock, president of the company, in Cincinnati. If you have never been in Cincinnati, you never know what good things and good people come from that typical and ideal manufacturing city, and last but not least comes Queen City Printing Ink.

You cannot buy magazine paper largely without thinking of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, which furnishes a great percentage of the magazine paper used today. Its mills are located in various parts of the country where economy counts, and from raw materials to the finished product all possible waste is eliminated, giving customers value and quality that cannot be excelled.

There are other large paper houses which supply us with immense amounts of paper for pamphlets, catalogues and booklets. Their goods are used in almost every town and city in the country. In looking over our various paper invoices, which seem to come along with a frequency sometimes uncomfortable in a growing business, the name of Carter Rice & Company is engraved in memory, for the first impulse is always to call up their number, and the salesman does the rest, the cartmen completing the round. Then there is the house of John Carter, the old reliable house, as famous as Boston itself, for the success of many a thrifty young printing plant is associated with the house of John Carter. Ever since the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was first launched, the A. Storrs & Bement Company have been a valued paper supply source. They always seem to know just what is needed for the Boston market, and their Mr. Bryant and the Messrs. McQuillen and Ham keep abreast of the latest requirements—and do honor to the date, "established 1839."

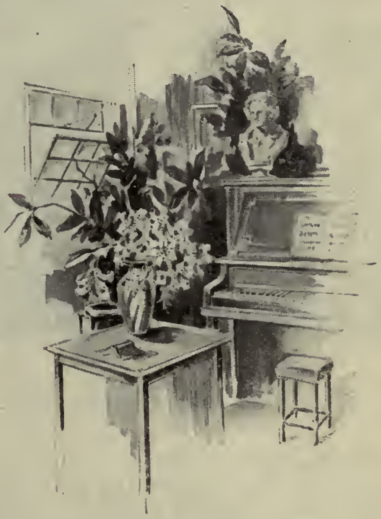
The thousands of books that have gone out from the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, including "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs," are bound by the Boston Bookbinding Company, one of the most notable binderies in the country. Norman H. White, as head of this concern, was virtually born to the business. From all parts of the country printers and publishers employ the Boston Bookbinding Company to put the finishing touches on their most promising and dainty volumes.

The old days of making rollers in a mould with molasses and glue was a part of the routine of old-fashioned printing offices still recalled by old-time printers, but in these modern days it is all changed. When the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was started it was determined to patronize the best roller makers in the country. Wild & Stevens were selected, and for years we have been working along, having no trouble with rollers, because the requirements for summer, winter, spring and fall temperatures seemed to be true to exactness with the weather bureau record. When the roller expense is figured up at the end of the year, the printers marvel because when Mr. Frank Stevens sends out an invoice of rollers they are all right, and the old "devils" of printing offices know how essential it is to have a roller that won't go soft.

It was first suggested by a modest circular letter—next came the representatives, and then the facts and figures were produced. There was trouble in the pressroom with electricity. The Thompson-Static Neutralizer was provided and Mr. Hollyday is now even happier than ever, for if there is any trouble in the pressroom that works on the nerves of the foreman, it's that seductive and destructive electricity that creeps into the paper and makes it cut didos when it should slip along through the press without trouble. This "smooches" the paper and also evokes cursory remarks that should have no part in Sunday-school literature. But the Thompson-Static Neutralizer, like a magic wand, seemed to wave away the troubles and control the electricity, even surpassing the promises of the lightning rod agent. The Thompson-Static Neutralizer is a simple contrivance, for it simply "does the work."

The only equipment in the plant not of American make is the celebrated Victoria Press, which was imported direct from Germany. It is a press that excels for heavy work, such as for printing souvenir postal cards and embossing. And our battery of platen presses seems complete with the Victoria press, that is not only famous in Germany but the world over.

The battery of four platen presses in the corner are busy keeping the colors and proofs ready. In solid phalanx with the Victoria stand the Prouty, the Gordon and the Goldings. The cement floor is covered with silica solution which makes it like marble, and the boys persist in whistling "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" as they walk on it.



Just a corner of the rest room on the third floor where our parties are held

It saves labor, saves time and is so simple you wonder you never thought of it before. The Cowan Truck has become one of the indispensable equipments of any factory. Instead of a large number of trucks rolling around with wheels out of order, we built a lot of sledges, old-fashioned sledges, and the Cowan Truck is moved under each sledge and one man grasps the fulcrum, raises it and off she goes. Talk about Atlas lifting the world, with a proper fulcrum the Cowan Truck is one of those miracles that is intelligently worked out on simple, practical lines. One truck does the work of twenty or thirty ordinary trucks. Like many another invention the Cowan Truck was the outgrowth of necessity. The great paper trade in the vicinity of Holyoke, Massachusetts, where the Cowan factory is located, needed an appliance for moving large piles of heavy paper to and from the presses and various machines. Experiments were made and the invention perfected, and the wonder is now how printers or factories in general ever got along without the Cowan Truck.

MR. WILLIAM F. KEARNS
One of the best known Property Builders of Boston and the man who built the NATIONAL plant

* * *

The finishing touch was put to the *ordonnance* of the offices, the editorial rooms and the studio of the new printshop when it was decided to dispatch an order to the Oshkosh Grass Matting Company for a full outfit of "Deltox" rugs and mattings in natural grass color with green borders and designs. Made originally from the native grasses of Wisconsin the business has increased until other localities are drawn upon for the clean, tough, beautiful material, which from being a curiosity rather than a staple has become a staple rather than a curio.

The order went to Mr. E. H. Steiger, who has been prominent in the utilization of wire grass ever since the inception of the invention and development of its manufacture, and who is still as enthusiastic and enterprising over his multiplicity of beautiful patterns and specialties as he was after the first fruits of his enterprise were launched upon a market. A host of patterns call on the purchaser to "speak now and forever hold his peace" after he has made his choice. There was quite a discussion over the final selection, for there were a number of patterns which commended themselves to the taste of the several heads of departments, but it was determined that a uniform pattern was the only proper idea under the circumstances and that the classic Athenian "Grecian Block" border was especially suitable for a literary institution.

The "Deltox" floor coverings are not only sweet and cool in hot weather, restful to the eye in all light, blending nicely with the furniture and surroundings of a publishing house, but are comfortable in cold weather, pleasant to walk upon, and can easily be kept clean, not only by the broom and vacuum sweeper, but if necessary can be cleansed by the scrubbing brush or hose.

No summer home or apartment should lack its share of these artistic and beautiful grass carpets, which have already largely supplanted coco-fibre and rice straw mattings in the United States, and even in the export trade to the West Indies, Central and South America and Europe. At first chiefly used on verandas and in the aisles of public buildings, they have been largely accepted for summer hotels and private houses and especially when summer coolness and the wear of many feet are to be averted from the exquisite polish of parquetry and hardwood floors.

It is only a few years since I saw in the first limited Oshkosh factory the ingenious looms which wove into tasteful floor coverings the cured and tinted wire grass of the Wisconsin marshes, and now the variety and volume of the present annual output seems almost beyond belief. The only trouble is that now that the editorial rooms, the artists' studio and the business offices have been neatly and comfortably furnished with Deltox rugs and mattings, the denizens of the press and composing rooms and the bindery are beginning to sing "The Weaver's Song," with a unison and persistency which argues another order for the Company, and more comfort for the singers aforesaid. The editor would not be surprised if the demand for Deltox extended to the newly constructed, geometrically formed garage, which occupies the southwest corner of the yard, and the regular dimensions of which no one has been able to figure out either forward, upward or downward. When the "Deltox" arrived, "laid" without any ceremony of "stretching" or tacking, as in the old carpet days, it just "dropped in" on the floors and seemed sociable and at home.

Devoted to his art, William C. Ryder of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, whose camera has given us many interesting vistas of the model print shop, started years ago as an amateur and naturally evoluted into an expert. He is a lover of photography, and it has led him to try his tripod in various places. William loves to take a picture—would rather do it than eat—and he has obtained some remarkable views of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE plant. He believes in perfecting his work, and studying out a situation to get the best focus for a picture, whether his camera is levelled on an airship or the curb. He is happy when the opportunity for a good picture presents itself. Of course the "Chapple Press" print shop presented these opportunities so generously that he had to hide his famous lens until the fever passed.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE
LEXINGTON
NATIONAL MAGAZINE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE
SPECIAL CAR

The Chapple Press "corner-stone party" enjoying themselves enroute to Lexington along the way of Paul Revere's ride

Young business men of today can remember when the typewriter was a curiosity and a luxury. Today it is the first thing considered in an office equipment—and all factories have offices. A model print shop of today would be incomplete without an effective battery of typewriters.

Some years ago the Oliver habit was acquired in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office. It is not necessary to recite the merits of the Oliver typewriter because it was early in the field as one of the first successful visible typewriters. The needs of modern business call for visibility. The demand for more and more publicity and information in business is reflected in the visible typewriter.

Years ago there was a certain Oliver manager who was interested in our growing printing plant, and opportunity being presented, his factory at Woodstock, Illinois, was visited. When you see all the processes of "making" and look into the faces of the people who make a machine of everyday use you seem better acquainted with the qualities and merits of the product. And today in the model print shop the "Olivers" are clicking away on messages to be dispatched far and near.

The age of dictation is passing, for the dictaphone has come to stay. What modest Mr. "Fuzzy" thinks as he sits down at the dictaphone and pours out his soul into the funnel, sounds like a Bryan oration as it rolls out for his stenographer to copy. The dictaphone is used largely in correspondence to the "News-Letter" boys and they have the rare privilege of having a direct talk with the editor, publisher and director of circulation, transferred through the dictaphone to paper. The Columbia Dictaphone has already become an integral part of up-to-date office equipment.

MR. JOHN HEWITT
Whose enterprise and foresight has done much to bring printing up to the high standard of the present day

The story of the Chapple Press would not be complete without mention of Mr. John Hewitt, formerly president of the Miehle Press Company. It was John Hewitt who took hold of the Miehle Printing Press Company just at the time it needed broad-gauged and aggressive business management, and although not a printer he was both a manufacturer and a business man. The first thing he did in entering the printing business was to insist that the printing business was a sound, legitimate, manufacturing proposition. Through his influence printing-house paper took its rightful place among desirable commercial assets. All that he did in the development of the printing trade will never be fully known to be appreciated, but one thing he always had, as many know—an unflinching faith in young men. He was ready at all times to stand in the breach with his customers. He not only sold presses, but he studied how to make those presses pay profits. Throughout the country there is hardly a printing establishment without a Miehle Printing Press, largely through the broad and liberal policy initiated by John Hewitt.

Several years ago he gave up active business and now lives at Grimsby, Ontario, the place of his birth. He retired with the sincere and affectionate regard of thousands of printers throughout the country who will always remember him as the man who was so largely instrumental in perfecting the development of three-color-process printing on the Miehle and helped to raise the printing industry to the sixth place in importance and attractiveness to the financial world.

Every plan that has been made in the development of the Chapple Press has been submitted to him, and in his unselfish way he has always found time even in the hurry of a busy life to give that advice which time and events always justify. Mere words are not sufficient to convey the grateful tribute of the Chapple boys to one whose counsel has been so important in the development of a business. His predictions as to the growth of the printing business have always been fulfilled. He is one of America's best business men, and in his efforts for the development of the printing craft of the world, through his presses, he has left a monument that will endure, and endear his name to the thousands of printers who associate their success with the day that John Hewitt, by word or letter, said: "Push forward and make the quality of your work count—the customers will find you."

* * *

Yes, we have a lawn in front of our building. It shows what a magic transformation can occur in a few short months. A year ago it was a great, deep, yawning gravel pit with a few straggly shrubs, where the old paving stones were dumped and the tin can rubbish had been surreptitiously thrown. It was a fanciful cavern in which the boys could play Indian. In less than one year that old pit was a beautiful greensward. A few loads of loam, a rake, a little muscle, some fertilizer and grass seed did the work, but the principal ingredient was simply old-fashioned work. And yet it never did seem real work to care for that budding lawn.

The lawn had to be raked and it had to be watered, and what a relief this bit of green is in the brown and gray tones of the city. This sixteen thousand square feet of grass is not only of aesthetic value, but has an economic side. It keeps the dust of the street from the building and gives a softness of color to the eye and makes the shop even more homelike and inviting—if this could be possible. Rich oriental rugs and carpets cannot surpass the elastic spring of the well-kept greensward. It is nature's balm and covers erosive scars. These observations are especially interesting in connection with the bulletins issued by the government on greensward. Never before was the value of "just earth" and loam more keenly realized than when three weeks revealed a fine sprouting carpet of green after the spring rains.

We learn things better from our own lawn. Grass grows better in cool weather, for the little strips in the shade of the building grow much better than in that part exposed to the sun during the entire day —a few things we learned more thoroughly when concerned with our own lawn.

That one straggly tree we all pitied during building operations was propped up, the loam loosened around its roots, and it has started out now, holding its head as high and proud as the towering elm that marks the printing plant on Dorchester Avenue. Even plants and shrubs have a certain affinity for each other and an appreciation of care. Then there are the insidious weeds and dandelions. They have been conquered. This little lawn would have been gratifying to Mr. Milton Whitney, whose life study has been soil culture, for here was a miraculous example of what soil will accomplish.

Next year we may need a crop of cowpeas to improve the soil, but this much we do know—there is one plot of grass in the United States of America in which the interest and enthusiasm of all the people thereabouts is centered because of the marvellous results it has produced. "Everybody has been doing it" with this lawn, and we are all proud of it. Everyone comments on the growth day by day, as the little bit of green that sprang up so timidly at first, grows more and more lusty as summer advances, calling for even more attention as it grows stronger and helps to weave Nature's carpet on the gentle slope from the picket fence to the portals of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office.

* * *

The dream is realized—the dream of that vacant lot—the dream of boyhood and early manhood, that dream to build; and what can excel that bliss of creation? To have created something—to realize that a nebulous idea has blossomed forth into a realization—gives a strange sense of gratification. There is room now to grow and develop, but it does not seem possible, whatever success or development may come, that the inspiration of any occasion can surpass that of the time when the NATIONAL "moved into its own home" and turned for the first time the master key that unlocks and opens its doors not only to every reader and subscriber in this broad land, but to every one who desires to visit an institution where the practical, everyday duties and work of life are carried on with that enthusiasm and interest characteristic of buoyant spirits which in the words of Senator Elihu Root "shine out in these disgruntled times like autumn leaves in a cedar swamp."

The Silent Warriors

WE write of the deeds of heroic men,
And orators tell the tale,
How they stood to their guns on the battlefield,
While the minie balls fell like hail;
How they marched and toiled 'neath the sultry sun,
Stood guard 'neath the starlit sky;
But who has told of the widow's tears,
Whose husband went forth to die?

Deft fingers have pictured the gallant charge
Where whole platoons went down,
And painted the bloody battlefields
Where heroes won renown;
Have thrown on the canvas thrilling scenes
Of carnage and human gore,
But who has painted the maiden's pangs
Whose lover came back no more?

Sweet singers have sung of the soldier boys
Who followed the fife and drum,
And blaring trumpets have sounded forth
"The conquering heroes come";
All hail to these, for who would dim
Their glory so grandly won?
But who has struck chords to the mother's grief,
Who lost an only son?

Ah, these were the warriors who fought alone,
Away from the tramp and the tread,
Where only the hovering angels knew
How sorely their sad hearts bled.
The poet's pen and painter's brush
Fall feebly from the hand,
And the songster's note dies in the throat,
For none can understand.

Oh, frail of form and stout of heart
Who stifled the haunting sigh
With a prayer to Him to protect thine own,
Who stilleth the raven's cry;
As you paced the silent, sepulchral halls
Through the watches of the night,
What anguish was thine as the tidings came
Of loved ones who fell in the fight!

No hands may strew thy grave with flowers,
No monument bear thy name
To shimmer it back to the regal sun
And perpetuate thy fame;
But as the eternal years go by,
And God shall reward His own,
Some chaplets must fall on the brows of those
Who suffered and sobbed alone.

—*Beecher W. Waltermire.*

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

ONE great pleasure in returning home is to find in the "Happy Corner" of the desk, letters from readers who appreciate the improvements made in the NATIONAL from month to month. We feel this month that we have something to whisper confidentially that will be especially appreciated by our boy readers, for Judge Henry A. Shute, the creator of the delightful "Plupy" sketches, has written several of his inimitable stories for the NATIONAL. Judge Shute is perhaps the most popular boy writer of the day and there are few boys—or girls, or grownups—who have not met "Plupy" in "The Real Diary of a Real Boy" or in the other volumes where his adventures have been chronicled. Those who have not met "Plupy" can readily get acquainted by hearing his comment on "Teachers" in this month's NATIONAL. In the June issue, "Plupy's Experiences as a Bill Poaster," spelled as just a boy would spell it, will be given. And other "Plupy" stories will follow.

It is not at all strange that Judge Shute should be so popular with American boys, because he understands the real boy of today, and in writing the experiences of Plupy he is only recalling the joyous days of his own boyhood. We feel that in these forthcoming stories we have a real treat for boy readers of the NATIONAL, and the editor hopes that the boys will write just what they think of the stories.

As for the rest of us, we all want to be boys, at least, to be young at heart, and there is no better way to keep young than to be in sympathy with the young, and to see in them our own youth.

EDITORIAL ingenuity has been taxed since the earliest days of periodicals to formulate a letter accompanying returned manuscripts which would soften the rejection and explain the feelings of the editor. The contributor will not interpret the words "not available," as aught else but objection, in spite of the fact that there is no space for a thousand of the little reasons that cannot be recited with each manuscript in explanation. From the Chinese we can learn much in editorial diplomacy. One letter sent out by a Chinese editor in the graphic characters of the Celestial language has been preserved as a prize example, and most impressively tells a story for which the mother tongue of America seems inadequate:

"We have read your manuscript with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we swear that we have never read such a splendid piece of writing. But if we printed it, His Majesty, the Emperor, our most high and most mighty ruler, would order us to take this as a model, and never print anything inferior. As this would not be possible in less than a thousand years, we with great regret return thy divine manuscript and ask a thousand pardons."

Imagine Colonel George Harvey putting on his horn-rimmed spectacles to indite these lines to the Harper court of contributors!

Alas! Even such courtesy has its drawbacks. For some contributors would cry out, "Editorial Sarcasm," and others might re-submit the manuscript with a promise to write for the publication for life.

TWENTY years ago there landed on American soil a young man who was born and educated in Dollar, the Eton of Scotland, within ten miles of the native home of Andrew Carnegie. From early childhood he had read everything that the great steel man had written, and from it had visions of the time when he might "come to America." He arrived in New York, armed with that Scotch perseverance, persistence and thorough training in his trade that has been the basis of many fortunes accumulated by America's adopted sons.

Thoroughly conversant with the wool business in all its details, from sheep to factory, he became identified with worsted and woolen manufacturing, and with an indomitable spirit of enterprise he established the Saxony Worsted Mills at Newton, Massachusetts, and became the ruling head of the Silesia Worsted Mills at North Chelmsford, Massachusetts, and president of the Scotia and Strathmore Mills. With patience and perseverance he built steadily up a large and profitable business, until he became one of the largest individual spinners in the world. With that initiative sense of the Scotchman who knows wool from the sheep's back, and in "Hieland Plaides," and with a knowledge of the finest fabrics known to the trade, he mastered the difficulties confronting the worsted and woolen manufacturers in this country, and was soon recognized as one of the most efficient, successful and far-seeing manufacturers in America.

The success he has attained reads like a romance. By concentration of energy, and the spirit that surmounts every difficulty and with the thoroughness and determination of his race, Mr. Andrew Adie, in less than twenty years, has become one of the prominent figures in the textile industry in America.

He was recently called upon to be President of the United States Worsted Company, and at this moment is effecting an organization that promises to become a leading and important factor in the world's worsted and woolen trade.

To realize that in twenty years this young man has been able to build up an industry giving employment to thousands of operators, and at the same time yielding to the stockholders a proper return on the capital invested, shows what character and efficiency can accomplish in these days.

On another page of THE NATIONAL appears an article which he prepared in conjunction with the late John G. Wright, his father-in-law, who was identified with the Boston wool trade for more than fifty years, and was, at the time of his death, the largest importer of foreign wools in America.

To sit with Mr. Adie a few moments in his office and hear over the telephone the somewhat cryptical terms peculiar to the wool trade, indicates how great an aggregate of business and human effort is carried on almost subconsciously by those trained and immersed in a vocation into which their every life action is interwoven.

Mr. Adie enjoys the confidence of his associates and the respect and loyalty of his employes, in whom he takes the deepest personal interest. He is still on the sunny side of forty, and in addition to his thorough command of business, Mr. Adie is an enthusiastic student of literature, which so many Scotch lads seem to imbibe as naturally as the fragrant air of their native heather.

Although of a retiring nature, yet Mr. Adie is a man with a hobby. He is an ardent lover of horses, and an all-round sportsman.

* * *

SOMETHING in the very title wins you, with its salutation, "Top o' the Mornin'." The new comedy produced by Colonel Henry W. Savage and written by Anne Caldwell is refreshing in the theatrical offerings of the season. When you buy your ticket the man at the window seems to blink a "Top o' the mornin' " to you, although it is evening, and the usher has the same salutation in action—if not in words. Little green cards sing it to you with the refrain, "The Wearing of the Green." It is one of those plays that brings back the halcyon days of Boucicault, and in careful setting and production is a typical Savage offering. Whether a play is a great success or is doomed to the warehouse a week thereafter, everything that Henry W. Savage produces is done with infinite care for details. No manager seems

MR. ANDREW ADIE
The author, with Mr. John G. Wright, of " The Sheep Herder, Wool Manufacturer and Tariff " appearing in this issue of the NATIONAL. Mr. Adie is one of the leading figures in the world's woolen industry

to be more conscientious and earnestly considerate of the service he gives his patrons.

The orchestra begins playing "The Wearing of the Green" and the old Irish airs, and the warm-hearted spirit of the Emerald Isle comes over the audience, and everyone has a sympathetic interest as the thrilling and dainty story is unfolded act by act. Miss Gertrude Quinlan as "Jerry" reminds one of the great success of Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." With the quick wit and charming frankness of the Irish maiden she soon wins her way into the heart of the audience. It would be unfair to tell the story of the play because it must be seen to be understood. It is the exquisite action of Jerry suited to the words that makes the play go. Under all conditions the indomitable Jerry focusses interest—whether in the stress of defending a weak brother, of going to jail or to the Kerry fair, it is all the same to Jerry. Her song "Come-All-Ye" in the second act is more than two hundred years old, and is in itself a feature of great interest. The sweet, domestic touch that people love even in these days, the tug-of-war and the dances, the Irish pipers' tunes, the jaunting car with a real donkey—all these features give every turn of the play a "Top o' the Mornin' " greeting.

What made this play especially interesting to me was that I saw the first rehearsal at a hall in New York, when Colonel Savage with the author and Mr. George W. Marion, the well-known stage director, met in a bare room, where with only chairs as a stage setting to indicate entrance and exit, the lines were first spoken.

The Irish-American cast of "Top o' the Mornin' " seems to be peculiarly appropriate. Who could see Tim Murphy as the lovable, vigorous Father Quinn without falling in love with that big-hearted personality? There is no problem in the play; no trying sex tangles—all those things are eliminated that bring the scowl and dyspeptic look to theatergoers.

People just go to the play, laugh and enjoy themselves, and when it is all over realize that "Top o' the Mornin' " is more than an Irish play—it is a sociable if unspoken salutation among theatergoers, and has those subtle, irresistible heart touches that make the whole world kin.

* * *

NOW we'll all take a trip to South America before the Panama Canal opens. Mr. Peter MacQueen, F. R. G. S., the renowned world traveler and lecturer, has been commissioned by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE to proceed to South America and write for the Magazine a series of eight articles that will be of timely interest, as he will visit every country and come in personal touch with the people and public men of the various sections. The subject will include illustrated articles on "Panama and Colombia," "The Equatorial Republic of Ecuador," "The Republic of Peru and the Kingdom of the Incas," "Bolivia and the Andean Valley," "Chilians, the Yankees of South America," "The Transcontinental Railway across the Andes from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires." Doesn't this look interesting?

There will be an article devoted to the Argentine Republic, the great competitor of the United States in wheat and cattle and finally one on the Portuguese Republic of Brazil with its magnificent capital of Rio Janeiro with its coffee fields and rubber plantations.

South America is just emerging from a lethargy of four hundred years. It is a land rich in everything that makes the modern nations great. It has furrowed fields and forest heights and river beds that gleam with gold, and hills that are crowded with waiting metals. The Amazon, the mightiest river in the world, sends out its tributaries through the uplands of Brazil—a larger and more fructile land than the United States itself. These articles we hope to have begin early in the autumn and appear through the fall and early winter. Mr. McQueen will accompany the Boston Chamber of Commerce on a great part of its journey and will have the best opinions of these trained men and financiers upon the valuations. He also carries letters and greetings from THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE to all the prominent men in the Southern republics. Ex-President Roosevelt wrote of Mr. MacQueen to the Pan-American Union at Washington, "Peter MacQueen is a friend of mine. He is one of the American citizens who with sincere patriotism is trying to help our country both in its general affairs and its international relations." The articles written for the NATIONAL by Mr. MacQueen will be the most authoritative report published in the United States upon present conditions and future possibilities of South America. Our merchants and manufacturers and all the citizens of this country are interested in the great new era that will open with the opening of the Panama Canal.

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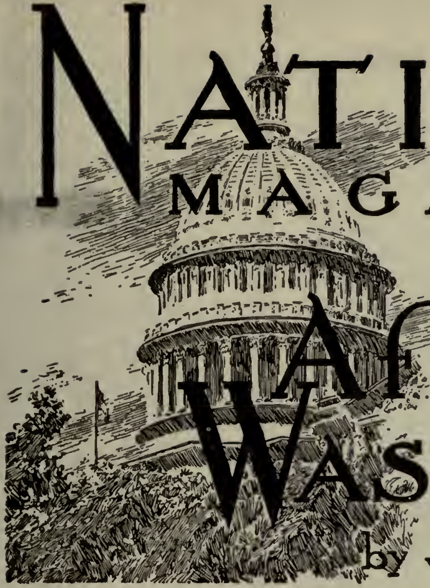
EMILIO AGUINALDO, LEADER OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION

Who is now living quietly on his farm at Cavite. Even in his retirement, however, he remains the most prominent of the native-born Filipinos, and if the Islands are granted independence, he will undoubtedly become the head of the government. (An account of Mr. John Gibson Babcock's interview with General Aguinaldo appears on page 395)

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1913



Affairs at WASHINGTON

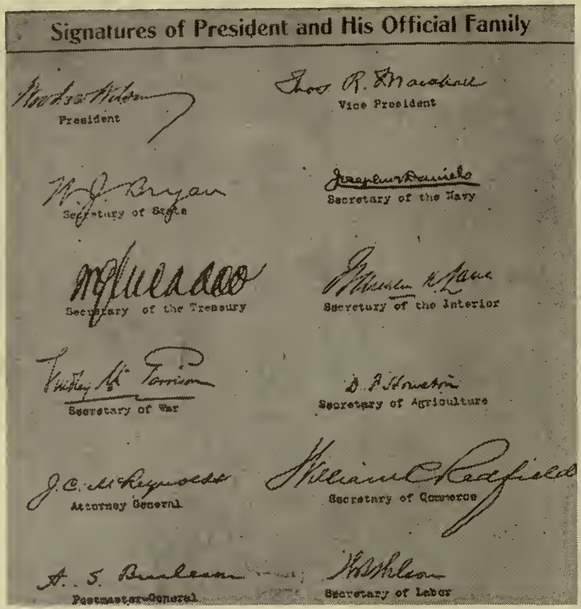
by Joe Mitchell Chapple

QUEENLY June approaches, and her riot of floral beauty and social events and pleasures compels the introspective Washington correspondent to omit the usual overture of reference to the tariff and the currency. Even the personal gossip about appointments and agitated hinting and prophesying about delicate foreign complications give way for the time to interest in the appearance and doings of the brigade of brides and grooms, who like the birds have mated in the springtime, and have made Washington a part of the scenic stage and background of the first act of their marriage-drama. High or low tariffs matter nothing to these dwellers in paradise; the currency of the country may be based on bonds or on commercial paper for all they care, so long as the marriage bond continues.

* * * * *

IN the cabinet, hint the sapient and politically weather wise quidnuncs of the Capitol, the meetings have already witnessed some sharp discussions as to the policy of new appointments and the date at which the political guillotine shall claim its myriad victims.

The extra session of the Sixty-third Congress promises to grind on and on toward early autumn, and in the meantime the industries affected by the tariff are marking time, hoping that the suspense will soon end, so that adjustment "for better or worse" can be made. Another tariff summer in Washington is promised, but the merry mood of the month of June precludes the bitterness of debate that comes with the torrid oriflamme of July and the dog-days of August. Momentous issues may be decided under the dome, but the glory of the Capitol grounds in June time make the outdoor view more alluring to visitors. The horse chestnuts, with their white and crimson plumes of early blossoms, the Japanese trees, the bell-topped elms, the pliant willows, somber pines, flowering magnolias, and hosts of other trees surrounding the Capitol are at the best of their strength and beauty; suggestive of the varied humanity wrestling indoors over a focal point of agreement, or enjoying life amid the attractions of the capital city.



Signatures of President and His Official Family

Woodrow Wilson
President

Thos. R. Marshall
Vice President

W. J. Bryan
Secretary of State

Josephus Daniels
Secretary of the Navy

W. G. McAdoo
Secretary of the Treasury

Franklin K. Lane
Secretary of the Interior

Lindley M. Garrison
Secretary of War

D. F. Houston
Secretary of Agriculture

J. C. McReynolds
Attorney General

William C. Redfield
Secretary of Commerce

A. S. Burleson
Postmaster-General

W. B. Wilson
Secretary of Labor

Photo by Clinedinst

THE SIGNATURES OF THE PRESIDENT AND THE CABINET
Handwriting experts have made many interesting observations and deductions from this group of names

SIGNATURES of prominent people have always a certain interest, and those of President Wilson and his cabinet display especially sharp contrasts from the light, Spencerian lines of William Jennings Bryan to the heavy scrawl of Secretary of the Treasury William Gibbs McAdoo. Artistic signatures, literary signatures and business signatures are all represented. Secretary of Agriculture Houston takes up the smallest amount of space, while Josephus Daniels rounds out his name with a Thomas Edison swing. The Secretary of War makes perhaps the daintiest letters, while Secretary of Labor Wilson or William C. Redfield might both take prizes in a contest of penmanship. The signature of Woodrow Wilson raking at an angle of forty-five degrees has the easy flow of the scholar, and its resemblance to the hand of former President Taft has been marked, even to the final line.

These twelve signatures to documents of the various departments represent the last word as far as official sanction is concerned. Who would think, when Josephus Daniels was scrawling his signature after editorials for the *Raleigh Observer*, that the same name would soon endorse documents in the Navy Department, bearing a world-wide recognition that could never be officially attained through his random writings on yellow copy paper? Nor did the many who received letters signed by Wm. G. McAdoo, as director of the Hudson Tunnel project, ever dream that soon his signature would represent the Treasury Department of the Republic. As a White House stenographer murmured, while he blotted a sheaf of executive letters, "It is surprising how in one short year a man's signature may come to mean so much."

* * * * *

A CURIOUS request came to the editor in the early spring months. "The next time you go to Washington," wrote a subscriber, "won't you make some observations and tell us what the real styles are, as observed by a man? We have fashion books, of course, but what does the average man observe in woman's attire?"

The letter was dispatched to Washington with other memoranda, but lay neglected in its envelope until one afternoon I stumbled in on a deputation from a fashionable young ladies' school being received by the President in the East Room of the White House. They were a bright lot of girls, laughing and chatting as became young and pretty maidens. Every hat seemed to have a ribbon rudder veering out prominently astern. The masculine mind was wondering what kept that waterless rudder so steady in a breeze.

"Boat shaped" hats seemed the trend of that line of millinery. There were hats with a little, lone aigrette popping up like a lonesome try-sail located well aft. There were sweeping hats, suggesting saucy yachts, floating over dainty little shell-like ears. Other hats looked like colored pumpkins, one-quarter size, tilted to the right, and others had a sweeping plume like a side-wheel steamer. To the masculine observer there seemed a nautical turn to most of the millinery "creations."

Some of them might be worshipped without breaking any of the commandments, being utterly unlike anything either in the heavens above or the earth beneath. The absence of birds on those hats would have delighted the Audubon and Humane Society, for not a bird was in sight in that line of hat craft, although it looked as if several bird's-nest lace creations were stowed away in some of the crowns. So far as the editorial eye of the observer could see, the hat bodies were made of straw. This I believe characterizes summer-time headgear.

© CLINEDINST WASHINGTON

MISS GENEVIEVE WALSH
The daughter of Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana; a Vassar girl who has won no little prominence as a short-story writer, and is already popular in Washington society

As the request was limited to styles, nothing may be added or conjectured as to the "high cost" of the various creations. The dainty jackets, loosely worn, resembled in the upper story the lines of a fancy pajama, while the lower story was reefed to preserve the nautical trend of the fashions.

The one thing that really impressed the masculine mind was the simplicity in that stylish gathering. It may be that "votes for women" has had its influence on styles—at any rate I am informed that later in the season hats will be tilted to the starboard, or rather "to the right," as the new ruling of the Naval Department has it, and carry more rim and sail, as the equinoctial storms approach and the bills come due for papa to consider.

There now—I've done my best, but Mr. Bok ought to keep his end up better, and not require an editor in tan shoes to comment on what seems to be another editor's special and peculiar province.

THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE
A snapshot of Hon. David F. Houston on his way to a meeting of the Cabinet

* * *

MEN look very differently when a snapshot catches them with hats and coats on and wearing their outdoor smiles. The snapshots of the various cabinet ministers form an interesting study. There is the placid gaze of Secretary McAdoo so different from the quick glance of Attorney-General McReynolds, as both start for a brisk walk up the Avenue. Secretary Houston's expression pleases the farmers, for although he sports a silk tile, Mr. Houston insists that the farmer is not averse to adapting himself to new things whether in attire or new ideas—or intensive farming. The Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, never fails to carry a cane and has the same keen expression as when looking about Tacoma and other Pacific Coast cities for a good news story. Postmaster-General Burleson has not lost any of that bearing that always made him so popular in Congress. The Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison, walks toward the executive office as if going to call upon a neighbor, for he is the one cabinet member from the home state of New Jersey.

* * * * *

THE attendance of Secretary Bryan at church has redeemed Sunday from being a dull day in Washington. William Jennings Bryan is, first and foremost, an orator and speaker who delights his hearers, and a man of Christian character whose influence in religious matters has been positive. Sunday observance in the State Department is a positive example, for Secretary Bryan has declared that his one pre-eminent policy is the promotion of peace. He is trying to crystalize into official policy and action the ideals he has expressed for many years in his lectures, and despite the increasing demands upon him maintains the characteristic simple dignity and democracy. Wherever he goes Secretary Bryan is heartily greeted, and altogether he seems to be the most popular man of the administration as far as the public is concerned. What a difference there exists now that he is clothed with official authority, from his position in the days when he emerged still defiant and hopeful from the gloom of lost Presidential elections, alone and unattended by admiring followers.

Mr. Bryan listened intently when the proposition was made to admit members of the cabinet to the floor of the House and Senate, to participate in debates, after the custom of foreign governments. The idea has not met with favor, but things change quickly nowadays, and as an old doorkeeper remarked, "Bryan may be heard again in Congress."

Very few changes in the State Department were made in the early days of the administration, but this was not owing to a lack of applications, which are piled high in the Secretary's file. The large acquaintance of Secretary Bryan throughout the country in various tours for sixteen years, makes the State Department the popular rendezvous for visitors. One of the first and last questions asked is, "Have you seen Colonel Bryan?" and the record number of visitors at the State Department during the last few months indicates the popularity of the premier member of President Wilson's cabinet, his Secretary of State.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Mr. McAdoo was only preparing to smile when the camera man snapped him

* * *

THE edict has gone forth from the Kaiser that no German diplomatist can wed a foreigner. This renews the old rule of Bismarck, which had become a dead letter. Of the ten embassies at Washington six are presided over by American wives. Seven Ministers of the twenty-nine legations have American wives who preside over their households and in addition to these, many of the attaches are married to American ladies. The list of American women married to foreign ambassadors and ministers includes many distinguished names. This revival of the rule made by the Iron Chancellor thirty years ago, was precipitated by certain complications in the family of a German diplomat whose wife was a foreigner, and the bitter opposition of the gallant young diplomats of the German service has finally had to give way to the imperial edict. In the present German service, there are many prominent ministers who are married to foreign wives. Baron Speck von Sternburg, who married a Kentucky belle, was one of the most popular Ambassadors at Washington. Count von Bernstorff was married to an American girl prior to his entry into the diplomatic corps, but, as it is pointed out in Germany, the Countess was the daughter of German parents who came to this country, and she was also educated abroad.

During the social season in Washington it is difficult to draw the racial line—official caste comes first. The imperial edict accounts for the coldness of American girls toward the young German diplomats, who, however, seem ready to give up their diplomatic ambition of increasing German trade through the channels of diplomatic and consular forces, to win an American bride. The shrewdness of American wives has evidently inspired deep concern in Germany, but love can laugh at emperors as well as at locksmiths, if history is read aright.

Photo by Clinedinst

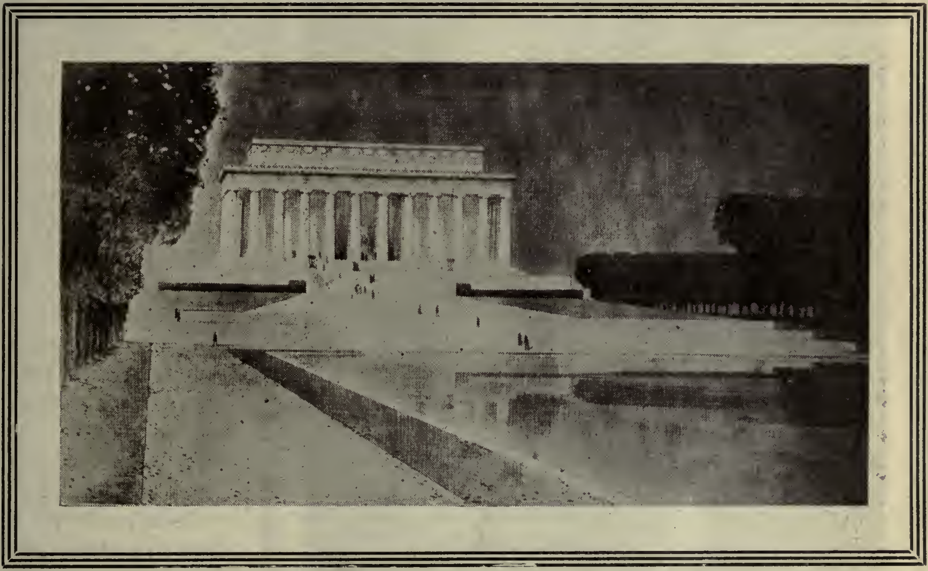
MISS FRANCES PROUTY

The daughter of Congressman Prouty of Iowa. She and her sister, Miss Evangeline, are popular among the younger set in Congressional social circles

* * * * *

IN the good time-honored way dear to English and American freemen for ages, and declared an inalienable right of both peoples, a petition has been sent to Congress for a reorganization of the personnel of the navy. It is argued that deserving young officers are kept too long in subordinate positions and that fleet commanders are automatically retired whose experience and vitality amply qualify them to continue to serve in the highest grades. Fleet commanders, whether they are forty-five or sixty-two, ought to be chosen according to merit and ability rather than by years and seniority. The popular prayer of the new petition is to secure a more just treatment of enlisted men, who are striving to secure a commission and to increase their chances for command and promotion. A consistent program of naval construction to be determined by a Council of National Defence is suggested in order to establish a standard at least equal to the strength of other nations.

Sixty-seven practical reasons for a strong navy are advanced in the petition, pointing out that sea power was indispensable in the War of the Revolution, in the war with the Pirates of the Barbary States, the War of 1812, the War of Secession, and especially in the Spanish-American War. The Spanish-American War never would have occurred, says this document, had Spain realized the effectiveness of our navy. England's navy, it is pointed out, has given Great Britain uninterrupted peace on the sea for nearly one hundred years.



THE PROPOSED LINCOLN MEMORIAL
Which is to be built in Potomac Park, Washington, at a cost of two million dollars

The United States has twenty-one thousand miles of coast line to defend, to say nothing of Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Panama Canal. The Monroe Doctrine is an ever-recurrent monitor which reiterates the epigrammatic truth that battleships are cheaper than battles, and that money appropriated for American battleships is paid directly to American workingmen, American ship-builders and American tradesmen and craftsmen. The training school of the Navy and its value in commercial and business activities is something more than preparation for the activities of warfare. In the realm of diplomacy, national prestige, and peace promotion, the navy is the foremost factor. A single disturbing element may cause a war, and a modern navy cannot be improvised as a lunch is served, at short notice, and navies will always be needed to uphold the decree of the court of arbitrations. General Horace Porter and Colonel Robert M. Thompson, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Navy League, are doing splendid work in their enthusiastic support of this petition, now before Congress. "A navy fit for the time and place Uncle Sam has assumed in the world council of nations," is a motto not to be lightly forgotten.

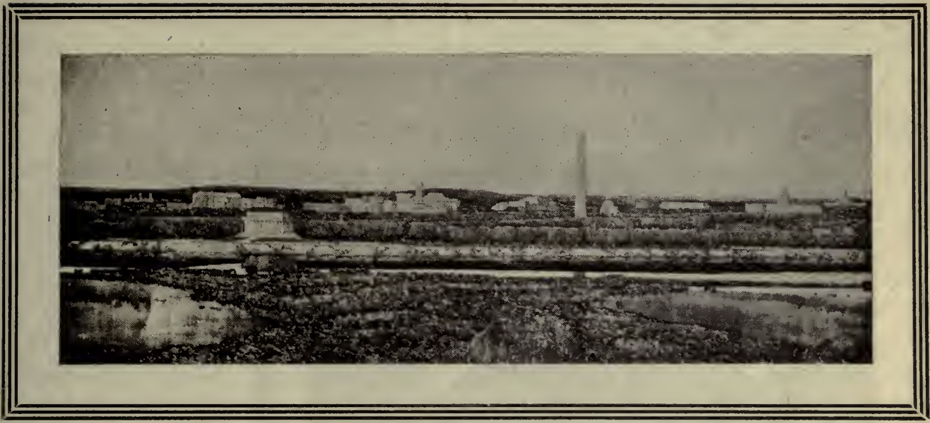
* * *

AS long ago as 1847 the Sultan of Turkey figured conspicuously in American news. He had presented a magnificent gold snuff-box, studded with diamonds, to Mr. Samuel Colt, in appreciation of the effectiveness of the Colt patent repeating firearms. A member of the Colt family is now United States Senator from Rhode Island. The cost of the snuff-box was placed at $2,500, and the newspaper accounts gave eloquent descriptions of the gift.

Side by side with this gossip, the old *Silver Standard* of November, 1847, gives a portrait of Benjamin Hays, "vulgarly known in New York as 'Old Hays'," who for over forty years was a constable in the city of New York. There is also a proposition to make bank notes of India rubber, which might meet the present demand of today for an "elastic currency" in the popular currency problem. The government had no washing machines in those days, and the India-rubber bill was advocated because it could be soaked and boiled in potash lye without perceptible effect.

HON. LE BARON P. COLT

The new Senator from Rhode Island, who for nearly thirty years has been prominent as United States Circuit Judge. He is related to the Colt family of firearms fame



POTOMAC PARK, WASHINGTON
Showing the site for the Lincoln Memorial which has been approved by the Lincoln Memorial Commission

In speaking of taxation, *The Standard* mentions a proposed bill for taxing mustaches, and the brilliant idea was advanced that a tax on wearing a mustache at so much per year would lay the burden on luxury, and on those who were ready to pay a good price for the gratification of their desires. Perhaps this bill was the forerunner of the fashion of today, when you scarcely find an American without a smooth face, which Europeans associate with our native buoyancy and optimism.

* * * * *

IT is interesting to hear visitors to the White House relate the purposes for which they desire to see the President. With many it is a matter of idle curiosity. Some want to see if he is taller than they thought he was, whether his eyes are blue, whether he has a dimple when he smiles, and a myriad of small details that would be thought ordinarily of little consequence, and yet it is these very details that go to make up the popular impression of a public servant.

At a recent reception one solemn-visaged man, evidently a professor, was standing in line shuffling his feet. He was an exceedingly well-read gentleman, and called attention to the fact that twenty-five of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States had parental ancestors in the British Isles—England having sixteen, Scotland two, Ireland three, and Wales one. Martin Van Buren and Theodore Roosevelt represented a Dutch ancestry, he said, and the curious fact is noted that although France has been so closely associated with the birth and history of the country, there has not been a President of French or Latin blood. "But with the influx of immigration from the south of Europe," said the Professor as he shifted to the other foot, "this condition is sure to change."

The physiognomy of the men today as compared with the portraits of men who had lived in former times presents a most interesting study. The President necessarily reflects the type of his times. The stately dignity of official position in years past, with tall collars, stuffy cravats, laces and ruffles, has passed away, and now instead of gaining personal distinction through rich attire or an appearance of official position, it is studiously avoided, in response to the popular ideas of democracy. The only opportunity accorded the American of adorning himself in gold and lace is in the precincts of the lodge room or on the governor's staff, for even the military itself is becoming most sedate and unobtrusive in military trappings.

As we waited our turn for an audience with the President, there was plenty of time for discussion on all these points, for there were some fifteen prospective postmasters in the advance guard, and progress was slow. As we advanced to the bend of the line my pedagogue friend put on his extra pair of glasses to get a good profile view for his ethnological study of Presidents.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS EVANGELINE PROUTY
The younger daughter of Congressman Prouty, a wholesome, charming girl who inherits her father's wit and magnetism

* * *

IN Congress Hall Hotel, located near the Capitol building, eighty Congressmen are domiciled. They are of all parties and beliefs, but on Sunday evening the neighborly spirit of all men of all climes is manifested. The program follows no order, and is limited to no special number of "artists." There is no lack of volunteers, however, and the piano is kept going with song and music. Congressman Falconer of Washington walks bravely to the piano and sings, followed by other colleagues, and down through the corridor ring the voices of the people's representatives in Sunday evening song. There is hearty and enthusiastic applause, and little groups gather all about the lobby, having a good old-fashioned time.

Later in the evening the singing naturally drifts to the old-time songs; there is a hush, the chairs cease rocking, and the conversation softens as the old heart songs are sung, awakening memories of the folks at home—for there are Congressmen who get homesick in spite of an attractive salary and the honor of serving the government under the Capitol dome. The heartfulness of the home life of the American people as indicated in these gatherings of Congressmen is one of the most fascinating and charming aspects of American democracy.

* * *

NEAR the entrance on the second floor of the Senate office building is a large conference room. A desk and some benches are so arranged as to give it a sort of Roman or Grecian effect. The room is so large that it has not been used to any extent for party conferences or caucuses, but it has been pronounced by many visitors as one of the handsomest reception rooms in the country. It looks out on the court of green which is naturally enclosed by the irregular line of office buildings, and one almost feels that he is in a skyscraper when he tries to see the buildings from the windows of this room.

Photo by Clinedinst

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
Mr. Lane was caught in profile as he started for the White House

The Senate office building is decidedly up-to-date even in its numbering scheme. As in hotels, the rooms on the first floor are in the one hundreds, those on the next in the two hundreds and so on. Each Senator is now "at home" only in his office, an arrangement which has eliminated much of the old-time interference occasioned by calling members out to meet visitors during legislative sessions. This old method, however, had its compensation in bringing Senators and Congressmen closer to their visitors than today, for when a constituent calls on his Senator or Congressman at an office, there is not the same impression as when meeting him within the radius of the legislative arena. The Congressional offices, fine as they are, are like any other office today, and there are none of the picturesque meetings between Congressman and constituent under the dome of the Capitol, which added to the zest of old-time custom and courtesy.

* * * * *

THE alarm has gone forth among Washington motorists, and the question is, Where will the gasoline come from to keep the autos going? A scientist well informed on petroleum and its products has published an estimate based on the fact that the limit of gasoline production has practically been reached, while the development of automobiles, motor-boats and airships is only beginning. Based on present oil production, and a pretty well-established ratio of gasoline contents—allowing for the difference in crude oils in this regard—he estimates that in less than a decade the exacting needs of gasoline-driven motors will far exceed the production.

While this may be true, it is pointed out that there will be a vast increase in the amount of electric power transmitted from distant water privileges, while the use of kerosene as a motor has also made much more progress in Europe than on this side of the Atlantic. Immense Mexican oil fields have scarcely been half exploited, and the improvements in steam motors using oil for fuel and very light and effective generators have developed winning machines among the auto cars most in favor. About every so often the utilitarian power of the world appears to shift. Coal oil arrived at the opportune time, after sperm oil. As in oil, so in government, said a cynical Congressman. The old Dutch windmills tell a picturesque story of the power of the elements, now only surpassed in a wholesale "breeze" in Congress, when with "a sail ahoy" the "windjammers" approach.

HON. DUDLEY FIELD MALONE

The new Third Assistant Secretary of State. He is an original Wilson man, and had the honor of describing the nomination scene to Mr. Wilson, then at Sea Girt. Mr. Malone is the son-in-law of Senator O'Gorman of New York, and he and his wife are prominent in New York society

* * *

DURING a hearing at the Agriculture Department last year, Secretary James Wilson would oftentimes close his eyes, as was his habit in listening. A discussion was once going on as to the details of sausage-making, and the tastes of the individual as to the proper blending of spices. The expert became eloquent as he proceeded with the enthusiasm of an epicurean who has discovered new methods of titillating the popular palate. He saw the Secretary with his eyes closed and stopped short, somewhat disappointed.

"Go on," spoke up the Secretary, "I follow you very closely as to the details of the sausage. You have problems in sausage-making just as a public official has in running for office, to make an article that just suits the public taste, and you are doing well—go on."

The expert took heart and continued with the details of that toothsome product which we always associate with maple syrup and griddle cakes on a winter's morning. The foreigner with his slight breakfast of coffee and rolls is shocked when even contemplating the menu of the average farmer during the sausage season. William Dean Howells paid a tribute to the American farmer's breakfast that puzzles even the heavy eaters of Europe who take in their edible cargo later in the day.

Before Secretary Wilson left office he had decided upon two momentous questions, namely: "When is whiskey whiskey," and "When is sausage sausage?"

* * * * *

WHEN walking through the palatial Union Station in Washington I always feel that the gratitude of the American people is due to the man who conceived the beautiful gateway to the capital. The soft, reflected light from the ceiling, the immense areas of floor space and all its many beauties are impressive, but lately I noticed for the first time something new up under the ceiling lights, glowing upon them like the footlights in a theatre. It was the forty-six statues of Roman soldiers, designed to adorn the stone coping which runs around the wall of the main waiting-rooms. This completes the interior decoration of the building. The statues are in keeping with the Romanesque treatment embodied in the plans for the station. The figures are masterpieces by Saint Gaudens, who designed a large amount of the sculptural decorations. Over the doors under the portico are six stalwart statues, and there are four more in the ticket room, while thirty-six loom high up in the main waiting-room. These stalwart legionaries, erect and armored in Roman fashion, carrying shield and sword, inspire in the passing wayfarer those subtle impressions of artistic suggestion that would not be nearly as effective for popular education if placed in any museum. It is not to be supposed that a man would contemplate with artistic serenity the glories of ancient Rome, while hunting for a ticket with the train ready, but there are scores of travelers at all hours inspecting the beauties of the structure with the feeling that in the moments of waiting they are viewing the masterpieces left by the gifted and lamented Saint Gaudens.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
Hon. James C. McReynolds, taken on the way to a Cabinet meeting

IT is told by a ubiquitous Washington reporter that Gilbert K. Chesterton, the British author, drinks tea as interminably as did the renowned Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that his greatest delight in life is attacking his popular contemporary, George Bernard Shaw. This recalls the stories of Ibsen and Björnson in the days when they were fellow-members of the famous Norwegian Society.

The one passion of Chesterton's life is his antipathy to Shaw. He insists that Shaw never takes his stand with his fellow-creatures, but talks, acts and feels as one apart and aloof from the crowds, and that he himself would prefer to be tried by a jury of ordinary men than by Shaw, the self-exploited exponent of democracy.

Some say that Chesterton looks like Senator Lorimer, others like President Taft, but at all events he is one of the popular writers who knows how to write stories that bubble with an irresistible and unquenchable fund of good humor. His remarks on many of the current fads and issues are what might be expected from a large, good-natured man well contented with life. Eugenics he finds but "another scheme of the British medical trust." He claims to be an irredeemable optimist, but enjoys discussing matters with his Socialist brother Cecil, whose ideas are quite different from his own. Gilbert K. Chesterton's belief is echoed in his own words, "Give the people good conditions, improve their environment, and all will tend toward the highest type."

* * * * *

THE new administration has been especially fortunate in its Alaskan appointments. Major Strong, the newly-appointed governor, will undoubtedly give our arctic territory an efficient and enterprising administration. The appointment of Rovert W. Jennings as Judge of the United States District Court of the first division, is also in keeping with the determination to give Alaska a territorial government equal to the needs of an enormous area, rich in minerals and other resources, and occupied by a resourceful and enterprising people.

The untimely death of Mr. A. J. Daly, late national committeeman from Alaska, shortly after completing his work at Baltimore, deprived the Democratic organization of Alaska of a leader who has been identified for the past twenty years not only with the politics but the business development of Alaska. It seemed fitting that the territorial and division committeemen should approve for the position of marshal of the second division the appointment of Mr. J. P. Daly, a brother of the late committeeman who had so long served his party in the far north.

The Alaskan situation has always been strenuous and picturesquely exciting from the first rush and perils of the earlier inundation of prospectors and speculators following the discovery of gold down to the present time. Incriminations and recriminations between officials and competing companies have abounded, and the northern territory as a result has presented a fertile field for the muckraker, until the general public is impressed with the idea that wire-pulling has vied with mining as one of Alaska's chief industries. As was remarked by a department official who visited Alaska during the summer, the Democratic party of Alaska will indeed put a feather in its cap if harmony can be established between the industrial and political leaders of that splendid territory.

Emilio Aguinaldo

Leader of Philippine Insurrection and President of Erstwhile Island Republic now a Peaceful Farmer

by JOHN GIBSON BABCOCK

WHEN the troopship Thomas made her way at half speed into Manila harbor one scorching day in August, having as passengers the usual number of army and navy people, together with many teachers and other civil appointees going to their posts for duty in our great island possessions for the first time, it suddenly occurred to me that I knew but little about the country.

The insurrection had been put down several years ago; our sovereignty over the Philippines had been fully established; many thousands of the little brown people had a working knowledge of the English language; yet all that I was sure of was the brilliant victory of Admiral Dewey, the dramatic capture of Emilio Aguinaldo, the fact that the islands supplied the world with Manila hemp and that a public school system had been established.

Well, I had much to learn, and I discovered a great many things in the first few months ashore; but for a long time I was unable to find out what had become of Aguinaldo, the hero and idol of the Tagalog race. So eventually I made it my mission to look him up, with what result I am here writing.

My task was made much easier than I had anticipated by a happy coincidence that furnished the clue I was looking for, and which I immediately followed with avidity. This came about through my meeting one Senor Lorenzo Zialcita, an official of the bureau of labor of the civil government in Manila. Being in conversation with this gentleman one day, and the topic turning to some incident in connection with events occurring during the Philippine insurrection, Zialcita casually mentioned the fact that he had been a major in the Filipino army and had acted as a personal aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, General Aguinaldo.

My new acquaintance then launched into a pardonable eulogy on the character and personal traits of his former chief, narrating many incidents of their campaigns together, and concluded by telling me of General Aguinaldo's present apparently happy life as a prosperous planter in the province of Cavite, the scene of many of his most brilliant military operations and short-lived political successes. The account was to me of absorbing interest, and I encouraged the major into giving me a note of introduction to his former chief, getting at the same time full and complete directions as to the best means of reaching the general's plantation, lying some thirty miles from Manila, around the bay toward Cavite.

"You will find him," said Zialcita, "a true Filipino gentleman, one who will be glad to meet you, grant you an interview and entertain you in his home." Happy in the possession of this information and confident that I was now in a position to carry out my long-desired object of knowing the foremost figure in contemporary Philippine history, I lost no time in making arrangements for a visit to Aguinaldo.

Upon inquiry at the bureau of public works I learned that the trip from Manila to the home of the insurrectionary leader might be made in less than three hours by automobile. The journey, I was informed, had consumed all of two days good "hiking" by the American troops during the Philippine insurrection, but that with the advent of peace came an era of the building of good metaled roads and as a result I might now cover the same ground and return in less than a fourth the time consumed by our soldiers in their weary chase after the wily *insurrectos*.

During the trip I began to recall many of the dramatic incidents in the career of this famous Malay chief with whom I was soon to converse, who, though only forty-three years of age at the present time, had lived to defeat the arms of Spain in two wars and to have waged an unsuccessful insurrection against the United States forces for two years, being captured finally, not in the open field in combat with the enemy, but in his own quarters by the treachery of his supposed friends. I recalled the early life of Aguinaldo; how as a sturdy boy he had labored in the rice fields, working with his parents to get a meager living from the soil; how by his indomitable energy and perseverance he had obtained a university education in the colleges at Manila when such a privilege was almost unheard of for the majority of the native Tagalogs; and how he finally determined to devote his life to the expulsion of the Spaniards from the islands and to the securing of the blessings of liberty and religious freedom for his race; and to this end, how he had organized the strong military secret society known as the *Katipunan*, by the use of which on the battlefield he had forced Spain to her knees in 1896, compelling that country to grant many reforms in the government of the archipelago; and how he had led another insurrection when the Spaniards had failed to keep their promises of better government, repeatedly defeating them and at last cooping them up in Manila where Dewey found them, on the day of his victory over Montojo's fleet on a bright May morning in 1898.

BIRTHPLACE OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION
In this building, at Bacoor, Cavite, the first meeting of Aguinaldo and his cabinet was held and the *Republica Filipina* (Philippine Republic) was organized

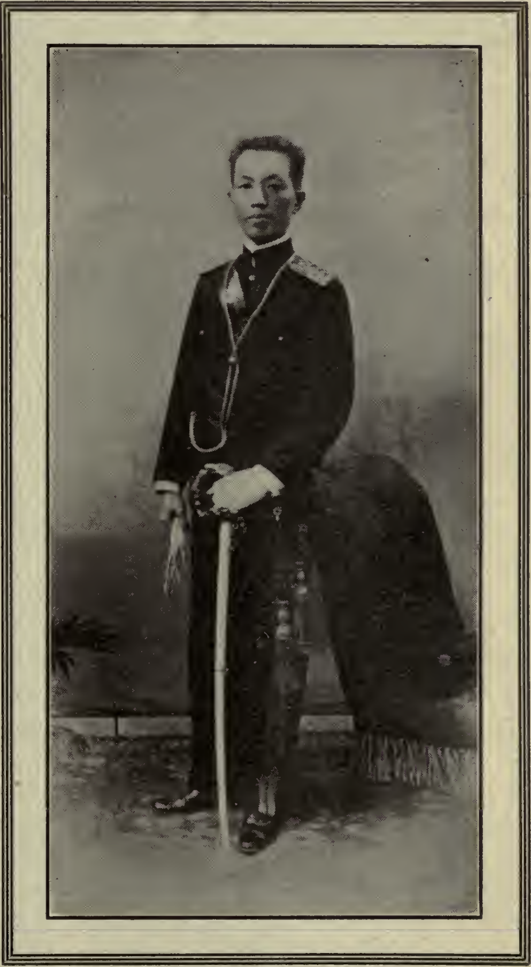
While recalling these things I began, almost unconsciously, to have a deeper respect and a more sincere regard for the man, who, in taking the vow of allegiance to the government of the United States after his capture in 1901, had said: "The losses sustained by our forces in this unequal conflict and the present impoverished condition of our country present an unanswerable argument for a lasting peace in order that the future welfare of the Filipino race may be assured. Filipinos have never been dismayed at their military weakness, nor have they faltered in following the road which was pointed out by their desire to be free and independent."

While musing I had covered a considerable portion of my journey, and was surprised to learn from a native whom I accosted on the road that I was now within a few hundred yards of my destination. Being thus informed I began to take interest in the country bordering on the highway and found that as far as the eye could reach practically all the land was under cultivation. Here were almost boundless fields of waving rice, frequent plantations of rich sugarcane, an occasional group of tall cocoanut palms with branches waving lazily in the warm breezes from the bay, and all interspersed and dotted with numerous smaller fields of tobacco and Manila hemp, set in long straight rows. These fields, I learned from the native, belonged principally to General Aguinaldo, who, since the close of the insurrection, had devoted himself to the care of his estate and the management of his large plantations.

A few moments more brought me within sight of his residence, a two-story structure, built after the usual style of Spanish architecture, with the upper floor of wood projecting out several feet over the ground floor, which was constructed of stone. The house was surrounded by luxuriant tropical vegetation and a well-kept lawn stretched down to the roadway, being separated from it by a high fence of stone and iron, the severe lines of which were broken opposite the main entrance of the house by a massive gateway formed by two stone columns about twelve feet in height by two feet square. Leaving my car in the grateful shade of some tall feathery bamboo by the roadside, I made my way through this imposing entrance and along a broad gravel walk which soon brought me to the comparatively modest doorway of the general's home.

My summons was quickly answered by a Filipino attendant, who, in excellent Spanish, bade me enter and be seated. Taking my hat and gloves, he courteously inquired if I wished to speak with General Aguinaldo. In reply I said that such was my desire, were that gentleman at leisure for a few minutes. With my much-prized letter of introduction, the obsequious Tagalog withdrew into another part of the house, and being left at leisure to note my surroundings, I saw that I was in the modest, yet elegantly furnished reception room of a prosperous Filipino country gentleman. With floors of carefully polished mahogany, walls and ceiling covered with painted canvas portraying various native scenes, and with furniture of bamboo and ebony, the apartment presented a decidedly pleasing aspect after my three hours drive under the glare of a scorching tropical sun.

My observations were suddenly terminated, however, by the reappearance of the courteous native doorkeeper, who informed me that he had the pleasure of presenting the compliments of Gen. Aguinaldo, "and if the American gentleman would be pleased to wait but a moment he would be joined by the master of the house."



EMILIO AGUINALDO
From a hitherto unpublished photograph taken in 1898

The moment had scarcely lengthened to five when the hangings at one side of the room were parted and I saw before me a man, typically a Filipino of the Tagalog race, short in stature, of dignified appearance and soldierly bearing, and immaculately dressed in the customary white linen clothing worn in the tropics. Quickly advancing toward me as I arose, he grasped my hand and with a pressure denoting deepest sincerity, courteously made me welcome to his home. I replied in the best Castilian at my command, apologizing for my lack of fluency in that language. He accepted my apologies as being unnecessary, and then with graceful courtesy showed me to another apartment, evidently the drawing room of his residence.

Here I was made comfortable in a roomy bamboo rocker, while my host, seating himself nearby, summoned an attendant, whom he directed to bring refreshments. These were quickly at hand and consisted of the best of native cigars and cigarettes, and some pleasant-tasting soft drinks served with ice.

GENERAL AGUINALDO AND J. G. BABCOCK
Taken outside the Aguinaldo home

After some casual remarks I proceeded to the real object of my interview, that of learning, if possible, the present state of mind of this noted Filipino and of his mode of living since the close of the memorable insurrection of the islanders against the American forces. General Aguinaldo seemed in a most affable humor at the time and answered all my questions freely and without apparent reserve.

He told me what his sensations had been when he was taken prisoner by the American troops some twelve years ago. His capture in itself was a daring deed, for he was apparently safely surrounded by his followers, and it did not seem possible that his retreat could be found. But General Funston surprised him, effecting his capture with the aid of disloyal Filipinos, and insisted upon taking him alive, which left him no alternative other than to believe that the American government intended to make him suffer full punishment for the trouble that he had caused in opposing their forces.

What this punishment would have been under Spanish rule he knew full well. Imagine, then, his surprise at finding himself installed in palatial quarters at Manila when he had expected a dungeon and torture! He was told that the American government desired only peace in the islands and that his co-operation in securing it would do much to obtain pardon and freedom for him. He had held out for a time, not being above suspicion, but ultimately he had seen the wisdom of this course, and so had yielded gracefully and honestly urged peace upon his followers.

He had thought at this time only of regaining his liberty, but when he had taken the oath of allegiance to uphold the sovereignty of the United States in the Philippines, his estates and all his personal effects had been restored to him. Then had come the realization that he was dealing with no ordinary people; that here, at last, was a government big enough to keep faith with its enemies. He had determined to become worthy of the trust imposed in him, and so had returned to his farm, and endeavored to set an example to his countrymen by living the quiet industrious life of a *haciendero*. He had accomplished his determination and had also studiously refrained from entering into island politics and public life.

* * *

In speaking of the failure of the Philippine insurrection and of the hopes of his people that they would ultimately obtain their independence, Aguinaldo said: "My friend, you and your people love your country and your freedom, for which your ancestors fought in 1776. Can you blame us for fighting in a like cause? Howbeit, our war for independence was unsuccessful and has therefore been called an insurrection by your people and the world in general. We, however, do not consider it simply as an insurrection. We may have failed for the time being, as our struggle was against overwhelming odds; but my people never will abandon hope of becoming a free and independent nation. We have a population of more than eight millions, all of whom, except some few hundred thousand, are what the world calls civilized. And in comparison with its present population, our island country has almost unbounded resources. Our rich alluvial plains in the lowlands cannot be excelled for agricultural pursuits, our mountain ranges abound in mineral deposits, while our rivers, bays and seas are overcrowded with fish, which, as you know, is one of our principal articles of daily food. Under such conditions, why should we not aspire to independence?"

"But do you think that the majority of your people would support the central government? Would you not have a great deal of internal political strife with its accompaniment of revolution and counter-revolution similar to the recent conditions in Mexico and at times in the Central and South American Republics?" I asked.

"We believe ourselves capable," replied the general, "of maintaining a stable government. All that we ask is that America give us a trial. We have not as yet had the opportunity of learning whether or not we can govern ourselves in a manner that would win recognition from the great powers of the world."

"In the event of your people becoming independent, would you again seek office, general?"

"I shall seek no office. Should my people call me, however, I shall serve them to the best of my ability in whatever position they may wish to place me," he replied.

General Aguinaldo then suggested that we take a walk about his plantation, and I was shown vast fields of growing crops which bore mute witness to the peaceful inclinations and commendable industry of my host. His estate, the general explained, consisted of about six hundred acres of land, while he rented nearly as much again of the government property which had formerly been in the Friars' estates. A considerable number of natives are employed in the care and cultivation of the general's plantations, while the whole estate is well stocked with the docile *carabao*, or water buffalo, that animal which is so useful to the Filipino as a beast of burden.

Upon returning to the general's residence, I was presented to his family. His wife is a demure little woman of pleasing appearance and is probably about the same age as her husband. With a modest pride she introduced her four children, two boys and two girls. The eldest is a sturdy boy of fourteen years, who, if memory and faculties had been developed shortly after birth, could tell a vivid tale of real "baptism by fire," as he was but a baby in swaddling clothes when his mother accompanied General Aguinaldo in the field during many of the hard-fought campaigns of the insurrection. The other children are a boy of twelve years and two girls of ten and eight years. All are being educated in the public schools of Cavite and upon completion of their studies there, will be sent to attend a university in Manila.

* * *

And so it was that I found Emilio Aguinaldo, unquestionably the greatest figure in recent Philippine history, living contented and happy as a prosperous planter, in the loving companionship of an affectionate family and surrounded by loyal kinsmen and friends. The conduct of this man in the face of defeat cannot but hold that which is most dear to him, the love and affection of his compatriots, and will no doubt gain him in the end the respect and admiration of America and the world.

It is fitting that he should have our respect and confidence, for there is probably no Filipino who may be called upon to play a more important role in the future of his country than this man. For should the new administration in Washington really carry out the traditional policy of the Democratic party and withdraw from the Philippines, Aguinaldo, the country gentleman, might find himself again in the limelight, either for better or for worse.

A GROUP OF POPULAR AMERICAN WOMEN WRITERS

MRS. KATHLEEN NORRIS
The author of many delightful short stories and of the novels "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne." Mrs. Norris' fiction is strong in heart interest, and is cheerful and optimistic

MRS. NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
A New York author who wrote a prize story at the tender age of eleven. Her first novel is "The Impossible Boy"

MISS MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS
The Nashville, Tennessee, author, whose delightful stories are laid in the Southland, Her latest work is "Andrew the Glad"

MRS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
A writer of baffling mystery stories. She describes herself as "a regular person, with a home and a husband and three children. Her new novel is "The Case of Jennie Brice"

Flashlight Glimpses of Congressmen

by The Editor

EACH successive Congress presents interesting studies of the personnel of the American people. The biographical pages of the Congressional Directory furnish interesting reading, because they outline the careers of those representing the sovereign people even if in epigraphical form. These scant official biographies are as varied as the temperament and dispositions of the Congressmen themselves. While largely a chronological record, yet between the lines one can trace personality in every phase.

One of the most notable features of the Sixty-third Congress is the large proportion of school-teachers. There are sixty-four members who have proudly recorded in the Congressional Directory that they "taught school." The fact that the President himself belongs to this army of pedagogues is significant and marks a distinctive feature of this administration. There is also a larger proportion of newspaper men than has been known in any previous Congress, while the lawyers manage to hold their own despite the inroad of professors and scribes. Doctors and business men, railroad men, traveling men, and some craftsmen have representatives here and there. For the first time the Directory appears with the complete representation in the Senate and House from forty-eight states. This year there has been a more radical change of names in the staid old Directory than has been known for more than twenty years past, and the pages have the fascination of a real "new edition"—if not "a best seller."

The biography of the executive officials, with the President leading, announces the residence of Woodrow Wilson as "Pennsylvania Avenue, between 15th and 16th streets, 'phone Main 6." Otherwise this is known as the White House. Beneath the President's modest life story is that of his secretary, Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty. The third conspicuous biography on the list is that of William Jennings Bryan. The Republicans are recorded in italics this year, calling attention to the scarcity of names in the minority party. A simple star designates the members whose wives are with them, and the dagger designates those who are accompanied by unmarried daughters. Thus the Congressional Directory serves as a "Blue Book" and society calendar as well as a practical guide to federal careers.

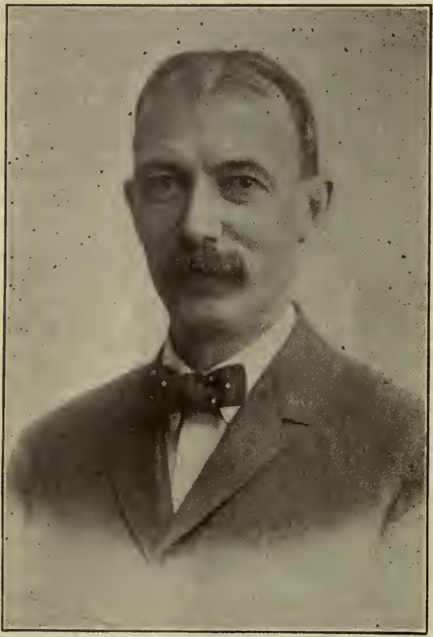
The extra session has afforded the new members of Congress an opportunity to become acquainted with one another while the wheels of tariff legislation are grinding away. Fortunate is the new Congressman who can strike up a friendship with an older member, for as one young Representative expressed it, an old-time Annapolis hazing is nothing to the "freeze" which the new Congressman suffers when trying to find his way around, or to become accustomed to the duties of his office.

It was suggested that flashlight sketches of new members of Congress would be of interest to readers who want to know the methods and characteristics of the officers and crew of the ship of state, and the editor has begun a tour of the capitol to get first-hand glimpses of the new Congressmen, which will appear from time to time in the NATIONAL until the acquaintance of all is made.

* * *

SOME years ago I went into a newspaper office of Poughkeepsie and found the place whence the *Eagle* soared. The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* is the old established newspaper of that section. In charge of that paper, Mr. Edmund Platt was doing his part in keeping the people of Poughkeepsie thoroughly informed in world affairs. Last fall he was elected a member of Congress on the Republican ticket. He was born in Poughkeepsie in 1865 and studied at Riverview Academy;

later learned the printer's trade, took the Eastman business course and entered Harvard, graduating in the class of '88. Upon leaving Harvard he taught school, studied law two years, and then followed Greeley's advice and went West to become editorial writer on the Superior *Evening Telegram*. On the death of his father, Hon. John I. Platt, in 1905, he succeeded to the editorship of the *Eagle*, which has been in possession of the family since 1828.



HON. EDMUND PLATT
Representing the 26th District, New York. A typical newspaper man; a lover of outdoor sports; the scion of a prominent New York State family

Always alert and active in civic matters, he has been a member of several city administrative boards and trustee of a number of public institutions, but never until elected to Congress has he held public office. He is the author of a History of Poughkeepsie and other historical papers and lectures.

Mr. Platt is one of the young men in Congress who goes to his work thoroughly equipped. He is known at home as an outdoor man, a champion of long tramps in the woods and mountains, of tennis, golf and rowing, a friend of the Boy Scouts and a believer in anything which will bring people into the open air. Very rarely do you find him watching a game that others have been paid to play. He prefers to get right into the game himself.

He frankly admits that he owes his nomination and election largely to the prominence of his family in the city of Poughkeepsie and in the counties of Dutchess and Orange, and said at a recent banquet in New York City that "half the people in Dutchess county thought they were voting for my father and the other half thought they were voting for my uncle, who has the same name." His father was the leading opponent of the barge canal swindle in the state of New York up to the time of his death. His uncle, Edmund P. Platt, is a very prominent church and Y. M. C. A. worker, a director of the national organization of the Y. M. C. A.

As a great friend and disciple of Mr. John Burroughs, the "Sage of Slabsides," Congressman Platt had the honor of being the only guest when the great scientist entertained President and Mrs. Roosevelt at Slabsides and Riverby some years ago.

* * *

AFTER he had tried the new settees in the House of Representatives, Mr. Lathrop Brown, Democratic nominee of the First District of New York, was pointed out as the young man who had the distinction of defeating W. Bourke Cochran. Mr. Brown is a real native of Manhattan and his father is a member of the well-known firm of Douglas Robinson, Charles S. Brown Company. His preparatory education was received at Groton School, Massachusetts, from which he graduated in 1900. He entered Harvard University and graduated in 1903 at the age of twenty, with a degree of A. B. He made a thorough study of the realty situation in New York and rapidly advanced to a position of great responsibility until he became director of his father's firm and also director of the well-known firm of G. Schirmer & Company, music publishers, and of the Commonwealth Insurance Company.

A year prior to his election to Congress Mr. Brown married Miss Helen Hooper of Boston, daughter of Robert Chamblet

Hooper, who had some of the best steeple chasers in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are deeply interested in horses, and under the name of "Miss Chamblet" they have a number of racers in training. Of these, Rice Grain, Bill Andrews and Planter have been winners in the season of 1913.

Hardly had his name been engraved on the plate of the Maltby Building before Congressman Brown, always a Democrat, began work to secure the betterment of Long Island harbors and waterways and to strengthen party organization in Nassau and Suffolk Counties.

HON. LATHROP BROWN
Representing the First District of New York. A real son of Manhattan, a successful business man, and one of the most active and youngest members of Congress

EVENTS of the last campaign are recalled as one finds on the desks of the new Congressmen the campaign documents that recall the stirring days of November, 1912. Among the new members hailing from Florida is Emmett Wilson of Pensacola. Although born in Central America he came to Florida at an early age, attended a public school and studied law, in which he soon demonstrated his ability as a leader. He is a grandson of Judge Emmett Maxwell, who was a member of Congress from Florida in 1852, and he entered upon his official life at the same age as his grandfather. Mr. Wilson is a typical Southerner, straight as an arrow, full of power and eloquence that are inherited from ancestors of antebellum days. He represents western Florida, and when he began his campaign for Congress definitely stated his position on fourteen or fifteen leading propositions which he announced as his political confession of faith. He is a resident of Pensacola, and his father and mother are both natives of Florida and educated in the State, so he is a "sure enough" native son. His friends point to him as one of the brand of modern statesmen who will speedily make a name for himself.

HON. EMMETT WILSON
Representing the Third District of Florida. A typical Southerner and a member of one of Florida's oldest and most noted families

* * *

HAVING visited John N. Heiskell in his editorial den in Arkansas, it was interesting to observe him upon the floor of the Upper House as a real Senator. Mr. Heiskell was appointed successor to the late

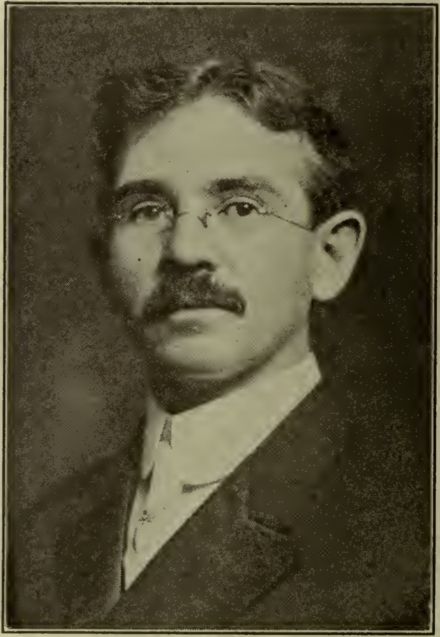
Senator Jeff Davis by the Governor of Arkansas and had a three weeks' career in the Senate. Those three weeks were a notable period, for experiences came thick and fast, and his twenty-two days' service in the Senate will form the basis of reminiscences that would make some twenty-two years' service look tame in comparison. The young Arkansas editor with the toga thrown jauntily over his shoulder thus addressed the Senate in Ciceronian tones, according to the official report in the *Congressional Record.*

HON. JOHN N. HEISKELL
Senator from Arkansas for an eventful three weeks. One of the brilliant young editors of the South

"My successor is bearing down upon me, armed with a commission that will serve as a writ of dispossession for me. He will, in turn, serve but a short while, when another will come to take his place for the long term. There is senatorial glory enough to go around, if you keep it moving fast.

"When I came here a few days ago, I had some difficulty in finding my way into the Senate, but the Arkansas legislature had no difficulty in showing me the way out. I am leaving the Senate after this short service because of circumstances over which I have no control. Lately I have been spending my time in learning what rights, privileges, prerogatives and immunities a man has who has been a member of the Senate. After this service of twenty-two days, I am going home to spend the rest of my life writing my reminiscences."

After this address, which was listened to with much rapt interest, the Senators gathered on both sides of the Senate as he said his farewell, and there was a reception that for a time disturbed the august routine of Senate business. Whether a Senator or not, the state of Arkansas has reason to feel proud of the brilliant young editor who so daringly placed the fair name and fame of Arkansas before the nation in the Senate.



HON. ROBERT H. GITTINS
Congressman from the Fortieth District, New York. He started his career as a newsboy, made a success in business and became a lawyer; is also an expert stenographer

* * *

HAILING from a congressional district which furnished two Presidents of the United States—Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland—Robert H. Gittins of Niagara Falls comes to Washington known as "Senator Bob," for he served in the upper house of the New York Legislature and is the first Democratic representative of his district for a generation. He was born in Oswego, New York, and started life as a newsboy. He graduated from the University of Michigan and studied law, as all good prospective Congressmen should, although before he hung out his shingle he fortified himself with thirteen years' business experience. He was elected in a district which usually gives a large Republican majority. This is how he happened to have his title of "Senator Bob." He secured a million dollar appropriation for improved roads, and representing Niagara Falls, which is most interested in the projects of parcel post, educational progress and good roads, this is an achievement. Congressman Gittins is one of the many Congressmen who are expert stenographers, and he can easily take down his opponent's speech on the edge of a stray cuff—provided the said opponent doesn't talk too long at a time.

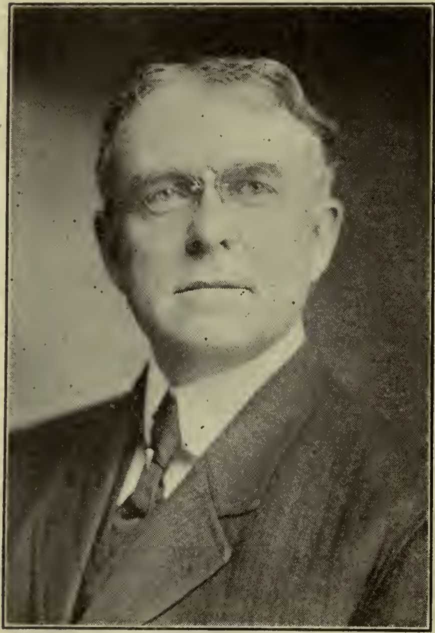
HON. JOHN JACOB ROGERS
Congressman from the Fifth District of Massachusetts. A Harvard graduate, a lawyer, a leader in the promotion of education along industrial lines

THE Congressman from Lowell, Massachusetts, enjoys a name that suggests John Jacob Astor, although it is really John Jacob Rogers. He has taken an active part in bringing to Lowell a splendid industrial school and was for many years president of the Associated Charities, director of the Lowell Day Nursery, the Young Men's Christian Association, and of the Lowell Board of Trade, also a trustee of the Lowell Textile School and the Mechanics Savings Bank, which altogether indicates something of the activities of the Congressman from Lowell.

HON. LAWRENCE B. STRINGER
Congressman-at-large from Illinois. Affectionately called "Larry" by his friends; an old-time newspaper man, and an orator to his finger-tips

He is a graduate of Harvard College and later received the degree of Master of Arts, and has been engaged in the general practice of law. For several years he has been an active student of municipal affairs and has served as Second Lieutenant in Company K of the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts. With a special training in civic matters and a thorough business experience, Mr. John Jacob Rogers brings to Washington a record that will do honor to the Fifth Massachusetts District.

AT home they affectionately call him "Larry" Stringer, but in the Congressional Record he is styled Hon. Lawrence B. Stringer, Congressman-at-large from the State of Illinois. He is, from all accounts, one of the most popular individual campaigners in Illinois, as indicated from the fact that he was elected on the same ticket with Woodrow Wilson and received a large majority lead over the head of the ticket. One cannot meet Mr. Stringer without being impressed first and foremost that he has ability and honesty, just old-fashioned honesty. He is an orator to his finger tips, kindly and sympathetic, and especially magnetic on the rostrum. Like many of the new congressmen he learned the printers' trade. He was the son of a poor clergyman and had to struggle hard for an education. His work was blended with his studies, and he laid aside the printers' "stick" on Commencement morning, and delivered a valedictory that is still talked of by the alumni of his school. He is a member of the Chicago bar and received the degree of LL.B. from the Lake Forest University. He was only twenty-two when first nominated for legislative office, and has had the habit of being elected ever since, although a Democratic nominee in a strong Republican district. He was Democratic nominee for Governor of Illinois in 1904, and made a red-hot race for Senator in 1908, when he learned what it is to go through the Illinois legislative deadlocks. Those who know his record are expecting great things of the new Congressman-at-large, and the old State song of "Illinois" is lustily sung by his admirers when "Larry" appears in the political forum.



HON. MILTON W. SHREVE
Representative from the Twenty-fifth District, Pennsylvania. One of the noted attorneys in Congress; a former member of the Pennsylvania Legislature and speaker of the house; an active worker in civic affairs

HON. HOWARD SUTHERLAND
Congressman-at-large from West Virginia. A self-made man, who started business in West Virginia on the Missouri idea

THE centennial anniversary of the celebration of Commodore Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie, September 15, 1913, commemorates one of the early and important successes of the American Navy. The president of the association having this celebration in charge is Hon. Milton W. Shreve, Congressman from that district. Mr. Shreve is the son of Mr. Cyrus Shreve, who lived in Union City for many years. The Congressman from Erie was educated at the Edinboro State Normal School and Allegheny College and graduated from the Bucknell University in 1884. He took up the practice of law and has been in close touch with important business and corporate matters, and large financial and industrial concerns. He has served as District Attorney for three years and was elected to the House of Representatives with little opposition—the Democrats did not even name a candidate against him. In 1907 he was a member of Judiciary General and Appropriation Committees, and was re-elected in 1908 and 1910; served as Chairman of the Judiciary General Committee and in 1911 succeeded to the speakership. He was sworn in as Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives by Judge Emory A. Walling of Erie County, the first time in the history of the Commonwealth that such an oath had been administered by a county judge. He was appointed a member of the Perry Victory Centennial Commission by Governor Edwin S. Stuart and re-appointed by Governor John K. Tener, and has always taken an active part in the civic affairs of Erie and the Sylvan State.

* * *

AT least one of the new Congressmen has reversed the advice of Horace Greeley. Hon. Howard Sutherland, Representative at large from West Virginia, was born in Kirkwood, Missouri. His father was Regent of the State University and a member of the State Senate. Young Sutherland had the Missouri idea—he had to be shown. He was educated in the schools of Kirkwood and later engaged in business. He won distinction as a speaker in college and began his career by editing a Republican daily and weekly paper at Fulton, Missouri, and becoming a newspaper correspondent. In March, 1890, he went to Washington as a clerk in the Census Office where he was rapidly promoted. He received the special commendation of Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, who said in one of the Congressional hearings, "That young man will never be a barnacle in the public service."

He studied law at Columbia University, and in 1893 left Washington for West Virginia, where he entered the employ of the Davis, Elkins & Kerens Railroad, and worked for ten years under the direction of Senator Henry G. Davis, formerly vice-presidential nominee on the Democratic ticket. He went into business on his own hook, helped to organize the State Board of Trade and served four years in the State Senate. He was nominated for Congressman-at-large in a statewide primary by a majority of nearly thirty-seven thousand and elected by the largest majority of any candidate on the Republican-Progressive ticket. Like President Wilson and a large percentage of new public officials, he is a member of the Presbyterian Church, director of the Young Men's Christian Association and prominent in all civic organizations. With his eventful career and strong following Congressman Sutherland will make a notable representative for the busy little state of West Virginia, and also will reflect credit to the good old state of Missouri, where old friends and associates still watch his career with keen interest.

FOUR FAVORITE AMERICAN AUTHORS

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
A versatile novelist and magazine contributor, who writes with equal success on widely different subjects. In "The Mystery of Lonesome Cove" he turned his hand to a mystery story

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT
A western author who has been called "the American Maeterlinck," because of the mystic note in his work. His latest and deepest work is "The Road of Living Men"

CHARLES TENNY JACKSON
A southern writer who makes his home among the lily pads of Louisiana bayous, as a houseboat dweller. His novel "The Midlanders" has lately been published

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
The popular creator of "Get-rich-quick Wallingford." His new book, "Wallingford in his Prime," is a sequel to the Wallingford stories already published

The Failure of the Bil Poasters Company

by Judge Henry A. Shute

Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Plupy," etc.

THE unfortunate ending of the boys' venture into journalism, while adding something to their somewhat unsavory reputation, left them in a fairly prosperous condition. They had money in their purses, or rather pockets, and being of a highly convivial and fairly generous disposition were very popular with their boy and girl friends as long as their money lasted.

This was not long, however, for riches are ever prone to take wings, and nothing that the boys did in those days had any tendency to clip or shorten the growth of these wings, and very shortly and after a meteoric career of extravagance the boys found themselves "broke." More than this, their financial affairs were approaching a more serious crisis than they had ever faced.

The ease with which they had made their money and the happy-go-lucky way they had spent it had made them so careless and improvident in their expenditures that they had incurred a listed indebtedness of several dollars before they were brought to their senses by a stern demand for cash payment.

Very much disturbed in their minds, they held a conference in the paint shop of Pewt's father, while that highly gifted artist was engaged in painting Fatty's barn a highly inflamed and hectic red.

"Gosh, fellers," said Plupy, trying a paint brush against a much-smeared door, "suthin's gotter be done. I owe old Polly Colket eighty-six cents for juju paste, 'n taffy on a stick, 'n old Si Smith mos' fifty cents for gooseberries and cocoanuts 'n striped candy, 'n Charles Folsom twenty-five for five pipes. I donno' what in time-nation to do. If father finds it out, he'll larrup time outer me."

"I'm worse offen you," said Beany. "I hired a horse 'n buggy of Major Blake 'n it cost me two dollars. Then I owe old Si thirty cents, and Hen Simpson fifty cents for his boat. The old man said he would shake my liver out if I ever ran up a bill anywhere. Hope the old man doesn't go into Major's hotel."

"Huh! you fellers ain't smart," said Pewt. "All I owe is just twenty-five cents. You hed oughter charged it to your big brother like I did."

"I ain't got any big brother," said Plupy.

"I have," said Beany, "but I didn't dass to do that. Jim would ha' put a tin ear on me if I done anything like that."

"Well, my brother licks me anyway, and I gotter square up with him some way," opined Pewt, "when a feller gives another feller a bat on the head whenever he feels like it, the other feller has got to do somethin' more about it than makin' him fall into the swill tub."

"Didjer make him do that?" asked Plupy in delight.

"You bet," said Pewt, "'n he went right in head first, and got 'bout a quart of swill up each sleeve of his coat."

"Did he lick yer?" demanded Beany.

"Naw. I wasn't there. Fatty Melcher was there and Skinny Bruce, and he licked Fatty and rubbed swill all over Skinny's face and down his neck. He thought they done it."

"Where were you?" asked Plupy with glistening eyes.

"I was behind Moulton's barn peeking through the lilac bushes. I tell you it was fine to hear Fatty holler and see Skinny spit. They both said they didn't put the tub there, but he wouldn't believe them."

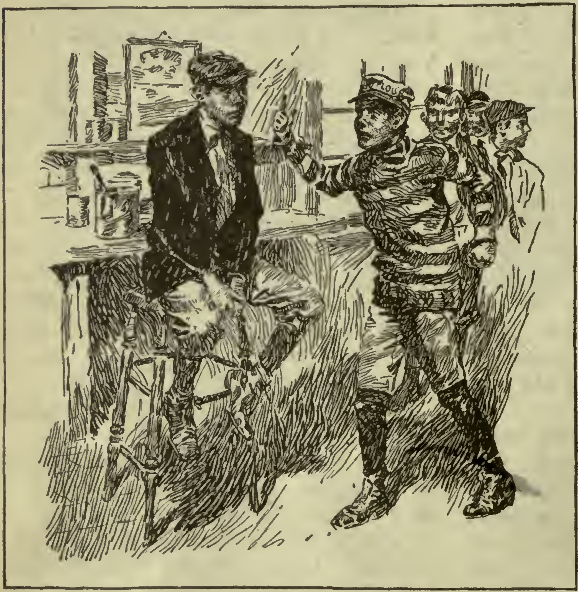
"Well," said Plupy philosophically, "when a feller falls into a swill tub, or hits his head against a door, or sits on a table and somebody pulls up the end leaf, or sits on a tack, he has got to paist somebody right off in order to feel anywhere near right."

There was a pause for a moment while each boy grinned reminiscently, then depression settled on the trio as the desperate condition of their affairs forced itself upon them.

"Well, fellers," said Plupy at last, "whatjer goin' to do about it?"

"Lessee," said Beany, "can't we get a job washin' wagons for Major Blake or Levi Towle?"

"Naw," said Pewt, "they don't pay nothin'. They jest make you wash a wagon 'n then they let you ride on a hack to the station, or take a horse round to the Hotel. Th' ain't no money in that."



"*Old Lem fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal*"

"S'past alewife time, too," sighed Plupy.

"Whattifit is?" sneered Beany, "after you got soppin' wet and p'raps got a crack over the head from somebody 'at hit you 'stid 'er the fish, you can't get nobody to buy the fish even for hens."

"Well, anyway, it was fun to slosh around and spatter the other fellers, and if we didn't get anything out of the fish we had fun pluggin' them at people. Do you remember the time that stewdcat (Academy student) came down with a stovepipe hat, I had the ole lounder of an alewife and I waited in the alley between Dan Ranlet's and Josh Getchell's store. I could hear him coming right along steppin' fast, and then I saw his shadow ahead of him and I swung that fish round my head and let her ding jest as hard as i could, and whadduyou think? Old Jerry Bragdon come along jest in time to get that old fish bang right in the ear. It was Jerry that came along stider the stewdcat. It nearly knocked his old bald head off. I was so 'sprised that I stood there like a lunatic until he saw me. Gosh, you had ought to a heard him swear, and chase me, but I got away that time, and he went over to Comical Brown's mother and told her that Com did it, and she kept him in the yard a week. I used to get Com mad after that by singing, 'The feller that looks like me.'

"'Oh, wouldn't I like to catch him,
Wherever he may be,
Oh, wouldn't I give him particular fits,
That feller that looks like me.'"

and Plupy roared and doubled up like a gigantic daddy longlegs.

"Aw, come on now, fellers, lessee if we can think up any way to earn some dosh. If we don't we fellers has got to go to work," said Pewt.

"The gardens is all made and it ain't time to dig potatoes or pick apples," said Beany.

"We might saw some wood," suggested Pewt doubtfully.

"I guess not much," said Plupy with warmth. "I get enough of that at home, and enough splittin' too. I'd rather go to jail than saw wood anyway."

"We might try to sell papers," said Beany.

"Not if I know myself," shouted Pewt and Plupy in unison, "we got enough of the paper business when we published the *Lambaster*."

"Anyhow, it was a good paper," said Beany, "and it would ha' went all right if the people hadn't got mad, but now we have gotter try somethin' else, I guess."

"Say, fellers," chimed in Beany, "didjer hear 'bout old Lem Tasker?"

"Aw! course I did, why doncher tell us somethin' new?" said Plupy with scorn.

"Well, 'f you know so much, you better tell it," said Beany.

"He got sent to jail fer stealin'," asserted Plupy.

"Ho! ho! stealin'," jeered Beany. "Plupy thought he knew it all, stealin', huh!"

"Well, I know, anyway," sneered Plupy. "I was only coddin' you."

"Well, if you know, tell us, just tell us, that's all. I stump yer!" shrieked Beany, snapping his fingers in Plupy's face.

"Aw, now, I can if I wanter," replied Plupy stubbornly.

"Stealin'! Ho! Ho!" said Beany. "Old Lem fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal."

"Haw. I guess I knew that 'fore you did," said Plupy. "Anyway, it wasn't his alimentary canal. Th' ain't no such thing."

"'Tis, too," said Pewt. "That is a part of a feller, one of the bones of his leg."

"Huh, bone of his grandmother," sneered Plupy, "call a bone a canal, huh!"

"They call it a canal, because it is holler like a holler tree, that's why they call it a canal," said Beany. "Anyway ole Lem Tasker fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal, and I can back it up," said Beany belligerently.

"Who will they get to post bills now?" said Pewt thoughtfully.

"Gosh," they all exclaimed as one thought struck them, "less we do it."

It almost seemed as if a special providence had interfered to ward off a certain bankruptcy, exposure, disgrace and worse yet—for disgrace sat lightly upon them—condign punishment.

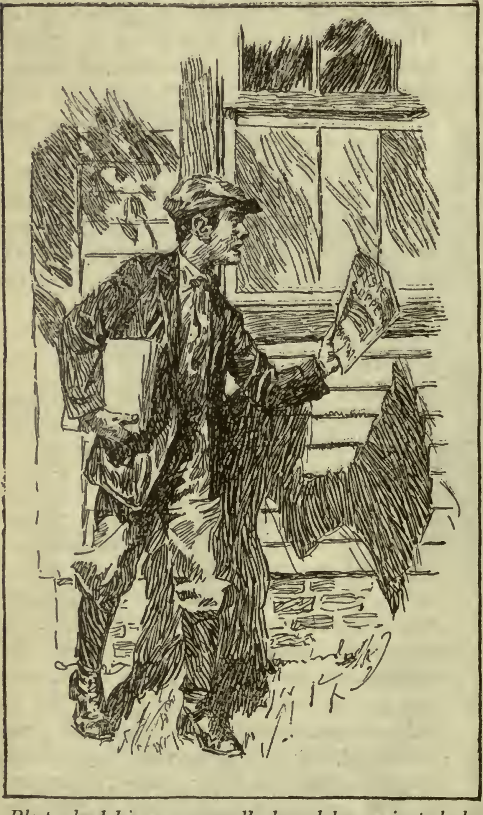
In a moment they resolved themselves into a committee of the whole acting as a ways and means committee, and almost before a legislative body could have elected a chairman and have proceeded into executive session, the boys had laid many and farsighted plans that bade fair to revolutionize the science of bill posting. Pewt, who had inherited the paternal talent for sign painting, was to prepare the company sign forthwith; Beany, whose father had reduced the art of paper-hanging and the manufacture of flour paste to a scientific practicality, was deputized to purloin or otherwise acquire from the paternal stock in trade a sufficient amount of paste to withstand any demand that the business might make; Plupy, whose father had once been a harness maker, and had added the gentle art of carriage trimming to his repertoire, was commanded to appropriate several tack hammers and a practically unlimited supply of tacks. Their headquarters was to be in Plupy's barn, the absence of his father in Boston during the daytime lending security both to the business venture and to the accumulation of the hardware.

These arrangements made, the boys bestirred themselves briskly, and by night the headquarters were in occupation, and this most lurid and descriptive sign held a commanding position on the side of the barn nearest the street:

PURINTON, SHUTE AND WATSON
Bil Poasters
Bils for Shows, Circuses, Oxians, Wedings,
Funerals, Berths, Deths and all other
Festivvitise poasted at loest prices.
No Gob two larg and none two smal.

It was evident that Pewt had concentrated his undeniable talent for composition and painting on this opus, and the result was doubly gratifying to the public and the partners, and particluarly to the latter, as almost immediately old Mr. Elkins, the auctioneer, catching sight of the gaudy announcement, pulled up his old roan horse and came limping into the yard and in a very short time had made a contract with the boys for the "poasting" of fifty auction bills and the distribution of several hundred fliers at a fairly remunerative price. So the boys started out with great enthusiasm, and in a very short time had defiled the face of nature with hideous notices of a public vendue, and had scattered handbills over the entire community.

The next day business was dull, as it was on the day following, and the spirits of the boys became correspondingly low. On the third day the advance agent of Morris Bros. Minstrels came to town and promptly engaged the boys to assist in the distribution and publication of highly-colored prints. For this, however, they received no money, but satisfactory credentials for admission to the hall, which delighted them beyond measure, for as Plupy said, "if the feller had paid them in money they would have had to pay the men they owed, but as long as he gave them tickets, nobody could blame them for going to the show."



Plupy had his ears soundly boxed by an irate lady whose baby he had awakened by hoarsely bawling the contents of the bills into her window

The day after this the Baptist Church issued notices for an oyster supper to which the public was invited upon a twenty-five cents per capita basis, and the services of the firm were solicited for the proper dissemination of the knowledge.

But when, after spending the greater part of a day in distributing bills, during which Pewt received a black eye in a fight with a Green Street boy on whose shed he had essayed to post a bill, Beany was bitten by a dog on South Street which disputed his right to fire a tightly wadded bill into a window, and Plupy had his ears soundly boxed by an irate lady whose baby he had awaked by hoarsely bawling the contents of the bills into her window—after this the boys were very indignant on learning that the only compensation they were to receive was in the shape of a limited whack at the refreshments, and they did not like oysters.

A very acrimonious dispute with the committee in charge resulted in a cash compromise only when the boys declared they would go over their route again and tell everybody that the date had been changed.

And so for a few weeks, business was good. The firm worked faithfully in posting bills for sheriffs' sales, real estate transactions, oyster suppers, notices that somebody's wife had left his bed and board, and that somebody forbade the public from trusting her on his account, and that somebody would not pay any bills of her contracting, or that somebody else had given his son or daughter his, her or its time to act and trade for his, her or itself, and that somebody would no longer pay any bills on his, her or its account, and other important documents of a legal nature.

In this way they gradually accumulated money enough to pay one hundred cents on a dollar to their creditors, and their financial future looked very bright. While money did not flow into their coffers in a stream, there was, nevertheless, a very gratifying trickle in their direction and they began to plan for substantial bank accounts.

At about this time the opportunity for a financial stroke occurred, that crisis when fortune knocks at one's door, that happy tide in the affairs of men that taken at its flood leads on to victory; a circus was to come to town.

At the time of the arrival of the advance agent the reputation of the boys for prompt and satisfactory work was so well established that it came to his knowledge, and he promptly called upon them and engaged their services, and the next day they had the inexpressible delight of riding around the town on the gaily painted advertising van and of assisting in the affixing of magnificent lithographs to barns, outbuildings, fences and billboards, for which they received tickets to both afternoon and evening performances and a promise to lead or drive a pony in the parade.

In addition to this a special agreement was made by which a number of especially fine lithographs were left with them to be posted the night before the great day, to appear to the dazzled eyes of the public on the morning of the parade. For these services the boys were to receive one dollar each, upon the condition that the pictures were to be posted in unusual and particularly appropriate places, where they would attract unusual attention from their unexpected positions. His idea, which he carefully explained to the boys, was that the art of advertising was in attracting the attention of the public. That is, a picture of a hippopotamus, as the Behemoth of Holy Writ, would be more likely to attract attention if posted on some house of worship than on some barn or outbuilding, and he added several other fitting illustrations. The boys were very quick to comprehend his ideas and expressed their confidence in their ability to earn their money.

And when the agent left town he made them sinfully proud by telling them they were about the gamest young sports he had ever met.

The week or ten days before the arrival of the circus the boys conferred weightily in regard to the appropriateness of certain places to serve as billboards, and outlined a plan of activity that should fairly electrify the citizens and win them fame and one dollar each.

In the meantime they did not neglect their business, but executed whatever "Gobs" were given them, whether "larg or smal." In this way they turned many an honest penny, but nothing in the nature of a bonanza.

The prospect of a circus attracted much less interest among the citizens than usual, for several matters of local interest had transpired. The wife of a very prominent citizen had given birth to triplets, the different factions in the Baptist Church, known derisively as the Hard Shells and the Soft Shells, were in the midst of a most desperate church fight which was to culminate in a meeting on the very night of the circus. The Congregational Church had dismissed its pastor and engaged a new man, an extremely fat and rather prosaic, not to say stupid gentleman of enormous girth, immense weight and a prodigious voice. The chairman of the Board of Selectmen had inadvertently set fire to his whiskers by the explosion of an oil lamp and had not only damaged them seriously, but had scorched a curious and disfiguring twist into his countenance which made him the most ridiculous caricature ever imagined; serious trouble had arisen over the removal of several bodies from the old cemetery by the trustees, who had been threatened with criminal prosecution by some of the relatives of the deceased, and the ordinarily quiet town was in a whirl of excitement.

Naturally the acrid discussion of these matters had come to the notice of the firm, who kept tally on whatever occurred in the little town of Exeter, and quite naturally also sought to utilize it in whatever way might turn to their profit and convenience.

The night before the arrival of the circus was overcast, but in the season of full moon, so that, while light enough for the purpose of posting bills, it was dark enough to enable them to do it unperceived. Especially was this the case in that good little town, for the worthy citizens were addicted to early hours and retired betimes, and as the firm had arranged matters so as to spend the greater part of the night in the open by the simple expedient of Beany obtaining permission of his parents to spend the night with Plupy, Pewt ditto, with Beany and Plupy likewise with Pewt, they prepared for a long and hard evening's work, and at about eleven o'clock, when the world was quietly sleeping, they stole quietly forth, laden with lithographs, paste and brushes and did their deadly work.

What was the amusement, horror, delight, consternation, glee and anger of the citizens arising early to welcome the circus, to find front doors, bay windows and the immaculately painted walls of many of the houses thickly pasted with circus literature, and to see upon the walls of the warlike church edifice the legend in scarlet letters two feet long:

CIRCUS TONIGHT! COME ONE! COME ALL!

To see upon the white painted cottage where dwelt the happy mother of the triplets a much more than life-size figure of a stork with the words:

THE SECRET OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT

Beneath which Pewt had neatly painted

THERE IS LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS

What was the anger of the new pastor of the First Congregational Church to find hermetically sealed to the front wall of the parsonage an immense parti-colored picture of an enormous slate-colored hippopotamus, with huge gaping cavernous jaws of vivid crimson and the words:

COME AND SEE THE GIGANTIC HIPPOPOTAMUS, THE BEHEMOTH OF HOLY WRIT, THE LARGEST, THE FATTEST, THE MOST COLOSSAL AND THE STUPIDEST QUADRUPED IN THE FOUR QUARTERS OF EARTH'S GRAND PALLADIUM. COME AND HEAR HIM ROAR!

It would be dreadful to write down what the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen said when his horrified eyes fell on the immense picture of a freak, looking strangely like him and inscribed in lurid letters as:

JO-JO, THE DOG-FACED MAN! A CROSS BETWEEN A KAFFIR WOMAN AND THE HUGE BABOON OR MAN MONKEY OF CENTRAL AFRICA. DISPLAYS AN ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT. TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

The trustees of the cemetery, all reputable and conservative citizens, broke a lifetime of wise conservatism in speech and manner when they lapsed into horrid profanity, as their startled eyes gazed upon an immense hyena robbing a grave of its dead, and below these explanatory words:

THE HIDEOUS LAUGHING HYENA, THE GRAVE-ROBBER, WHICH BY STEALTH DESCENDS INTO THE GRAVE YARDS AT NIGHT AND RIFLES THEIR CONTENTS FOR ITS GRUESOME AND REVOLTING REPAST. ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT. TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

The deep and hearty maledictions of Mr. Simeon Flanders, an extremely hirsute gentleman with an enormous flat nose, were almost excusable when his irate glances perceived upon his front door a picture of a shaggy animal with a broad flat beak heralded by letters of great size as

THE DUCK-BILLED PLATIPUS, THE MOST MARVELLOUS CREATION IN THE FAUNA OF AUSTRALIA ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT, THE ONLY SPECIMEN IN CAPTIVITY

At once these outraged citizens declared war against the proprietor of the circus, and before the parade was in readiness the entire outfit was attached for libel in more than a dozen suits, and the proprietor, a muscular gentleman with an immense black moustache, was diplomatically endeavoring to settle the actions with complimentary tickets to the families of the plaintiffs.

When the offending boys were brought into his presence it required the united efforts of the sheriff and the entire police force to keep him from doing violence to them.

Poor boys. It was a bitter morning for them, and when after the actions had been satisfactorily settled, and they from their confinement in their beds heard the blare of the band, the shrill trumpeting of the elephant and the various sounds of the parade, and realized that they were out of it all, they were very bitter and unresigned.

The afternoon performance was crowded to the ring, owing to the success of the boys as advertising agents, and when at about 7 o'clock the proprietor, driving a team of calico ponies, stopped and personally interviewed the parents of Plupy, Beany and Pewt, and successfully secured their release from captivity, and took them in his own team to the big tent where they occupied reserved seats, they decided that the world was a pleasant place, after all.

But their fathers, fearing unexpected developments in the future, laid an embargo upon the business of the firm, which later passed into the hands of old Lem Tasker, who had providentially and very miraculously recovered from the debility caused by the fracture of his alimentary canal.

The Silent Brave

by Horace Hazeltine

Author of "The Sable Lorcha," "Little Boy Blue," "The Poor Little Feller," etc.

THE village street was drowsing in the vernal sunshine. Even the arrival of the ten-fifty train, depositing four passengers, failed to rouse it to more than a momentary eye-opening. One of the four deposited disappeared within the glaring white, limestone bank, opposite the station. Two, apparently mother and daughter, entered a squalid hack, which, after traversing one block, turned off towards the sea beach and its cottages. The fourth, a rather tall, slender man, of perhaps forty or thereabout, neatly dressed in a dark gray sack suit and soft felt hat of the same hue, which somehow had the air of very occasional employment—his attire for high days and holidays—strolled leisurely, with somewhat lagging indecision, past the mausoleum-like bank building toward the heart of the village.

There was a modest hotel at the next corner; and he paused for a moment before it in apparent question. But he did not enter. He came next to a row of small shops, each of which he regarded in the same hesitating attitude of debate. A drug store of contrasting pretension stood at the block's end, its double doors widespread in an invitation which, with somewhat less hesitancy than he had hitherto evinced, the stranger accepted.

Jenks, the druggist, was standing behind the cigar case, on which, outspread, was a New York morning paper. He looked up from the article he had been reading, and nodded a greeting, which was likewise a question. The stranger bought a cigar, bit off the end and lighted it from the alcohol lamp at the counter's end. Then, after blowing a cloud of smoke into the warm, still air, he introduced himself.

"My name is Colbert," he said with a pleasant smile. "I am in Cedarton, looking for a man named Rogers—Seth Rogers. Do you know him, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I know him," was the druggist's somewhat guarded answer.

"He has lived here a long while, I understand."

"Nigh on to thirty years."

"Has he been successful?"

Mr. Jenks smiled enigmatically.

"He has and he hasn't," was his answer. "He's never aspired very high. He makes a livin' and saves money."

"What does he do?"

"Odd jobs; anything he can turn his hand to."

"For instance?" Colbert pressed.

"He crabs, eels and clams. He cuts lawns; he hauls gravel; he carts ashes and garbage. The fact is he can turn his hand to most anything. He's industrious and he's reliable. Reliable, that is, in a way. Up to a certain point, you know."

The inquirer took his cigar between his lips, and his eyes asked a question. But the druggist volunteered nothing.

"You mean he—that he's intemperate?"

"No; he never drinks."

"Then—I don't understand. This point of unreliability? Would you mind explaining? You see he used to be a friend of my father. I was thinking of offering him a position. If he is not altogether trustworthy, I—"

Jenks, the druggist, shrugged his narrow shoulders.

"I have nothing to say."

"Has he ever held any position here in Cedarton?"

"Not that I ever heard tell of."

"And you would rather not say why?"

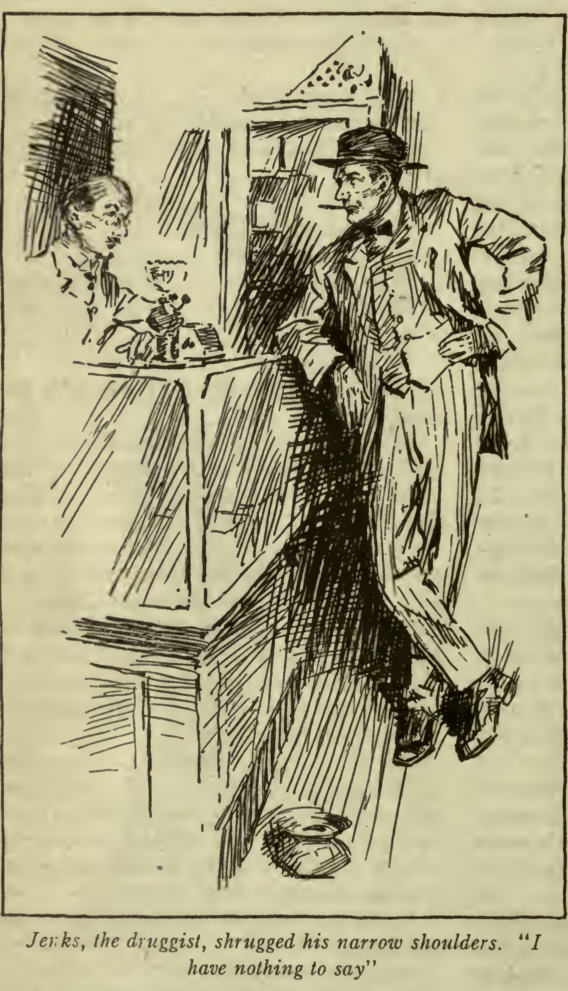
"I'd rather not."

Colbert tossed the ash from his cigar beyond the door sill. "Could you direct me to where he lives?"

"He lives in West Cedarton. Follow this street to where two roads branch. Take the left one. Seth lives in the third house on the right. It's about two miles straight. You can't miss it."

As Colbert was going out Jenks called after him: "Better think a bit before you make your offer."

A little farther on was a grocery store. Colbert entered, and began the same line of questioning. Barker, the grocer, a little, stout, red-faced man, with small, pink-lidded eyes, was more loquacious than Jenks.



Jenks, the druggist, shrugged his narrow shoulders. "I have nothing to say"

"Seth! Seth!" he exclaimed with a half chuckle. "Well, I guess I know Seth all right. Ain't many around here as don't. He's the meanest man in Cedarton. Never buys nothin'. Ain't bought nothin' for thirty year. Lives on what he gits out o' the river an' out o' the air. Wearin' the same clo'es he come here in, I guess. Ever see his hut? Well, it's wo'th seein'. Used to be an old barn. Got too shackly to keep critters in, an' he took it. Patched it up, here and there, with a few old box sides, and gets it rent free for doin' chores for the Wilkinses, who own the land it's on. Seth's a miser. Everybody knows that. Why, 'bout twelve year back, some tramps got in his place while he was away, and carried off eight hundred and forty dollars he'd saved. Now, they say, he buries his money. What he's keepin' it for, denyin' himself the barest comforts, nobody knows. He ain't got no kin, s'far as anybody kin find out. But then he never talks. Nobody knows much about him, 'fore he come here, 'cept he come from Spragueville, up in York state."

"And he has always got his living in this independent fashion?" Colbert asked.

"Pretty nigh al'us. I did hear tell 'at when he fust came here, he had a job in th' old Eagle Hotel. But he didn't stay there long. Somethin' happened, and they fired him quick."

"What happened?"

"Well, I couldn't say e'zactly. But I can come pretty nigh guessin'. Don't do for a fellow what's got miser instin'ts, like Seth has, to be where ther's an open till about. Anyway, he never got another job a'ter that. Guess he knew ther' was no use his tryin'. And that's thirty years ago, come Chris'mas."

"You've never heard any tales of dishonesty since?"

"He ain't never had no more chanst," the grocer laughed.

"I was thinking of offering him a place in my employ," the visitor confessed.

"Respons'ble?"

"Yes; somewhat."

"Better not do it. He loves money like some of us loves children. 'Twouldn't be safe to put temptation in his way. Besides he's gettin' pretty old, and he's broke up with rheumatiz. It'll pay you to git a younger man."

Next door to the grocery was the post-office. Colbert went in and, going up to the delivery window, asked for the postmaster. He was directed to the money-order and registry window. This official had lived in Cedarton all his life, was sixty odd years old, and possessed of a keen and retentive memory. He remembered Seth Rogers' arrival as though it had been yesterday.

"He was a right smart lookin' young fellow," he declared. "And yet there was a sad, longin' look in his eyes, which, taken with his silent way of never sayin' anything about where he came from or why he came, gave him an air of mystery that was at first attractive, but which in the end made folks sort o' shy of him. Yes; I recollect that Eagle Hotel business very well. I don't think he ever did anything dishonest. Anyway nobody ever dared say so, at the time. But it happened that one day a drummer came to the hotel and recognized him. He said he used to be in the Spragueville post office; but that a package of registered mail had been lost, containing thirty-five hundred dollars, and though they never could trace it to him, there was a grave suspicion. The postmaster was his friend, and he was never arrested; but he lost his job, and things were made so unpleasant for him that after a week or two he just disappeared. Well, after that, the hotel people let him go. The story got around, and he never from that day to this had a job anywhere. Once, I believe, Bill Reynolds, the express agent, offered him a place in the express office. I guess Bill didn't know. It was a good many years later. But Seth refused it. It seemed he was still afraid of trustin' himself."

"Did he say so?"

"Say so! Lord, no. He never said anything. He never mentioned the matter one way or the other. He just kept still; and I never heard of anybody havin' the courage, in all this time, to say a word to him about it. You see, he's a clammer and eeler, a vocation that's not held very high, but there's somethin' about him that's almost dignified. He never's got real familiar with anybody, and nobody's ever got real familiar with him. Not familiar enough anyway to ask about those missing registered letters."

"Do you suppose I could find him at his home, now?"

"Likely as not you could. It's about his dinner time. You'll come on him, probably, fryin' a fish or makin' a chowder."

Colbert's two-mile walk lay along a pleasant way. The overhead sun, shining through the young and tender, semi-transparent maple leaves, gave the light a rosy tint, which was reflected warmly by the white columned porticos of the more imposing houses, and the snowy fence palings of some of the meaner ones. The grass in the front yards was freshly, vividly green, and the flower beds were a riot of color with their tulips and crocusses. As he walked, no longer leisurely, nor with lagging indecision, but briskly, with arms swinging, his half-smoked cigar discarded, he whistled softly, now a droning dirge, and now a more lively air. For in his mind were the echoes of what he had learned, mingled with things of his own knowledge, by which he interpreted, sometimes with pathetic sadness, and again almost gaiety.

He came at length to the branching roads. The houses here were more scattered, and much more modest. It was a region of small farms, and each dwelling had a barn behind it. Here and there, too, gray fish nets were spread out to dry in the sun, showing that the waters of the river, which could be seen glinting beyond a fringe of cedars, off to the right, were called upon to yield as well as the soil.

He had no difficulty in identifying the Rogers hut from the directions and description he had been given. What struck him, however, as he drew near, was that in spite of its rudeness, it was not squalid. Indeed there were everywhere evidences of meticulous neatness on the part of its dweller. The door was closed and neither sight nor sound gave indication that anyone was about. When, however, Colbert had approached along the narrow, carefully kept path and knocked, doubtfully, on the weather-worn slab that blocked ingress, a muffled voice from within bade him enter.

The half gloom of the interior, after the glaring midday without was almost impenetrable to sight; but as he stepped across the threshold, the voice reached him again, clearer now, from a far corner:

"That you, Mis' Wilkins? You're awful good to me."

Colbert closed the door and moved a step or two in the direction of the speaker, a low, narrow bed or bunk disclosing itself in the dimness as he did so.

"No," he said softly, "it isn't Mis' Wilkins, Seth Rogers. It's an old friend of yours, Luke Colbert." He saw a startled, shadowy movement in the corner. The bedclothes stirred; a figure half rose. "Little Luke," he added hurriedly.

For a moment there was no response. Then: "Why—why, I thought for a minute it was a spirit. I've been a little flighty, the last day or two. Broke a leg, and didn't get it set right. And so you're little Luke! And your father, he's—he's passed on, eh?"

"It's seven years, now."

"Yes; seven years last month. I got a newspaper, somebody sent me, with the notice marked."

"I sent it."

"I didn't know."

The visitor drew nearer. He could see quite plainly now. Rogers' face was seamed and rugged, and his hair and beard were a tawny gray. But his eyes, blue like sea water in the sun, were still young.

"I want to shake your hand, Seth," he said, holding out his. But the elder man made no movement to accept it.

"Hadn't you better wait," he began, with a grim, yet not unkindly smile. "I—I'm not just ready, yet. In a few years, maybe, God willin', I can look you in the face again—look all men in the face, Luke. But I've been kept back some. When I've made good—"

"You're not going to take my hand?" was the interrupted question. "Not after I've come just especially to shake yours? Make good! What have you got to make good for? That's what I want to know. You're as honest as the day. Father always said so; and I always believed him. And now, it's—"

The man in the bunk reached for the still outstretched hand. "There, there," he said, gripping it hard with sinewy fingers. "I didn't steal. No. But there's those that think I did, and that nothing in the world could make think differently. But I must have been uncommon careless. You see, Luke, how it was. I was mighty in love, then. Twenty-five, and mad about the sweetest, prettiest little girl in the town. I guess, maybe, you heard something of it. Did you?"

Colbert nodded, smiling. "Lydia Emmons? Yes, I heard."

"I was thinking about her, when I ought to 'a' been thinking of Uncle Sam and the work he paid me to do. And, somehow, nobody'll ever know just how, I guess, though I've prayed God, every night for thirty years to make it clear in His own good time—somehow that envelope, with thirty-three hundred and forty-two dollars of the bank's money, went astray between the post office window at Spragueville and the post office window at Cleveland. And there was nothing but my carelessness to blame for it."

He made his visitor draw an empty packing box to the bedside and sit upon it. "I haven't talked of it for thirty years, except to my Maker," he went on. "But I've thought of nothing else. And I made up my mind I'd earn that money and pay Uncle Sam back, every penny. I've got near twenty-two hundred of it, now; saved by hard work, pinchin' and scrapin'. I'd 'a' had it all a year ago, if I hadn't been robbed, but it's been mighty hard. Everybody in town knows the story, and—well, I don't know as I can blame 'em. All I want is health and strength for a few more years, and then—then I'm goin' back."

"Back!" said Colbert, pretending not to understand. "Back where?"

"To Spragueville."

"And Lydia?" asked Colbert. He was almost smiling.

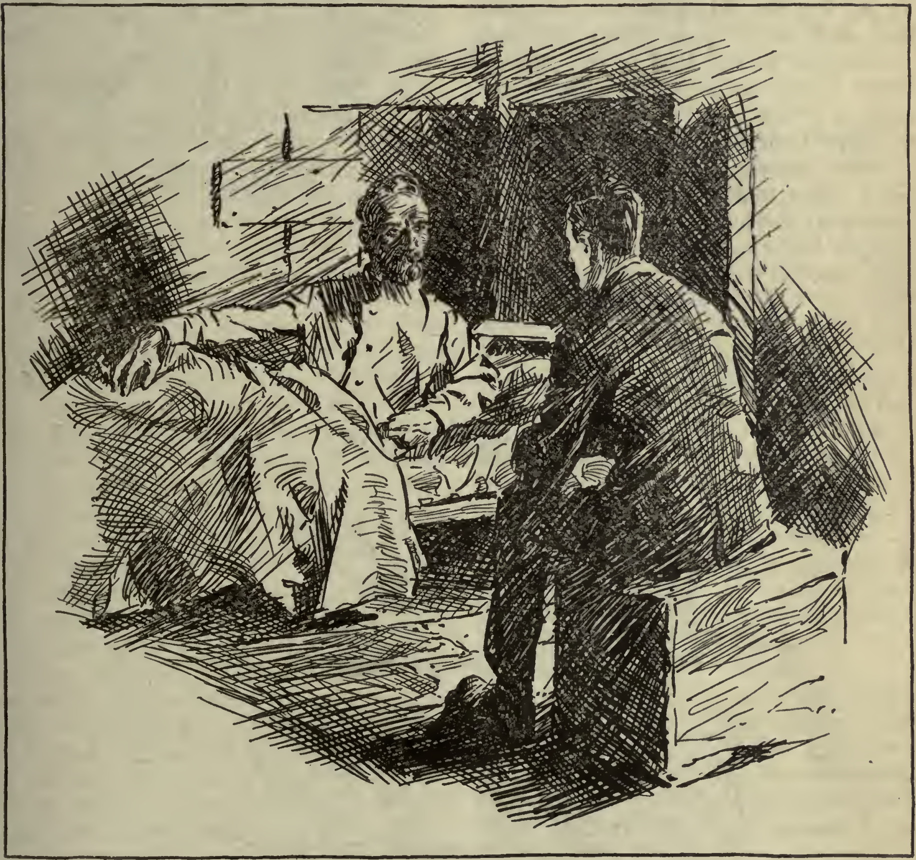
Rogers changed his position, by a movement of his elbow, and raised himself a little higher. His eyes closed for a second, and a wave of pain crossed his features. Possibly it was the broken leg.

"Lydia," he repeated. "I haven't dared think of Lydia."

"She's still unmarried," said Colbert. "She sent you a letter by me. I saw her last evening, just before I was leaving."

The blue eyes sparkled as the waves do when wind-swept. "Go 'long!" he exclaimed. "She hasn't written to me in thirty years. I asked her not to, and she promised. 'Not till you're cleared,' she said. She's broken her promise."

From the inside pocket of his gray coat, Luke drew a square envelope, faintly blue. "You'll find you're mistaken, Seth," he said, as he passed it over. But in his sudden excitement the gray man did not hear it. He tore the thing with clumsy fingers, until the enclosure, finely written over in small, dainty characters flung at him, from its very first page, words that dazed him in the effort at comprehension. His hand shook so, the lines were all a jumble; and then the sheet slipped from his fingers and he turned to the man beside him, wordless, but all his countenance crying out in appeal for light.



"Go 'long!" he exclaimed. "She hasn't written to me in thirty years. I asked her not to, and she promised."

"Vindication, Seth," Luke threw him the one word. "They found the missing envelope, two days ago, in Chicago. Every bill intact. It had slipped inside the leather lining of an old mail bag, taken from the post-office there for repairs."

Seth's supporting elbow gave way, his shoulders sank, his tawny gray head dropped on the thin husk pillow. A long sigh echoed murmuringly from worm-eaten wall to worm-eaten wall, and then from under his closed lids slow tears trickled silently down into the deep furrows no his cheeks.

Luke Colbert sat very still, with a lump in his throat. There were many things he wished to add; but, somehow, they wouldn't shape themselves into words, and his voice refused his will. He wanted to say that the old postmaster, his father, had died believing in Seth's innocence. He wanted to say that in the office, to which he had succeeded, there had recently come a vacancy, and that he would hold it open, against Seth's return. But he couldn't say them just now. And so it came about that it was Seth Rogers who eventually broke the silence. He sat up straight in his rude, bunk-like bed, tossing aside the rent and frayed sacking that covered him, and drawing a rough fist across his wet eyes.

"Luke," he said, his own voice a little tremulous, "do you remember the moonlight night Lydia and I took you coasting on Dobb's Hill? You were little Luke then, for sure; not over ten, if you were that. Gee! I was happy that night. And the next day the loss was reported. Well, thirty years is a long time, and I've never been what you might call happy since. Never till now."

He put his legs over the bedside; the broken one in its bandages.

"You—you're not going to get up!" Luke protested, leaning toward him. "You're not able."

"Able!" the other exclaimed. "Not able! I'm going back to Spragueville with you today, if I have to crawl."

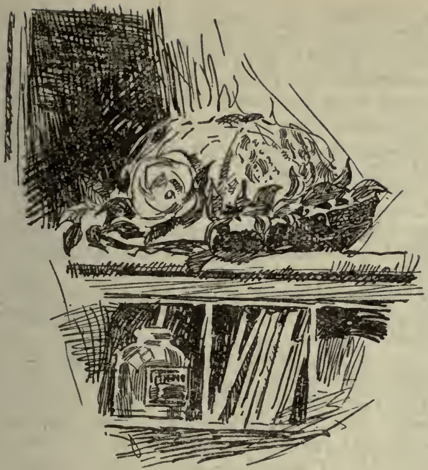
POSSESSION

GOD gave me thee, nor all the world's alarms
Shall take thee, sweet, one moment from my arms.
He tuned our souls in unison divine.
Through Time, Eternity, did name thee mine.
Ne'er fear that anything on earth could make
Me lose the heart that my own heart did wake.

Thy heart is mine, and thy dear self I hold
Within my arms, that close about thee fold;
Nor let the tempests of the world come nigh,
To waft across thy warm red lips one sigh.
With all my worldly love I thee endow,
We are no longer twain, but one; and now

Give me thy lips, and all the world forget,
Give me thine eyes that like twin stars are set
Beneath the fragrant cloud of thy soft hair,
Thine eyes, Dear Heart, that all the world calls fair,
Not even knowing of the look that lies
Within their depths, for me alone, nor ever dies.

—*Heart Throbs, II.*



THE LITTLE HAT

by

MARY DOBBINS PRIOR

THE Little Hat was clearly surprised at its surroundings, but even in a much greater measure these same surroundings were marveling at the Little Hat. The manager's roll-top desk (which by reason of the hat's resting on its brand-new blotter was the most intimately concerned) could not remember a time, in all its twenty years of commercial life, when such a highly ornamental, and (from the viewpoint of a desk) absolutely useless article had rested on its bosom. The desk was not altogether ignorant on the subject of hats, either. Living as it did in the corner of a publishing office, and having daily intercourse with several bright-looking, well-dressed young women, who took dictation at its elbow, the desk had come to know a lot about hats. Of course the young ladies didn't take notes about millinery, and they were always hatless too when at their appointed tasks —but these things soak in through the pores, somehow, and the desk had come to know that "they were wearing them smaller" this year.

Of a surety they must be "wearing them smaller," judging by the sample that rested on the blotter. It was circular in shape, with a circumference of about seven inches, Its basic principle was of braided straw, and its softly curling brim was decorated with a wreath of green leaves. A rather faded pink rose, whose glowing heart, turned out (surprisingly enough) to be a coral bead, marked the spot where the leafy girdle ceased to pursue its giddying pathway. Coming down to meet these glories was a strip of filmy lace, that served to cover and at the same time to ornament the crown. This embellishment had suffered somewhat from the fact that the artist had made an error in her initial measurements, and the gap left by her injudicious scissors had been covered by a wedge-shaped patch of the same lace. However, one had to look closely to discover this defect, and, after all, these hypercritical persons, who know how to paint the lily and advise ladies concerning little slips of the scissors, are fortunately in the minority.

Taking it all in all, it was a very fetching little mite of a hat, and the manager, coming in from the mail room, regarded it with more than a suspicion of boastful pride. Mr. Brown, also in from the mail room, regarded it with unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, sir," said the manager, twirling the lacy trifle on his forefinger, "what do you think of it?"

There was a temporary lifting of the gloom that had swathed Mr. Brown during the last few weeks. "I always thought the stiff derbies our sex are condemned to wear hideously unbecoming—but isn't the change a trifle sweeping?" he asked doubtfully.

The manager ignored the banter. "My little girl trimmed that hat for her doll," he said smiling, "and she isn't six till June.

My wife says it's wonderful the instinct for style that child has. I brought it down to show the girls in the office. Some of them have seen her."

But the blanket of gloom had swathed Mr. Brown in its depths again. He stood, hands in pocket, head on breast, looking earnestly at nothing at all. "Great stuff that," he murmured dreamily, "only sixteen, you say—oh, yes, of course I mean six. That lacy, flowery kind of stuff makes one think"—his expression began to change —"of summer and vacations." There was an impressive pause. "Guess I'll get busy and pass on these proofs," he said awkwardly. "Great little hat, that."

The manager patted his daughter's handiwork approvingly as Mr. Brown drifted mournfully away. Then he placed the hat back on the desk, turning it a trifle so that the white thread that fastened the rosy bead to its alien moorings was not so much in evidence. When his wife had shown him the hat, he had, after the applause had rippled into silence, found it in his heart to wish that Hope had chosen a pink cable rather than a white one, but Hope's mother looked at him reproachfully and said, "Why, Tom, if it was as perfect as that no one would believe a child did it."

On the other side of the partition Mr. Brown was attending to the proofs that had to be "returned" at once. Usually when so engaged Mr. Brown's work was apt to be punctuated with remarks that had to do with the mental status of such individuals as were responsible for the proofs in question.

Today he was singularly quiet and the proofs lay untouched by his side. But Mr. Brown was not idle. He was writing with all the fervor of one whose fingers are the obedient slaves of his spirit, and, although it was during business hours, his manuscript contained no smallest allusion to the publishing business. For, Mr. Brown wrote:

Margaret Dearest:—Won't you forgive me? I see clearly what an unreasonable, jealous fool I was. Ever since the first few days after our quarrel I've known that I was all wrong, but I had it brought right home to me again this morning and what do you suppose the whip for my chastisement was? A doll's hat. No, I'm not losing my mind. Mr. Whitney, our manager, brought it down to show some of the girls what a wonder his small daughter was in the millinery line.

Margaret, do you remember the shade hat you used to wear? All white and lacy and wreathed with green leaves. There was a single pink rose too. Wasn't there, dear? Well, this doll's hat was an exact duplicate of that. Of course it was made by a baby girl, and it was funny in spots (one of the flowers had a bead for a heart), but after I saw it I had a vision of you sitting under the birches at the side of Lawton's pond. Do you remember what we used to talk about? I wonder if you couldn't give me another chance?

I am afraid, Margaret, that this letter is misrepresenting me fearfully. It has a gay and airy levity about it that I am far from feeling. To tell you the truth I feel pretty gloomy and yet I can't help hoping that the Little Hat is going to prove my mascot. Please be kind and remember I have not stopped loving you for one minute since I met you.

John.

Mr. Brown's search for a boy sufficiently trustworthy to carry his fateful missive took him past the desk where his mascot had lain all morning. He cast a meaning glance in its direction, but his innocent ally was gone. "Now I wonder if that's a bad sign?" he soliloquized, but brightened up almost immediately. The Little Hat lay on Miss Judson's desk, at the corner of which sat Miss Carrol.

Both young ladies had returned from luncheon. To be exact Miss Carrol had lunched, Miss Judson hadn't. "It is really all due to this Little Hat," the last-named lady was saying. "When I saw it this morning on Mr. Whitney's desk I thought I should have to put my head down on my desk and cry aloud. Dot, my sister Elinor's little girl, was always fussing with bits of silk and velvet and making them up into clothes for her doll. Why, it wasn't safe for me to put a bit of finery out of my hand. Mother would be sure to seize on it for Dot. Then came that foolish quarrel with Elinor, and when the holidays came mother didn't do any shopping for her or little Dot. I tell you we had a pretty blue Christmas."

"Well," said Miss Carrol, with characteristic honesty, "I can't say that I sympathize very heartily with either of you. If you'd sent even Dot a present, it would have put a stop to what you describe as a foolish and unnecessary estrangement."

Miss Judson patted the Little Hat—"Perhaps," she said, "but you don't know mother. She has the softest heart and the stiffest neck imaginable, but until today I couldn't bring myself to admit it."

"Oh, well, you have your good points—quick-tempered people often have, you know," consoled Miss Carrol, laughing. "Here are some sandwiches. I sent out for them when I found that you had spent the hour telephoning to your sister."

"You are a dear," said Miss Judson, "I didn't think I was hungry, but I find I am starving. Which makes me think that Elinor is coming to luncheon tomorrow and she is bringing little Dot with her."

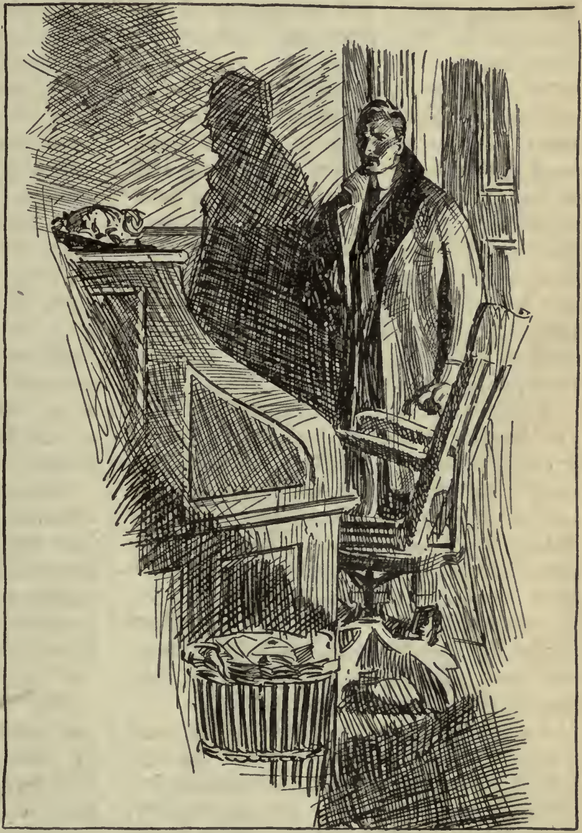
"Now that the sight of the Little Hat has reduced this particular mountain to its proper mole-hill proportions, you ought to tender Mr. Whitney a vote of thanks for having brought it within your ken, as the poets say," laughed Miss Carrol.

"I'm going to tell him all about it some day," said Miss Judson, seriously, as she crossed the room and restored the hat to its place on the manager's desk.

* * *

It seemed a pity, after the Little Hat had behaved so well, and had done such clever missionary work, that its ungrateful custodian should forget all about it and leave it out on the top of his desk when he went home. Had Mr. Whitney dwelt within metropolitan limits this could never have happened, but he was a commuter first and a father afterwards, so when, after a glance at his watch he found that he had just fifteen minutes wherein to catch his train, he grabbed his hat and made a dash for the elevator. Not until he was handing the conductor his ticket did he miss the hat, and a guilty conscience robbed his evening paper of its usual savor on his homeward trip.

Maybe the Little Hat was left to spend the long night in a big office building through a lapse of memory, or maybe its work was not finished. It is so hard to tell in a world of constantly increasing miracles just what forces are working to bring about certain results. Whatever the reason, it still lay on the desk in all its coral-beaded splendor when Mr. Cartwright opened the doors and switched on the lights an hour after everyone had gone home.



Apparently he stood gazing at the lacy trifle, but except for the coral centre in the faded rose he didn't see it all

Mr. Cartwright was the senior member of Mr. Whitney's firm, and he was a very important person indeed, not only in the office but out of it. Anyone who read the daily papers could have told you this, for only a few months before Mr. Cartwright had been a conspicuous figure in the public prints. It was when his daughter Ruth had run off and married his partner's secretary. Morally there was nothing the matter with his partner's secretary, nor physically either for that matter. Indeed there were those who thought him a very fine young man. But financially he was hopeless, at least from Mr. Cartwright's standpoint.

When a man is quoted as being a "near-millionaire" and his daughter elects to marry a man who has to work a whole year to gather a paltry three thousand, there is perhaps some excuse for the near-millionaire to wish his girl had gone further and fared better. In Ruth's case, the exasperating part was that she would not have had to go any further. She had, indeed, passed several heavily gilded youths on the way to her secretary bridegroom.

That night Mr. Cartwright had come to the office for some late mail, but after his eyes fell upon the Little Hat which perched on the manager's desk, he forgot the important letters. Apparently he stood gazing at the lacy trifle, but except for the coral centre in the faded rose he didn't see it at all. The vision he saw as he stood in his deserted office had to do with those earlier days when his income was considerably less than that of his newly acquired son-in-law's.

To begin with he saw his wife, slim and pretty and young. In one hand she held a copy of a magazine, in the other a number of tiny boxes and she was speaking rapidly, while her eyes shone with excitement and pleasure. "It was Jim who put the idea into my head," she was saying. "I was telling Ruth a story to put her asleep and Jim was listening. Presently he said: 'Why don't you send some stuff to the children's magazines, Mary? They pay good prices.' So I thought I'd try it—and, Bob, they bought it, and so, and so (how the words tumbled over one another in her excitement), I bought you these cuff-buttons, and baby a string of corals, and after all that, I still have ten dollars left, and you can never guess in a thousand years what I'm going to do with that ten dollars?"

He remembered as though it were yesterday how he had ventured one impossible guess after another, and how she had laughed delightedly at his repeated failures. Finally she had told him, with great seriousness, that the wonderful ten dollars was the nucleus of a nest egg for baby. Perhaps they would use the nest-egg to send her through college, perhaps to help in buying her trousseau when she married.

Oh, well (Mr. Cartwright could not see even the little coral now, though the lights were all on and the bead blushed its reddest), Ruth had gone through college, and she had married too, but the pretty little mother had not been there to see. God! if she had only lived, what life could have meant to him! Other men had made money and their wives had lived to enjoy it. For the first time since his daughter's marriage he seemed to realize that she was Mary's baby—the baby for whom Mary had bought the corals, for whom she had planned and saved—that he had put out of his life.

Standing alone in the silent office, surrounded by memories of his early struggles, the fact that Ruth had followed in her mother's footsteps and married a comparatively poor man did not seem nearly so heinous a crime as it had an hour ago.

* * *

The next evening when Mr. Whitney reached his suburban station, he was met by his small daughter. Evidently he knew what was expected of him, for his hand sought his overcoat pocket and he drew forth the Little Hat.

"There," he said triumphantly to his daughter and to her attendant mother. The little girl snatched the property, placed it firmly on her doll's head, and "ran along with herself," as advised by her father.

"I was afraid you would forget it again," said her mother.

"Well, you needn't have been," was the answer, "not after today."

"Today?" repeated the lady expectantly. "What happened today?"

Mr. Whitney laughed indulgently. "I was waiting for you to say, 'Anything happened down-town today?' before I told you. When a man becomes accustomed to a certain style of conversation he waits for his cue like any other actor."

"Well, what did happen?" asked his wife eagerly. Mr. Whitney at once assumed the air of one who carries concealed treasure.

"My dear," he said impressively, "things never stopped happening. One surprising bit of news followed so quickly on the heels of another, that I seriously contemplated relieving the tension by posting bulletins. Think of the time saved, if instead of news having to percolate through an office it was boldly struck off on the typewriter and pinned to a convenient post.

"The idea has much to commend it," said his wife severely. "Here is a pin and there is a post."

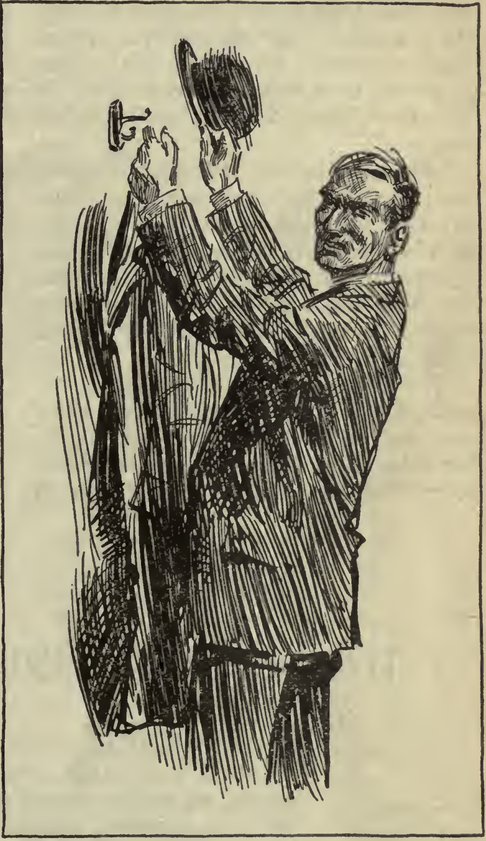
"Well, anyway we had a great day," resumed Mr. Whitney. "To begin with, Cartwright is reconciled to his daughter. Yes, the old man and his son-in-law were lunching together today in Sherwood's. Brown saw them."

"That's good news, isn't it?" said little Mrs. Whitney kindly. "It makes for the happiness of all concerned."

"You bet 'it makes for the happiness of all concerned,'" mimicked her husband. "Why, Cartwright looked ten years younger this morning, and look here, Allie—I can't keep a secret to save my life unless it is connected with the business — Cartwright came in this morning and made straight for my desk. 'Where is the Little Hat?' he asked. I laughed and took it out of the drawer. He saw it there last night, he said, and thought it was great. The thing that tickled him to death was the way Hope had endowed the rose with a coral heart. I suppose it was a reflex of his present amiable frame of mind, but when he was going out he said, 'I'm going across next week with my daughter and her husband, and I wish you'd tell your little milliner that when I come home she's going to have the nicest set of corals that Naples can boast.' Then after that—

"Don't tell me unless it is something pleasant," implored his wife, "I'd love to eat my dinner in the glow of those impending corals."

"Oh, this is pleasant enough, though the interest may not be so intensely personal. Brown is going to be married, almost immediately I believe, and it can't be too soon for all of us. It's been something fierce having him around this last month. The original Gloomy Gus is a spring of bubbling mirth compared to Brown when anything goes wrong with his personal rendition of 'Love's Young Dream.' Only as late as yesterday he was positively dank with melancholy, but when he came in this morning even the cat knew he had made up with his girl."



But when he came in this morning even the cat knew he had made up with his girl

"I suppose his happiness didn't drive him to say he'd buy a few strings of pearls for your daughter while he was honeymooning," mocked Mrs. Whitney.

Her husband struck an attitude. "But that is the funny part of it. He did not mention strings of pearls exactly, but he paid tribute all the same. The first thing he did after he had informed us singly and 'en suite' as to his approaching nuptials, was to draw me aside and say: 'Margaret and I went for a walk up Fifth Avenue late yesterday afternoon, and I was telling her about the doll's hat your little girl made, and Margaret was so interested that just to mark the day and sort of encourage Hope, we bought her a little gift.' Then he passed over this box. Say, she'll be tickled to death to own a gold thimble, won't she?"

"Why, yes, she will," said Mrs. Whitney, bewilderedly, "but can you fancy what sort of couple they must be? I simply can't understand such a shameful waste of opportunity. Here they are, engaged in patching up a lover's quarrel, and they can find nothing better to talk about than a doll hat."

"It was an unusual proceeding," agreed her husband. "I don't remember wasting any time on strange little girls myself. But listen, Allie," the manager lowered his voice, "the plot thickens. After Brown went out Miss Judson came in with a doll's parasol. She said it was such a perfect match to the hat she couldn't resist buying it. In fact, she told me she bought two—one for Hope and one for her little niece." The manager looked reminiscent. "I wonder now if Miss Judson has been getting herself engaged, too. She looked blooming today."

They had reached their own gate and Mrs. Whitney paused. "Seriously, Tom," she said, "That hat was a wonderfully clever piece of work. I'm afraid we don't appreciate Hope enough. Why, even strangers—"

But her husband interrupted her maternal hymn with a laugh. "Oh, Allie, where is your vaunted sense of humor?" he asked.

Then he took a long step and a very short one. "Heavens!" he exclaimed tragically, and pointed to the lawn, where the Little Hat lay in the forlorn position it had assumed when lost by its gifted maker. "Heavens—Did you see that! I narrowly escaped stepping on our daughter's masterpiece! I've come within an ace of scrunching the Little Hat."

THE BLIND VIOLINIST IN THE STREET

AGE-BOWED, in tattered raiment, there he stands,
  An outcast in the crowded city street,
Vending his music where the world demands,
  Alike in summer rain and winter sleet.
Dead to his sight is every living thing;
  He only *hears* the noisy, passing throng,
Unwitting while the pageantry of spring
  Gives place to younger seasons, newly-born.

Who knows what visions fair those dimmed eyes see?
  Or where he wanders, in what hidden ways
Through far-remembered lands across the sea,
  Warmed by the morning sun of other days,
And so, transfigured for the moment seem
His wan, gray features, softened by his dream.

—*R. R. Greenwood.*

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By

George Ethelbert Walsh

(*Continued*)

SYNOPSIS—James Everard, an eccentric old man living alone, is found dead in bed after the visit of a one-armed stranger. Suspicion of foul play is not proved, and it is supposed he died of fright. His nephew, Allen Halliwell, attends the funeral. At the cemetery four evil-looking men under the pretext of friendship for the deceased attempt to search the coffin. That night in the house a beautiful woman burglar is caught ransacking the old man's desk. Halliwell, struck by her beauty, lets her have the papers she is looking for. In his city home Halliwell is attacked by the four men at midnight, and but for the timely appearance of the woman again he would have been killed. She refuses to disclose her identity, but gives her name as Una Ruthven. Halliwell's valet is attacked. In the confusion Miss Ruthven disappears. She later sends word to Halliwell asking him to go on a long voyage to help her. He meets her at the pier and is rowed out to a yacht in the river, and they sail away. Halliwell finds that the crew consists of the four men. His presence aboard is unknown to them, and he occupies half the cabin with Una Ruthven.

CHAPTER XIV

THE Margaret plowed her way steadily southward, reeling off her ten knots with the regularity of clock work. As they approached warmer waters the stuffy room off the cabin grew almost unbearable, and Halliwell spent more of his time in Patricia's more luxurious quarters.

The question of ventilation was also acute. They had to open the cabin windows to secure fresh air and relief from the stifling heat. This involved a certain amount of risk, for the members of the crew might pass at any moment and look through the opening.

It became increasingly more difficult to hide from Blacky's watchful eyes. The influence of the tropical climate also affected him, and once or twice Patricia was forced to use all the arts and wiles of her sex to escape an open rupture.

Halliwell grew irritable under his enforced idleness, and Patricia dared not tell him of the attempted intimacies of the bearded giant. He kept the pact of not invading her cabin, and for that she was thankful.

The question of food was settled by Mango. Under his mistress' directions, he brought a double portion of nearly everything. He was too faithful a servitor to ask questions.

Mango was not having an easy time himself. He was out of sympathy with the crew, and during the long, tedious days they passed the time in tormenting him. For a time Mango submitted to it, but as their brutality increased he brought with him to the cabin marks of their violence.

Even then he was too loyal to whimper. He made various subtle excuses for a black eye or injured lips. But under the influence of drink the men grew more violent. One day Stumpy in a fit of drunken passion knocked the boy over with a knot of rope and pursued him to the cabin with murder in his eyes.

Mango stumbled against the cabin door, and with terror in his face shrieked aloud:

"Let me in, missus! For the love of God let me in! He's killing me!"

The girl threw open the door and Mango tumbled in head first. Stumpy with a drunken leer on his face stood with the knotted rope in his hand.

"Hopes I didn't startle you, ma'm," he said wickedly, "but that rascal got away from me. Jest let me have him for a minute, an' I'll fix him."

Patricia with anger in her face pushed Mango inside, and then turned on his pursuer.

"Stumpy, I'll report you to the captain if you ever lay hands on Mango again. He is my servant, and you have no right to touch him."

"I didn't touch him," replied the man drunkenly. "I jest tapped him on the head with this, an' then he runs an' disturbs you."

"Where is the captain?" she asked, stepping outside and closing the door with a snap behind her.

"I hopes now you ain't goin' to report me," Stumpy whimpered. "I didn't mean nothin', ma'm. It was jest a little playful-like I got, an' the nigger gets impudent. Damn him! he can't be impudent to me. No, ma'm, he can't."

The man was so far under the influence of liquor that he was hardly responsible for his words. She suddenly changed from anger to coaxing.

"Come with me, Stumpy," she said quietly. "We will go on deck. It is a beautiful day. Perhaps you can tell me where the yacht is now, you're such a good sailor. You know these southern waters, don't you?"

"Know 'em?" leered Stumpy, forgetting the object of his wrath. "I know 'em, ma'm, as I knowed my mother, God bless her! I sailed ten years in the southern seas, an' there ain't a wave I can't take my hat off to as an old friend. Yes, ma'm, I'll tell you all about 'em. Leastwise, I will if you'll let me rest here a bit. I'm that tired scrubbin' up these decks that I got a crick in every joint."

"Yes, rest a few moments, Stumpy, and then I will listen to your story."

She gratefully assisted him to a coiled rope, and when he slumped down on it he soon dozed and forgot her presence.

When he was asleep, she stole swiftly and silently back to the cabin. She let herself in quietly and closed the door after her.

Mango was standing in the middle of the room shivering so that his teeth chattered. The whites of his eyes were rolling upward in terror. Seeing his fright, Patricia said soothingly:

"It's all right, Mango. He's gone!"

Still the negro shivered and rolled his eyes. Then he pointed a hand at the inside room, and whispered:

"It ain't him, missus. It's another one. He's in there. I heard him. I didn't dare speak or move."

Patricia's face flushed. She considered the wisdom of denying it, but Mango could not be so easily convinced. She was sure that he had heard Halliwell, and their secret could not be kept longer from the servant.

"Mango," she said suddenly, "I'm going to trust you with a great secret—a secret that you will guard carefully from all the men outside."

"Yes, missus, I'll guard it."

"There is some one in that room, Mango, but he is a friend of mine and of yours. You need not be afraid of him. I brought him along to protect us."

Mango rolled his eyes in surprise, but edged away from the inner room. Patricia noticed his actions.

"I was afraid we might encounter danger on this trip, Mango. The crew is made up of rough men, and they drink—drink a lot, don't they?"

"Lordy, missus! they's drinkin' 'bout all the time they ain't a-cursin' an' abusin' me."

"Do they bother you much, Mango? Has Stumpy or the others touched you before?"

"Lordy! a thousand times. They jest play football with me, an' I'm scairt out of my wits sometimes. I ain't said nothin' to you 'bout it, missus. I didn't want to make you feel bad, but they—they're—devils, missus! They ain't human beings, an' I knows as how they've kilt men an' strung 'em up an' chucked 'em overboard to the sharks. They jest as live throw me overboard, too, if they didn't need me to cook for 'em, an' wait on 'em. Yes, missus, they's a terrible bad lot."

Patricia's eyes had grown wider as Mango blurted out all the woes he had been subjected to.

"I ain't got no use for 'em, missus, an' I'se 'fraid of 'em. They's got me clean scairt out of my wits."

"I'll see that they stop such work," she said, when Mango finished. "I'll speak to the captain about it now."

"Lordy! missus, he's worse'n any of 'em. Don't you speak to him for Mango. He'll jest turn on you an' hurt you. No, missus, don't say nothin'."

"I'll see him at once. You stay here."

"No, no, don't, missus!" the negro protested. "Mango can take care of himself."

"I will return directly. Meanwhile, you stay here."

Mango rolled his eyes around the cabin.

"You was sayin', missus, you had a friend in there," he stammered, pointing to the door.

"Oh, yes, I will let you see him."

She walked to the door of Halliwell's room and opened it, but their conversation had been heard inside, and Halliwell stepped forth without bidding.

"I heard all of Mango's words," he said, "and I think he's right. You'd better not make a complaint, Patricia. You will only make the men worse, and Mango will suffer all the more for it."

"That's it, missus, they'll think I told you, an' they'll be worse'n ever."

"Probably you're right," Patricia said, sighing. "But, Mango, I don't want you to keep anything from me. You must tell me at all times when they hurt you."

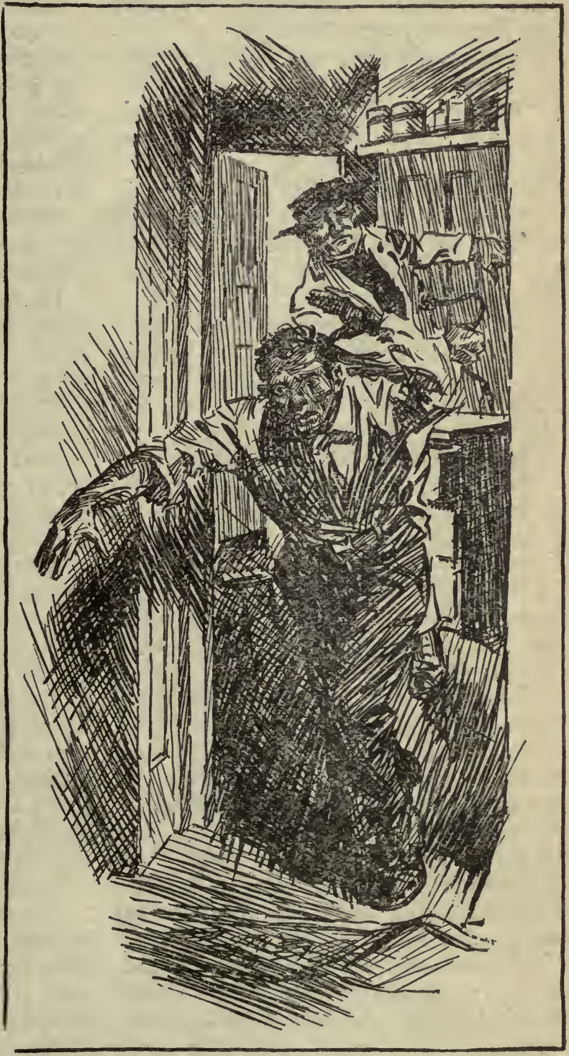
"Yes, missus, I shorely will tell you—every time."

"Then you can go. But, Mango, you must remember that you have two to feed here. Mr. Halliwell has taken half the food you have been sending in here every day."

The white ivories of the negro suddenly showed between two extremely red lips, and a deep chuckle started far down in his throat.

"Golly, missus, I thought you had a mighty big appetite! I'se waited on you for years, but I never saw you eat so much before—double portion of everything. An' I'se been feedin' two!"

The chuckle ended in a rumbling laugh, which both of the other occupants of the cabin were forced to join in.



The girl threw open the door and Mango tumbled in head first. Stumpy with a drunken leer on his face stood with the knotted rope in his hand

"Well, now, Mango, you know where the food goes, so don't starve us," Patricia finally remarked.

"I'll make it three portions, missus, after this, don't you worry."

The negro started for the door. Suddenly Halliwell intercepted him.

"Mango, if I'm discovered here there will be war on this yacht," he said, "and your mistress' life will be in danger. If any trouble begins you must come to this cabin as quickly as you can. We must join forces to protect her."

"Yes, sir, I'll come—an' be mighty glad to get here, too."

"We hope to avoid trouble, but an accident may happen at any time. Can you shoot?"

"Yes, sir, I kin shoot."

"Here's our supply of weapons. If anything happens help yourself and join us. Maybe you'd better go armed anyway. You have no pistol?"

"No, sir, I ain't got nothing but a razor."

"Not much good against these pirates. It's all right on shore in a fight, Mango, but a mighty awkward weapon on shipboard. Here, take this."

Halliwell handed him a loaded pistol.

"Don't let the men on deck see you with it, but keep it always near you to be ready for an emergency."

"Yes, sir, I'll be ready with it."

"When you hear a pistol shot in the cabin that will be your signal to come here in double quick time. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, I'll be here."

When the door closed behind him, Halliwell turned to Patricia.

"He may be a useful ally yet. If they should attack us here, he might lead a rear attack that would demoralize them."

"Faithful Mango! He'd lay down his life for me."

"He certainly would," admitted Halliwell, and added under his breath, "but he's not the only one."

A few minutes later they were startled by a commotion on deck. Halliwell grasped his pistol and started for the cabin door.

"It's Mango," Patricia said. "Let me go. I will have this matter settled at once."

"I'm afraid to let you go alone, Patricia. Something may happen to you. Stay here!"

"No, no, I must go. Mango would come to my assistance, and I shall go to his."

"Then I'll accompany you."

"No, that would be foolhardy. It would do no good, and it might spoil everything. You must stay here. I'm in no danger—no immediate danger."

"But—"

"Please obey me. Let me pass!"

Halliwell realized that it was the part of wisdom to let her go without him. Unwillingly he moved to one side and let her pass him. When the door closed he paced the small cabin with the anxiety of a caged leopard. With possible danger threatening her, he could not so much as lift a hand to help.

"If she doesn't return in ten minutes, I'll go upon deck," he muttered. "And I'll go armed."

He helped himself to two more rapid-firing guns, placing one in either side pocket, and holding the third in his hand ready for immediate use.

Flying up on deck, Patricia came upon Stumpy, Sandy and Red, forming a circle around Mango. They had the negro triced up by the thumbs and were tormenting him with knives.

Patricia broke in upon the circle of tormentors like a whirlwind. Before she reached the men she realized what they were doing. Whipping a pistol from her skirts she aimed it over their heads.

"Crack! crack!"

The weapon spit out its leaden missiles viciously. Even while the half-drunken men watched their victim, the small cords attached to Mango's thumbs and a swinging bar parted and released the negro. Patricia's shots had been unerring in finding their target.

"You cowards!" she hissed.

The three men swung around, startled by the shots and her voice. Then their eyes turned and looked at the severed cords. Even to their minds this was some shooting.

They quailed a trifle before the blazing eyes of the girl, and the weapon which she swung so swiftly and gracefully from one to the other.

"You deserve a bullet apiece," she added, "you cowardly ruffians! What do you mean by treating Mango in this cruel way?"

It was Sandy who finally found his voice. He made an attempt to doff his cap.

It was the little weapon we found on him, ma'm," he said. "He drawed it on us, an' we had to have discipline on the yacht. A nigger ain't allowed to carry concealed weapons, ma'm."

"He is if I tell him to. I gave him the pistol, and he can carry it to protect himself from your brutal attacks."

"But, ma'm, he ain't allowed to draw it on us," replied Sandy. "We was doin' nothin'—jest peacefully enjoyin' ourselves —an' the nigger comes up an' flourishes the weapon. You didn't tell him to do that, ma'm, I hopes?"

Patricia looked from the speaker to Mango.

"Did you do that, Mango?" she asked steadily.

"No, missus, I didn't do no sich thing. They jumped on me when I comes roun' the cabin, an' they says they was goin' to make an example of me. Then they stood me up on my head, an' the pistol falls out of my pocket, an'—"

"Ma'm," Sandy interrupted, "the nigger ain't worth listenin' to. He's jest plain prevaricatin'—lyin', so to speak."

"I was never tellin' the truth more'n I am now, missus. I never had a chance to draw it on 'em."

"Niggers ain't got no standin' in this court," Stumpy interfered. "So shut up, you black rascal, or I'll—"

Stumpy raised a knotted rope to strike Mango. Before it could descend on his unprotected head there was another crack of a pistol. Stumpy jumped back three feet and dropped the rope, rubbing his hand to see if it had been hit, but it was only the rope that had received the bullet.

"Mango, go down to my cabin!" Patricia commanded without so much as looking at the discomfited Stumpy.

The negro obeyed with alacrity. Then swinging around and leaving the men dumbfounded she followed. Her mind was in a tumult which made her anxious to reach the cabin.

She feared that the shots would bring Halliwell up on deck, and then hostilities might follow. In this she was not far wrong. A dozen feet from the cabin she saw Halliwell emerging from the door, a pistol in either hand.

"Back! back!" she called anxiously.

"Did they hurt you? Did they shoot at you?"

"No, no! Please go back—quick!"

She pushed and shoved him through the door just as one of the crew came around the corner. Then forcing Mango in the cabin she closed the door—and stumbled toward a chair in a condition of hysterical helplessness.

Chapter XV

Halliwell, while trying to soothe and quiet the excited girl, learned in disjointed sentences from Mango the cause of the commotion, and of the spectacular intervention of Patricia.

"Golly, mister, she shot holes in the rope!" he concluded. "She s'prised 'em so they didn't dare reply. She's got 'em scairt some."

Halliwell glanced at the sobbing girl in wonder.

"Oh, Mango, please don't say any more," she was pleading. "It was all so hateful!"

"Where was Blacky?" Halliwell asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "He wasn't there." Then she added: "But why did you come out of the cabin? You might have spoilt all."

"I don't think you could have kept me here with a team of horses after I heard the shots. There's a limit to my patience, Patricia."

"Yes, but if you had been seen we should have been in trouble."

"I think we're in trouble now."

"No, it's settled, or it will be when I see Blacky. I'm going to find him now. I should have waited to speak to him, but I was afraid you'd do just what you did. That's why I hurried down here."

"I don't think you're in a condition to see any of them at present."

"I'm all right now. It was the excitement of thinking—of what you might do—that unnerved me. I'm not afraid of the men. They know it now—and they know I can shoot straight."

"But Patricia, I can't let you go up on deck again."

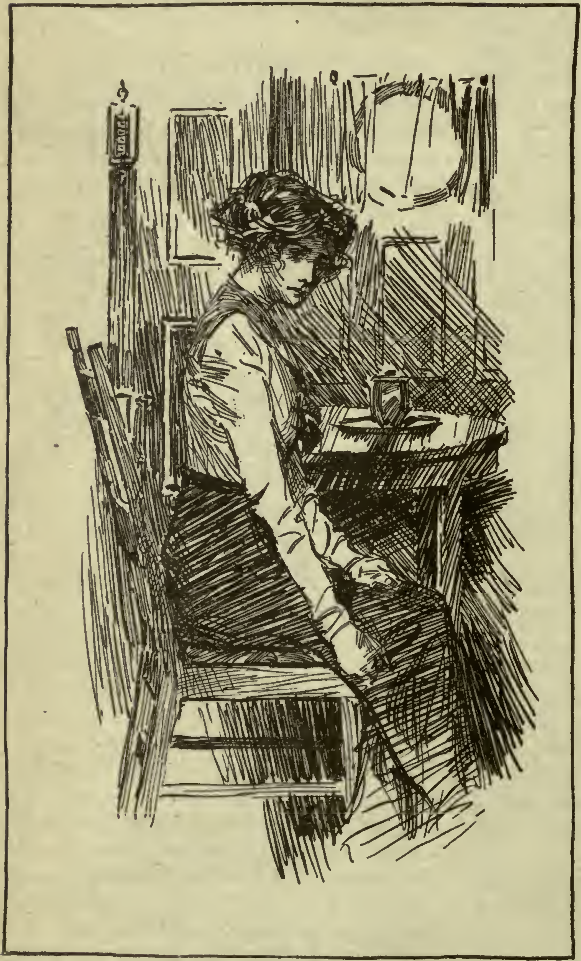
She smiled at him through her tears.

"It's necessary," she replied firmly. "I must report it to him before the men tell him. They will lie about it, and—"

"Then Mango must go with you."

"Yes, Mango can come with me. They won't dare touch him again. If they do—"

"Patricia, will you promise to come right here if any trouble develops again? Please do not invite any more danger. If I hear any more shooting I will break loose, no matter what the consequences."



"I'm too tired now," she murmured, "and my head aches. But it's all right"

"I promise you! I will not shoot again except to protect myself."

"Then I shall understand that is the signal for me to come."

"Yes," she replied, nodding, "you can come then."

With this promise Halliwell permitted her to go out again, with Mango as a bodyguard. When they were gone he stationed himself at the door with ear applied to it to hear any unusual sound.

Of what followed he knew nothing. The seconds and minutes ticked off slowly. With watch in hand he waited. Twice he fumbled undecided with the latch, then changed his mind. Outside all was serene. He heard a step pacing near the cabin. He rushed to the window to see Red Beard walking leisurely along the deck.

Halliwell breathed easier. If there was trouble brewing Red Beard would not be placidly pacing the deck. But this relief did not last long. Why did Patricia remain away so long?

"The deuce take it!" he muttered. "She's been gone only ten minutes!"

He took out a cigarette and lighted it. This would help to calm his nerves and pass the time away. But the tobacco tasted stale, and the smoke burnt his tongue and lips. When had tobacco performed such a trick with him before?

Resolving to be self-controlled and sane in facing the situation, he deliberately lighted another cigarette and stood by the window to watch the heaving ocean. All was quiet, serene and surpassingly beautiful on the water. The tropical heat of the atmosphere hung in lazy, wavering lines of haze above the sea. The sky was brilliantly blue and purple as it bent down to meet the horizon.

There was no ship visible on the wide expanse of ocean—no sign of life other than a few white-winged birds hovering on the crested surface. An occasional splash indicated the presence of life beneath the waves, but the sharp-finned creatures kept well within their cooling element.

Halliwell tried to speculate upon the location of the yacht. They had been steaming steadily southward for ten days—yes, it was the tenth. He had kept track of the days—almost of the hours. It was the tenth, and in that time they must have covered considerably more than two thousand miles.

He was weak in his geographical knowledge, and he could not guess within many hundreds of miles of their probable position on the map of the world. Somewhere off the South American coast, he figured it in his mind, and let it go at that.

He was aroused from his reflections by a noise at the door. They were returning! Halliwell did not retreat. Instead he stepped to the door and stood there anxiously expectant.

Patricia stepped in alone, and softly closed the door after her. The face was pale, and the eyes strangely lacked lustre.

"It's been an age, Patricia!" he exclaimed, grasping her hands. "I've suffered torments every minute you were gone."

Then, eagerly, seeing her strangely quiet, abstracted manner: "Did you see Blacky?"

She nodded, seating herself in a chair.

"Will he punish the men for treating Mango so brutally?"

Again the silent, listless nod.

"Where is Mango now?"

"In the galley. He's safe."

She did not raise her eyes.

"What is it, Patricia?" he asked suddenly. "Why are you so quiet? Has anything gone wrong? Did—did Blacky treat—"

She raised a hand for him to desist.

"I'm too tired now," she murmured, "and my head aches. But it is all right."

Halliwell sat down by her side.

"Dear Patricia—dear little girl," he began soothingly.

But again she raised a slim hand and smiling wanly at him murmured: "My head—it aches."

"Let me get you some tea—no, we haven't any. I will ring for Mango."

He jumped up to touch the bell.

"Please don't. I only need rest."

Halliwell sat beside her. Once or twice he essayed to touch her hand, but she withdrew it. The pensive eyes contained an expression which tormented him.

"Patricia, won't you tell me what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened—nothing."

He regarded her in silence.

"I cannot believe it," he answered after a pause. "You are not yourself. Something has happened."

Then forgetting their common danger, forgetting the time and the circumstances, forgetting her troubles and agitation, he seized her hand and poured in her ears in incoherent sentences the love that was overmastering him.

"Dear Patricia—dear little girl—you must tell me—you must tell me all, everything—I love you madly, and you drive me crazy with your coolness. What has happened? Has Blacky insulted you? Has he—oh, Patricia, if you knew how I love you!—how I have loved you since that first night when we met—if you knew—"

His words galvanized her into action. Rising quickly and throwing off his clasp she moaned:

"Oh, not now! Please don't! I must not listen! Please—please—I must be alone—I must—I must!"

Halliwell was genuinely alarmed. He sprang to her side and held her firmly. His voice was no longer pleading. It was commanding.

"Patricia, you must tell me what's happened. I will not be put off. I love you, and I have a right to know. You must tell me. If you don't I will go upon deck and see Blacky face to face. He shall tell me—or—"

He felt the hand tremble and a shudder passed through her. For an instant she swayed toward him. Halliwell drew her to himself.

"Dear Patricia, my love, you must be mine, and—"

She permitted him to kiss her, to caress the golden head, and then with sudden energy she threw him off. The color left her cheeks, and her eyes flashed.

"You have no right to take advantage of me in that way," she said coldly. "You came here to protect me. It is cruel—brutal of you to act that way. I—I—"

She faced him, with eyes strangely bright and determined. She seemed to waver an instant, then drawing herself up she added:

"I do not love you."

Halliwell taken aback by this continued to stare. She could not endure his eyes. Suddenly he smiled.

"Patricia, you do love me. You cannot deny it."

Once more a wave of weakness seemed to sweep over her. Then it disappeared, and the voice was as firm and unfaltering as ever.

"I do not. You have mistaken my friendship for something that is not true."

Halliwell recoiled. The eyes contained no message of love—nothing but cold disapproval.

"You—do—not—love—me?" he stammered, repeating her words interrogatively.

"No, I do not," she answered steadily.

"Then—then—why—"

He placed his hand to his forehead. The cabin seemed to reel, and everything in it was jumbled and confused. She suddenly drew near him and placed a hand on his arm.

"I do not want to hurt your feelings," she said gently. "I—I—did not dream of this. I—I—thought—"

Halliwell, as if catching at a straw, grasped the hand and exclaimed: "You—you do love me, Patricia. Say that you do. Tell me that this—this is—"

"No, no," she replied, "I cannot."

Then looking him squarely and unflinchingly in the eyes she added: "There is another."

"Another?"

Halliwell recoiled as if she had struck him. For an instant he stood mute and silent. There was pity in her eyes and face, but he was not seeking pity. It took him some minutes to regain control of himself, and speak quietly and calmly.

"Of course, I didn't understand. It was unkind of me to insist when you—you—"

He turned from her to hide his emotion. When he looked at her again he was quite collected, and a smile was playing on his lips.

"I think, Patricia, we'd better ring for Mango. A cup of tea will help your head."

"Yes, please, ring for him," she said weakly. "I will take the tea now."

Mango, summoned to the cabin, brought the tea and waited upon his mistress as calmly and assiduously as if nothing had happened. Halliwell withdrew to his room, leaving the two together. When the negro had disappeared Patricia called to him.

"Will you not have some tea with me?"

The question was asked with the reserve and dignity of a queen presiding at a social function in the most conventional of drawing rooms.

Halliwell smiled and accepted. Their new relationship demanded a polite observance of the forms of social life. For the present they would have to continue under the same roof; they would have to preserve their secret from Blacky and his crew; they would have to meet and talk with each other hourly and daily throughout the rest of the trip.

If there was to be no sentiment between them, he would not offend again by words or actions. She ignored the subject of her interview with Blacky, and Halliwell made no mention of it. It was a commonplace, aimless, desultory conversation they kept up.

If inadvertently he trespassed too near the matter uppermost in his mind he quickly steered the conversation into new channels. Once or twice he caught her eyes surveying him with a strange expression. They were maddeningly soft and appealing, but he checked the emotion that sprang to his lips.

When they had finished, and Mango had removed the tray, Halliwell rose. The inaction was torture to him.

"Lie down a little while, Patricia," he suggested. "The rest will help your head. I will go in my room and read. I won't disturb you."

"My head feels better," she murmured.

"If you should need me summon me," he added, retiring to his room and closing the door behind him.

For a long time he tried to force his mind to reading the book he picked up; but print never seemed so utterly depraved and uncertain. The letters danced before his eyes, and when he could focus his mind on the sentences he made nothing of their meaning.

He smoked incessantly and was suddenly surprised and startled by the density of the atmosphere.

"They'll think the cabin's afire," he exclaimed, dumping the pipe. "I'll quit.

"And she has a headache!" he murmured again remorsefully. "This smoke will sicken her."

In spite of the danger of betrayal, he threw open the small window to allow the smoke to escape. Then he moved toward the door to see if it was tightly closed. He was contemplating the advisability of stuffing paper in the keyhole to keep the smoke from entering when his ears caught a little quick sob. He stopped and listened. The sobbing continued, muffled, but as uncontrolled as that of a child crying its eyes out over some little tragedy.

Halliwell straightened and clenched his hands. Every gasping catch of the voice, every little smothered sob, cut him like a knife. Patricia's grief was his own, but he felt that he was no longer in a position to offer consolation. She would probably resent his interference, and refuse his offers of sympathy. There was clearly no other way for him than to stand aside and let her sob her grief out alone.

His restraint and inaction were now getting beyond him. He felt that he was approaching the limit of human endurance. He wanted to rush out and clash with the men, anything whereby he could work off the surplus energy and pent-up nervous force.

He might have rashly precipitated a climax had not interruption come from an unexpected quarter. There was a knock on the cabin door. Instantly the sobbing ceased. There was a moment of perfect silence. Again the knock sounded distinctly through the two rooms. Halliwell pushed his door open just enough to give him a glimpse of the other.

Patricia's voice, weak and wavering, spoke.

"Well! Who is it?"

There was a deep, muffled response from outside. Patricia replied in alarm:

"Oh, not now! I can't see anyone!"

Halliwell could not make out the words of the answer, but after another lengthy pause Patricia moved slowly toward the cabin door. She opened it slightly, and through the crevice Halliwell could see the evil face of Blacky.

"I want to see you, my dear, just for a moment," the man outside said.

"Oh, not in here, Blacky! Wait! I will come on deck."

"No, my dear, I want to speak with you alone—in here. My men will hear us up there."

Halliwell could see that a foot had been deftly placed over the threshold so the door could not be slammed in his face.

"No, no—" Patricia cried in confusion.

"Just this once, my dear. I will not stay long."

Firmly and slowly he forced the door open against her puny strength. Patricia with alarm on her face still protested.

"I cannot allow you in here—no, no!"

"You have been crying," Blacky retorted, stepping in the cabin. "Has any of the men—"

"No, no, but you must go out! Please, for my sake!"

"I don't see why you should be so particular, my dear, not after what has happened. I must come in. I have the right, haven't I?"

From his position Halliwell could see the startled, frightened face of Patricia. She was appealing to the man in a way that any but a brute would have sensed.

"If you do not go," she said desperately, "I will!"

She moved quickly toward the door, but Blacky was nearer to it and closed and locked it with one of his hands.

"The cage wouldn't be pretty without the bird in it," he said with a smile. "Now, my dear, be sensible and listen to me."

She stood in the middle of the room with hands clasped in front of her. Halliwell restrained himself with difficulty. Blacky surveyed her with evil delight and admiration.

"I like you when you look that way, Patricia," the hairy giant said slowly. "To think you're the little girl I raised—a mere suckling baby when I carried you away from the island! Now you're prettier than your mother ever was. I wonder what Jim Everard would say if he could see you now."

As the words fell from his lips, a subtle change came over Patricia. She was no longer the clinging, fearful child of fright, but a woman to command and be obeyed. Retreating to the door she said firmly:

"I'm going to unfasten this door, and either you or I shall leave this cabin. You have broken your promise, and I shall have no words with you."

"What promise, dear? I've broken no promise!"

"Your promise never to invade my cabin without my permission."

Blacky laughed lightly.

"But that was before our new understanding. Now things have changed. You're going to be mine, and—and I like these quarters. I think I'll move into them."

Patricia turned swiftly, her eyes ablaze.

"Then I will leave them!"

"Not so fast, my little cage bird. You're going to occupy them with me. You promised that—"

She raised a hand in interruption.

"Only on the condition that we returned safe and sound from this voyage and that you would protect Mango or any—any of my friends who happened to be on the yacht."

"I will see that Mango is protected, and your friends, too. I suppose you were thinking of your father and mother?"

"Yes, and may be of others. The promise included all on this voyage with us."

Blacky scowled, and the black eyes took on a sullen expression.

"Who else on board this yacht are you so interested in?" he demanded. "Is it Pete, Stumpy or Red?"

"I am not going to mention names," she retorted proudly. "If I ask your protection for any one of them against the crew you must grant it. That was the condition."

"Yes, but—"

A red flame darted from the eyes and the great veins swelled on his forehead. The passion and jealousy of his nature obtained possession of him, and his voice was deep and rumbling.

"If you think," he began thickly, "that I'm going to protect any—any lover of yours—"

Then he forgot himself and seized her roughly by the hand. His voice fairly whistled through his beard as he demanded. "Who do you mean? Which one of them is it? Tell me, or I—I'll—"

If he expected to intimidate her by this show of temper he was mistaken. She faced him with steady eyes.

"Let go of my hand! Do you want me to hate you?"

"I want to know which one it is," he demanded fiercely. "And by heavens! I will know! You dare—dare to think of one of them like that—you—you—"

"Please, Blacky, you forget yourself!" she cried, wincing under the pain of the grip.

"Tell me!" he shouted. "I'll cut his heart out before another bell. Speak!"

Patricia was really frightened by the maddened face pressed close to hers, but she was collected and calm. To show panic now would be fatal.

"Blacky," she said steadily, "you misunderstand me. It was neither Pete, nor Stumpy, nor Red, nor Sandy—not one of them."

"Then—then—who in the hell did you mean?"

The hand relaxed its grip, and the sullen face lost something of its evil look.

"You were only fooling me, Patricia?" he added after a moment of silence. "I'm not a safe one to play with, dear. By heavens I'd kill any man who dared to make love to you! I'd shoot him down like a dog. I'd cut the heart out of him! I'd—"

"This is the way you would keep your promise?" she interrupted suddenly. "This is all I can trust you? I would give you all, and receive nothing in return. I thought you would—would—"

"There, little girl, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Yes, I'll keep my word. I'll protect Mango from Pete and Stumpy and the rest, and if we find your parents I'll see that they get safely home. That was my promise, wasn't it?"

She shook her head slowly.

"It was more; it included any or all on this yacht whose safety I demanded."

Blacky looked queerly at her. He could not understand such a strange interpretation of his promise. She had assured him that it was none of the crew; then who else?

Suddenly he laughed; he seemed to understand. She was still putting him to the test. He nodded several times.

"Yes, I'll agree to that—anyone on this yacht."

"But how am I to know that you will keep the promise? You—you just said you would kill any one of the crew if he had been making love to me?"

"So I would, Patricia. I'd kill him instantly."

"Then—then—oh, I can't believe your word. I—I—must take back my promise. I—I—cannot do it."

"Can't do it? You must do it, little girl. I have your word, and I won't release you. You're going to be mine, and—and Patricia, I want you now. I can't wait until we return."

The man's voice grew thick and husky with passion. He stepped toward her, but the girl retreated.

"Now, Patricia," he repeated. "I want you now, and by heavens, I will have you!"

Patricia stepped back with a horrified look in her eyes as the man approached her. The pig-like eyes were flaming red, and the bearded face seemed like some monstrous animal eager to consume her.

"Blacky! Blacky!" she pleaded, panic-stricken.

"Now—now!" he blurted out, seizing her by the arms.

She struggled in his embrace, fought him off with all the strength she had; but what was her weak effort against his will? He crushed her arms to her side and held them pinioned there. His swarthy face was bent over hers, and the eyes gloated with animal passion.

Looking up into the evil, sickening countenance, distorted now into the semblance of a wild beast Patricia suddenly lost her nerve. Her very soul cried out in agony. She felt that life itself would snap, and she would cease to live and breath, if that face touched hers.

Yet she was helpless to interfere. Her very helplessness made her forget her surroundings. Like a cornered animal she cried out in pitiful accents of despair. She closed her eyes and shuddered, and all went dark around her. The hot breath on her face must soon be succeeded by the touch of the lips which would end life and all for her. Then she was conscious of a sudden falling through space. The arms seemed to open to release her. She fell—fell—down—down—

She opened her eyes with a start when her head hit something hard. She was lying on the floor, untouched by the lips, and free to rise and go. But through the blur of the first consciousness, she saw swaying and staggering forms as though they were a part of some horrible dream. They were like some titanic wrestlers contending in the misty clouds for supremacy. They lurched and tossed, swayed and staggered, with never a word or cry. Only the heavy, labored breathing of the wrestlers told her that they were real, living human beings.

She caught sight of their faces—one heavy, thick-set and bearded, with a malevolent expression in the eyes; the other lean, clean-cut, but drawn in fearful lines of intensity, with eyes that flashed with the holy light of a terrible resolve.

Patricia sat up, but she could not speak. She watched the silent combat with breathless lips and beating heart. For the life of her she could not rise or speak; her lips refused to obey the will of the mind.

Back and forth in the narrow cabin they swung, crashing heavily and with sickening thuds against the walls and furniture. The hands were locked in fearful grips, and muscles and veins protruded in great corded lumps on the foreheads and lower jaws. Yet silently and fearfully they struggled, neither obtaining the advantage, and both oblivious of their surroundings.

Patricia wanted to shriek, to call out to stop the contest that seemed determined to go on forever; but she had to sit there and silently watch with fascinated eyes the man fight going on in her behalf. Stripped of all weapons save these with which nature first endowed them, these two were repeating the struggles that primitive men must have fought for the possession of their mates. And Patricia felt that she was suddenly thrown back a thousand centuries, and was an unlettered, untutored maiden waiting the outcome of the battle for her lord and master to claim her.

Now they had a grip on each other's throats. She could see one slender, white hand, knotted with muscles, wound around the bull-like neck of the other. The great hairy hand of the other was embedded in the white flesh of his smaller opponent, and the face was growing red and purple.

Slowly, surely, the endurance of the two was being tested. When it seemed as if flesh could stand no more, there was a quick, sharp break in the hold. The figures swayed and teetered about the room, and then like two mighty forest trees in a hurricane they crashed downward to the floor. They fell with a sickening thud, flesh striking against wood and metal. For a moment they lay still—perfectly still. Patricia wondered if flesh had become exhausted, or if some miracle had silenced them. Finally the legs and arms of one moved, and slowly extricated themselves from those of the heavier man.

Halliwell sat up on the body of his unconscious enemy, whose head had struck the sharp edge of the mahogany panels of the built-in sideboard. He drew a hand across his sweating, blood-stained face. Slowly he reached out and picked up a pistol which had been lost in the fray. He examined it carefully and deliberately, and then raised it over his head to use the butt as a weapon.

It was a fair blow. The upturned face offered no protection. The purple visage was still distorted by a horrible, malevolent expression. In spite of its corded muscles and great frontal bone, the butt of the weapon would go crashing through it to reach the seat of life.

When the rewards of his struggle were within his reach, a detaining hand grasped his wrist. Patricia had at last found her strength and voice.

"Don't! Please don't!" she said.

Halliwell turned inquiring, bloodshot eyes toward her. They met hers, appealing even in her fear for the life of another.

Slowly the hand descended, and the pistol was dropped to the floor. Rising from his position, Halliwell dragged the unconscious man across the floor, flung open the cabin door, and cast him outside.

Closing and locking the door, he dragged the heavy oaken table to it and effectually barricaded it. Then like a drunken man he staggered toward a seat and slumped into it so weak that he could barely raise a finger. The terrific combat with the giant had taxed his strength to its limit.

He sat there for a long time, his mind in a daze, before he realized that a soft hand was wiping the blood from his face and soothing his fevered forehead. Once something softer, and infinitely more gentle than a hand, brushed his temple, but he was too weak and exhausted to understand, or, if understanding, to appreciate it.

(*To be continued*)

REMEMBRANCE

By H. HOUSTON PECKHAM

WHO says remembrance is a little thing?
Who says associations have no part
In giving grief or joy? Ah, me! the spring,
The golden glory of the flicker's wing,
The sweet of lilacs, well-nigh break my heart.

And oh! the rainbow woodlands of the fall—
Because of one dear childhood happening—
The nightshade berries 'blaze, the titlark's call
Make my heart leap, hold all my spirit thrall,
Who says remembrance is a little thing?

A Picturesque Tribe *of* New England Indians

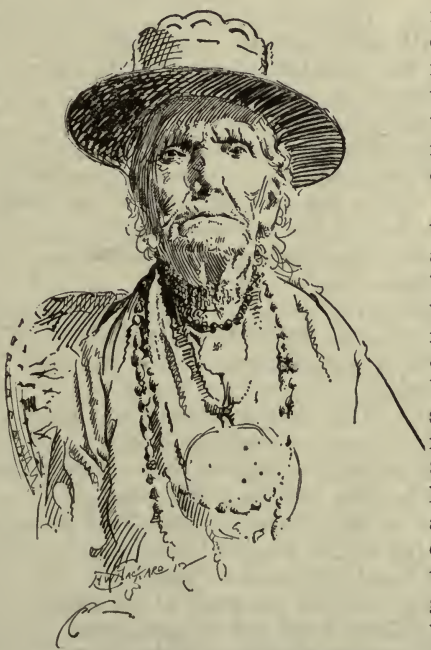
by Le Baron P. Cooke

FIVE miles above the historic frontier town of Eastport, Maine, on the bank of the picturesque St. Croix River, lies the Indian village of Pleasant Point, headquarters of the entire tribe of Passamaquoddy Indians. This old reservation is one of the most important, and without doubt the most interesting of any purely Indian settlement now existing in the East.

The Passamaquoddies are descendants of the Etchemin nation of red men, who preceded by nearly a century the early French expedition headed by the famous discoverers Champlain and DeMonts, who at the beginning of the Sixteenth century established the first white settlement in New England on the beautiful little Isle of St. Croix, situated at the mouth of the noble river which now forms a part of the boundary line between Maine and the neighboring province of New Brunswick.

That these Indians never lost their ancient warlike spirit was proven in the Revolutionary War, when over fifty members bore arms on the American side. The governing chief of the tribe at the outset of that great conflict was Francis Joseph Neptune. His efforts for the American cause during the early siege when the nation's foundation was being laid was of high value. There are documents still in preservation, including a letter from General George Washington, showing the esteem in which he held these Indians for their valor and great assistance during the country's crisis.

All the ancient rites and customs that from time immemorial have been characteristic of the Indian's living are still kept in fond memory by the oldest inhabitants, and on gala occasions and dress days such as the feast of Corpus Christi, these old ceremonials are not only held as a tradition, but are maintained in graphic theatrical fashion to the amusement of the hundreds of pale faces, who yearly make the pilgrimage to the village on this most noted day of the Indian calendar.



A TYPE OF THE PASSAMAQUODDY INDIAN

It is an intensely interesting spectacle for a stranger to witness. The great day begins with the celebration of mass in the handsome chapel recently erected by the State, and presided over by the priest from Eastport and the Sisters of Charity, who have been most zealous and successful in their endeavors to teach their charges the language and ways of the white men. After the devotional services begin the pageantries and aquatic sports of the day. The chief is decked in all the regalia befitting the dignity of his office. He dons the genuine eagle feather headdress, a priceless heirloom. His costume is gaudily embellished with bright-colored threads and wonderful beading that glistens in the sun. Over this paraphernalia is thrown the traditional blanket, the glory of his vanity, with its resplendent decorations.

The squaws wear tall black hats with broad silver bands. Burnished disks adorn their bosoms, and below their short skirts are worn gorgeous leggins. The entire populace wear deerskin moccasins.

These Indians are thrifty, eager to learn, and are masters of basketry. This is really a natural fine art with them. Here are baskets from the size of a thimble to that of a large hogshead. In the art of moccasin making these bronze sons of the first true Americans are craftsmen of expertness. The squaws, too, are very skilful workers, their weaving possesses a finesse which even excels that of their helpmates. It is a delight to inspect their wares; such beaded novelties might well dazzle an Egyptian princess.

As the squaw weaves the bright-hued straws into some ornate piece of basketry she often croons an ancient lullaby to a pappoose slumbering nearby in a birch-bark crib, another domestic product.

It is a charming sight to lounge on some high crag overloooking the panoramic beauties of Passamaquoddy Bay and watch the innumerable canoes paddle by freighted with their gay cargoes, bound for the island market at Eastport, where are sold hundreds of dollars worth of the Indian's art each week to the thousands of tourists enroute to the states and provinces.

THE ROVER

THE wide road, the long road,
  The road for the heart o' the rover.
Follow it up, and follow it down,
  Under the world and over.
Light o' the firefly, blink and dance,
  Whose tents have the need o' candle?
All day o' the road, all night o' the grass,
  A flick o' the unloosed sandal.
Blink o' the stars, dip o' the dew,
  Wind o'er the eerie passes.
A journey o' sleep where the dream ways keep
  Tryst with the bounding grasses.
Dawn o' the morning, flush o' the world,
  Breath o' the wayside clover,
Shake o' the sleep from eyes that keep
  Thrall on the world wide rover.
And all in the day are they comrades, they
  Who pass him by in his going,
Man o' the mountain, man o' the plain,
  Man at the way field hoeing.
For 'tis a wide road, a long road,
  The road for the heart o' the rover,
He follows it up and it leads away,
  Under the world and over.

—*Grace G. Crowell.*

HAMMOCK CHAIRS IN FUNCHAL WHICH FURNISH A DELIGHTFUL MEANS OF CONVEYANCE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

To Algiers *via* Madeira

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

ALGIERS; the word breathes a subtle aroma of romance. "A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers; There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears" was one of the hundreds of quotations made familiar to me as a child by my mother's wonderful memory.

When it was proposed to make Algiers as our goal for a winter's cruising over sunny seas, in 1910, I felt as if I were to re-visit some once known land of long ago. And visions of a larger and more luxurious Tangier floated before my mind's eye; a land of primitive sights, and Oriental people, and artistic costumes; of wonderful bazaars, and narrow streets, and over all a warm radiant sun. So with this Oriental vision to lure us on, we sailed on the Arabic, January 20, 1910, and found ourselves comfortably settled in a commodious ship, with a good stateroom, good service and good table, and room to spare, despite the fact that four hundred and fifty tourists had taken passage on this same ship to visit the Holy Land and Egypt. It was our first experience with tourists, and we did not anticipate our two weeks' voyage to Algiers with much pleasure. As frequently results (despite the metaphysical philosophy to the contrary) it was the unanticipated which happened.

The voyage was thoroughly delightful. Among the four hundred and fifty people were many interesting and agreeable men and women, who helped to make the voyage entertaining. There was a large percentage of educated and many cultured people, and only a few of the large number comprising the passenger list proved obnoxious or made one seek the opposite side of the deck for a promenade. There were a number of clergymen; several missionaries; and beautiful souls shining through strikingly handsome personalities in the Bishop of Ontario, and his charming wife; two lovely young Canadian sisters, who seemed like ever-blooming lilies, after all the other floral decorations of the ship had become withered; and many other handsome men, and fair women, who enjoyed the social life of the voyage and helped to make evening hours merry with dance and song; and then there were bridge whist enthusiasts, who were ever ready to enjoy Mr. Wilcox's skill in that popular form of amusement.

Therefore, by the time our ship reached its first port, Funchal, on the island of Madeira, February 2, the passengers seemed to be one large family of pleasure-loving and amiable grown-up children, and Funchal had prepared to give these children a good time. From cold and icy winds, which had followed us all the way from New York, we suddenly came into an atmosphere of spring, almost summer. Sunshine, balmy breezes and radiant skies caused us all to seek our trunks in the baggage room, and to get out our linen gowns and straw hats, and even parasols were seen; and a pretty picture greeted the observant eye as the passengers filed off the lighter, upon the dock, at Funchal. But straightway one ceased to observe one's neighbors, however fresh and brave, in his summer array; for Funchal struck the vision like a stage set for a play.

* * *

Waiting at the dock to convey the passengers to the town were such curious looking vehicles. They resembled the old stone boats I had seen as a child on the farm in Wisconsin, with a sort of phaeton top, and harnessed to each stone boat carriage was a pair of robust oxen. Over the cobble stone streets the sledges glided easily, and where the road was level the oxen were urged into a mild gallop.

Beside the ox sledges there were hammock chairs, carried by strong Portuguese men, one at each end of the vehicle. These conveyances proved delightfully comfortable for a lady who wished to make a tour of the shops; and the price was most reasonable. The shops along the streets were gay with bright colors, and filled with bargains in linen embroidered by the native Portuguese women, baskets made on the island, odd chains, and small curios.

Our collection of chains and necklaces made in various countries received here an addition of two horse-hair chains; one all black, one black and white; woven evidently from the long hairs of the amiable animal's tail.

Our phaeton carried us to the end of the line, where we took a scenic railway and ascended the remainder of the two thousand feet summit, which overlooked the town. Here we were conducted by guides to various points of historic and scenic beauty, and finally landed in large baskets, fashioned to hold two or three people, and with a Portuguese man at either side holding the basket back by a strong cord, we tobogganed down the hill to the town.

Sometimes our conductors rode on the basket behind us; but when the velocity became too rapid, they skipped off on the roadside and ran behind, reducing the speed by means of the cords. We had imagined the descent would be somewhat perilous, and one or two nervous people had declined to undergo the experience. It was, on the contrary, quite tame and safe, but an altogether pleasant and unique method of locomotion. The only cause for nervousness was in the sometimes sudden arrest of speed in a basket in front of us, and a possible rear end collision. Pretty faces watched our procession from the balconies and "jalousies" on either side of the narrow Spanish streets, and everywhere along the route we saw groups of admirably beautiful children. Never have I seen so many faces of really remarkable childish beauty in any one town or country, as during that day in Funchal. Later that evening at the ball, given in honor of the Arabic at the Casino, we were given a sight of some of the Portuguese belles and beaux. It indicated that beauty was not confined to childhood on the island of Madeira; and several of the young men of our ship seemed loath to leave when the sailing hour arrived. A fine ball room, a brilliant assemblage of attractively costumed men and women, excellent music, and an adjoining room where the gambling at Monte Carlo was enacted on a lesser scale, roulette and *rouge et noir* and other similar games, made the one night on land, after eight days at sea, an exciting occasion. Dearly as I enjoy the poetry of motion in that most delightful exercise, dancing, and

NATIVE MADEIRA BEAUTIES. THE PORTUGUESE WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON THE ISLAND ARE RARE TYPES

much as I disapprove of gambling in all its phases, I proved once again, on that night, the weakness of human nature by boldly planting a dollar on the roulette wheel, just as it was about to spin; and in another thirty seconds I saw my dollar swept into the capacious bag of a handsome hard-featured woman who sat next the croupier. This woman made continual winnings for a half hour, as I watched the game, while the fascinating and delicate blonde young wife of one of the foreign consuls at Funchal lost large sums as persistently.

Ashamed of my attempt to win by the turn of the wheel the money of other fools, I was glad that the greater humiliation of accepting the winnings was saved me. "Never again," I said, and went back to the ball room one dollar poorer and much wiser. Meanwhile on the next turn of the wheel one of our ship tourists had placed a dollar on number eighteen, the age of his son, and found thirty-six dollars handed over to him as his share, a moment later. He, too, said "Never again." But it is more difficult to be wise in prosperity than in misfortune.

We made the transit from the tender to and from the Casino in ox carts; and the picture the full dress parties presented in the odd conveyance should have been preserved by flashlight photographs. It is doubtful if a more wonderful scene can be found on earth than the view from the Casino Garden of Funchal when lighted by its thousand electric lanterns, with its environment of ships in the harbor, and cliffs, and rocks, and green foliage in perspective. It was at Funchal that Columbus found his wife, that pathetic figure which history has so neglected. Why do we not hear more of her?

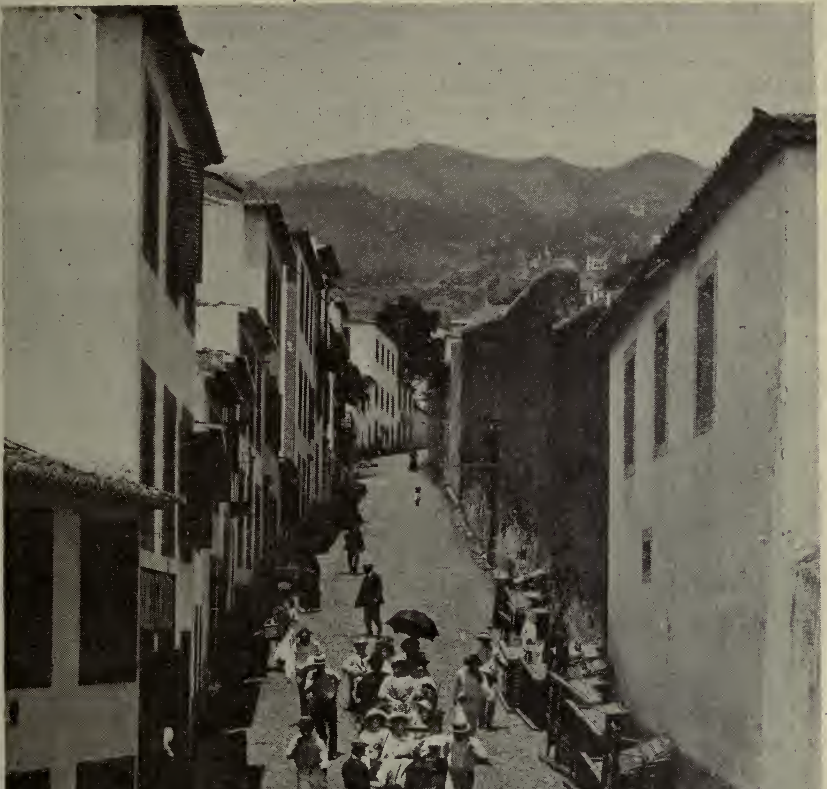
* * *

Madeira showed us her sunniest face while we remained. We have only the most pleasing memories of the island. Once a famous health resort for England, it is nevertheless a damp climate, and has given way now to the more bracing charms of Algiers. We felt that we should like to have remained a month at Funchal, and one who has no tendency to pulmonary weakness would find it a place in which to rest and dream and relax, such time as he might find enjoyment in studying the life on a Portuguese island.

As we sailed out of Funchal Bay a cool wind arose, and in the next half day we were all seeking our winter garments again. My dreams of a continual summer time, such as I had experienced in the West Indies and Honolulu, were rudely dissipated. Madeira lies in a sheltered basin, only in that covert did we find warm weather until we reached—but this is anticipating events.

The decks being windy and cold, we all found enjoyment in the commodious cabin, and every evening there was a lecture, or a concert, or a dance, and always bridge, and my knowledge of some of the laws of palmistry gave amusement and entertainment for an hour or two every day. However skeptical people may be about the so-called occult sciences, they are invariably curious to hear what these sciences portend for them. The majority of intelligent people begin by assuring me that they have no belief in any "superstition" like palmistry, and they remark in a conciliatory way (intended to make me feel comfortable) that, of course, they know I do not believe in it, only as a mere amusement. Then when I state that I absolutely and honestly, and unreservedly believe in the science of palmistry, they regard me with a pitying expression, and with pity, surprise is mixed—the surprise of those who had expected better things of an intelligent woman. Among the Arabic passengers the large percentage of clergymen and missionaries and their families presented that class of orthodox mind which is prone to run in ruts, and while nearly all of these good people were ready to hear what I had to read about their lives, through their palms, they preferred that I should not take the subject seriously. Once in possession of a hand, however, I found it a part of the proceedings to explain as follows: The great Creator made our souls, when He made the universe. That indestructible *self* never dies. We are all a part of the whole great scheme. We have lived always, in many forms, in many bodies, on many planets. Look in your Bible and you will find references to the subject of reincarnation and palmistry, which indicate an understanding of those truths, and ought to awaken respect in the Christian mind for these topics.

All the old books of sacred lore, all the Bibles, speak of palmistry. Reincarnation as a fact, believing it to be a fact, it gives me renewed reverence for the Creator to see how He has placed a history of past incarnations in the left hand; and how He has indicated by the right, even in an infant, the probable tendency of a young life in this plane of existence. But as we grow and develop we change the lines of this right hand. The left does not change. The left is, as might be said, the ledger of past lives, and the right is the ledger we are now keeping. It records with unerring certainty your mental, moral, physical growth or degeneration. You can train your eyes, your voice, your manner, your lips to hide and conceal facts. You cannot train your hand. It will tell the truth. Just as the little needle of the barometer is telling the changes of temperature



HILL COASTING IN MADEIRA, A FAVORITE SPORT AMONG NATIVES AND VISITING TOURISTS second by second, so your *mind* is telling its thoughts in your hand. Mind makes character. Character makes destiny. Therefore while I only read your character in the hand, I do read your destiny as indicated by the lines which you can change if you will change your thoughts and acts. Being only an amateur palmist, I may err in some statements, but palmistry itself is a science which never errs. One who fully masters it, holds great power to help mortals, if he is earnest and eager to use his knowledge to warn, to counsel, and to aid.

THE FLOWER SELLERS OF FUNCHAL

Almost invariably one finds the left palm of people born to wealth, far better than the right; and the right palm of self-made men and women better than the left. This shows how seldom does wealth prove a blessing in the way of development of character.

* * *

On every ocean voyage an observant traveler finds a great opportunity to study various types of human nature. There is always the married woman who has left her husband at home while she goes abroad for recreation, health, or education. There is always the married man, who has left his wife at home for good reasons. Sometimes, for unexplainable reasons, he forgets to mention her existence to the charming ladies he meets in the dining saloon, or at the end of the card table, or on the deck promenades. If he finds a sympathetic ear amongst these ladies he may speak of the fact that his wife has no tastes in common with his own, and if it should happen that some married woman has left an unsympathetic husband at home there results not infrequently an interchange of sympathies.

There is usually the ship gallant, who fashions a compliment for every woman he meets; and seldom makes the mistake of repeating himself. The Arabic passenger list contained at least one of these, and if a bevy of fair women were found laughing immoderately, it might be safe to suppose they were comparing the compliments paid them by the ship's gallant.

One evening a middle-aged woman, whose name I did not know, approached me in the library where I was reading Sudermann's "Song of Songs" and asked me to look at her palm. She said she had just met with a loss, and hoped I could tell her where was her missing treasure.

Assuring the good woman that I was not a trance medium, or clairvoyant, and that I did not locate lost property, see visions, or talk through "controls," I nevertheless glanced at her palm, remarking that her lines indicated much material prosperity.

The lady then proceeded to tell me that she had lost a purse, containing something over forty dollars, and that she felt much annoyed by the event.

"The amount I lost would buy a good many souvenirs," she said. Travel was her chief pleasure, she declared, and for several years she had been making continual journeys about the world.

She had scarcely left the room, when Mr. Wilcox came in from the card room, telling me that he had been one of several men at the bridge tables to make up a purse for a poor widow who had lost all her money. The purser had been appealed to and the men in the smoking room had supplied more than the amount the poor widow had lost.

Investigation proved that my chatty acquaintance in the library, who had been accounting her travels to me, was no other than the "poor widow." On my way downstairs later, she met me with beaming eyes. "Just think," she said, "the purser interested my friends and I have had more than the amount I lost restored to me. Isn't it lovely?"

"But did your friends, or strangers, make up the purse," I asked, "and shall you accept it?"

"Well, what would you do?" she queried, looking slightly confused.

"I certainly would not accept money from strangers," I said, "unless I were in great need. You can, of course, find out for yourself about who made up the purse, and decide the matter accordingly." The lady did not make any investigations; and she kept the money.

Several of the men who had contributed from two to five dollars to the fund of "the poor widow," felt like asking her to present them with the souvenirs which she purchased at every port.

BULLOCK CARTS USED IN FUNCHAL TO CONVEY PASSENGERS FROM THE DOCK TO THE TOWN

The purser who had been applied to by the "poor widow," afterward saw her cashing large checks with an air of affluence. Perhaps upon her many voyages she had acquired the habit of losing purses, and getting them refilled.

It takes all kinds of people to make a tourist company, as well as to make the world.

A Sergeant of the Boy Scouts

HE'S just a little freckled lad with tumbled, frowsled hair,
  Full of fun and everlasting grit.
Nothing seems to daunt him,
No matter how you taunt him,
  For he's learned the manly art of keeping fit,
You never hear him whining, for he's never on the outs,
This curly-pated Sergeant of the brave Boy Scouts.

They've taught him true politeness in that company of his;
  Instructed him in every manly form,
And he's glad to do a favor,
Without a single quaver,
  To one who's weatherbeaten in the storm.
He'll smile you back to living if you've lost your whereabouts,
This merry, blue-eyed Sergeant of the Brave Boy Scouts.

What tricks that little tighe has learned in his peculiar way,
  Self-defence and first aid to the sick,
Why, he'll aid a wounded brother
Like a tender, loving mother.
  He can help an ailing comrade mighty quick.
He'll have him up and smiling although you'd have your doubts,
This very clever Sergeant of the brave Boy Scouts.

Got a boy who's acting wild like, and one you can't control?
  Enlist him in a regiment at once.
They've got a splendid plan
To teach a boy to be a man,
  He'll soon prove wisdom loving, or a dunce,
But if he's got it in him he'll enjoy the lively sprouts,
And someday be a Sergeant in the brave Boy Scouts.

—*Percy W. Reynolds.*

"The Frozen Letter"

A STAGE SCENARIO

by Deshler Welch

[*Editorial Note*: This suggestion for a play was accepted by the late Augustin Daly, owner of the famous Daly theatres in New York and London. It was being put into shape for stage purposes at the time of his sudden and lamentable death. It is given here because of its curious theatrical interest, showing to the outsider how plays are frequently conceived and built up. In this instance the dramatist was to have the inestimable advantage of a co-worker, was already a famous playwright, and one of the most ingenious and brilliant stage managers who ever lived. The author was associated with Mr. Daly and was also editor of "The Theatre," of which Mr. Daly was part owner.]

[*Author's Note*: Mr. Daly had in mind the production of a big melodrama just before he began his notable series of musical comedies. It seems to me he thought seriously about Wilkie Collins' and Charles Dickens' play of "No Thoroughfare," at any rate, this furnished an idea for a drama in a glacial mountain, taking Switzerland as the scene on account of its general human interest and familiar grandeur—a melodrama to be accompanied by magnificent music and majestic scenery. The plan was postponed because of the unexpected success of his musical pieces. Just before he sailed for Europe, where he died, I submitted the following story-scenario, which I wrote out very hastily, actually while he waited, and the possibilities in it appealed to him. I give it here without any alteration—obscure and ambiguous as much of it will appear, but it was the beginning of what Mr. Daly would have turned into a great spectacle.]

STORY FOR SCENARIO

Acts—Four.

Scene 1. At the foot of the Matterhorn, showing the little village of Zermath from the hotel.

Scene 2. The tragedy showing the mountain walls.

Scene 3. Banking House of Jean Dufour & Co., Paris.

Scene 4. The glacier gives up its dead after forty years.

Characters: The Woman, The Man, The Husband, The Detective, The Hotelkeeper, The Daughter, The Clerk, The Banker.

Intermezzio music in Act 2 from the grand opera of, say "La Traviata," and introduced again on the discovery scene in Act 4. Or would especially suggest it be prepared by Edgar S. Kelley, author of the Macbeth music.

THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY
Who put stars in the theatrical firmament

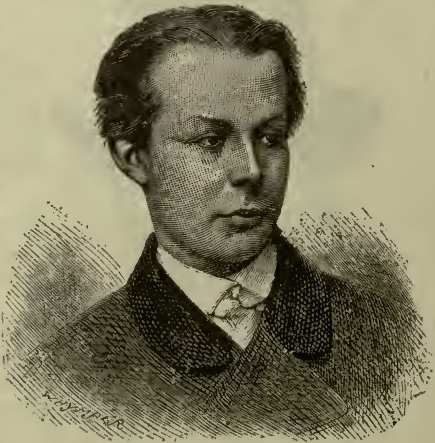
STORY FOR THE DRAMA

Prologue: On the twenty-first day of July, 1865, two Englishmen accompanied by a woman, registered as the wife of one of them, arrived at a hotel in Zermatt at the foot of the great Matterhorn. They informed Herr Seiler, the proprietor of the hotel, that it was their intention to attempt the ascension of the Matterhorn on the following day, and for this purpose engaged Michael Croz, an old guide. The Paris police were at this moment instituting enquiries regarding one Marie Mercier, and a detective from the department also arrived in Zermatt, who on the same day had made a most favorable acquaintance with the party and asked to be permitted to join in the ascent, a proposi-

THE GREAT MATTERHORN AND THE VILLAGE OF ZERMATT

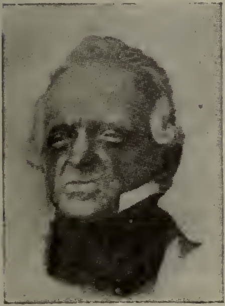
tion which seemed to give the woman extreme annoyance. Neither she nor her husband were mountain climbers, but the friend of her husband had notable experience. The husband was chiefly concerned in having the company of the detective, and so determined was he that in spite of the persistent objections of his wife, he became one of the party.

The ascent reached near the summit. The woman exhibited great fortitude. On starting to return the party was in a joyous mood—after a hearty lunch and a great deal of wine. The husband rejoiced in the fact that he had accomplished so much in being able to point out a path for followers. The four people were, of course, fastened to each other by a rope. A stop was made at a very difficult place of descent. Croz had advanced with an axe and was giving the husband greater security by placing his feet for him in good position and also making it easy for the woman to follow, when suddenly the husband unaccountably slipped, knocking Croz over and both began sliding downward on their backs to the unspeakable horror of the detective, who saw that the rope had parted where it joined to the woman's body. In their excitement, the tragedy would have been worse had it not been for the Spartan stand of the husband's friend, who anchored himself. for the others. The final vision of the detective was sight of the victims frantically



LORD FRANCIS DOUGLAS
Whose body is still in the great glacier of the Matterhorn yet to appear in perfect youth after nearly half of a century

stretching out their hands to grasp at something, but they went on and on, falling from precipice to precipice and thus down onto the glacier nearly 4,000 feet below.



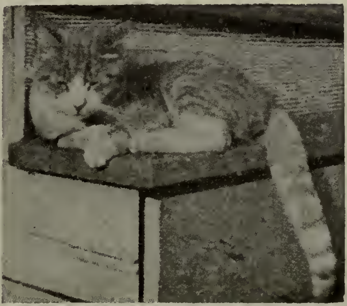
JAMES LEWIS
One of the greatest and most popular comedians

ADA REHAN
Being at once a charming linguist and a famous Katherine in "Taming of the Shrew"

GEORGE CLARKE
Once the fashionable theatre idol of New York

Note 1. The detective may be from either Paris or New York or London. Paris would afford more picturesque study and opportunity. The men could be American. If English, the husband should be a Lord—but the companion, the wife's conspirator, could be an American-German. A good name for him in that case would be Crasmuller.

Note 2. The detective believes the woman cut the rope, although the end preserved appeared to be frayed; that she is in love with the husband's friend. Of the two he exhibits the greatest agitation. She seems to be in a dream. In closing the prologue it must be shown that on the husband's body was an incriminating letter. "Thank God, it has gone with him!" the woman is overheard to say to the friend, "but suppose the body is found?" "In forty years, madam," breaks in the detective, "the glacier will yield up its dead! He will be perfectly preserved—his face will appear to you then, if you are alive, just as it did yesterday, and in his pocket someone will find the letter."



THE CAT—WISER THAN THE COMPANY KNEW

Note 3. The Matterhorn is the most remarkably picturesque (theatrically, so I might say) of the whole Alpine range. It is clear cut in its towering majesty—it remains a thing apart in the minds of all beholders of the great Swiss peaks. It reaches to a height of nearly fifteen thousand feet.

Note 4. The hotels of Zermatt have been in the Seiler family for nearly a century. The story of this prologue is founded on the tragedy of young Lord Francis Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensbury, who fell in a glacier nearly forty years ago, and Mr. Seiler predicts that the ice will give up his body, perfectly preserved.

The Final Part of the Story

The banking house of Jean Dufour Company, represented by the husband's friend in the prologue, now a finely preserved man of sixty-five—tall, gray-haired, with mustache. The director's midnight meeting. (James Lewis for comedy in this scene.) The banker is charged with aiding and abetting in a financial scandal declared by the executors of his dead friend's will, a part of which had been held in a trust fund and a large sum for other purposes, after a certain sum had been set aside for the deceased's widow. One of the directors is an implacable and malicious man—whose diabolical directness has never been understood by the banker in the twenty years of directorship, brings matters to a climax by declaring that the banker is a fraud and a criminal. "For nearly forty years," exclaimed this director, "I have watched you. Your whole life has been a sham that has palpitated with weakness, cowardice and duplicity, and now what I am about to say, gentlemen, I say with no opportunity of hedging and in no hot-headedness. I say it with the deliberation of the common hangman—for I have believed him a murderer and so do I believe him to be one now!"

The banker partly rises at head of table, where he had been trembling like an animal ready to spring on his victim, who was daring in its turn to spring on him. Suddenly he rises to his full height; his chair falls backward on the floor—

"By God—how dare you!"

"I dare with all the right of one who is in the pay of the department of justice—by the right of one who was an eye witness of one of the most horrible of tragedies. For twenty years you have had me as your jailer—you were too stupid to even recognize in me your fellow-voyager of twenty years before!"

[NOTE: The excitement at the table must now be intense.]

The banker rushes forward.

"Who are you then?"

"Eugene Charcot—detective! The man who saw your friend's body slip from off the rope to which he was tied, and fall into the glacier of the Matterhorn!"

* * *

It is shown that the man is married to his late friend's wife. They have a daughter of twenty years. In the bank is a young clerk with whom she is in love. Marie Mercier, now the mother of the girl, and once under police espionage, has become a fashionable woman of the ultra sort and is remarkably preserved and attractive, in spite of her sixty years.

The grand finale involves the finding of the body and confronting the banker and his wife with the startling lifelike corpse still in the vigor of youth. Grief of the wife on beholding how her first love still presented his youthful form.

"He is still young—and I am an old woman!"

The rope is attached to his body and his end of it shows it had been cut off short by a knife. Revelation of the frozen letter!

AFTER THE PLAY

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THE gilded doors beneath the mellow light
Swing softly wide, and slowly outward streams
The tide of faces, some aglow with dreams
And visions seen upon the fairy height
Of fancy, others grave with thought's new sight
That reaches unknown truths and unguessed themes;
Awhile they found the real in that which seems,
The wingless in the joys that time gives flight.
Soon fades the charm: the wonder dies away:
Home calls or glowing haunts of feast and song;
And on they go, with little thought that they
Are actors on life's human stage where throng
The hearts of earth, where each can choose to play
What part he will, of love or hate, of truth or wrong.

California's Literary Giants

Herman Whitaker

by George Wharton James

IN a recent lecture I made the assertion that California had contributed four young giants to English fictional literature. These four were named as Frank Norris—whose unfortunate and far-too-early demise is lamented wherever the English tongue is spoken—Jack London, still pouring forth a golden torrent of powerful stories—John Fleming Wilson, whose circle of interested readers is constantly growing, and Herman Whitaker.

Though Whitaker has but four books to his credit, he is already a recognized power in the world of letters. He has even reached the ranks of the "best sellers," but this is good for his purse rather than proof of his literary power. It is but six years ago since the Harpers published "The Probationer." The book is made up of thirteen stories—lucky number—the initial one giving the title to the volume. They all deal with the Canadian Northwest, in which region Whitaker lived before he came to California. As stories they are well told, with the pulsating blood of frontier life running through them, and of the human nature we find everywhere, but with those peculiar developments that the great rough wild regions seem to encourage. The types presented are vividly and powerfully drawn, and the reader soon knows the characters as well as he knows his neighbors, and perhaps better, unless he is as keen and discriminating an observer as is the author. The country itself is also wonderfully pictured, and one feels it in its vastness, its mystery, its undeveloped power. In the winter it is a snow-covered, blizzard-swept horror, a battling place for the winds and storms.

On the very first page the desolateness of the land is sketched with a bold hand. "A twenty-mile wind plus sixty degrees of frost is not productive of warmth, and the bitter prospect added a chill to their rigors. All about them clumps of ragged poplar blotched the whiteness. Far off a range of hills thrust scrub-crowned peaks against a livid sky; the snowy wastes were lifeless. In the east a sad spruce forest blackly loomed. Over all brooded the silence. The vastness of it all, the solitude, the blanched, far-reaching desolation, awed and oppressed the young man. It was so different from the smug, road-ruled eastern townships. Hard, cruel, brutal, its utter savagery repelled the eye and sickened the soul."

This power of description keeps up and increases all through Whitaker's work. He begins well, and grows in strength as his wings gain more exercise. His second book, "The Settler," published in 1907, is a great advance on "The Probationer." His third book, "The Planter," 1909, is a book of admitted power, both in conception of plot, vividly drawn characters and intensity of description, while "The Mystery of the Barranca," had it been published as soon as it was written, would have been regarded as a marvellous prophecy of the recent political cataclysm that has struck Mexico.

Who, then, is this man, Herman Whitaker, who in so short a time has scaled the walls of popular favor and taken his seat among the literary powers of the land? Born in England, at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, January 14, 1867, a nephew of Sidney Grundy, one of the most famous of the last generation of British playwrights, his boyhood and schooldays at French's Academy and Crossley's Boarding School of Halifax were chiefly marked by truancies and numerous "scraps." His stepfather, a Scotch naval surgeon, determined that the "holy terror of a kid" he had taken into his family should follow his own profession. But to young Herman the outlook must have been as cheering as it was to the negro who, when the darky preacher emphatically announced from the pulpit, "Breddren, dar am but two roads, de road to hell, and de road to perdition," sprang to his feet and cried out: "Den I takes to de woods." For, when sixteen years old, Herman "bolted" and enlisted in the British army. There he quickly won promotion. At seventeen he was a corporal in charge of a room of sixty men, ninety per cent of whom could be depended upon to come in roaring drunk on pay night. It was then the corporal's duty to stop forty kilkenny fights and shoo the fighters off to bed, and though he assures me he often shook in his youthful shoes, he usually managed to do it. In fact, after he had made a record as a "martinet" by his summary treatment of certain old soldiers who presumed on his greenness and tried to bulldoze him, he got along fairly well. Trust a youth whose own headlong career no one could stop to be a rigid disciplinarian when in control of men of his own stripe.

At eighteen he took the instructor's course in gymnastics and fencing at the Curragh camp in Ireland, and for the following year after obtaining his certificate, served as fencing master to his regiment. But this kind of work did not appeal to the high-spirited youngster who had enlisted for active service against the Russians in Afghanistan. So when, to his great disgust, Mr. Gladstone's government backed down on the border troubles of 1895, he promptly purchased his discharge.

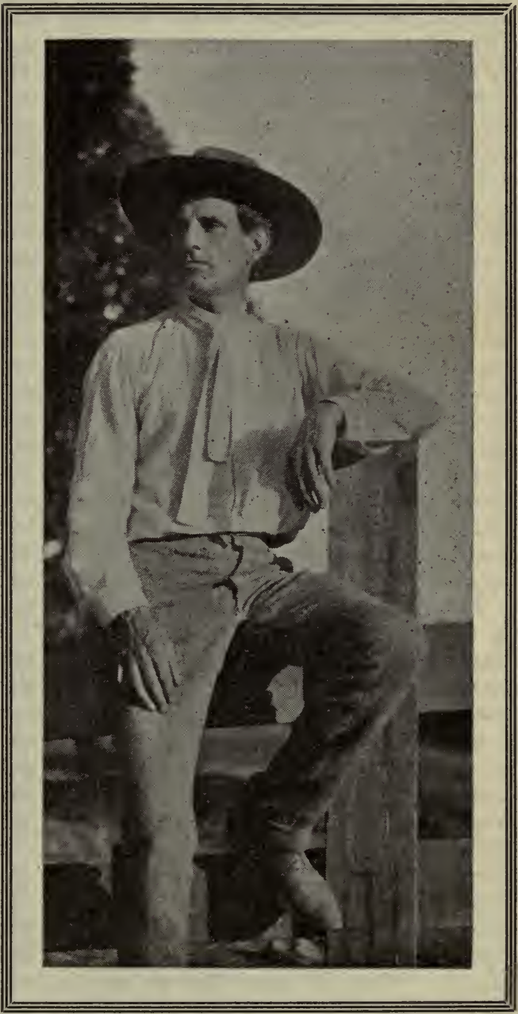
The spirit of adventure, however, was in his blood and had to be let out or worked out. Consequently he emigrated to Ontario, Canada, and worked there for a year, in summer on the farms and in winter in the lumber woods. This life proving too tame, was deserted, and the following spring found him "busting bronchos" along the Montana-Dakota-Manitoba frontier. He worked for a man who used to buy bands of wild bronchos at $3 a head, then run them down the frontier line until he hit the grain districts. Coralling them at some rural settlement, his boss would send out word that horses were to be obtained in trade for cattle, sheep, grain, or cash. From all around the farmers came, eager to seize the opportunity to exchange their bull-teams for horses.

Whitaker's descriptions of the method followed by his boss in meeting the wishes of the farmers, while revealing his Yankee shrewdness, shows him to have been somewhat unprincipled. A farmer would ask for a driving team and pick out two animals that suited him. These horses were then roped and thrown. While upon the ground the harness was put upon them and a wagon-pole run in between the two and the harness duly attached to the wagon. Then they were allowed to get up and head for the open prairie. After a twenty mile run they generally came back as tame as dogs, and Mr. Farmer, not having seen the first steps in the taming process, would give them a drive around and then lead them away, mightily pleased with his bargain. His disillusion came the next morning when he tried to harness them up. The result was that quite often he brought them back, and the boss with ostentatious generosity would buy them back for half the price the farmer paid him the day before. Whitaker openly confesses there was one little mare they sold eleven times one summer as a saddle animal. It was incorrigible and was evidently a demoralized and unprincipled circus performer, for she always went away tamely submitting to the saddle and bridle and played quiet for a few days, and then began to cut up so the new owner was ready to dispose of her at any price. By her repurchase and resale they made more money with that animal than any other six horses in the band. And Whitaker assures me that there is no mistake about her being returned eleven times, for after the eleventh return, she turned a flip-flop upon him and crushed in his chest with the horn of the saddle.

The accident compelled him to relinquish this arduous life, and the lurid accounts of wealth to be made by taking up land in the wilds of northwestern Manitoba induced him to become a pioneer about two hundred and fifty miles north of Winnipeg. Though he had very little experience with tools, he managed to take out his house from the forest, cutting and hauling the logs, hacking and hewing them on two sides, burning lime for the plaster, whip-sawing the lumber for the floors out of the logs; in fact, doing everything with only a saw, an ax, augur and shovel. It was a good strong house, indeed it is standing yet. As a farmer, though, he was not much of a success. He had taken unto himself a wife and had a rapidly growing family on his hands, and was experiencing the life he so graphically and vigorously depicts in his first two books. One feels as he reads that here is no studio or literary trained writer trying to compose a story, to make "a fine literary effort," but a man who knows, who has felt, who has "been through the mill," who has struggled, loved, starved—with now and again, perhaps, a feast—and worked as few have had to do. Out of his life, with pen dipped in his heart's blood, he has written, and that is the secret of his literary success.

One by one his children came rapidly, and the insistent clamor of the young brood for daily food—three times a day food—kept the quondam soldier hard put to it. The Indians bothered him and his neighbors, and not merely the bother that city neighbors sometimes feel—chickens scratching up a few flowers, fences a little too high—but the bother that means war to the knife and the knife to the hilt.

He nourished, at that time, certain romantic notions that, alas, are no longer fashionable with some people in regard to his duties to the state, and when the local magistrate came to him with complaints that no one could be found to serve a warrant on a Cree Indian and a half-breed who had committed a very serious breach of the peace, he volunteered for the service. Taking a knife and gun, he went to the tepee before daybreak, made the arrest, and got his men away before the Indian camp took alarm. In order to get the case disposed of at once, the Justice determined to try the prisoners in the settlement schoolhouse that very morning. But they had scarcely got things started before in walked about fifty Crees fully armed. The evidence was clear and positive, and the prisoners should have been convicted, and Whitaker says, in speaking of the episode, "Although there were only five settlers present, besides the magistrate, in my blind obedience to my notions of the correct thing to do, I should have proceeded to carry out the sentence.



EVERY DAY MR. WHITAKER TAKES A LONG WALK ALONE FOR THE PURPOSE OF THINKING OVER HIS STORIES, ETC.

at no matter what hazard to myself. I can distinctly remember thinking 'If they try to take them from me, they will only get them dead.' "

But the magistrate, who had begged and implored Whitaker to serve the warrant, was so intimidated by the presence of the Crees that, in face of the evidence, he turned the prisoners loose.

The attitude of the Indians toward Whitaker after this episode can well be imagined. That summer they waited until his hay was stacked—the settlers used to put up the wild hay of the prairies sometimes miles away from home—then they fired his stacks. Of ten stacks he saved only one which had been fired a few minutes before he arrived and which he put out by throwing himself against the stack and rolling himself down across the flames. That winter an unusually long one—seven white months—most of his stock died, and to increase his discomfort, he was fired upon, doubtless by Indians, several times. Always he had to blanket the windows at night and he dared not leave his house to go to his stable without first putting out the light.

That year thousands of pioneer farmers of this region went broke and Whitaker was one of them. But as his case was made immeasurably worse by the enmity of the Indians, he saw no reasonable hope of relief for himself. He was already heavily in debt. His creditors were crowding him, though they knew he had not the wherewithal to meet their demands, and they knew also, full well, that it was because he had taken the common fight upon his own shoulders that he was being selected by Fate—or the Indians, as its representative—to bear the brunt of assault. When he found that he was to be the attacked of whites as well as Indians, he resolved to flee to a fairer clime, among fairer conditions, in the hope of meeting fairer men. But how? Every man knew every other man's movements in this sparsely settled country, and if he tried to leave he would be arrested for debts unpaid. Strategy was imperative! A sympathetic confidant was found in an old neighbor, who fully understood. He purchased tickets for himself, Mrs. Whitaker and the family to the nearest larger town, one hundred or more miles away. In the dead of the night Whitaker himself, three days before the family started, left for this place, riding the whole distance. After he had gone the constable appeared. Summons to court for debts unpaid! Mrs. Whitaker had to explain that her husband was "not at home." Where was he? That was not for her to say, and she evaded as well as she could. But the "sleuths of the law" thought they were "on to" the game. When she and the neighbor boarded the train, they boarded it also, yet when the neighbor got off and Whitaker should have appeared, there was no one around that even suggested him. Yet as they were resolute in their determination to capture the fugitive, they stayed on the train until it arrived within one station of Broadview, where he had preceded three days ahead. During the journey to this point, Mrs. Whitaker's distress was too evident and deep to be put on, so the officers knew that she expected her husband and was sadly at a loss to know what had prevented his arrival. Had he been injured on his long night rides? Had some other minion of the law got his clutches upon him? Had the Indians followed and "got" him? A thousand and one fears chased each other through her heart. But her husband had told her to stay on the train and proceed to California, no matter whether he appeared at the appointed time or not, and like a wise and obedient wife she did as she was told.

On their arrival at this station a gray-haired, tottering old man, with wrinkled face, came aboard and the officers questioned him as to whether he had seen a man of Whitaker's appearance. They received no satisfaction, but the old man's conversation was so garrulous, shrewd and witty that they were loathe to leave at the next station, which was practically the end of Canadian territory.

Again Mrs. Whitaker was a prey to numberless fears and alarms, but it was nightfall and the putting of her young brood to sleep occupied her attention for some time. Then, tired out, she sat down to the company of her distressful thoughts. She was glad the constables had gone, and the weariness and feeling of relief made her sleepy. She began to dream, and in her dream she felt the arm of the man she loved steal around her, and it gave her such joy and comfort that she awoke—awoke to find the old man seated by her side and his arm around her in the old familiar fashion. But there was no feebleness in the clutch and no quavering in the voice that now quieted her, and with a sobbing glad cry of "Herman," she fell into the arms of her disguised husband and soon went to sleep.

In speaking with Whitaker about his Manitoba farming experiences, he assures me that in the eight years he was there he sunk $3,000 besides eating and working worse than any abused old horse, and I also learned how he secured the means with which to make his escape. He cut logs in the bush fourteen miles from home, drew them to his place, four at a time, hacked and hewed them, drew them on seven miles further south and sold two hundred of them for fifty cents apiece, and did it all on a diet of bread and tea. He hacked one side of a log, then went into the house to take his slice of bread and cup of sugarless tea. Then he hacked the other side, and went in again, and so on to the end of the chapter. It took all the winter to do it, and by the time he had earned his hundred dollars, the lining of his stomach was either burned away or ruined, so that it took years of California's liberal diet to bring it back to a reasonably normal condition.

It is also interesting to note that his six children were all under age, so the party of eight traveled on two tickets to the great astonishment of every new conductor that came aboard at each new division.

When he arrived in San Francisco he was without a trade or profession, did not know a single soul on the Pacific Coast, and had five dollars left with which to feed and house himself, his wife and six children. Moreover it was in the spring of 1895, and in the heart of the bad times that followed the great railroad strike. He took a small cottage, poorly furnished, and then laid out $4.50 in the necessities of life. And now the real man asserted itself. There was no sitting around and whining about hard times and hard conditions and wanting "suitable" work if he could find it. No sponging on friends or acquaintances, no letting his wife "wash" while he "hunted for work." He wanted work and he went after it. Went after it as a wolf goes for food—determined to get it—to get something, anyhow—and, of course, he got what he went after, as *men* generally do. He washed windows, beat carpets, mowed lawns, mopped floors, carried parcels, wheeled bricks, and did everything he was asked to do that brought in a dollar—or even less.

HERMAN WHITAKER AT WORK ON HIS PIEDMONT HOUSE AND MRS. WHITAKER "BOSSING THE JOB."

Once, in the beginning, they lived on $8 for two months. Finally he got a job for a retail and wholesale grocery store, soliciting, at a salary that began at $30 a month and had reached its maximum at $80.

During these strenuous years he set himself to remedy the defects in his education, which had been nipped in the bud by his precocious jump into the army. Think of working twelve hours a day and reading five hours at night on such solid philosophy as that provided by Kant, Hegel, Compte, Darwin, Weissman, Karl Marx, Spencer, etc.! The major part of his reading he did aloud to a blind man whose friendship he had gained and who, though possessing but little knowledge, was a man of great mental ability. His

Sundays were also spent in the same way —two whole years of this special day being devoted to the reading and discussion of Herbert Spencer's complete system of philosophy. The task of reading aloud was great, but it proved beneficial both to his physical health and his mind, for his friend's keen criticism and comment stimulated his intellect to the highest degree. This friend was one of the leaders of the Socialist movement on the Pacific Coast, and at the present time is editor of the *Socialist World*.

It can well be seen, therefore, why Whitaker's studies had a Socialistic trend. He joined a little band of Oakland Socialists, organized the Ruskin Club and they procured a number of the most prominent men of the state to lecture to them. President David Starr Jordan, Professor Edward A. Ross, Edwin Markham, the poet, and many leaders in church, journalism and the state were invited in turn. Following the custom of the Socialists, these speakers all answered whatever questions were asked at the close of their addresses, and there is no doubt but that they all had a most lively and interesting time.

Whitaker affirms that the studies he was so ardently pursuing at this time were undertaken with a view of trying to find out which mode of government was best in accord with the laws of life. Finally, being satisfied that Socialism was the only sound biological theory, he sat down and made his first literary effort. It was an essay entitled "Natural Selection, Competition and Socialism." It appeared in the *Arena*, and was selected by the *Review of Reviews* as the leading article for the month. Dr. Shaw said it was "the fairest and most reasonable argument for Socialism for a long time put forth."

Strange to say, though, while writing this essay, or rather preparing to write

HERMAN WHITAKER IN ONE CORNER OF HIS DEN, PIEDMONT, CALIFORNIA it, Whitaker had undermined his own faith in Socialism. Though the essay converted many an unbeliever, its preparation had turned him from the faith. I find, however, that he has as much sympathy as ever with the ideals of Socialism, but questions the wisdom of the present methods.

His success in the writing of his essay seems, at this time, to have given a new bent to his mind. With an audacity and self-reliance that are startling, he resolved to earn his living by writing fiction. Just about this time he dropped in to see his friend, Jack London, who was then fully started on his successful literary career, and asked his advice. Jack looked dubious, and when Whitaker asked, "Would you advise me to give up business and have a try at fiction?" he replied by asking what preparation Whitaker had made, and after learning that he had neither experience, preparation or money to fall back upon, answered promptly, "*I would not.*"

"Well, I am going to, anyway," Whitaker answered, to which London quite illogically replied, "So would I."

Whitaker freely expresses his thanks and appreciation to London for his kind assistance, and yet always laughs in a grim sort of way when he tells how London looked when he took to him his first story. It was eighteen pages of description surrounding a very meager incident. Whitaker handed London the manuscript sealed in an envelope and then stepped out of the room. Returning, he saw the envelope on the table and that it had been opened. London said nothing about it. Neither did Whitaker, but as he went out of the room, he picked it up, slipped it into his pocket and then without again looking at it, cast it into the fire.

His next story had some promise. After a little rewriting, he sold it for $10 to the *Overland Monthly*. During the next six months he made only about $20, but he stuck to it. When a story came back, he would rewrite and retype it. One story he wrote twenty-one times, a bulk of writing sufficient for a long novel. He confesses it was not a good story even after the twenty-first writing, but it sold, and while rewriting it, he learned a great deal. In the following six months he broke into *Munsey's*, *Everybody's*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Century* and *Harper's*, and his name was favorably known to all the leading editors. Indeed, it was some of these stories that the Harpers afterward brought out in book form, and the first story he ever wrote, namely, the one sold to the *Overland Monthly*, gave its title to the volume, "The Probationer and Other Stories."

In 1904 he went to Old Mexico and after wandering over the face of that beautiful country, finally landed down in the tropics five hundred miles south of Mexico City, where he stumbled upon what he declares was one of the worst slave systems that the world ever saw in full operation on an American plantation.

FURNITURE MADE BY HERMAN WHITAKER FOR HIS NEW HOUSE, PIEDMONT, CALIFORNIA

On his return to the city of Mexico some months later, he exposed its infamy in the *Mexican Herald*, and tried to obtain publicity for its exposure in magazines of the United States. The editors not having at that time, however, picked up the "muck-rake," he was unsucccessful. In his novel, "The Planter," he succeeded in gaining the attention the editors had denied him to both the slave system and the fraudulent sides of the Mexican plantation business.

Immediately after the publication of

this book, he received an invitation from Mr. Phillips of the *American Magazine* to contribute an article in a series he intended to run on "Barbarous Mexico," and here again he got a chance to strike a body blow at the infamous conditions that actually existed.

In a letter to me, written in answer to certain questions about this book, he says: "The life set forth in 'The Planter' I actually lived for a period of six months on the Colorado River in the state of Vera Cruz—only it was much worse than I ever dared to put down in the book. While there I performed an operation on a poor devil of an *enganchado* who had been thrust through the throat with a machete by the overseer. He was thrown down on the floor of the store, and the order had already been given to dig his grave when I interfered. Glancing on the collar bone, the broad blade had made a wound four inches in length, then slit the windpipe before it emerged, just missing the jugular below the left ear. The poor devil's tattered white clothing was dyed completely red, yet when I knelt beside him, he looked up and faintly whispered, "Curame, senyor. Cure me!" He did not want to die—and he didn't. With a common sewing needle and linen thread, I sewed up both exterior wounds and left the windpipe to take care of itself. Next morning he sat up and took off his own shirt for me to dress the wound. In three days it began to suppurate, and the only instrument I could obtain to cleanse it was an old-fashioned syringe with a bulb as large as a toy balloon. Nevertheless, I filled this with a light solution of permanganate of potash, placed the nozzle in the upper wound and shot clean down and out through the lower. It was perfect drainage. In a week the suppuration ceased. In three I had him back at work in the field. Yet but for my accidental presence, he would have been left there to die of blood loss.

"Several of the characters in 'The Planter' were partially formed on persons I actually knew. Hertzer, the villain, was made out of three with something over and above anything they possessed. Strange to say, all have been killed, nay, were killed within three years from the time that I left—just retribution in all cases but one. Today not a single one of the men that were with me on that river is alive to tell the tale. One of them, the exception, was almost killed while I lived with him in a little palm hut. A lad of twenty-two, he yet had charge of the Yaveo plantation that worked about fifty *enganchados* in clearing the rubber of jungle growth. Of all the planters on that river, he was the only one with a conscience. While I stayed with him he tried several reforms in the interest of his workers, and did his best to restrain the cruelty of his Mexican overseer. One occasion in particular I shall always remember. The overseer had beaten a man almost to death with his machete, and while the boy was calling him down, the three of us stood in line, the boy with his back toward me, the overseer facing us both. In the course of the argument the latter grew more and more angry, and all of a sudden he reached for his gun. The boy, Pollard, was unarmed, having just come out from his hut, and but for the fact that I had my 44 Colt's Automatic, we should probably both have been killed, there and then. But as he reached I reached, and seeing it, the man dropped his hand. When we went back in I said to the boy: 'That's a dangerous man.'

" 'Yes, I know he is,' he answered, 'but he's the best overseer on this river, and I cannot afford to let him go.'

" 'Well,' I commented, 'the next time you have to call him down, shoot him first and do your talking after.'

"He laughed, did not take the advice and—was shot through the heart by the same man in a similar quarrel one year later.

"I could go on for hours telling of the cruelty and strange scenes I witnessed in the beautiful settings of the Mexican tropics, but, as I say, it is all in 'The Planter,' for those who care to read."

Just as "The Planter" illustrates his life in Mexico, so "The Settler" depicts his eight years of pioneering in the Northwest. The *charivari* in the book was taken from the actual and uncomfortable experiences of his brother-in-law, in which Whitaker himself took part. Because of certain rather bigoted religious beliefs of "unco guid" variety, this brother-in-law had succeeded in drawing upon himself the hostility of the Scotch-Canadian settlers, and upon the news of his approaching marriage the whisper spread around that he was to be made the victim of a "spite *charivari*." Hearing of it, the bridegroom went and took counsel with Whitaker, who suggested that he either go away to be married and remain away for a month or stay and fight it out. "Will you help me?" he asked, and on receiving Whitaker's assurance that he would, the foolish man went out and issued several loud boasts that he would fill up with buckshot any man that dared to bang a tin or ring a cowbell on his place. That, of course, settled it. For two weeks after his marriage nothing happened, and they both had begun to think that the Scotch-Canadian friends had abandoned their plan, when late one night Whitaker caught an unexpected tinkle of a cow bell. At first he thought it had come from some cattle straying on the prairies. Then he remembered that it was nearly forty degrees below zero outside with five feet of snow. His brother-in-law's place was only about a quarter of a mile away, and looking out of the window he saw his cattle and horses running back and forth and around his stables. Opening the door, he heard, every now and then, a ring of shot, above the horrible din of beaten pans, horns, cow-bells, screeches, whoops and yells. Taking a knife and gun, he started out, and as he neared the place, the noise sounded like that of bedlam. Till he had almost reached the place it continued, then gave place to absolute silence. As he climbed up a rise to the stables there was not a man to be seen, and until he arrived at the top he thought the party had gone. Then, all of a sudden, along the ridge of great, frozen manure piles that ran the length of the stables, appeared a bristling line of men. In a second the air was filled with flying clods of the frozen manure big as a man's head and hard as stone. It is hard to tell how he escaped being knocked senseless, for they fell all around him, but without waiting an instant, he ran diagonally across the pile to the end, then rushed up it and jammed his pistol in the end man's face. Naturally he fell back, and in doing so tripped and upset his neighbor. Scrambling up, they turned and ran, and immediately a panic took the others. Only one man waited to throw a last clod, and it was only that—fortunately for him—Whitaker's ammunition was ancient and missed fire that he is alive today. That the whole affair was serious was proven when, arriving at the house, he found a big hole where a charge of shot had gone through the door and just missed his brother-in-law's wife. It ended with a touch of humor when the hired man, a young Englishman, who had hitherto cowered in a far corner, ran out with his shotgun and let fly at the party now a full half mile away. Everybody laughed when, turning around he exclaimed, "I am sure I hit one."

MR. AND MRS. WHITAKER IN GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE'S EPISODE AT A PAGEANT. CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

In speaking with Mr. Whitaker about his book, "The Planter," and his exposures of the slavery and fraud he found to exist in the Mexican tropics, he made it very clear to me that he was never in sympathy with the political interpretation given by the editors of the *American* and many others to that series of articles. He always desired that it should be understood that the atrocities he witnessed were committed altogether on American plantations under American management and that they should never have been charged against the Diaz government.

It was also the opinion of the better class of planters themselves that President Diaz was not fully aware of the conditions under which the peons were worked in the tropics, and that if he had been, he would have stopped it. So, both in his book and articles, he gave Diaz the benefit of the doubt and asked that he should be given an opportunity to remedy the evils now that they had been called to his attention.

In the article, "Diaz, the Master of Mexico," he went even further and showed how that very great man had given Mexico the only peace she had known throughout her history. Also in a second article, "Mexico and Her Common Man," which was written at the very beginning of the first revolution, when even the rebels themselves did not believe they had the slightest chance, he predicted all that has followed in the following words: "If it should happen that the revolution is successful, it will simply mean that Mexico will be plunged once more into the wars of the 'little big men' that endured for a hundred years before Diaz."

In his last book, "The Mystery of the Barranca," he has clearly portrayed the viewpoint and feeling of the Mexicans, high and low class, toward the American people. He also presented the feeling of the large land-owners of Mexico toward the commercial policy of Diaz—the feeling that was largely instrumental in bringing about his overthrow. In this book he also drew a faithful picture of the milder form of peonage as it obtains in the equable climates of the plateau regions of Mexico, going so far as to show that it compares favorably when placed side by side with the strain and worry of average American life. In this and nearly all his work, the careful reader may clearly see where his old Socialistic training still sticks to him, for he seems unable to write a story without subordinating the personal to the social motive.

Two years ago Mr. Whitaker represented *Harper's Weekly* during the Mexican *centennario*. While in Mexico City he was not only a guest of the Mexican government, but was also presented to President Diaz. Speaking, on the morning of his presentation, to Mr. Frederick Guernsey, the veteran editor of *The Mexican Herald*, he remarked how surprised the president would be if he were aware of the fact that he was one of the contributors of "Barbarous Mexico." "Well," he answered, "if you imagine he does not know that, your opinions of his sagacity require revising. He knows it all right, and if he were to make any comment upon it, he would probably say, 'I see that you are coming my way.' " In fact, during his stay of a month on the West Coast, before he presented his credentials through the American ambassador, a spy was kept on his trail all the time. In keeping with his literary aspirations and character the first spy—for they changed him quite often—was a poet and a really very nice fellow. It was quite a while before Whitaker discovered the fact that the conversations which he would initiate on letters and art were intended to draw his fire concerning Mexico and Diaz. Not until they invariably ended that way were his suspicions aroused.

On his last trip to Mexico about a year ago, it embraced in the short space of three weeks the startling experiences of a cyclone, a real battle and an earthquake. At Hermosilla, on the West Coast, he ran into the tail end of the great storm that killed hundreds of people, swamped all of the vessels in the harbor of Guaymas, put the Southern Pacific of Mexico out of commission for over a month and otherwise wrought widespread damage. On the way to Cuernavaca, two weeks later, the train ran into a battle between Zapata, the rebel bandit, and the federal troops, in which over two hundred men were killed. Dropping off the train, he put the account of it on the wires for the *Mexican Herald*. And while leaning against a massive adobe building in Tehuantepec, still a week later, the thick wall suddenly receded, then came forward and hit him a familiar slap on the back.

On the way down to Tehuantepec he happened to fall in with the man who carried the first copy of "The Planter" down not only to the Mexican tropics, but to the very plantation on which he had gained his particular material and the manager of which had furnished a large part of the character of Hertzer, the villain of the story. "I gave it to him to read, and he went through it without a comment to the end. Then, clenching his big fists, he growled through his set teeth, 'Oh, if I could only get my hands on him now!'" said Whitaker's informant. If he had, there is little doubt but that Whitaker's shrift would have been short.

Though he was undoubtedly cruel, Whitaker expressed genuine sorrow when he heard of his death at the hands of some bandits, for with all his faults he was generous and hospitable to his own people. In his death, too, he fulfilled both a prediction of Whitaker and his own answer. Whitaker said to him one day: "These fellows will surely get you." And he replied, "Yes, but it won't be until there is a hell of a fight." Whitaker says that during the entire six months that he lived with him he never saw him go out, even to his outside kitchen, without buckling on his guns, and that he repeatedly called him to order for leaving off his own. Yet, on the morning of his death, as though, almost, it had been ordained, he went fifty yards down his garden path before he missed them. As he turned to go back nine men opened fire at once upon him from the jungle close to his house. The first shot broke his arm. They were coming like leaping hounds and he could not go back to the house, and, as he turned to run for cover in the jungle, his foot caught on a stone. When he rose from the stumble, the stone was in his hand, and with one arm broken and nine men firing at close range into his body, he put three down before he fell to the ground. And such was his vitality that, with about forty bullet holes in his body, he lived for sixteen hours while he was being taken in a canoe down to the railroad. The worst of it was that his assistant, a Swedish-American, was lying in Whitaker's old room at the time with four Winchesters and half a dozen loaded pistols within reach of his hand. While the man was being shot to death fifty yards away, and with his wife frantically thrusting a pistol into his hand, the coward made no move. Still worse, he handed over all of the money, arms, and goods in the store to the robbers after their work was done.

One can almost wish that Whitaker had been in that old room instead of this despicable coward, for then events might have transpired differently, for Whitaker's experiences time and again have proven that there is not a drop of cowardly blood in his veins.

ONE VIEW OF HERMAN WHITAKER'S HOUSE, COMPLETE. HE SLEEPS IN THE OPEN PORCH THAT OVERLOOKS SAN FRANCISCO BAY FROM AN ELEVATION OF SIX HUNDRED FEET. PIEDMONT, CALIFORNIA

While Whitaker has clearly demonstrated his power to write a sustained and long novel, he has preferred largely to write short stories. For the past few years a regular stream of these has flowed from his pen, and they are all characterized with luxurious beauty of description, effective characterization and unusual dramatic plot and action. His only fault is an overleaning toward the sensuous and an overworking of the sex motive.

If one might judge of his literary aims and philosophical ideas from his work, it might be summed up somewhat as follows: He seeks to set forth, with all the strength and conception of beauty that is within him, life as it appears to him. Though personally inclined to pessimism, his reason tells him that optimism is really ingrained in nature, for pessimism makes for melancholy and death, and were it the prevailing rule, life would long ago have perished from the face of the earth. It must not be supposed from this that he always spreads his life pictures in rose-tinted colors, but that out of the combinations and conditions the dark should always be subservient to the light. In other words, that balancing the sum total of happiness and misery, the former materially preponderates over the latter.

While the body of this article has been devoted to Whitaker's work with his brain, it is well that in conclusion I should call attention to the actual work of his own hands. Early in the year I had a letter from him in which he wrote: "This summer I builded me a ten-room house with mine own hands, doing everything without help, from the drawing of the plan to the installation of the sewer. Water, gas, and part of the electric lighting installation all entered into the bill. The house is built on top of the hill not far from the Martinez place. It commands a view of the hills and the bay, in both directions, a noble panorama."

Several times I have stood with Whitaker on or near the site of his new house. It is in the Piedmont Hills with a glorious outlook over the bay of San Francisco, the peninsula upon which the city of the Golden Gate stands, the Golden Gate itself, the hills and the fertile valleys of the mainland beyond. It is an ideal spot for a home. The inside of the house is very large and roomy and is composed of big beams and solid studs, all of which are exposed. In fact, it is almost a barn frame, with broad boards nailed perpendicularly on the outside, battened over the cracks and brought to one tone with a light stain. The windows and fireplace, designed by Mrs. Whitaker, are in harmony with the rustic plan.

Though they are but thirty-five minutes by car and train from San Francisco, quail run wild over the garden and at night coyotes howl in the canyon below. Between them and Mount Diablo, thirty miles away, are only two or three lonely ranch houses. Thus they have that ideal and desirable combination—complete isolation associated with metropolitan city life half an hour away. In such a spot it is not unreasonable to suppose that, as Mr. Whitaker has not yet reached the height of his powers, his genius will mature and develop more and more, and that he will add considerably, before his work is ended, to the glory of American letters.

IN JUNE

By JUNE PAGET DAVIES

CAN this be true, this golden summer time,
With dewy roses making sweet the dreamy June,
And soft winds playing thro' the tender leaves
While drift the glowing stars and ghostly moon?
The sleeping flowers are pale to silver gray,
Can this be summer time: And you away?

The shadows in the pines play hide and seek,
The warm air with their fragrance slowly fills,
The nesting birds are still, with folded wings;
The somber mists of night shut out the hills.
Can all this dreamy time pass swift away?
Will June not wait your coming, dear, one day?

The Fatal "Stream from Heaven"

by Franklin Dent

"O SOLON, Solon! You Hellenes are but children, and there is never an old man who is an Hellene."

Solon, hearing this, said, "What do you mean?"

"I mean to say," he replied, "that in mind you are all young. There is no old opinion handed down among you by any tradition or any science, which is hoary with age. And I will tell you the reason of this: there have been and there will be many destructions of mankind arising out of several causes.

"The first is, whenever the extremity of winter's frost and summer's heat does not prevent, the human race is always increasing at times and at other times diminishing in number, and whatever happened in your country or ours, or in any other region of which we have been informed, if any action which is noble or great, or in any other way remarkable has taken place, all that has been (here in Egypt) written down of old and is preserved in our temples; whereas you and other nations are just being provided with letters and the other things which nations require; and then at the usual period the Stream from Heaven descends like a pestilence and leaves only those of you who are destitute of letters and education; and thus you have to begin all over again as children, and know nothing of what happened in ancient times either among us or among ourselves."—*Ancient Priest of Sais to Solon, the Lawgiver of Athens, B.C.*

The "stream from heaven," which alone can promote fertility and health, yearly deposits on every acre of surface from six hundred to three thousand tons of water in most sections of the republic, to be in part absorbed by the soil, and chiefly carried by those capillaries, veins and arteries of the world, which we call rivulets, brooks and rivers, into the ocean, from whence the sun's heat is ever raising its waters, to be carried in the shape of clouds, mists and fogs over the land to be in due season a part of the "stream from heaven."

Geological history, whether written in rock and detritus or human records, tells us of immense floods more or less continuous, or sudden and devastating, which have left titanic evidences of their constructive and destructive power. In most new countries the forests and wooded swamps, thickets and grass-covered prairies absorb a much larger quantity of rain and snow precipitation and give off their excess slowly, and with little disturbance or danger to man and beast.

But when large valley areas are denuded of forest, occupied largely by towns and cities, paved streets, macadamized roadways and lands and domains so drained, cultivated and arranged as to rid themselves as soon as possible of any excess of water, this immense downpour, when largely concentrated by continuous rains, pours into inadequate water-courses an ocean whose weight and volume is scarcely ever even approximately estimated and realized.

From such an immense rainfall in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio began to apprehend danger about the middle of March, when almost continuous rains were the harbingers of an unusually early spring, but also of unusual trouble and loss in the river valleys. By the 21st these fears began to be realized, as the head waters of the Ohio and its branches began to send down wave after wave of flood water and their burden of forest debris and more or less wreckage from farms and villages. By the 22d the river had become swirling torrents, turbid, angry and loaded with floating wreckage, which, accumulating against dams, bridges and levees, added their shifting impact and attrition to the unseen, undermining, battering power of current, eddy and whirlpool, and choked the arches and broke down the piers of bridges, and here and there carried away a dam, whose gathered waters rushed down the valleys below, cresting the rivers' angry flood with a veritable tidal wave, that in a moment leaped on breached levees, and turned broad business streets into impassable and angry torrents laden with the wrecks of buildings and alas, bodies of men and beasts, surprised and whelmed in an instant by the fatal "stream from heaven."

CLINEDINST PHOTO.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

RECEIVING CONTRIBUTIONS FOR FLOOD SUFFERERS
At the depot of the American Red Cross Society, Washington. Articles of all kinds were sent to Red Cross headquarters to be sent to the devastated region

In western Pennsylvania and New York great damage was done and thousands left homeless, but lower down the Ohio tragedy took the place of property loss and domestic and business inconvenience.

In Indiana Peru, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne and other municipalities reported a loss of human life aggregating some seven hundred men, women and children, and in Ohio Dayton, Piqua, Columbus, Hamilton, Zanesville, Delaware, Middletown, Sandusky, Miamisburg and Sidney were flooded, battered and wrecked to the amount of many millions of dollars, while the loss of human life by drowning in the houses, business buildings and public streets was reckoned by thousands.

Myriads more, old and young, sick and well, were huddled on the roofs and in the upper stories of great buildings, chilled, foodless, and rapidly yielding to disease and utter misery. Added to these horrors in many instances fire broke out and threatened to shrivel with its merciless breath the isolated refuges of thousands who had escaped the flood, only to apprehend a more terrible death by fire, or at best a desperate leap into the raging, merciless river.

A day or two of this terrible destruction and suffering swept away life and property and exposed myriads of people to terrible suffering, and then aid began to pour in over the broken railways, and motor-boats faced the swirling streets and carried the imprisoned sufferers to comparative comfort and safety.

The federal government, the states and great cities and thousands of private individuals raised millions of dollars and forwarded vast quantities of food, tents, and other necessities, and slowly and sullenly the flood wave receded as, gathering the volume and wreckage of each successive river, it swept westward and southward, to inevitably repeat a greater or less work of destruction along the lower Ohio and Mississippi.

Two hundred millions worth of property, and at least fifty thousand lives lost in the flood, or later by disease, from exposure, loss and despair, but feebly sums up the story of loss and death due to conditions which must threaten the river cities every year from generation to generation.

It would seem that the federal and state governments should meet this recognized danger with something of the liberality and efficiency with which they deepen harbor channels to accommodate foreign steamship lines, and build ironclads to guard us from problematical wars and apocryphal enemies.

The "stream from heaven" has fallen, is falling, and is still to fall on the thousands of river miles between the headwaters of the Ohio and its branches to the delta of the Mississippi, and the very improvements of our civilization intensify the sudden gathering of the waters and the strain and burden thrown on the river channels that carry them off.

Deeper channels where the rivers have been narrowed by city development; restraining dams where lakes can be safely formed to impound the spring freshets, and later furnish power and light; more stringent regulation of bridge, dam and levee construction, and a continuous expenditure of sufficient sums to minimize and lessen this danger should be promoted by federal, state and municipal legislation and co-operation, that the "stream from

Photo by Clinedinst

SHIPPING RELIEF SUPPLIES TO SUFFERERS

From the Red Cross station, Washington, to be shipped by special train to the flood sufferers heaven" may not "fall like a pestilence" again in this generation.

So rapidly and almost completely was Dayton cut off from connection with Columbus that the first intimation that the Governor of Ohio received of the calamity there came from the Red Cross at Washington. Immediately the first flood relief measures were set in motion by the State, rescue work and police protection, largely by the National Guard. Sanitary matters under State and Federal officials with the aid of the Army physicians next were in order. About one hundred Red Cross Trained Nurses were immediately sent to the flooded country and assisted not only in caring for the sick but in co-operating with the Sanitary Inspectors in house to house visiting. Major Charles Lynch, U. S. A., of the Red Cross First Aid Department, gave assistance in this sanitary work to Surgeon General Hall of the National Guard of Ohio. Where necessary, small emergency hospitals were established.

Food, clothing, blankets and cots with medical supplies were rushed to the devastated districts by the War and Navy Departments under experienced and competent officers and were also forwarded by nearby cities and towns. Later, on notice from the Red Cross, other supplies came from more remote localities. Kitchens were put into action to provide meals and cooked food, and later relief stations in schools or other suitable places where food and clothing were distributed to those in need. These were constantly replenished from the carloads coming in from all parts. Coal was also given out. I saw one or two carloads dumped at the side of a street in the flooded district of Columbus for anyone's use, but as yet little or no inroad had been made upon it.

The Red Cross immediately upon information of the disaster sent telegrams to both the Governors of Ohio and Indiana offering assistance and began to move into the field its personnel of trained agents as well as the nurses. These agents are men connected with various philanthropic associations and they have had special experience and training in disaster relief work for the Red Cross. The National Director, Ernest P. Bicknell, on his way to Omaha for the cyclone relief, was recalled, as the Red Cross agents sent from Chicago and St. Louis reported the work there well in hand.

Governor Cox, acting as President of the State Red Cross Board, appointed a special relief committee of such members of the Board as were in the State and others as substitutes for two who were absent. These are all well-known and representative citizens. A meeting of the State Red Cross Committee, the Governor acting as Chairman, was held April 2, at which all the members were present, together with Mr. Bicknell, the Red Cross National Director, and myself as Chairman of the National Relief Board.

In Ohio, where the flood has subsided, the first needs have been met and the matter of sanitation is being given careful consideration. Now follows the vital question of rehabilitation. Mr. Bicknell explained to the Committee that first relief after a disaster must be given to a community as a whole, but the time has now come to work for the rehabilitation of the individual and the re-establishment of normal conditions which will mean the revival of the life of the entire community. In many of the flooded districts the merchants have lost all their stock and have no insurance, as in case of fire. Unless an effort is made to aid them to make a start again, unless the people are assisted in such a way as to enable them to resume the normal condition of buying, the business of the community will remain in a hopeless condition. To accomplish this the individual must be considered, and his or her rehabilitation will mean that of the whole city, town or village. While factories are closed for repairs men can be given work for which they will be paid for the clearing away of the immense amount of debris, such cleansing being necessary for sanitary and other reasons. Thus a purchasing power will be given them again. They may be aided in the repair of their houses, and thus employment provided for others. The re-establishment of his market will enable the merchant to re-employ his staff, and thus again others can return to a normal existence. Where men or women have been paying for their homes by monthly installments they can be assisted in such payments for a time so as to prevent the loss of their homes, and possibly the failure of mutual building associations, which would be disastrous to many of the working people. All this great work the Red Cross, with the generous contributions of the American people, is undertaking. This work of individual rehabilitation will lead to the rehabilitation of the entire community, and the setting again in motion of the wheels of normal life will be of the greatest help that can possibly be given to the unfortunate victims of the flood. So many thousands have suffered, so many cities, towns and villages have been affected that there will be need of all the generous contributions received.

GUENN

To Blanche Willis Howard
From James Church Alvord

AT Concarneau the sloops come home,
Red flames inblown from a cobalt sea,
Where hoary bluffs, rock-breasted, rise
To bid the mad tides backward flee,
While through the pines which crown their crests
The winds chaunt wailing litany—
At Concarneau.

The gaunt brown fishers on the wharves
Bear haunting sea-mists in their eyes
And wear the solemn mien of men
Who die upon far enterprise;
While the tragic girls along the Square
Are widowed when they scarce are wives—
At Concarneau.

Yet evermore these sombre men,
These woeful women worn with fears,
But set the stage o'er which there flits
A girl who wrought the world to tears
Not long ago, an elfin sprite
Whose laughter bubbles down the years—
At Concarneau.

More real than these rude fishing smacks,
Deep-laden, rocking on the tide,
Or sobbing pines, or granite coasts,
Still lies she by yon headland's side,
Spray-drenched, wave-beaten, deathless, dead
Who never lived and never died—
At Concarneau.

National and State Flowers

by Charles Winslow Hall

WHAT is the national flower? The question has been asked over and over again by flower lovers and the answer must be the same—it has not been officially selected. At present "the Union, one and indivisible," is without a national flower.

Much has been said and more or less printed advocating the choice of the maize (Indian corn) as a national emblem. The main objection to it is an artistic one, that it does not readily lend itself to decoration or design, either for coinage, blazonry, or personal and table decoration. Of its other and important qualifications, its universal cultivation and immense value to man and beast, and its claims as a strictly native production, there can be no question; and it may be that the more esthetic objections will in time yield to these great arguments in its favor.

Unquestionably the flower which has the preference is hardly a flower at all, but more of a weed—the goldenrod. It has been selected in some cases by the popular vote of school children and in other cases by the state legislature as the state flower of six different commonwealths. The simple violet has been named by three states, and other favorite flowers have been duplicated in the list. Some have taken no decided action at all, and others by common consent have chosen floral symbols.

Maine, by tacit consent, and true to her record as "the Pine Tree State," wears a pine cone and tassel; New Hampshire and Massachusetts are still unprovided, but Vermont has chosen the crimson-red, honey-sweet red clover dear to her herds and honey-bees. Connecticut wears the mountain laurel, that fills her woods with a sea of clustered blossoms, and "Little Rhody," like distant Wisconsin, Illinois and the Bonapartists of France, seeks clusters of the humble violet.

New York, by popular vote, chose the goldenrod, as also did Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska, which dominant autumn weed was legally authorized by the Alabama legislature and tacitly accepted by Kentucky.

Pennsylvania and New Jersey are still "doubtful states" on the floral emblem question, but Delaware's pride and affection goes out to her beautiful peach orchards, where in masses of pink and tender green they glorify the early coming of spring.

Maryland's "Baltimore belles" choose clusters of the old-fashioned "black-eyed Susans" as a foil to their Southern beauty and languorous but radiant dark eyes. Virginia still needs consideration, although the laurel or time-defying immortelles might well symbolize her wealth of illustrious dead; but West Virginia, like her distant sister Washington, chooses the splendid rhododendrons that glorify their wooded mountain slopes and valleys. The Carolinas and Georgia find it hard to choose between so many gorgeous and semi-tropical flowers, but Florida amid her orange groves affects bridal orange blossoms the year round.

Louisiana and Mississippi affect the magnolia blossoms, for that gigantic rhododendron abounds in both states. Tennessee makes no choice; Indiana still hesitates; but Ohio, forgetful of her gorgeous "buck eye" blooms, wears scarlet carnations in mingled pride and grief over the loved and lost McKinley.

Michigan chooses the spring glories of her apple orchards, and Arkansas reflects her choice of the dainty odorous masses of white and pink and white blooms.

Minnesota has, I think, by act of the legislature, chosen the lush, pink swamp-loving Indian moccasin flower; Kansas has legally adopted the sunflower, ever turning toward the light, whatever the trials of the present. Utah is still flowerless, but Colorado flaunts the saucy columbine, brave, bright-hued and once charged on an ancient war-shield emblazoned with the motto, "*Turpiter Desparatur*" (it is shameful to despair).

Oklahoma, cleft from the Indian Territory, takes a heritage from the Celtic Druids, the sacred mistletoe, once cut by them with golden sickles from their consecrated oaken groves. Texas garlands her Lone Star with a local flower, "the blue bonnet." Arizona is beyond the pale, but New Mexico, an independent state at last, points to the bright-blossomed but thorny cactus of her desert vegetation.

North Dakota holds up to outland "tender feet" sprays of hardy, many-hued prairie roses, and South Dakota from her sunnier slopes gathers her first spring flower, the *anemone patens*, whose lily-like pale violet calyx emerges from its furry cap of almost frost-proof foliage.

Montana girls gather for a breast-knot the sprays of the healing bitter root; but Idaho pioneers and women, remembering the earlier gardens in which they played years ago, have loved best the myriad-blossomed and fragrant syringa.

Wyoming chooses the beautiful blue gentian, lover of fertile lands and shrouding grasses; Oregon the sweet sprays of the Oregon grape; California flaunts proudly her clumps of golden poppy, and the hearts of myriads of Alaska's pioneers think of distant homes and faithful lovers, and gather the sky-blue, gold-tinted forget-me-not.

It seems a pity that so many states have duplicated the choice of others or failed to act at all, and that some of the southern states have not chosen the delicate, snowy, odorous jasmine, the hundred-calyxed spikes of the Spanish bayonet; the varied and exquisite hues of the passion flower; the lovely sweet jessamine; or, if a sterner and more virile blazonry be desired, the red-berried, glossy-leaved holly, the green plum of the long-leaved pine, or the warlike scarlet of the trumpet flower have each their suggestion and merit.

* * *

In the history of nations, tribes and families, "the gentle race of flowers" has furnished more than one embattled wall, defiant banner, glittering shield and valiant battleline with the blazon which defense or onset was to redden in the life-blood of brave men. Among them we easily recall the delicate heather-spray, the *planta genista* of moor and wold, which the proud Plantagenet dynasty wore in war and peace, holding it in honor because it told of the lowly origin from which valor and wisdom had called them to the sovereignty of England. Further north the pine tree of Clan Alpine mustered for foray and battle one of the bravest and most noted of all the Highland clans, and in the lowlands and at last throughout all Scotland the savage thistle has told for centuries of that fated night when a throng of Norse swordsmen plunged into the weedy moat of an embattled town, and their sudden cries of wrath and pain rallied the sleeping defenders and saved the garrison. It was a good choice for the blazon of a proud, fierce, implacable race, and the motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" (no one wounds me without scathe) has never lacked justification in all the centuries since its adoption.

So, too, with some sense of humorous admiration, we think of the Welsh leek worn by Cymrian bowmen "in their Monmouth caps on St. Davy's day" as Shakespeare's Fluellen relates, in honor of a desperate fray and gallant victory.

The red rose of England was once unhappily the badge of civil war and dastardly intrigue and assassination, when the white rose was arrayed against her blushing sister in the contests of York and Lancaster for the English crown. Ireland and her children at home and abroad still honor and love the shamrock which, say the legends, St. Patrick used to demonstrate to the fierce heathen Celtic chiefs the mystery of the triple individuality of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the complete unity of the Trinity.

Besides these emblems, legalized and universal, English admirers of Lord Beaconsfield still wear early primroses on his birthday (December 21, 1804) just as British Jacobites, until a few years ago, carried a white rose on June 10th in futile loyalty to the Stuart dynasty; while the enthusiastic Hibernian, with a little sigh of regret, wears a spray of ivy on the 6th of October, the anniversary of the death of Parnell.

The lilies of France, or rather the fleur de lis, have for centuries decked royal canopy, kingly garb, the warrior monarch's shield and caparisons, and the banners of the empire, but the foes of the republic today wear other blossoms; the Orleanists a white daisy and the Bonapartist the humble violet.

Conquered Palestine was symbolized in part by a palm tree; Mexico, torn and scarred by innumerable petty wars, but evidently ready to unite to oppose any invader, fitly chooses an especially thorny cactus; the French of Canada sport the maple leaf banner much more frequently than they do the Union Jack; and Nova Scotia, largely settled from New England long ago, placed on her seals and coinage the beautiful trailing arbutus, the "May-flower" of the Plymouth woods. The patriotic significance of flowers can be found on every page of history. They have not only influenced the hearts of lovers, but the hearts of nations as well.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS

WE went to her one summer's morn—
  A masterpiece of bloom!
All fresh and sweet and wondrous fair,
  Our fragrance filled the room
Where, on a couch, the sick one lay;
  Our mission then was clear:
That room to brighten, beautify;
  That loved one's heart to cheer.

How well she loved us! and each morn
  She kissed my snow-white face
She thought me fairest one! of all—
  So large and full of grace;
But one sad morn I woke to find
  I could not raise my head;
I whispered to my friends for help—
  And found they all had fled.

And so, no longer beautiful,
  I, too, was borne away;
And then it was I saw the tear,
  And heard her softly say:
"Who knows but to some fairer land
  Their spirits may have fled?
Somewhere they too may live again—
  Their *souls* may not be dead."

So, gentle breeze, go whisper to
  "The Little Lady" there,
That we are waiting here for her,—
  All fresh and wondrous fair;
It matters not how long we wait,
  Through countless years or hours;
For God has touched us, and we're now
  Heav'n's Everlasting Flowers!

—*Rose C. Webb.*

The Crew of No. 11

by Ladd Plumley

Author of "The Image and Likeness," etc.

AN instrument began clicking. There had hardly been a message for days that had not told stories of danger and even death in the fires that had been ravaging the forests to the west. Bertha, the day operator at Bald Mountain, leaned forward and read aloud to her brother the words that came over the wire:

"Fire—all—around. Our—engine—disabled—at—Eagle—Pass. Send—grade engine—quick—quick."

The geometry that Gerald had been studying fell to the floor.

"Oh, Beth! Hogan and Simmons have gone with the road gang to that blaze to the east."

"I took the order, Gerald."

"And it would be four hours before an engine could get here from the junction."

"Yes."

"And then it may be too late."

"Yes."

For twenty seconds the only sound was the call of crows, that had been winging their way east for three days, and the slight hissing of No. 11 that had been left on her switch with her steam up.

"I'll do it myself!" broke out the boy. "Hogan says I know the levers of old 11 almost as well as he does."

"You mustn't!" exclaimed Bertha.

"I'm sick of having people talk about me as if I were glass," continued the boy excitedly. "And don't you see, Beth? If somebody doesn't get to them on the jump, the bridge over the river may go."

Bertha felt her hands grasp tightly together under the table. Of course it was just like Gerald. She had always known that the time would come when her boy would show himself the splendid fellow that only she knew him to be. But she couldn't let him go into such danger. What would life hold without Gerald?

"Please, Beth, get me my crutches," implored Gerald, twisting his crooked body to an upright position.

"See here, Gerald, if you must go, I'm going with you."

"That's as ridiculous as it can be! It isn't the work for a girl. And there's the most awful smoke beyond the river. No. 10 came through last night—Dudley told me it was nip and tuck if they could make it. Then the wooden trestles. No —I shall manage it alone."

Gerald hobbled to the door.

"If you don't let me go, Gerald, I'll—" She felt desperate. What threat could she find? And although she was five years the elder, his word was law. That had come because there were only the two; since the death of their mother they had been alone in the world. She had been mother and sister both, supporting him with her wages, studying with him, and worshipping him as only a sister can worship an only brother.

"Beth!" The boy's voice was filled with distress. "There's always been somebody to watch the water and all. And—well, when a fellow is built as I am, he just must ask help. After all, I've got to take you; there isn't a soul but you for miles and miles."

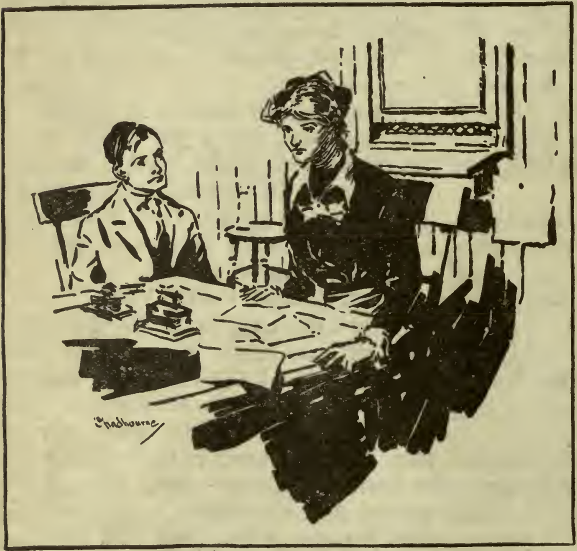
Gerald turned to the closet near the door.

"Here, Beth, you must pull these on," he exclaimed, holding toward his sister a suit of overalls.

Bertha knew enough about railroading to understand the necessity for protecting her thin gown with something stout. In three minutes she followed her brother to the platform, a very timid girl at heart, and in appearance an undersized railroad man of incongruously pink cheeks, brown eyes and nice hair.

There was some difficulty in assisting Gerald to the running board of the locomotive. When a trip had been planned, Hogan, the engineer, had always taken the boy in his arms and lifted him to Simmons, the fireman. Bertha found it necessary to get a box and the baggage truck. Mounting these in turn, Gerald dragged himself to the cab, Bertha following with the crutches.

The girl had always supposed a fireman had nothing to do but to throw coal on a fire, as if he were feeding a large kitchen range. Now she was shown many levers and valves.



Bertha leaned forward and read aloud to her brother the words that came over the wire

"There's no use telling a girl their names," said Gerald. "When I want you to do things, I'll point to them or show you how. And I can't bend my back today, so I'll guess you'll have to rake the fire down a bit; it's lucky that she's got plenty of water and coal."

Grasping a handle, Gerald threw open the door of the firebox, the heat almost burning the skin from Bertha's face. With desperate haste she pulled back and forth the rod that had been thrust into her hands. Everything around simmered and hissed, as if this were the center of any number of particularly active teakettles. And, although it was a pleasantly cool day, the perspiration trickled over her face.

Before she put aside the giant poker, there followed other quick instructions. She was ordered to pull open and to shut various valves, the use of which she had not the slightest idea. Then, at the word, and with a further mighty effort, she managed to "give her a half-dozen spoonfuls of feed," to quote her instructions.

Presently Bertha felt the great machine quiver under her—and they were off.

Twice before they came to the river the boy above gave the word, and Bertha, swaying and pitching because of the rockings of the locomotive, carried from the tender shovels of coal and managed to push them into the mouth of the hungry hot monster. At other times, kneeling on the floor of the cab, her heart pounding into her throat, she watched the wall of blue haze beyond the long narrow V of the track come racing toward her. It seemed to her that the engine was motionless; it was the entire world that, pitching and reeling, was pulled in as if on an endless cable.

Above the deafening roar came Gerald's voice.

"Hold on tight! She will make the curve beyond the bridge at a sixty clip!"

No. 11 heaved and plunged her one hundred and forty thousand pounds of iron and steel, surging against the flanges of her eight drivers first on one side and then on the other. She had been built to pull freight trains up heavy grades and had never been intended for this sort of work. Her new engineer let her spin down the grade of the side of the mountain to the bridge, she taking the five spans at the speed of a crack passenger locomotive and with the clumsiness and shock of one of her weight and might. She thundered across, her voice drowning the swish of the rapids below and the roar of the falls to the south.

During the passage of the bridge Bertha felt her hands clutch the brass rail at her side and her fingers tighten as if they were of steel. Then her seething excitement passed away, and for the moment she forgot the leaping thing that heaved and plunged under her. Across the circular curve of the boiler, in the window opposite, sat a boy. His eager face was as if carved in marble. The girl would remember that face to the end of her life. And as she watched the slight twisted body, tense with endeavor and courage, the tears almost choked her. She wondered if there ever had been or ever would be again such a splendid fellow.

Beyond the bridge came the dense smoke; it had been getting thicker and thicker for fifteen minutes. Bertha choked and gasped. Then she reached under the loose overalls, and, tearing her skirt into strips, hastily soaked the cloth under the valve that Gerald reached down and opened. Brother and sister tied wet cloths over the mouth and nostrils. With this protection Bertha had less difficulty in breathing than she had in seeing. Indeed, after they had actually entered the fire zone, except for the tongues of red flame flashing along the ground at the side of the rails, the girl was conscious of seeing absolutely nothing.

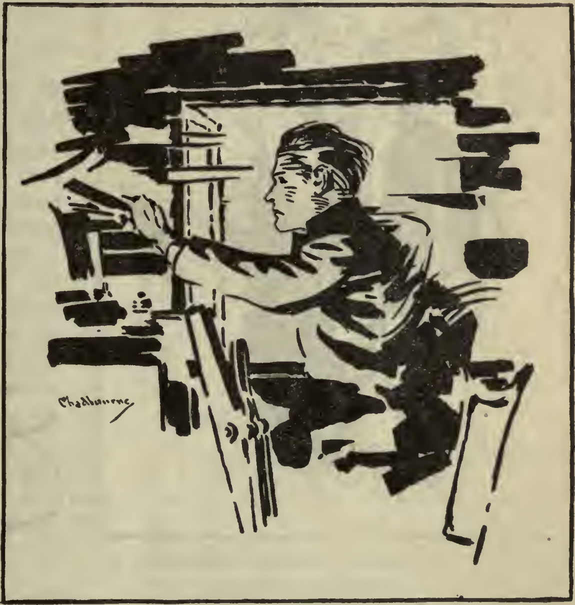
To the east as yet the fire had not reached the stage known as a "top fire," when the flames seize the whole of a tree, making it a huge torch, which, in turn, makes torches of the trees beyond. In such a fire no one can live. Carried swiftly by the engine, Gerald and Bertha passed through a region of an under fire, where only dead leaves and dry bushes were burning. But even in such an under fire death frequently comes to birds, animals and human beings because of suffocation.

Beyond the bridge the heavy engine reached the limit of her speed—her engineer had pushed her more than her master, Hogan, would have dared. For ten minutes the smoke became thicker and thicker. Then and suddenly, Bertha could see once more the glittering converging rails—and as swiftly as if he had fallen from nowhere, a man swinging a red flag suddenly appeared in the haze and dropped behind.

The next moment, with the shock of her reversing gear and with grinding brakes, No. 11 came to rest, men shouting around her, and beyond Bertha saw a locomotive, and still beyond, receding into the blue haze, a line of coaches, platforms crowded and heads hanging from the windows.

Strange, perhaps, but Bertha's thoughts, girl-like, flashed to her appearance. She wished that the smoke were even thicker. It seemed to her that No. 11 had carried them almost into the heart of a town.

A stout man in cap and overalls lifted himself heavily to the running board and grasped the boy's shoulder.



The girl would remember that face to the end of her life

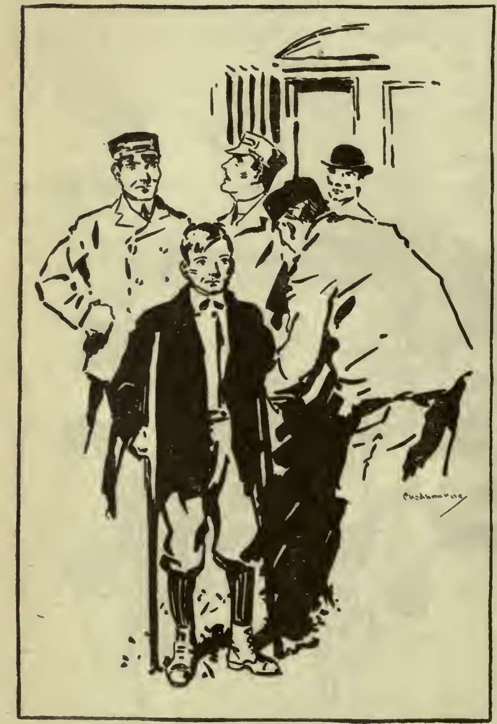
"It's a sure big thing you've done, old fellow!"

Gerald had already torn the cloth from his head, leaving lines of white across his blackened face. The man added:

"It's the lame boy of Bald Mountain. But who's the little fellow—your fireman?"

Bertha did not hear the answer, and, as she helped the man take Gerald to the ground, she forgot about the overalls, her blackened face and flying hair. Afterwards she was only conscious of her pride in the figure on crutches who was surrounded by railroad men, all attempting to take him by the hand—a picture that to her was more beautiful than any picture she had ever seen.

The pressing crowd of passengers could see that there was something altogether out of the common in the boy of the crutches surrounded by the group of trainmen and the figure near of blackened face and flying hair that Bertha attempted in vain to push back into place.



Afterward she was only conscious of her pride in the figure on crutches who was surrounded by railroad men

"We must take her to your mother," said a gentleman, pushing forward and followed by a younger man.

Five minutes later Bertha was being lifted up the steps of a private car at the rear of the train, her brother, assisted by the young man, close behind.

A little later she knew that she was seated in a deep chair that seemed most welcome after the slippery iron plates of the heaving grade engine. And she never thought that water could taste as good as the glass that was brought to her and which she eagerly swallowed.

Soon the train began to move, and once more came the smoke. It was stifling, but very different from the smoke of the downward journey in the cab of No. 11. From where she sat she could see in the hazy glow of the electric lights of the car her brother and the young man gazing from a window. Near her sat a lady with a handkerchief pressed against her face and the elderly man leaning over her.

Again came the hollow reverberations of the long bridge and Bertha could hear the pulsing roar of the falls down the river. After that, the air cleared rapidly and very soon somebody was leaning over her chair and speaking in her ear.

"My dear, I'm an old railroad man. People say I've been very successful. Money is a little thing at such a time, but if there is anything that is near your heart—anything, my dear, really anything—it is your own for the asking."

Bertha pointed toward her brother. She hardly knew what she asked. What she had in mind was Gerald—his wishes to go to college, his dreams of gaining an education, his desire to some time be a lawyer.

"It shall all be done," said her companion. "And when he graduates there will be influence to set him on his feet. You see, my dear, it's like rubbing Aladdin's lamp. But is there nothing for you, yourself?"

"It's all for me," cried Bertha. "And you have made me so very, very happy!"

"The railroad must find you a position in its main office—where there will be a town and not the loneliness of Bald Mountain. And—well, my dear—if I were fifty years younger and not almost down the grade of life, and my Sara were not waiting to take you and gush over you—there's a different proposal that I should make. But when the time comes and the right young man—he will have to be very right to deserve you—you must let me have the privilege of giving you away. You must promise."

The Dreamer*

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

by Mary R. P. Hatch

ACT I—Dotham Pasture.

ACT II—Scene 1—Four years later. Pharaoh's Court. Scene 2—Seven years later. Egypt. Temple of the Sun. Scene 3—Two days later. The Palace.

ACT III—Scene 1—Canaan. Interior of tent. Scene 2—Joseph's Palace. Scene 3—Joseph's Palace two days later. Scene 4—Palace Garden. One month later.

CHARACTERS

JACOB.
LEAH, Jacob's wife.
JOSEPH, son of Jacob and Rachel.
BENJAMIN, son of Jacob and Rachel.
REUBEN, son of Jacob and Leah.
JUDAH, son of Jacob and Leah.
GAD, **LEVI**, **ISSACHAR**, **SIMEON** and four other sons.
TAIA, beloved of Joseph. She is also Asenath, the adopted daughter of the Priest of On.
ZILPHA, a Greek dancing girl, who becomes the wife of Benjamin.
PHARAOH.
PHARAOH'S WIFE.
PHARAOH'S CHIEF STEWARD.
PHARAOH'S CHIEF BUTLER.
POTIPHER.
POTIPHER'S WIFE.
POLITAN, a High Priest of the ruling class.
AGITA, a Greek "Reporter."
Merchants, Magicians, Dancing Girls, Gods and Goddesses, Chief Butler, Guards and Attendants.

ACT FIRST. SCENE I.

Canaan. Hills and towns in the distance. A cairn nearby. Several tents on the hills. Men with bows and arrows (one or two with shields and spears) passing. Near the foreground a tent in which, through an opening, can be seen seats running around the sides and some rich draperies. Outside of tent sits a handsome although sullen looking lad of nineteen, dressed in a short garment of skins (or dark cloth) held together by a linen girdle. Sandals on his feet. Hair long and straight. He appears to be very angry. Leah, his mother, comes from the tent and stands beside him. She is garbed in a long, flowing garment with headdress carelessly arranged. She is old and somewhat bent.

JUDAH (*speaking quickly*)—Tell me, mother, more of this coat of many colors. Of a truth, our Father Jacob must be mad, or in his dotage.

LEAH—Nay, my son. I know thy feelings, but be not so angry. (*Puts her hand on his shoulder, but he shakes it off impatiently.*)

JUDAH—Tell me, where did he get the cloth to make it of?

LEAH—He bought it of a trader who passed by three days ago on his way to Egypt.

JUDAH—Handsome, thou sayest?

LEAH—Ay, it is of wondrous hue. There are three pieces. The mantle is of crimson with a stripe of gold, the tunic is of fine linen, and the waistcoat blue and embroidered.

JUDAH—He must have paid well for that cloth.

LEAH—Oh, he did, though I know not how much. But 'tis a wondrous robe, the coat of many colors, which thy father hath made for Joseph with his own hands. He would scarcely let me touch it.

JUDAH—Why, how was that?

LEAH—He said, "I will make it with my own hands, as I have fashioned others for myself and my sons."

JUDAH (*bitterly*)—Ay, dark, of one piece, and of skins of animals which we ourselves did hunt and kill.

LEAH—He said, "It is for Rachel's boy,

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* Copyright, 1906.

the son of my old age," and I mind me how he laughed as if well pleased. "For Rachel's boy" he said, "I will make a coat that shall be known throughout Canaan as a marvel."

JUDAH—Of many colors thou saidst, mother?

LEAH—Ay, and made in three pieces (*broodingly*). When I did see it I thought of my father Laban, Judah.

JUDAH—Thy father, Laban!

LEAH—Ay, and how he gave me to thy father in place of Rachel, for whom he had served seven years, and how he served yet seven more years for Rachel.

JUDAH—But Rachel died, mother, and thou didst live.

LEAH (*bitterly*)—Ay, lived to see, day by day, how a man mourns for the woman he loves and tolerates the woman he hates—hates, Judah, because I lived and Rachel was taken.

JUDAH—Nay, mother, father doth not hate thee. (*Takes her hand.*)

LEAH (*passionately*)—Then I wish he did hate me, for hate is better than toleration from the man a woman loves. (*They sit silent while Judah strokes her hand.*) Son, what wouldst thou do to right thy mother's wrongs?

JUDAH—I would kill Joseph (*with vehemence*). Then thou and Jacob's other sons might be thought of some account.

LEAH—Nay, Judah, nay. I did not mean that.

JUDAH—It is the only way to right thy wrongs, mother, for now this braggart, this son of his old age (*contemptuously*) hath his way in all things. While Rachel lived she was always preferred to thee, and Joseph is set above us, his brothers, even above Reuben, the eldest.

LEAH—That is so.

JUDAH—If Joseph were dead—

LEAH (*startled*)—Not that, my son, for Jacob would mourn even as he mourns for Rachel.

JUDAH—But if he doth?

LEAH—I could not stand it to see another grieve like that. Only last new moon I followed him at a distance when he visited Rachel's grave. I stood in the shadow of a tamarind tree and saw him beat his breast and cry out to Jehovah, "Why hast thou laid this burden on me, Lord? I am alone, save for Joseph!"

JUDAH—Did he say that, mother?

LEAH—Ay, but he answered when I told him of what I heard that he meant that Joseph was the only comfort Rachel had left him, for Benjamin, he said, came with her last breath, and he could never feel the same toward Benjamin. As if Benjamin were to blame that she died when he was born!

JUDAH—It proves that he loves Rachel and Joseph and hates the rest of us. Didst hate Rachel, mother?

LEAH—Nay, how could I? She was my sister.

JUDAH—But I hate Joseph, and he is my brother.

LEAH—Nay, only thy half brother.

JUDAH—I thank, thee, mother, for those words. As my half brother I can feel that I owe him but half a brother's love and that hath gone to seed while the other half is clear hate. Jehovah! How I hate him! (*Clinches fist.*)

(*Enter from the tent Jacob followed by two attendants, who carry the coat of many colors. Jacob leaning on a staff, sandalled feet, wearing a long girded robe with turban. Attendants with one garment, short-sleeved, with bare feet.*) *Leah stands with folded arms and drooping head. Judah rises and stands in the same way just behind his mother.*)

JACOB—Nay, good wife, sit! Too many years have come to thee, and too many cares, for thee to stand before me. Judah, a seat for thy mother. Many sons hath thou brought me, and Judah, the lion-hearted, should remember his mother in the days of his youth. (*Judah gives his mother the stool and stands sullenly kicking the ground.*) Where is Joseph and thy brethren?

JUDAH (*To Leah*)—Joseph and thy brethren! (*To Jacob*)—In the field and over yonder (*pointing toward the hills*).

JACOB—Summon them, son Judah.

(*Judah puts his fingers between his teeth and sounds a shrill call, which is answered by similar calls. Leah walks over to the left of stage and Judah follows, carrying the stool for her.*)

FIRST ATTENDANT—A hang-dog look he hath.

SECOND ATTENDANT—He was always a jealous dog. He taketh after his mother in looks and disposition.

(*Enter the brethren, dressed in garments similar to Judah's. Gad carries a shield, Simeon an ox, and others have bows and arrows. Reuben, the eldest, and Benjamin, the youngest, come last. Joseph, who is rather short but well-built, with long curling hair, approaches his father, kisses him on both cheeks, and then arranges himself beside his brothers who form a half circle before Jacob. They stand with bowed heads and crossed arms.*)

JACOB—Good sons, I bid ye welcome. Are thy flocks and herds all safe?

ALL—Yea, not one hath strayed.

JOSEPH—All but one, father.

JACOB—Which one?

JOSEPH—The white heifer, father, the one thou saidst my mother would have loved because 'twas like one she brought to Canaan from her old home. (*Leah suddenly walks toward the tent and enters it.*)

JACOB—Canst find it?

JOSEPH—Nay, 'tis killed—rolled down a cliff, and lies there with broken neck.

JACOB—Sons, why hast thou left it to this lad to tell the truth, alone of you all?

SIMEON—We thought to spare thy sorrow, father. It is but a heifer, white, but no better for that, and we thought if thou didst not know that it was dead, no sorrow would come to thee. Now Joseph hath told thee and perhaps thy sleep will be broken thereby. To make thee happy we would do much.

ALL—Ay, to make thee happy we would do much.

JACOB (*to Joseph*)—They wished to make me happy and they lied to me. What hast thou to say to that?

JOSEPH—It had not come to me to make thee happy in that way. I but told the truth, and now I ask thy pardon.

JACOB—For telling me the truth?

JOSEPH (*hesitating*)—Nay, for making thee sad.

JACOB (*motioning to the attendants*)—Come hither! (*Takes the robe and shakes out the pieces.*) Joseph, my son, the son of Rachel, the son of my old age, come hither.

(*Joseph hesitates, looks first at his brothers and then at the clothes and suddenly kneels before Jacob.*)

JACOB—Rise, Joseph, while I put this robe on thee. (*Looks upward for a moment.*) Something tells me, Joseph, that thou wilt be no common man, as thou art no common son. I have made for thee this robe of many colors and I put it on thee in token that thou shalt not labor as thy brothers labor, or as thy father hath labored. It is a robe of they that labor only with their wits. They plan, others do the work. (*The brothers nudge each other.*)

LEVI—Joseph will do that all right. He won't work.

ALL—Nay, he won't work.

LEVI—He never would work. He harnessed a goat to drag him when he was little, and now he is grown he lets us do his tasks. He is of the leisure class truly. (*They all laugh derisively.*)

JACOB (*raising his head*)—Peace, my sons, peace. Joseph hath never shirked his tasks. One of thee must stay with me at times, and I have kept Joseph.

GAD—He was never any good to watch the flocks, for he dreams and lets them scatter.

LEVI—Thou art right, Gad, he dreams by day more than others dream by night.

JACOB (*kindly*)—Dost thou dream, Joseph?

JOSEPH (*eagerly*)—Ay, father, I dream and dream. I seem to see at times things that others do not see.

JACOB—In the day-time, Son?

JOSEPH—Ay, father, day-time and night-time. They come and go—strange dreams of things I have never seen. What think thou of this, father? I dreamed my brothers and I were binding sheaves in the field and lo and behold! my sheaf stood upright and all my brothers' sheaves bowed down to my sheaf; they made obeisance to my sheaf. (*The brothers strike their hands together fiercely.*)

JUDAH (*angrily*)—Shalt thou, indeed, reign over us—thy elder brothers? Shalt thou have dominion over us?

ALL—Shall this Dreamer have dominion over us?

JACOB—Nay, sons, it was but a dream.

JOSEPH (*eagerly*)—It was more than a dream, my father. (*Joseph walks up and down, looking at his fine raiment with a boy's vanity.*) If Taia could see me! (*The mantle, sleeves, his flowing robe, the handsome colors, all are admired when Gad steps forward and hands him his shield, after carefully rubbing it with a corner of his tunic.*)

GAD—Take this, brother, the better to see thyself, since the brook is over yonder and Taia's eyes are not nigh.

JOSEPH—Thank thee, brother.

(*They all laugh derisively, at which Joseph returns the shield, keeping it just long enough for one look in it.*)

JACOB—Hast thou had other dreams like unto that of the sheaves, my son?

JOSEPH—One other, father.

JACOB—Tell it, son. I would hear thy other dream.

JOSEPH—Behold, father, I dreamed another dream and it was this: The sun and the moon and the stars made obeisance to me.

JACOB—Son, son, dream no more. Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren bow down ourselves to thee?

ALL—Shall we all bow down ourselves to the earth to this dreamer?

JOSEPH (*stands before his father with bowed head*)—It was as I dreamed, father, and thou bidst me tell it.

JACOB—Ay, Joseph, thou art not to blame, only dream no more, dream no more. (*In a faltering voice*)—It is not well to dream away the days and the nights of your pilgrimage in the land that Jehovah hath given us. From this time thou must work more and dream less, my son.

(*Exit Jacob, followed by his sons. Judah snaps his fingers at Joseph in derision as he goes past. Joseph sits down in a dejected attitude on the pile of stones.*)

(*Enter Taia from the hills. She is a beautiful girl with golden hair hanging in long curls on either side of her face. She has a wreath of wild flowers on her head and about her waist for a girdle. She has a flowing robe, a mantle fastened on one shoulder, and sandals on her feet. She steals up behind Joseph and puts her hands over his eyes. He tries to clutch her, but she eludes him skillfully.*)

TAIA—Guess who it is and if thou doth guess truly I will let thee see.

JOSEPH—The Wind, the gentle summer wind?

TAIA—Nay, a breeze, a hurricane, more like. Guess again.

JOSEPH—A butterfly, a humming-bird.

TAIA—Nay, it is thou who art the humming bird or butterfly. Rise, that I may see thy new clothes.

(*Joseph rises. She clasps her hands in admiration and touches the mantle shyly till Joseph strips it off and hands it to her.*)

JOSEPH—Try it on, Taia, it will become thee far better than me.

(*She dons the mantle after taking off her *own, which she gives to Joseph to hold. He buries his face in it while she is not looking. She struts up and down before Joseph.*)

Taia—Do I not look beautiful, Joseph?

Joseph—Beautiful, indeed! I wish I were that mantle, Taia.

Taia—And if thou wert, Joseph?

Joseph—I would fold thee even as thou art folded. (*She laughs lightly.*)

(*Judah, who has approached stealthily, hides behind the tent. Finally she takes off the mantle and returns it to Joseph. She sighs heavily.*)

Taia—The soothsayer who lives in the cave yonder did say that thou wilt be a great man, Joseph.

Joseph (*complacently adjusting the mantle*)—So my father saith and so saith my dreams. Taia, wouldst like to see me a great man?

Taia—Nay, I like thee as thou art better. I do not like great men.

Joseph—But if I loved thee just the same, Taia, wouldst thou not love me the same?

Taia—How can I tell? Nay, I think I could not love thee the same. Even thy mantle doth seem to take thee from me.

Joseph (*strips off the mantle and tosses it from him*)—Then I will not wear it, for thy love is worth more to me than my coat of many colors. (*Taia picks up the mantle and adjusts it.*)

Taia—Nay, nay, Joseph! I did not mean it. Wear thy coat of many colors and I will be proud of thee even if thou cease to love me. Didst ever dream of me, Joseph?

Joseph—Taia, thou art the sum of all my dreams. When I dreamed me of the sheaves, how that my brothers did make obeisance to my sheaf, I seemed to see thee, Taia, standing just beyond in an opening of the wheat. Thou didst smile on me and I was glad.

Taia—Why wert thou glad?

Joseph (*kneels down before her*)—Because thou art my dear one. I love thee, Taia, even as my father Jacob did love my mother Rachel. (*He clasps her hand. Judah peeps from behind the tent, then comes boldly into view and draws his bow. He is about to shoot when Taia rises and looks behind her. She rushes to him, snatches the bow and breaks the arrow.*)

Taia—There! and there! and there! (*Throws the pieces from her. Judah clutches her. Joseph comes to the rescue.*)

Joseph—Why art thou here, Judah?

Judah—Hast thou the right to all our father's land?

Joseph—Nay, brother, but what wouldst thou do?

Judah (*sullenly*)—Nothing.

Taia—He would have killed thee had I not stayed him as I did.

Joseph—Why shouldst thou wish to kill me, brother?

Judah (*with suppressed passion*)—Why should I *not* wish to kill thee? Thou hast stolen all my father's love, so that he giveth thee soft clothing, and thou hast stolen her love (*pointing to Taia*).

Taia—He hath not stolen my love. I gave it freely. It is all his, now what hath thou to say to that? (*Puts her hands on her hips and looks at him with head thrown high. Judah does not answer, but turns violently, throws down his bow, picks up the broken arrow, tossing it in Joseph's face, and walks away.*)

Taia—I fear he will do thee harm, Joseph.

Joseph—Not so, Taia; have no fear. His growl is the worst part of Judah, and just now this coat angers him. (*A horn sounds.*) That is my father's call. I must go, Taia. (*Points to the cairn.*) Dost see that pile of stones?

Taia—Ay, Joseph, I see it.

Joseph (*solemnly*)—By that heap of stones which doth cover the bones of a great man, I plight thee my faith. (*Looks upward.*) Make me as that heap of stones, Jehovah, and more so, if I be not true to thee, to Jacob and to thee, Taia. (*Takes her hand.*)

Taia—And I will be true to thee, Joseph. Even should my father marry me to another, yet will I die ere I go to his tent. I swear it. (*They embrace and Joseph hurries away, but looks back after Taia, mounts the pile of stones, so that she may see him the longer. Exit slowly.*)

Leah (*enters from her tent followed by Judah, who sits down beside her on the ground*)—Tell me what hath gone wrong now, my son (*taking his hand*).

Judah (*passionately, springing to his feet*)—Everything! Everything!

Leah—Is it Joseph?

Judah (*speaking with deadly hate*)—Ay, it is Joseph.

Leah—Tell me, Judah, thy new trouble.

Judah—It is not a new trouble, mother. It is the old one. It is two years since I first loved Taia when she danced among the maids at the New Moon Festival. No one of them all was so light of foot, or sweet of voice. I loved her from that time, and, afterwards, she seemed to like me and to hear me tell of how I killed the bear. She would clasp her hands and say, "Judah, thou art stronger than the strongest." She said it twice, "Thou art stronger than the strongest," and she laughed and showed her pretty teeth, mother.

Leah—Go on, my son.

Judah—She laughed, mother, and showed her pretty teeth and said, I was stronger than the strongest when I killed the bear. Thou rememberest the time, mother (*laughs*). Oh, it was rare sport—afterwards, but at the time, mother, it was a big one and fierce.

Leah—I remember, Judah, thy great peril.

Judah—It was afterwards that we came on Joseph in the woods over there (*jerking his head to the right*). He had been dreaming, and he rose up and told us the dream of the sheaves. His eyes had a strange light in them, and his voice sounded far away. Taia trembled like a leaf and she was different from that day. She loved Joseph from that day, mother.

LEAH—But canst not win back her love, Judah?

JUDAH (*fiercely*)—Not while Joseph lives.

LEAH—But thou wouldst not kill him, for if so his father would die.

JUDAH—Joseph would have been dead long ago if thoughts could kill, for I hate him, hate him—mother (*with a snarl, showing his teeth*). Twice I would have killed him with an arrow. The first time it glanced aside and the last time Taia caught my hand. It was but a half hour ago. He stood over there, mother (*pointing*). There lies the bow, unstrung, and the broken arrow that I flung in his face as I left them together by the pile of stones over yonder. (*Walks forward and picks up the pieces of the arrow.*) I wish he were dead, mother. I would he were as the arrow. (*Tosses it aside.*)

LEAH—But thou must not kill him, Judah. (*Grasps his hand and gazes at him fearfully.*) Promise me that thou wilt not kill him. I wish he were dead, but I would not have thee kill him.

JUDAH—But if some one else killed him, mother—

LEAH—That would be different. (*Exit.*)

JUDAH (*in a low tone*)—"That would be different," she said. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN

ACT I. SCENE II.

(*Dotham, a pasture where there are a deep pit and many rocks. Joseph's brothers are there, keeping their flocks. They are dressed as in last scene, except that some have on the head-dress or turban worn by those who slept out of doors. They have their wallets in which their food is kept, and are eating it. A fire is smouldering near them. Their slings and bows and arrows are lying beside them. Joseph approaches from the distance. He is dressed in his fine coat of many colors, which glisten in the air as he leaps from rock to rock, marking the contrast between his garb and that of his brothers.*)

JUDAH (*bitterly*)—Behold the Dreamer cometh! (*They all look and laugh derisively.*)

JUDAH—What would happen, think you, if he should be slain here in this pasture? He could be cast into that pit yonder and we could tell our father that some wild beast had devoured him. What then?

LEVI—Ay! What then would become of his dreams?

DAN—He would have had justice meted out to him for standing in the way of his elder brothers, and he could dwell in the land he loves forever, even the land of dreams. (*All laugh.*)

ZEBULUN (*still laughing*)—Ay, but he could not tell them. He would have them all to himself. (*Laughs so violently that he becomes choked and Levi pounds his back till he hits back and cries, "Enough! Enough! Wouldst kill a man for laughing?"*) Shall we kill Joseph, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN—Thou art jesting, Zebulun; surely thou art jesting.

ZEBULUN—Nay, I am not jesting! That is, I think I am not jesting, but this bone in my throat did leave me in some doubt.

JUDAH (*to Benjamin*)—Thou art the son of Rachel, too. Shall we kill thy brother? He hath always stood in thy light as in ours.

BENJAMIN (*leaping to his feet*)—Nay, nay, my brothers. Kill him not. He hath done thee no harm. See (*pointing to Joseph*). He cometh singing, full of good cheer. (*Joseph enters.*)

JOSEPH—"God of my fathers, He feeds the flocks,
He giveth them water in the dry places,
So they shall not die—"

All hail, good brothers! How fareth thee and thy flocks?

REUBEN—We are well, Joseph.

BENJAMIN—The flocks are well also. How is our father?

JOSEPH—All well. Our father said to me this morning, "Go, I pray thee! See if it be well with thy brethren and well with the flocks, and bring me word again." So I did go to Shechem and I could not find thee. But a man told me thou wert over Dotham way, so I came. I am hungry; wilt thou give me something to eat?

LEVI (*surlily*)—We have little enough for ourselves.

REUBEN—Eat of my fare, Joseph, and welcome.

(*Joseph takes his seat in the back center, beside Reuben and Benjamin, while the others plot in front center.*)

GAD—We might seize him when he rises—four on the one side and five on the other, nearest Reuben and Benjamin. So shall we prevail against him. Thou, Judah, thou mightst kill him with thy sling from where thou standest.

JUDAH—Not so, Gad, for I did promise my mother that I would not kill him.

GAD—Didst promise to save him?

JUDAH—Nay, and I will not save him, for he is twice enemy to me where he is but once enemy to thee.

DAN—Then thou shouldst be twice ready to kill him (*with authority*).

ISSACHAR—Hear what saith Dan, the Lawgiver. That is what our father calleth Dan, "The Law-giver."

JUDAH (*contemptuously*)—Hear what Issachar, the strong ass, saith! Didst not our father say also that Issachar is "a strong ass crowding between two burdens"? He did likewise say that Issachar should bow his shoulders to bear and become a servant. Thy burdens are here to thy hand, Issachar; three brothers on the one hand and six on the other. Bow thy shoulders, pick up thy staff yonder and send the Dreamer to his long sleep.

ISSACHAR (*sleepily, looking from one to the other and scratching his head*)—If I must, so then I must. (*Picks up the staff.*) But I like not the task, for now I think me of it, he hath done me no harm at all. Dan, so our father saith, shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path. Go bite the heel of Joseph, so that he fall by the way, Dan.

DAN—How? Thou fool, thou ass!

ZEBULUN—Pull him to the ground by the heel, Dan, and let Issachar choke him with a grapevine (*tears vine from a tree*) till he die!

ISSACHAR—Nay, I will have none of the grapevine, nor yet of the staff (*drops it*). My two hands are better. Last week I killed a bear by throttling him. (*Looks at his hands, opening and shutting them.*)

JOSEPH (*noticing their strange manner and arising to his feet in alarm*)—What do my brothers talk of? Why do they look at me so?

REUBEN—They are angry with thee.

JOSEPH—Why? What have I done?

REUBEN—Nothing. Thou hast done nothing, Joseph.

JOSEPH—Then why—

(*He stops talking as the brothers advance threateningly. Issachar reaches over and pulls Joseph forward. Dan clutches his heel, pulling him to the ground. Then he steps back and stands with folded arms, as if he were judge of the proceedings, while Issachar grasps Joseph by the throat.*)

JUDAH (*manifesting the greatest joy, leaping and gesticulating*)—By the heel, Gad. Around the neck, Issachar. Thou hast him firmly.

BENJAMIN (*imploringly*)—Stay, my brothers! Leave Joseph! He hath not injured thee in any way. Think of our father, Jacob, thy mother Leah! If Joseph be killed, Jacob will die—if Jacob die, Leah will die.

REUBEN (*speaking impartially*)—True, if we kill Joseph, Jacob will die and if so, our mother will die also, for she could not live without him.

JUDAH—Not so! It will not kill Jacob to lose Joseph. Did he die when Rachel died? And did he not love Rachel more even than he loveth Joseph? Seize him and have it over! Kill him quickly, Issachar, and cast him into the pit yonder. I will take his coat, and on the way homeward will I kill a kid and dip the coat in the blood. Then we will tell Jacob that Joseph was killed by a wild beast and that we found this coat by the wayside.

JOSEPH (*wrenches himself loose and falls on his knees*)—Kill me not, my brothers! Let me live, oh, let me live! I love thee all. I have no ill will to any. I would do thee good and not ill at all. Why dost thou hate me so? (*All advance toward him.*)

JOSEPH—Oh, spare me! Spare me! It is so sweet to live and I am so young yet, my brothers. Let me live a little while longer. I want to hear the songs of the birds and the voices of the winds. I want to learn some of the earth's secrets before I die. I want to repay my father for his love and do good to thee all, my brothers, for we were given life by the same father.

JUDAH—Cease thy babbling! We but send thee where thou canst dream always. Issachar, do thy task and do it well.

GAD—Ay, do it well!

JOSEPH—Spare me! Oh, spare me!

BENJAMIN—Ay, spare him, brothers! What hath he done more than I, that thou shouldst kill him?

(*They strike Benjamin and push Reuben aside when he would interfere. They strip off the mantle and coat and hand it to Judah. They take off his sandals and Issachar grips him again, when Reuben speaks with authority.*)

REUBEN—Hear me! I am the eldest! Take away thy hands, Issachar. I would reason with thee. Let us not kill Joseph. We will shed no blood, but we will cast him into the pit in this wilderness, and lay not our hands on him to kill him; then shall we not have his blood on us. In three days he will be dead of hunger, and we be rid of him. (*Aside to Benjamin*) Thou and I will make shift to save him. (*To Joseph, striking him roughly*) Make haste, thou Dreamer! Can we wait all day for thee? Cast him into the pit, Issachar, but hurt him not at all.

ISSACHAR (*to Joseph, clutching him*)—Must we wait for thee all day? (*To the others*)—Reuben is right. He is the eldest. We must heed him. It will be better to let him die of starvation than to throttle him, though my fingers were ready bent to the task.

SIMEON—As Reuben is the oldest, we will hear him.

ISSACHAR—Let him starve. I would get rid of him quickly, for I am hungry and would finish my mess. It must be a bad death to die—that of hunger—my brothers. Now I think me, I would rather be killed than die of hunger.

LEVI—Yet will not his blood be upon us as though we killed him.

(*They tie his hands and legs and then Issachar casts him down into the pit. Joseph falls with a cry of terror. Reuben steals away cautiously to bring relief. The others, with the exception of Benjamin, sit down to finish their meal. Benjamin stands at a distance. Cries of "Let me out! Let me live!" come from the pit as they eat. A caravan of Midianites and Israelites slowly passes in the distance. (They may be panoramic, or only supposedly seen by the brothers.) There are camels with their drivers, pagodas on the camels' backs, from which beautiful girls peep forth.*)

SIMEON (*stops eating and looks eagerly*)—There goeth some traders to Egypt!

ZEBULUN—Ay, and there be handsome girls and other merchandise. Dost see that bright-eyed damsel peeping from the pagoda on that camel—the last but one?

(*They all rise and look.*)

GAD—Ay, I see, but there is yet another

just in front of that one who is handsomer.

Zebulun.—Not so, if I am any judge

Dan—Here cometh one of the traders, peradventure to ask which road to take from the fork yonder. (*Suddenly*) Listen! Let us sell Joseph to him! His cries do make me sick so that I cannot eat. Beside, Reuben hath stolen away to bring succor. I know his sly ways. Let us sell Joseph before he returns.

Gad—Ay, Joseph is our brother and our flesh. Why should we slay him, for he will surely die of hunger if he is left in the pit. There is no profit in his death, but if we sell him, then shall we have much silver, for Joseph is strong and able. They will buy him and pay well for him.

All—Ay, ay, ay! Let us sell him!

Benjamin (*after looking to see if Reuben is coming, joins them*)—Nay, brethren, let him die in the pit. That will be better for us. We can pretend that he is killed, and if we take the bloody coat to Jacob he will say "Surely this is Joseph's coat and he is dead." But if you sell Joseph to traders he may return and then will he be dreaming again to our undoing.

Judah—Hear the youngest son of Jacob prate! Doth he think we cannot reckon his guile aright? He knoweth that Reuben hath gone and that he will shortly return and deliver Joseph from the pit. Hear *me!* (*Speaks authoritatively, as Reuben had done.*) He shall be killed or he shall be sold. Issachar shall go down into the pit and throttle him with those great hands of his. (*Issachar works his hands, opening and shutting them, while Benjamin retreats in despair.*) Or we shall sell him to the traders. Which shall it be, Benjamin? Speak, for the trader cometh!

Benjamin (*speaking with difficulty*)—Sell him, but I will have no part in my brother's undoing. (*Goes to the background with bowed head, while Issachar and Judah go down into the pit for Joseph.*)

Trader (*dressed in long pantaloons with girdle and tall cap. Garments may be particolored if desired*)—We go to Egypt, but we have veered from the road and lost our way, or so it seemeth. Canst tell us how to get into the great highway which caravans travel?

Judah—Thou art in the way, good sir, but there is a better highway just beyond those hills to the right there (*pointing*). Cross those and thou wilt come to a smooth plain, thenceforth the way will be clear to thee.

(*Zebulun and Issachar approach with Joseph, who appears to have suffered injuries in the pit, as one arm hangs limp as if broken.*)

Trader—Whom have we here, a disobedient slave?

Judah—Ay, and we would sell him to thee if thou wouldst buy him. See, he is strong, and as he never hath worked, so his strength is all in him.

(*The trader feels Joseph's arm and pinches his muscles. Joseph cries out in pain.*)

Trader—Sayest he is disobedient? Sayest he will not work?

Judah (*taken aback*)—Nay, I did not mean that. I meant—

Joseph—Sir, I am not a slave. I am the son of a great chief, and the brother of these men.

Trader—Doth he speak truly or ill?

Judah and Issachar (*together*)—He is not our brother! He is a slave.

(*Benjamin comes forward as if to speak, but on second thought shrinks back.*)

Trader (*to Judah*)—I will pay thee fifteen pieces of silver for him. He is young yet and no man knoweth whether he will be strong or weak when he is full grown.

Gad (*advancing*)—Ay, we must have twenty pieces, for he is a man and hath a man's strength already. Besides he is a soothsayer, and he dreams dreams and interprets them so that people wonder to hear and get gain to themselves when they do heed them. But yesterday he dreamed about Egypt.

Trader—Sayest thou so? What dreamed he of Egypt?

Gad—It hath gone from me, but I know he did dream of Egypt.

Judah—Ay, that he did. He is worth more even than the twenty pieces, when I think me of how he doth dream dreams of what shall come to pass. Down in Egypt they would pay much for him. I think me now I will take him myself to Egypt and sell him to Pharaoh.

Gad—So do!

Levi—He would surely bring great price in Egypt. A lad like that who dreams dreams of things which are to happen, and a strong comely youth of gentle disposition is worth far more than twenty pieces. (*Spits contemptuously on the ground.*) What! Wast thou a dreamer, too (*speaking to Judah*) that thou shouldst ask no more than twenty pieces for him?

Trader (*hastily*)—Nay, I will pay thee twenty pieces of silver for the slave, and, more, I will have Zilpha, the Dancing Girl, and other maids, dance for thee. They were stolen from a temple in Phoenicia. My men made a raid on them as they came from the temple and captured every one of them. Two or three are ill of homesickness, and one hath her arm broken—she did fight so fiercely. But she can dance if she will, and Lolo shall show thee such dancing as thou never sawst before. Shall I fetch them?

All—Ay, fetch them!

(*The brothers seat themselves on the ground, all but Joseph, who stands, still bound hand and foot, and watch interestedly the point where the traders vanished, occasionally slapping each other playfully.*)

Joseph (*in a tone of agony*)—Oh, my brothers, do not sell me into Egypt. I pray thee, think better of it. Let me stay with thee and my father.

(*They take no notice of this appeal except Benjamin, who goes to his side and talks earnestly till the traders return with four dancing girls. They are dressed in long, loose robes and one has a mantle and tambourine. The brothers talk to them eagerly. One girl has her arm in a sling and she approaches Benjamin, who arranges the bandages tenderly for her.*)

BENJAMIN—What is thy name, damsel?

ZILPHA—My name is Zilpha. What may I call thee?

BENJAMIN—I am Benjamin and the brother of Joseph yonder.

ZILPHA—Why dost thou let him be sold?

BENJAMIN—It is the better of two evils. They will kill him or sell him for a slave, they do hate him so. What can I do? Reuben, the only one who loves him, hath gone to get succor, but Judah saw his mind and so said that Joseph should be killed or sold. If he be sold I may yet see him. If he be killed, what hope have I?

ZILPHA (*with bowed head and broken voice*)—Thou hast none as I have none. It is a long way to Crete, where I was taken, and if I go down into Egypt I shall never more see my home. That I know.

BENJAMIN (*tenderly*)—Wouldst stay here with me? I love thee and will be kind to thee.

ZILPHA—How canst thou love me when but a short time ago thou hadst not seen me?

BENJAMIN—But I have seen thee in my dreams for a long time, only I did not see thy face; but now I see it, how it is fairer than I did think any face could be. I love thee, Zilpha!

(*They stand at front left center with clasped hands while the other girls dance.*)

ZILPHA—Hast thou silver to buy me, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN—Nay, but I will see what I can do. (*Approaches the trader.*) I will in no way consent to the sale of this man, in whom I own a part, save and except thou leavest with me this girl. She is lame (*spits contemptuously*), she is homesick (*spits again*), and is of no account at all.

(*Zilpha begins to cry outright and moves her arm, at which she shrinks as if with pain.*)

TRADER—She is a comely maiden.

BENJAMIN—She hath a squint eye.

ZILPHA (*indignantly*)—I have not a squint eye. (*Benjamin looks at her warningly.*) Nay, but now I think me of it, my eye doth squint a little. They both do squint.

BENJAMIN (*to trader*)—Thou hast best hasten, for my brother Reuben hath gone to get help, and if he returns thou wilt not have the slave. He will prevent thee. I will keep this girl.

ALL—Ay, ay, we will keep this girl.

GAD—The slave (*points to Joseph*) is worth more than thirty pieces.

TRADER—Thirty! He did say twenty (*points to Judah*).

GAD—Didst say twenty, Judah?

JUDAH—Ay, but—

TRADER (*hastily*)—Keep the girl! Come! (*to Joseph*).

(*Joseph shrinks and falls to the ground. The trader cuts the thongs which bind his feet, when Joseph wrenches himself away and returns to Benjamin, while the trader pays Judah.*)

JOSEPH—Jehovah keep thee, my brother. Think not that I blame thee, for thou couldst do nothing to save me. If thou savest this girl it will be well with thee. Tell Taia that I will come for her. Peradventure God will be good to me in this thing and she will yet be my wife. Console Jacob, my father. Peradventure I may see him again. God keep thee and Reuben, and these other brothers of mine, who have hated me sorely these many years. (*To the trader*) I am ready.

(*The trader leads him away. The dancing girls who have been bidding farewell follow them.*)

JUDAH (*roughly to Zilpha*)—Well, what canst thou do? Canst thou dance and sing?

ZILPHA—I could sing once and I could dance, but now that I am lame—

ISSACHAR—Canst thou cook venison between hot stones so that it be juicy and tender?

ZILPHA—What is venison? I know not.

LEVI—Nay, she can do nothing but eat, and if she eat she shall work. I will see to that. Here, take my wallet and carry it for me!

ALL—And mine! And mine!

(*They take off their wallets and fling them down. She begins to gather them up when Benjamin interferes and flings them back. Some hit their owners in the stomach, some in the head, etc.*)

LEVI—Another dreamer! Another lover! (*They snap their fingers in his face and leave Benjamin, taking Joseph's coat. Levi hastens ahead of the others.*)

ZILPHA—Thou saidst that I do squint (*to Benjamin, as they walk together behind the others*).

BENJAMIN—So thou dost when the sun shines in thy eyes.

ZILPHA—Thou saidst that I am lame.

BENJAMIN—Art thou not lame?

ZILPHA—Not so lame as I seemst. I will dance for thee, but I would not dance for those others.

BENJAMIN—But thy arm is in a sling.

ZILPHA—But I do not dance with my arm (*laughs*).

(*She dances slowly at first, then faster and better, and taking her arm from the sling, casts the bandage aside. At last she flings herself down beside Benjamin.*)

ZILPHA—See, I am well! Joy hath cured me.

BENJAMIN—Joy?

ZILPHA—Joy, or Benjamin—I know not which (*shyly*). It is the same.

BENJAMIN—Say it is love?

ZILPHA—Thou shalt say, but first thou shalt tell me what is love.

BENJAMIN—Love? Why love is—everything!

(*Enter Jacob and Reuben. They are followed at some distance by the brothers. Judah, with Joseph's coat, is in the rear, and hiding behind Issachar's burly form. Benjamin picks up the bandage and adjusts it on Zilpha's arm. She slips her arm in the sling.*)

ZILPHA—Shall I limp also?

BENJAMIN—Ay. (*She limps a short distance. Reuben approaches Benjamin and talks with him apart down right center.*)

REUBEN—What shall we do? I am rent in twain by this trouble. See, Judah is behind with the bloody coat, but Levi hath told me Joseph hath been sold. Now I did not tell Jacob, our father, even that Joseph was in the pit. He was coming toward the pasture as I met him and I did but say, "Come with me to the pasture." When we met Levi he did secretly tell me of what hath befallen Joseph. What shall we tell our father? That Joseph hath been killed by wild beasts, or that he hath been sold into Egypt? If I say this last and Joseph is rescued from the trader, then Judah will surely kill us and Joseph later and Jacob will indeed be bereft. Tell me, Benjamin, what shall we do, for my mind is sorely tried between these, my father and my brethren. (*Takes off his turban and wipes his brow with his hand.*)

BENJAMIN (*looks at Zilpha, who stands beside him*)—Let Judah tell his tale. If we say that Joseph is alive we cannot give him back, for the caravan hath gone on its way, and it had many people with it who had lances and spears (*hesitatingly*). I did see them as they passed. Besides, they may have gone another way. But if we say as Judah doth, that our brother hath been killed, then will he sorrow as without hope and in time be consoled, as it was when my mother Rachel died.

REUBEN—Thou art right. (*Goes back to Judah.*) Approach, Judah, and tell thy tale.

JUDAH (*comes and stands before Jacob and displays the bloody mantle. His look is downcast, his head lowered.*) This we have found. Know thou whether it be Joseph's coat or not? It was bloody when we did find it, just over there (*pointing to right back center*).

JACOB (*takes the garment, looks it over and then stares first at Judah, then at Reuben and at Benjamin. The last two turn away their heads. Judah gazes into his face without flinching.*)

JACOB (*in trembling voice*)—It is my son's coat! Oh, Joseph, my son, my son! (*He takes a few steps and then totters as if he would fall. The others gather about him, but he waves them back.*) My son (*falteringly*) thou hast left me. Some evil beast hath devoured thee, and I am bereft. An old man, an old man, left—and thou art taken! Jehovah, how hath thou bereft me! Thou hast taken the light of my life, the rose of my love. Rachel gave thee to me, Joseph, in the early days of our love. She left him to me when she went into the dark valley. Thou comforted me, and I said, "I am not alone, for Rachel gave me of herself (*musingly*). He was like her, with pleasant ways, even for those who loved him not. His brethren will not mourn him, but I shall mourn him all the days of my pilgrimage on the earth.

(*He beats his breast and looks upward, then he rends his mantle and, stooping before the place where the brothers had their fire, takes some ashes and slowly sifts them on his head. The brothers all stand with bowed heads. Jacob looks as if dazed. Then a spasm of agony racks his features. Putting up both hands he cries, "Joseph, my son, my son, my son!" and falls to the ground. The brothers crowd around to carry him away, but Reuben and Benjamin motion them back and take him as the curtain falls.*)

(CURTAIN)

ACT II. SCENE I

Egypt four years later. Pharaoh's Court. Throne room. Enter, at sound of trumpet, Pharaoh and his followers. Magicians, chief butler and others, including Potipher.

PHARAOH—I have been dispppointed, magicians, that thou and thy fellow-soothsayers canst not interpret the dreams I have dreamed, for I am persuaded that they are no common dreams. The welfare of Egypt is bound up in their true interpretation, and evil will come to all the land if these, my dreams, cannot be told according as the true meaning may be.

1ST MAGICIAN (*bowing low before the King*)—I did attempt to read it and I did fail, O King. Some portions did seem plain to me, but the rest was hidden. I doubt me if any can be found to read thy dream rightly, O King, although some may seem to do this thing.

PHARAOH—My Chief Butler hath told me of a Hebrew who hath great skill in divining the true meaning of dreams. Approach, Pharos, and tell thy story.

(*Pharos, the Chief Butler, approaches, and the Magician looks at him angrily. He prostrates himself before the king.*)

CHIEF BUTLER—It was two years ago, great and glorious King, since thou didst cast me into prison, and also thy chief baker. The cakes that he did bake for thee lay hard in thy stomach. He was hanged on a tree.

PHARAOH—They were like lead, and I would do the same again, givest any one me such cakes. But go on!

CHIEF BUTLER—This man, Joseph, was confined in the ward with me and with the chief baker, and he served us and was guard over us. The baker and I did dream dreams the same night—strange dreams that we could not understand. My dream was that a vine was before me and on the vine were three branches and the vine budded, and blossoms shot forth and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes. And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand and I took the grapes and pressed them into the cup, and I gave the cup into thy hand, O King!

PHARAOH—Proceed, Pharos, we would hear what came next.

CHIEF BUTLER—That was as I dreamed, and it made me sad; and the chief of the bakers did dream on the same night that on his head were three white baskets. In the uppermost basket were all kinds of baked meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat them out of the basket on his head. So did we tell our dreams to Joseph and he did say, to me, "The three branches are three days. In three days Pharaoh shall lift thine head and restore thee to thy place and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup unto his hand, after the former manner when thou wert his butler." Then did Joseph say unto me, "Think on me, when it shall be well with thee and show kindness unto me, for I was stolen away from the land of the Hebrews, and I have done nothing that they should put me in this dungeon."

PHARAOH—I seem to remember something of this matter of thyself and of the chief baker, but not of Joseph. Thou didst not tell me when thou wast restored to thy place. Now tell of the Chief Baker's dream to the magicians, that they may hear and believe, even as I believed. (*The King glances maliciously at the magicians, who shift about and look uneasily at each other.*)

CHIEF BUTLER—The chief baker, O King, when he heard that my interpretation was good, did ask Joseph to tell the meaning of his dream, and it was thus Joseph did speak to the baker: "The three baskets are three days, yet within three days shall Pharaoh hang thee on the tree, and the birds shall eat the flesh from off thee." Then was the baker sad, but so it did come to pass. In three days thou didst hang the chief baker, but me thou didst return to my place, O Pharaoh —and yet did I forget to make mention of Joseph.

PHARAOH—But when thou wert told of my dreams, O magicians, and could not interpret them, then the butler didst remember and say unto me, "Send for Joseph, the Hebrew, and he will read thy dreams." I have sent for him, and lo, he cometh.

(*Enter Joseph in the custody of two officers. He prostrates himself before Pharaoh.*)

PHARAOH—Art thou Joseph?

JOSEPH—I am Joseph, O King, what is thy will with me, O King?

PHARAOH—It is that thou readest my dream for me, for no one can interpret it, but I have heard of thee that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it.

JOSEPH (*modestly, with hands folded on his breast*)—It is not in me, O King, but God shall give Pharaoh an answer.

PHARAOH—I will tell my dream. Behold I stood upon the bank of a river and behold there cometh up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-formed and they fed in a meadow by the river. And behold again seven other kine came up out of the river after them, poor and very lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness, and the lean and ill-formed kine did eat up the first seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them up—mark you this—(*the king leans forward and all the hearers maintain a tense attention*), it could not be known that they had eaten them, for they were still as lean as at the beginning (*exclamations break forth from the officers; the magicians whisper among themselves*). So I awoke, and then I dreamed again, and lo and behold! in my dream I was in a cornfield, and I saw seven ears on one stock, full and good. And again seven ears, thin and blasted by the east wind, sprang up after them and the thin ears devoured the seven good ears (*an impressive pause*). I told my dreams unto the magicians, but there was not one of them that could declare their meaning unto me.

JOSEPH (*impressively*)—God hath shown to Pharaoh what He is about to do. The seven good kine are seven good years, and the seven thin and ill-formed kine and the seven empty ears of corn, blasted by the east wind, shall be seven years of famine. What God is about to do he showeth unto Pharaoh. (*Bows his head.*)

PHARAOH—Lo, thy words are words of wisdom. Speak on!

JOSEPH—Behold, there first cometh seven years of great plenty throughout the land of Egypt, and after them seven years of famine, and all the plenty shall be forgotten. Mark ye (*leaning forward*), and all the plenty shall be as if it never hath been, for the famine shall eat up the plenty, as the kine and the corn were eaten up in thy dream, O King; and because thou didst dream the dream twice, it is because the thing is established by God, and God will surely bring it to pass.

PHARAOH—But is there no way to bring the dream to naught?

JOSEPH—Ay, or it would not have been shown thee, O King.

PHARAOH—Thou shalt tell me how it shall be accomplished.

JOSEPH—This is the way: Let Pharaoh look out for a man, discreet and wise, and set him over the Land of Egypt, and let him appoint officers and take up a fifth part of the land and lay up in the seven plenteous years all that shall be raised, and lay up the corn under the hand of Pharaoh and store it up in the cities. This food shall be for the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt after the seven years of plenty shall be passed. So shall the people have food to eat and not perish.

PHARAOH (*to his counsellors*)—Can we find such a man as this is, in whom is the spirit of God, save in this man?

COUNSELLORS—Such a man as this is, in whom the Spirit of God is, thou canst not find save in this man, O King.

Pharaoh (*to Joseph*)—Approach (*to his jailer*), but first take off his chains. (*The chains are unfastened and fall to the floor with a clank.*) For as much as God hath shown thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled. Only in the throne will I be greater than thou. (*Pharaoh takes off ring from his finger and puts it on Joseph's hand, and puts a gold chain about his neck, taking it from his own neck.*) By these tokens I set thee over all the land of Egypt. Thou art the viceroy. Thou shalt ride in the second chariot and the people shall cry before thee, "Bow the knee, for the King hath made him ruler over all the land of Egypt!" I am Pharaoh, and without thee no man shall lift up hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. Thy name shall henceforth be called "Zaphnath," and I will give thee the most beautiful maid in all Egypt to be thy wife. Hear ye all what I have spoken.

(*Exit Pharaoh and officers, followed by Joseph, his keepers following at a respectful distance, the magicians in the rear.*)

(Curtain)

Act II. Scene II.

Seven years later. Egypt, Temple of the Sun in the background. A magnificent gateway affords entrance to one of its large courts. In the court is a huge obelisk standing on a supporting structure, disguised by handsome blocks of red granite. High up in the obelisk is an image of Osiris, who is worshipped at the Time as Ri-Horus, also as the local god, Atum. When the god speaks the stone eyes give place to human eyes. Sometimes it is the priest who speaks through the god, and sometimes it is Pharaoh. In this play it is Pharaoh, King Peppepi, who by some historians is believed to have been of Hebrew origin, thus accounting for his giving so much authority into the hands of Joseph. Asenath was the name of a golden-haired woman who at this time wielded much power in Egypt.*

In front of the obelisk is a gigantic altar composed of great blocks of alabaster. At the foot of the obelisk's altar is a small chapel adorned with graceful sculpture in relief.

At the right of stage in the foreground is a throne-seat in readiness for the king, when he shall come from the chapel where he is visiting the god Atum. Outside the chapel to the right of stage, officers of the court, including the councilors, guards, captains (including Potipher). Joseph is at the head of them all, dressed in a magnificent triple robe, with mantle of crimson, clasped on the shoulder by a large jeweled ornament. The magician's robes are adorned with mystical characters. All have armlets, and all have sandals on their feet.

At the extreme right stands Politan in half-priestly attire with curiously woven necklace and panther skin down the back of his robe, which is dark green.

Agita, in dress of Greek gentleman, with roll and stylus with which he is making notes of proceedings, carried by a slave, is gazing so earnestly at the chapel group as to run into Politan. He starts back and salutes. Politan responds courteously.

Agita—Canst forgive my awkwardness?

Politan—Canst forgive my standing in the way?

Agita—Thy courtesy is great. A grand day this for the populace!

Politan—Ay, it must be amused, and to the Egyptian nothing appealeth as does the religious festival. He must have a new god at every wayside chapel and swear him vows each time a ray of sunlight cometh across his path.

Agita—The chief god is Osiris, is he not?

Politan (*indifferently and adjusting his robe carelessly*)—Ay, Osiris—Ri-Horus, Atum, it matters not which.

Agita—Wilt pardon me if I ask a question?

Politan—Ask, I will answer if it be a dozen, for 'tis weary waiting here for Pharaoh to come forth.

Agita—Thanks, sir. I am sent from Crete to learn something of thy religion here at Heliopolis, else I would not trouble thee.

Politan—Heliopolis is renowned for its religions. Thou couldst not come to a better place.

Agita—So it is said; and I was sent to study the worship of the sun, which is strange to me.

Politan—'Tis strange to me likewise. Religions are always strange. 'Tis the mystery of it that makes religion popular.

Agita—Surely. Thy gods do remind me of our gods at Athens and at Crete, except that we of the higher cult know that there is but one God—He who made the universe in its entirety.

Politan—So it is with us. Horus is but Osiris, and Atum is Horus.

Agita—Is't so? (*Motions to his attendant, who hands him a roll and a stylus from a box which he carries them in, and then sinks down on his knees before his master. Agita makes a desk of the slave's back and writes rapidly.*) With us the unthinking mind cannot grasp the oneness of God, so there is a god of war, a god of love, or a goddess rather (*laughs*), a god of thunder and so on.

Politan—So hath the Egyptian his god of the mist, of the moon and stars; but we of the priesthood and the ruling class do worship one God only.

Agita—(*writes*) And what is the name of this God?

Politan—The Sun, for look you! Without the sun mankind would perish; with the sun we have plenty. We are wholly worshippers of the Great Disk, and mark me, soon we shall be known simply as Disk Worshippers.

Agita—Is that so? (*Writes rapidly.*)

Politan—Ay, even now we have drawn up our rules of observances. They were made by Asenath, the so-called daughter of the Priest of On. But as yet the common mind cannot grasp the thought, and so it must keep to its little gods a while longer.

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* Steindoff's "Religions of the Ancient Egyptians," 1905. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York.

Agita—What doth this God of thine signify?

Politan—Goodness and Plenty. He, this God of Goodness and Plenty, gave us the Nile. What greater boon could there be?

Agita—I have often heard the remark that Egypt is the gift of the Nile.

Politan—And 'tis one—the Nile, the Sun, the Giver of the Sun, canst think beyond that?

Agita—I can *think*.

Politan—Then thou hast found the Ancient One, whom the priests of On worship in their hearts.

Agita—So doth our gods hark back to the great and only One. Who taught thee thus to worship the One God?

Politan—Asenath, she I did tell thee of.

Agita—Thou saidst that she was the so-called daughter of the Priest of On.

Politan—And I spake truly. She is not his daughter, although she is so accounted. Some say she is a Hebrew—some say she is Isis, the sister-mother of Osiris.

Agita—What sayest thou? (*Politan shrugs his shoulders.*) What thinkest thou then?

Politan—That Asenath is the most beautiful woman in all Egypt. In that she is a goddess truly, whether she be Isis or another.

Agita (*much interested*)—How doth she look?

Politan—She doth not look. It is others who look, and to their confusion.

Agita—What is the color of her hair?

Politan—Gold, like the color of the sun.

Agita—Her eyes?

Politan—Blue as the azure of the skies.

Agita—Is her skin light or dark?

Politan—Fair, like unto fleecy clouds, her cheeks are as rosy as the morning, her teeth like pearls and her lips the color of rubies (*laughs with some confusion*). Have I not given thee a glowing picture?

Agita—Thou hast, indeed. Wilt marry her? I see thou art of the priesthood.

Politan—Nay, it is Joseph, the Viceroy, who will marry her, or so it is said.

Agita—How is that?

Politan—When Joseph was made Viceroy, Pharaoh did promise him the most beautiful maid in all Egypt. Asenath is the most beautiful, and she hath great reputation in the temple, as hath Joseph in the king's court.

Agita—But hath he been all these years in making up his mind?

Politan—I know not the whole story, or whether any of it be true or not, but it is the gossip of the palace.

Agita—I would I might see this Joseph.

Politan—Thou canst. Come hither. I will show thee Joseph.

Agita (*eagerly*)—Where is he?

Politan—By the steps yonder. (*They stand together, Politan pointing over Agita's shoulder.*)

Agita—Ay, I see. The tall man with the grand air. It is no won—

Politan—Thou art mistaken; Joseph hath the grand air, but he is not tall. He stands alone on the upper steps, just above the tall one, who is Pharaoh's Grand Treasurer.

Agita—I see, and now I do look me again, 'tis plain that he is a great man. (*To slave*) Come hither, knave! Though he is not of great stature (*writes*).

Politan—It is Joseph who caused this festival.

Agita—How is that?

Politan—Thou must know that the Nile hath yielded great plenty to Egypt up to two years ago. Now Joseph tells the people that the seven years' famine hath begun. Great stores have been laid up in all the cities and Egypt will not suffer, though other countries have no food. Canaan, the country of the Hebrews, is sorely stricken already, and people throng Heliopolis, their errand being to buy some of this food which Joseph caused to be stored up. But the people are not satisfied. Having had seven years of great plenty, they did yet petition Joseph to ask Horus for a continuation of the prosperity; and so to please them he did arrange this festival to propitiate Horus or Atum, to—well, to tease him to change his mind and to ward off the famine.

Agita—But if Horus or Atum doth not change his mind?

Politan—Then will the Nile cease to inundate Egypt for yet five years more. It is two years since the bed of the Nile went dry. Five years more! Ye gods! But for Joseph's foresight we should all be dead now.

Agita—Then this festival—

Politan (*returning to his cynical mood*)—Counteth one more to Atum and to the people—so much greater pleasure.

Agita—How many gods hath thou in Egypt, great and lesser?

Politan (*indifferently*)—Nine, or is it eight? Whichever it is, all will be represented here today by men with heads of animals. Osiris, in the person of the Priest of On, I hear will lead the procession, and he will wear the head of a hawk, and for a crown the sun encircled by a serpent. Asenath will lead the procession of goddesses. She will wear no headdress, but the other goddesses will wear heads of birds and serpents.

Agita—Birds and serpents! Gentleness and wisdom! A new idea, is it not?

Politan—New? Well, that is as it may be. Some, if not all women have gentleness, and it is to be hoped that some few have wisdom (*looks at the sun dial at the top of the obelisk*). It is almost time for the king to appear. The first rays will strike the image of Horus soon. There! See!

(*The sunlight falls on the bright image of

Horus, which is set in the walls of the obelisk above the chapel. Simultaneously with the first appearance of light a procession of men and women comes from the extreme left. All are dressed in festive garb. The women shake rattles, some being gourds, the others of artificial make. The men play flutes and horns except the last. All sing. Those not playing instruments keep time by clapping their hands. They circle about the chapel whence Asenath comes forth to join them. She is garbed as Isis and has her sistrum, a kind of timbrel. On her shoulder is inscribed the word "Isis." Her attendant, another beautiful maiden, carries in her right hand a jug of water, in her left a loaf of bread. They sing with bowed heads, and the procession joins them by clapping hands, etc., but in a subdued manner.

"O my God, Lord of the Gods, Amon Ri,
Stretch out thy hands to me, save me,
Rise up for me, revive me,
Thou art our God that hath no equal,
The sun that riseth in the heavens,
Atum, who created man,
Thou hearest him that calleth upon thee.
Thou deliverest man from the hands of the mighty."*

(*The sun now shines full on the face of the god; living eyes appear in the sockets and a voice speaks.*)

Voice—Hear the One of One, what he saith. Obey Pharaoh. Obey Joseph. Famine hath come. Be not violators of the stores laid by, for yet five years more of famine are to come. Hear ye what Horus Ri hath spoken.

(*They all prostrate themselves before the image, which becomes statue-like again. Then Asenath with her attendants rises up and stands before them. She chants.*)

Asenath—Horus Ri, who is Atum, who is God, the Almighty One, God of our fathers, hath blessings for thee if thou doth obey him. Obey Peppepi the Pharaoh; obey Joseph the Dreamer. Hear him, ye people of the great king. Obey Joseph as the king directed when he did say, "Bend the knee" and did make him ruler over all the land of Egypt, after the king.

Chorus (*chanted by the procession*)—Joseph, Joseph, he is Pharaoh's Right Hand. He hath brought plenty to Egypt in the midst of famine.

(*Then there comes from the chapel four gods and four goddesses, dressed to represent various deities. They have head-pieces which represent animals, birds and serpents. The Priest of On with headpiece like a hawk encircled by a serpent (as described by Politan) takes his place in front of the four goddesses. Thus they stand, circling the steps where stand Joseph and the king's officers, awaiting the coming of Pharaoh from his visit to the god Atum. As Asenath stands she is exactly in front of Joseph. There is a moment of stillness when her voice can be distinctly heard as she bows gracefully before Joseph and says, "Remember thy vow." Joseph is startled and looks at her intently. She repeats "Remember thy vow."*)

Agita (*who has watched all the proceedings with great interest, occasionally saying to his slave, "Stoop, knave!" and using his back as a desk to write upon*)—Didst hear her say to Joseph "Remember thy vow"?

Politan—Ay, or so it sounded.

Agita—What was the meaning thereof, think you?

Politan—Ask me not the meaning of a woman's words, even though she be a goddess.

(*At last the king comes forth and Joseph joins him, walking at his right hand. The procession of gods and goddesses, led by the Priest of On and Asenath, follow. Then come the other processions, gradually augmented by the populace and other deities. Among them is Bacchus, and others with animal masks. One drops his mask—it is that of a baboon—and it is picked up by a man who puts it on, face backwards, at which there is a shout.*)

Agita—A merry philosopher, he! Will he be haled before the council and lose his head for that?

Politan—He hath lost it already, hath he not?

Agita—But surely such impiety as that will not go unpunished.

Politan—My dear fellow, thou hast much yet of study before thee if thou wouldst understand the Egyptians—at a festival. I go.

(*Salutes and joins the procession just between the priests and the populace. Agita stands with folded arms as it sweeps past. The curtain falls just as the king seats himself on the throne.*)

Curtain

Act II. Scene III

Two Days Later

(*In the Palace. Enter Pharaoh and his officers at the sound of the trumpet. He seats himself on his throne. Enter the queen with her ladies, among them Potipher's wife. The queen seats herself beside the king, her ladies circling about her. The trumpet sounds a third time and Joseph enters with his attendants. All but Joseph prostrate themselves before the throne. He bends the knee but for a moment and then stands.*)

Pharaoh—Approach, Joseph. Sit at my right hand. I would talk to thee, for I have much to say to thee of thy marriage. (*Joseph sits behind him.*)

Joseph—I remember (*starts as if recollecting the words of Asenath*). So she did say yesterday, "Remember, remember thy vow."

Pharaoh—The time passes. It was seven years ago that thou didst bring blessing into Egypt, and thou hast not yet chosen a wife.

Joseph (*indifferently*)—Thou speakest truly, O King.

Pharaoh—Choose now. Remember I did promise thee the most beautiful maid in all Egypt. Who thinkest thou is she—the most beautiful maid in all Egypt?

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* See "Religions of Ancient Egypt," by Renouf. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, Page 213, Lecture I. Bredsted's "Egyptian Religions," Adolf Eman's "Egyptian Religions,"etc., etc.

Joseph—I know not, O King, but this I do know, that I am promised to the most beautiful maid in the land of the Hebrews, which is Canaan. How, then, can I marry an Egyptian?

(*The ladies whisper among themselves.*)

Pharaoh—This is indeed strange. Tell me the tale. I would hear it.

Joseph—When I was a lad, scarce more than seventeen, I was stolen from my father's home in Canaan, and sold into Egypt. I loved Taia, the daughter of a neighbor, and she loved me well, O King Peppepi, and we were pledged each to the other. Now then, when I was torn from my father and from Taia, I did pray always in my sad heart that the Lord would let me return for them. It is a long time now since I left Canaan. Two years did I spend in servitude, two years did I spend in prison and yet seven more in serving thee. Once were I down in Canaan to see Taia, but I found her not and no one could tell me of her. But still I seek her, and she it is who will be the wife of Joseph, O lord and king, she and none other, if she be living.

Pharaoh—But if she be not living? Peradventure she be dead. 'Tis long time since thou leavest her in the land of Canaan.

Joseph—I have had news of her. It hath been told me that her father did die of fever and that Taia was in search of me. It was five years ago and she may still be seeking me. I will wait yet a little while longer, and my men shall seek her as before. (*Joseph folds his arms and looks determined.*)

(*The king beckons the Priest of On to approach. He comes and stands before Joseph. Joseph descends to speak with him face to face. They salute.*)

Priest—Hear me, O Prince, what I would tell thee of my daughter Asenath, who declares that she will wed none but thee. She is the most beautiful maid in all Egypt; fair, where other maids are dark, blue-eyed where other maids are dark of orb, tall as the cedar, where other maids are as the scraggly bush and she loves thee well, O Prince!

Joseph—How is this? I have never spoken with thy daughter.

Pharaoh—But she hath spoken to thee and this she doth say to me, "I will have no man but this Joseph to rule over me, for, as after the King, doth he rule over Egypt, so after Jehovah shall he rule over me, and I will obey him and his mandates only."

Joseph—It is thy daughter who abideth in the temple and teacheth the new religion to the maids, and who doth sing with a sweet voice and did lead the procession yesterday as Isis?

Priest—So did she, O Prince, and not only yesterday, but other days hath she seen thee.

Joseph—So have I seen her, but I did not mark her well until yesterday. Then I did note that she doth resemble Taia, the maid I love, only Taia was less tall and less beautiful.

Priest—Sayest thou so, less tall and less beautiful? Then thou wilt love my daughter surely.

Joseph—Nay, good priest. I will love only Taia, for she it is who hath my vows. My father Jacob served fourteen years for my mother Rachel. Unworthy should I be did I not wait these few years for Taia.

Pharaoh—But Joseph, my friend, Taia is far away and Asenath is here. She loveth thee. She is taller and fairer and more beautiful than Taia and I would see thee wedded, Joseph.

Joseph—Height and beauty, O King, what are these when the heart loveth? By a heap of stones in the field where I last saw her did I swear to be true to Jehovah, to my father and to Taia and I said, moreover, "Make me as that heap of stones and more so, if I be not true to thee." This I sware to Taia, and she answered "I will be true to thee. Even should my father marry me to another, yet will I die ere I go to his tent."

Priest—So said my daughter Asenath, when I would have wedded her to Gilgal. "Urge me not, my father, for if thou weddest me to him, I will die ere I go to his tent." These were her words. I love my daughter. She is all I have, and I would not force her to wed Gilgal. But now she loveth thee and saith, "None else will I wed save this noble prince. How can I marry other since I know him: the greatest man in all Egypt after the King."

Pharaoh—My good Priest, but all maids cannot wed Joseph. They must wed lesser men, or not at all. I know thy daughter is the foremost maid, as well as the most gifted and the most beautiful. I would see her the wife of Joseph, but if he will not wed her, why, he will not. Reason with thy daughter and tell her that Joseph is pledged to another maid whom he loveth ere he saw Asenath. We ourselves will look into this matter and will send in search of the Hebrew maiden, and if we find her she shall be brought to wed Joseph.

Joseph—I thank thee, O King, for thy great kindness which thou hast brought this day to me. May the God of my fathers bless thee for it.

Priest—Nay, but my daughter will die if thou dost marry another.

Pharaoh—Joseph shall reason with her.

Priest—Didst ever know a woman to listen to reason?

Pharaoh—But if Joseph reasons she will listen to him.

Priest—But not to his reasoning. She hath seen him and heard his speech and her soul bows to his soul. She loves him, O King (*falters*). She loves thee, O Prince (*to Joseph*). I, her father, plead for her, for she will die if thou dost wed another, and I have no other child.

Pharaoh (*to Joseph*)—Thou must see this foolish maid and tell her about the matter.

JOSEPH—I will do so, O King, at my early chance. But now I would talk with thee of this famine which is over all the lands save Egypt only. For seven plenteous years did we gather foods in the cities, corn as the sands of the sea, beside other foods. But in other lands it was not so. And now that the famine hath come, the people of other lands do flock here to buy food. Tomorrow we will open our stores and sell them food for good prices. It will make us rich and ease their hunger—so all shall be well with us and thee, O King!

PHARAOH—It was my dream and thy reading of my dream which brought all this good to Egypt.

JOSEPH—And this good to the whole world, O King, for if thou hadst not dreamed the dream, and I had not told the meaning, many people of all nations—men, women and children—would have died, and now can they be fed.

PHARAOH—Yet five years more must the famine rage?

JOSEPH—Thou speakest truly. The drouth cometh from the hill winds which bloweth the moisture away continually, the clouds give no rain, the seas dry up and the seeds shrivel in the ground. Jehovah pity the people who have no stores laid by. (*Looks upward.*)

STEWARD—Ay, and send them to Egypt to buy corn with money in their purses.

QUEEN—I would speak with thee, Prince Joseph. (*Joseph salutes her gracefully and in courtly manner.*) Thou art looking well, O Prince. I could wish that thou wert married. Hast seen and talked ever with Asenath, the Priest's daughter?

JOSEPH—I have seen her, my Queen, and I thank thee for thy interest.

QUEEN—Is she not beautiful?

JOSEPH—She is beautiful indeed.

POTIPHER'S WIFE (*to side lady*)—She is not beautiful. Her hair is like dried hay, her face is like skimmed milk and her form is as a staff ten feet high. (*They laugh.*)

QUEEN—Wilt meet Asenath some day in my palace?

JOSEPH (*bowing low*)—I will meet her some day in thy palace, O Queen.

PHARAOH—Our Queen is so well beloved that she would have other women well beloved also and she loveth Asenath much.

JOSEPH—I thank thee, O King. I thank thee, O Queen, for thy much interest. But as for me, my vows are vowed to Taia, and I cannot unvow them. I go to give audience to some men of Samaria who are come to buy corn. (*Bows low to king and queen and exits with attendants.*)

PHARAOH—Come hither, honored priest. Bring thy daughter to the Queen's audience room tomorrow. She will make shift to have her meet with Joseph there. They can commune together and it may be that she will win him over. I know not. But a woman so beautiful as Asenath, with a tongue of silver, should make him forget this Taia whom he left in his Hebrew home.

PRIEST—Ay, so it shouldst be and may be. Asenath can talk and reason, too, with the best of them. And if she will not listen to reason it is because she knoweth that unreason is the more profitable to a woman. Give her to talk to him and I am convinced that he will forget this maid Taia.

PHARAOH—I could wish this were true; Joseph for the state, Asenath for the temple. Together they could do much. I will work to this end, Sir Priest.

QUEEN—And I, also.

POTIPHER'S WIFE (*aside*)—And I against it. She shall *not* marry Joseph. I do swear it. For I do both love and hate him. I will tell Asenath of this Taia and what he hath said of her this day and I will tell Joseph that Asenath is not the the Priest's daughter, but a servant only, for so she was when the true Asenath, his daughter, was alive. Few in Egypt know this, but I know it—how he adopted this girl when his daughter died. (*Enter messenger, who prostrates himself before king.*)

PHARAOH—Speak thy message.

MESSENGER—Ten men have come from Canaan. They have brought thee presents and wish for audience with thee.

KING—Let them enter.

(*Messenger goes out and returns with Joseph's brethren, all but Benjamin, who has remained with his father. They bow low before Pharaoh and stand with arms crossed and downcast faces. All look older than in first act.*)

PHARAOH—Approach, men of Canaan, and tell me thine errand.

REUBEN—We are ten sons of one man come to buy corn of thee because there is famine in our land. We are peaceable men, but to see our father die of hunger we cannot, for he hath seen much sorrow.

PHARAOH—This matter of thine errand is not of my business. So then I will go to my other matters and leave thee to talk with him who hath the care of this thing and who hath but just now gone hence. (*To messenger*)—Summon Prince Joseph.

(*Pharaoh, queen's attendants and others leave the audience room. Enter Joseph with his attendants, guards and other officers. He seats himself on the lower throne and his brothers bow low before him as unto the king, with their faces to the earth. Joseph recognizes them and is visibly affected, but after a moment regains composure.*)

JOSEPH—Whence came ye? (*Speaks authoritatively.*)

REUBEN—From the land of Canaan, most noble Prince, to buy food.

JOSEPH (*with assumed anger*)—Nay, ye be spies. To see the nakedness of the land ye are come.

REUBEN—Nay, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons. We are true men. Thy servants are not spies.

Joseph—Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come.

Reuben—Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in Canaan, and behold the youngest is this day with our father and one is not.

Joseph—I did well to call thee spies. You are not true men. Hereby shall ye be proved. By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go home except thy youngest brother come hither. Send one of thy number and let him fetch thy brother and thou shalt remain in prison that thy words may be proved, whether there be any truth in ye; or else, by the life of Pharaoh, surely ye are spies. This do and live, for I fear God. If ye be true men, let thy brethren be bound in prison and kept there till one of your number returneth with his other brother.

Reuben—But meanwhile shall our father and brethren die of famine, for it is now in the land. Corn there was not enough to last above the time necessary to come to Egypt and return to Canaan. I pray thee, great Prince, great master, that thou let us depart this day, that we may carry succor to our house.

Joseph (*more kindly*)—This do and live, for I fear God. If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the prison. Go ye others and carry corn for the famine of thy house. But bring thy youngest brother back with thee; so shalt thy words be verified and ye shalt not die. (*They stand apart while Joseph reseats himself on the throne.*)

Reuben (*to his brethren*)—Behold, blood is required for what ye did unto Joseph in the pasture.

Levi—So it is; we are guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us not to sell him and we would not hear. Therefore is this distress come upon us.

Reuben—Ye would not hear when I spoke unto ye and said "spare him." So likewise saidst Benjamin. Therefore is the blood of Joseph required of us this day.

Joseph (*to himself*)—They do not know that I understand their language even as I am their brother. (*To an attendant*) Bind that man (*points to Simeon*) and take him to prison. The others may depart with corn for their household.

(*They bind Simeon. Exit Brethren.*)

Joseph (*to Steward*)—See that each man's sack is filled to the brim and return each man's money to his sack and give them provision for the way. I have spoken as I have spoken. See ye obey. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

The following day. In the Queen's garden. Rich rugs cover the floor. A brazier burns in the center. There are tall vases and many beautiful ornaments. The queen reclines on a divan, opposite to one on which sits Asenath, who is beautifully garbed in white and gold. Her hair is unbound save by a simple golden fillet. Her arms are bare, but without ornament. The queen is similarly attired, but has bracelets and necklace, and her robe is green, bordered with yellow.

Queen—Now then, Asenath, be of good hope. Joseph will be here presently, and if thou art as artful as we women know how to be, thou canst surely win him from the Canaaniteth maid, for thou art more beautiful than she.

Asenath—But if he doth not think so, my Queen, what is that to me? Love sees as it sees and will see not differently.

Queen—But Joseph hath seen thee, and he it was who said so.

Asenath (*sinking on a low seat before the queen and clasping her hands*)—Said how? Speak it again, my Queen. I would know what Joseph said.

Queen—He said that thou art taller and fairer and more beautiful than Taia. I think it was "Taia" the name that he spake.

Asenath (*repeating the words lingeringly*)—"Taller and fairer and more beautiful." Joseph said that!

Queen—Ay, and now I mind me he said that he noticed thee because thou lookst as Taia looked.

Asenath—Only "taller and fairer and more beautiful"! I care not how tall and fair and beautiful I may be save I be tall and fair and beautiful to Joseph.

Queen—So wilt thou be. Sit here where I sit (*the queen rises and gently seats Asenath*). Let the light fall so (*adjusts draperies*). Thy foot—let it peep out from beneath thy draperies, so. There now (*with a backward look and returning to arrange her robe a trifle*) There now, I will leave thee.

(*Exit queen through one curtain, while Potipher's wife enters through another.*)

Potipher's Wife—So! She is all prepared to receive him. How I hate her grand ways! I could bite her! (*Looks at Asenath with frowning face, then speaks suddenly with a smile.*) Fair Asenath, I have come to warn thee.

Asenath (*coldly*)—To warn me? Thou art kind indeed.

Potipher's Wife—Ay, I am come to warn thee that but yesterday in the audience hall it was told Joseph that he shouldst see thee and decline thy offer of marriage.

Asenath (*hastily*)—I have made no offer of marriage to any man.

Potipher's Wife—But thou didst tell thy father, the Priest of On, that thou wouldst marry no other man than Joseph, and so he did say to the king and to Joseph. Joseph did reply, "I will reason with her, but I will not marry her, because I am vowed to a maid in my own country."

Asenath—Didst hear her name?

Potipher's Wife—Ay, it was Taia. I did mind it well.

Asenath—Did Joseph say she was beautiful?

POTIPHER'S WIFE—Ay, he did say this, that Taia was fairer and taller and more beautiful than thou and he would marry no other.

ASENATH—Art sure he spake just this way?

POTIPHER'S WIFE—It was this way and no other.

ASENATH (*smiling*)—But if she be in Canaan and I in Egypt, yet may he turn to me even now, though she be taller and fairer and more beautiful than I.

POTIPHER'S WIFE (*violently*)—Nay, he will not turn to thee.

ASENATH (*calmly*)—He will turn to me. I swear it that he will turn to me and love me better than ever he loved this Taia, the Canaaniteth maiden.

POTIPHER'S WIFE—Thou liest, for I will tell him that thou art but a servant, that thy father is not the Priest of On, but some nobody. I will tell him that Asenath died long time since, and that thou wast accepted in her place because Asenath begged him in her last breath to adopt thee as his daughter. See (*folds her arms*) I know all. I have known it long, for there is little that I know not in Heliopolis.

ASENATH—True it is that thou art the greatest busy-body in all Egypt, and true it is that thou art the woman who caused Joseph to be thrown into prison. Is it not so?

POTIPHER'S WIFE (*trembling and biting her lips*)—Nay, it is not so. It was another woman.

ASENATH—Name her!

POTIPHER'S WIFE—I will not name her, but it was not I.

ASENATH—It was thou and no other, and if thou tellest Joseph that I am not Asenath, I will tell the Queen that thou, the wife of Potipher, captain of the King's Guards, art the woman who caused Joseph to be cast into prison. Joseph was too noble to expose thee, but I will expose thee if thou tellst him that I be other than Asenath, daughter of the Priest of On. Then where wilt thou be except as the meanest of the King's household? Better to be the adopted daughter of the Priest than Potipher's wife, when all is known.

POTIPHER'S WIFE (*trembling*)—I will not tell. I must go. I have business to do that will not wait. I pray thee keep silence. Tell it not. Promise me that thou wilt tell it not (*kneels before her*).

ASENATH—I will keep silence if thou tellst not Joseph.

POTIPHER'S WIFE—I will not tell. I swear it.

(*Exit hurriedly.*)

(*Trumpet sounds. Enter Joseph, his attendants remaining in the background.*)

JOSEPH (*approaches and bows low before Asenath*)—Speak I to the Lady Asenath, daughter of the Priest of On?

ASENATH—I am Asenath and thou art Joseph come to reason with me.

JOSEPH (*starting*)—Who told thee?

ASENATH—What?

JOSEPH—That I came to reason with thee.

ASENATH—The Queen.

JOSEPH—What else said she, fair Priestess?

ASENATH—That thou lovest a Canaaniteth maiden named Taia.

JOSEPH—The Queen spoke truly, Priestess.

ASENATH—Surely the viceroy of Egypt would not go back into Canaan for a simple maid such as this Taia.

JOSEPH—That would I; and the King hath promised to find her that I may marry her.

ASENATH—But if she be wedded or thou dost not find her? Something doth tell me that thou wilt not find her in Canaan. What saith thy dreams, for thou art called the best Dreamer in all Egypt, O Prince (*laughs*)?

JOSEPH (*offended*)—My dreams? What hath thou to do with my dreams?

ASENATH—Nothing, and yet I would crave that thou wouldst answer. Hast thou not dreamed of me?

JOSEPH—Nay, except—except as I dreamed of Taia as grown to be like thee. She was like thee somewhat when I last saw her and after I saw thee and that thou wast fair like her, I dreamed of her and always that she was in Egypt.

ASENATH—How interpretest thou those dreams?

JOSEPH—In this way, that Taia will come to Egypt and live with me here as my wife.

ASENATH—Now, Sir Viceroy, hear my dream. It is that thou wilt not find Taia in Canaan and that thou wilt marry Asenath.

JOSEPH (*offended*)—Nay, I will not marry Asenath.

ASENATH—Thou wilt marry Asenath, and before the next festival, for so my dream telleth me.

JOSEPH—Maids dream what they will, I am told. Thou art fair, Asenath, taller and fairer and more beautiful than Taia, for she was but a child when I saw her, and thou art a full-grown woman, beautiful, beautiful (*reaching out his hand to touch her hair, but draws it back*). I loved Taia and vowed my vow to her in the Pasture of Dotham. How, then, can I wed thee?

ASENATH—Forget this Canaaniteth maid and think that I am she and that my love for thee is to hers as that of a full grown woman to a child's. Canst thou not see it so, Joseph?

JOSEPH—I cannot. I will not!

ASENATH—Nay, but thou wilt when I reason with thee yet a little longer, for I can see that thou dost love me.

JOSEPH—Nay, I come to reason with thee, not thee with me; and I must begin, for my time is short. Surely thou wouldst not wish to wed a man who dost not love thee!

ASENATH—Nay, I would not.

JOSEPH—And as I do not love thee, thou dost not wish to marry me.

ASENATH—But thou dost love me, therefore I would marry thee.

Joseph—This is not so. I love only Taia, and her only will I wed. Then I will not wed, I swear it by—(*uplifts his hand*).

Asenath—Nay, swear not, Joseph, unless thou swearest—nay, swear not at all. Vows are not good. Sometimes they are good, but such as those make me sad, Joseph. Thou wouldst not make me sad, sadder than I am, wouldst thou?

Joseph—Nay, I wish not to make thee sad. I would see thee happy, Asenath. I would see thee wedded and to a man thou lovest.

Asenath—And that man is thou, Joseph.

Joseph—Nay, I did mean another man whom thou canst love some time.

Asenath—I can love no other man, ever.

Joseph—Hast tried?

Asenath—Nay.

Joseph—But why?

Asenath—Why try, when I am to marry thee, Joseph, before the next festival? Thou wouldst not have thy wife love another man, wouldst thou, Joseph?

Joseph (*angrily*)—This is folly! I will not hear. I am vowed to Taia. I will wed no other. I swear it! No more words to me such as these. I have spoken.

(*Exits hurriedly. Enter Queen.*)

(*Asenath looks depressed for a moment, then laughs gleefully.*)

Asenath—He would not be angry did not his heart rebel. He loves me. I can see it, yet doth he mean to be true to Taia. Ah, when he finds I am Taia, what will he say? What will he say? (*Laughs softly.*) Wilt be angry, Joseph? Wilt thine eyes flash fire as they did just now, or will they look soft and sorrowful as when thou said, "I would see thee happy, Asenath. I do not wish to see thee sad." It was as if he loved me, me. I could see there were love tones in his voice, it was so caressing, and surely his eyes were full of tenderest pity and pity is love, or akin to it, so it's said.

(*Exit*)

Curtain

Act III. Scene 1

Canaan. Interior of tent. Leah sits grinding corn in a handmill. Jacob has a dead pigeon in his hand. Jacob and Leah have both aged considerably.

(*Enter Judah, Reuben and Benjamin, who is accompanied by Zilpha and their two children.*)

Judah (*bowing low before his parents*)—Lo, my father, the corn which we brought from Egypt is all eaten.

Leah—Save only this, which I did pick from the cracks of the bins.

Jacob—And there is no meat. This pigeon did die from starvation. I was about to kill it when it did fall at my feet (*tosses it from him*).

Judah—What now shall we do? We cannot go again to Egypt without Benjamin go with us. Simeon is holden for him, and the King's right hand man, the great man next to Pharaoh, saith to us, "Bring thy youngest brother, that thy words may be proved."

Jacob—Did he speak roughly?

Judah—Ay, at first he did speak roughly, but afterwards it was as if his anger was spent.

Jacob—That was the craft of him.

Judah—Nay, I think not so. Father, let Benjamin go with us, I pray thee. Then will we redeem Simeon and bring back corn to thee and our mother and our little ones, lest they perish with hunger.

Jacob (*raising his hands piteously*)—Me ye have bereft of my children. Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and yet ye will take Benjamin (*sits down weakly*). All these things be against me. All these things be against me.

Reuben (*coming to his side and speaking quickly*)—Slay "my two sons" if I bring not Benjamin to thee quickly. Deliver him into my hands and I will bring him to thee again. This will I do. I swear it.

Jacob (*in trembling tones*)—My son shalt not go down into Egypt with thee, for his brother is dead and he is left alone of my two sons whom Rachel left me (*Leah draws her veil across her face*). If mischief befall him in the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Go, but thou canst not take Benjamin.

Judah—But the man who is next to Pharaoh spoke roughly to us and did say, "You shall not see my face again except thy brother be with thee." Father, if thou wilt send our brother Benjamin with us we will go down and buy thee food and bring back Simeon. But if thou wilt not send Benjamin, we will not go down, for that man saith unto us, "Except thy brother be with you, ye shall not see my face."

Jacob (*complainingly*)—Wherefore dealt thee so ill with me as to tell the man whether ye had yet another brother?

Reuben—The man asked us of our state and of our kindred. "Is thy father yet alive? Have ye another brother?" and we answered him according to the tenor of his words. Could we know that he would say "Bring thy brother down"?

Judah—Send Benjamin with us and we will arise and go, that we may have life. (*the children are picking corn from the mill and eating it*) we and thou and our little ones. I will be surety for him. At my hands shalt thou require him. If I bring him not unto thee again, then let me bear the blame forever. (*Stands with bowed head and crossed arms before Jacob, who rises, feebly leaning on his staff.*)

Jacob—If it must be, so it must be. (*Stands erect and speaks more quickly*)—Do this. Take of the best fruits of the land in thy vessels and carry down to the man a present of a little balm, a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and olives and, *heed me*, take double money in thy hand the money thou didst find in the mouth of the sacks and carry it to him again. Peradventure it was an oversight, and take Issachar with thee, he of the strong hands and god of the subtle wit (*faltering*). Take thy brother Benjamin if thou must, and God Almighty give thee mercy before this man, that he may send back Simeon and Benjamin. If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.

(*Raises his hands supplicatingly. The three sons cover their faces while the children hide their heads in their mother's robe.*)

JACOB (*to Benjamin*)—Go, my son, if there is no other way to bring back life to the little ones and thy wife. Benjamin, wilt go?

BENJAMIN—I will go.

ZILPHA—Nay, thou wilt not go! Was it for this I was wed, to have thee taken to Egypt as was Joseph? Spare him, O father Jacob! Spare him, O my brothers. Take not Benjamin away from me and his little ones! (*She clings to Benjamin and the children cry.*)

JACOB—Daughter, there is no other way.

ALL—There is no other way.

BENJAMIN—There is no other way (*embraces his wife and lifts his little girl in his arms. They leave the stage slowly. Jacob follows Reuben and Jacob totters weakly, now and then stretching his hands upward as if in prayer.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Joseph's palace. Two weeks later. Audience room. The brothers stand together. They look fearfully about them, all but Issachar, who peers cautiously about and examines the various articles new to him.

REUBEN—It is bad for us to be brought to the Viceroy's house. It must be because of the money that was put in our sacks and he seeks occasion against us.

GAD—He may fall upon us and take us for bondmen, and our beasts of burden—he may keep them also.

(*Enter Steward.*)

GAD—Oh, sir, we came indeed down the first time to buy food, and it came to pass that we opened our sacks and behold, every man's money was in the mouth of the sack. But we have brought it back. Here it is. Take it, for it is not ours. (*Hands the money to the Steward.*)

STEWARD—I will wait yet a little till my Lord comes.

GAD—Other money have we brought to buy corn. We cannot tell who put this money in our sacks.

STEWARD—Peace be to you. Fear not. It was the God of your fathers who gave the treasure in your sacks. My Lord cometh even now. Thou art to eat bread, for such are his orders.

(*Enter Joseph with train of attendants. The brothers fall on their faces before him.*)

JOSEPH—Rise, men of Canaan. Are ye all well? Is thy father well—the old man of whom ye spake—is he yet alive?

JUDAH—Thy servant, our father, is yet alive. He is in good health, O Prince.

JOSEPH (*looks at Benjamin*)—Is this thy youngest brother of whom ye spake?

JUDAH—It is Benjamin, my Lord and Prince.

JOSEPH (*approaches Benjamin, but turning his head away that the brothers may not see his agitation*)—God be gracious to thee, my son. We will have food and converse together about thy country and thy father. Simeon is well and will sit at sup with us. But tell me now, I would ask of Taia, the maid who was betrothed to thy brother who is not—one Joseph?

REUBEN—His name was indeed Joseph, and the name of the maid was Taia, gracious Prince.

JOSEPH—Is she still in Canaan?

REUBEN—She went from Canaan long time ago, O Prince.

JOSEPH—Was she wedded or went she alone?

REUBEN—We know not the truth of her going, gracious master, but this we do know, that she is gone these five years and more, but where we know not.

JOSEPH (*aside*)—So said Asenath that she was not in Canaan. (*To his brothers*) Now go to thy feast. I will join thee in a short time. Thou wilt find Simeon there before thee.

(*Exit brothers.*)

JOSEPH (*to Steward*)—When these men go hence, fill each sack with corn, as much as each man can carry, and put every man's money in the mouth of the sack, as before. And put my cup in the sack of the youngest, which is called Benjamin, and his corn money likewise and when they are gone from the city follow after the men and when thou dost overtake them say unto them "Wherefore hast thou rewarded evil for good? Is not this cup the cup from which my Lord drinketh?" Bring the men back with thee.

STEWARD—It shall be done as thou commandest, my Lord.

JOSEPH—How my heart did burn at sight of Benjamin. He shall not return unto Canaan, but abide with me here in Egypt. Moreover, my father shall come also. It is but meet that Judah and his brethren should suffer a little when I did suffer so much. Yet will I have mercy on them, for I fear God. But my father must I see, and Taia. Would I were as sure of Taia as of these—my father and my brothers. Light of step and gay as the morning flower was Taia and sweet as honey. "I will be true to thee, Joseph, I will be true to thee," so she said many times, and now hath she gone out of Canaan. Asenath did dream (*thinks intently for a moment, strikes his brow sharply*). Nay, I will not think of Asenath at all. I will seek Taia and when I find her she shall be my wife, she and no other. I go to my brothers to sup with them. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN

Scene III

Same place two days later.

(*Enter the brothers in charge of officers, each with a sack of corn on his back. They set them down and each wipes the sweat from his brow. Enter Steward.*)

Reuben (*to the Steward*)—Thy officers didst overhaul us on our way to Canaan and we did make haste to bring our sacks to thy excellency, that they might be searched for the golden cup.

Steward—Thou hast done well. (*To officers*) Search the sacks.

Reuben—There is not anything in them save only the food which we did buy and pay for. I swear it.

Steward—Swear not. My Lord's cup is gone—the one from which he drinketh and divineth. It was lost when he supped with thee.

Gad—I remember that cup. It was of gold and rare design.

Steward—It was. Without it, evil will surely come to Egypt. Wherefore hast thou returned evil for good?

Reuben—Wherefore saith these things? God forbid that thy servants should do this thing. Behold the money that we found in our sacks' mouth we brought again to thee. How, then, shall we steal thy lord's cup? With whichever of thy servants it shall be found let him die, and we will be thy lord's bondsmen.

Steward—Let it be according to thy words in this way. He with whom it shall be found shall be my Lord's servant, but the others shall be blameless. He shall not die, and ye shall not be bondsmen, but only he who hath my Lord's cup. He shall be bondsman.

(*The officers meanwhile are searching the sacks and finally find the cup in Benjamin's sack. The brothers rend their clothes and fall on their faces.*)

(*Enter Joseph and the Steward holds up the cup.*)

Joseph—What deed is this that ye have done, men of Canaan?

Judah (*with dignity*)—What shall we say unto thee, my Lord? How shall we speak or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants, both we and he also with whom the cup was found.

Benjamin—But am I innocent of this thing. I know not how the cup was put in my sack.

Judah—How know we this, Benjamin? We did work guile in the old days and now it is thou who hast undone us.

Benjamin—I—I swear—

Judah—Swear not. (*To Joseph*) Our iniquity hath found us out, and we are all guilty. We afore time and Benjamin that he hath taken this cup. Do with us as thou wilt.

Joseph—God forbid that I should be hard with thee. The man in whose sack the cup was found shall remain with me, but as for the others, get you up in peace unto thy father.

Judah (*approaching closely and speaking earnestly*)—O my Lord, great and glorious Master, let me, thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my Lord's ear and let not thine anger burn against thy servants, for thou art even as Pharaoh. My Lord did ask, "Have ye a father or a brother?" and we said, "We have a father, an old man, and a brother who is the child of his old age—'a little one,' this Benjamin, for so his father doth call him since Joseph was taken. His brother is dead and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him; and thou saidst unto thy servants, "Bring him down unto us, that I may set eyes on him," and we said unto thee, "He cannot leave his father, for his father would die," and then thou saidst, "Except thy youngest brother come down ye shall see my face no more." We told our father thy words and when our father said "Go again and buy corn," we said, "We will go down if our youngest brother be with us, but if not we will not go, for so said the man of Egypt, 'Except thy brother be with thee, ye shall not see my face.'" Then thy servants' father did say unto us, "Ye know that Rachel gave me two sons and one went out from me, and I said, 'Surely he is torn in pieces by wild beasts and now thou wouldst take his brother away from me and bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'" O Prince, good and glorious Prince, Jacob's life is bound up in Benjamin, and I said to my father, "If I bring not back Benjamin to thee, let *me* bear the blame." Now therefore (*kneels before Joseph*), I pray thee let thy servant abide with thee as thy bondsman, instead of Benjamin, and let him return to his father with his brethren, lest, peradventure, evil shall come to our father if he sees not Benjamin.

Joseph (*with trembling voice but dignified manner, addressing the attendants*)—Leave us. I would be alone with these men. (*The attendants go out, when Joseph approaches Judah and seizes him by the shoulder and hand*). Judah, my brother, thou hast redeemed thy soul by these words. I am Joseph! (*The others start forward, then halt and look at him wonderingly.*) Come near to me, I pray thee. I am Joseph, thy brother whom ye sold into Egypt. Nay, be not so grieved, nor angry with thyselves, that ye sold me hither, but mark me! God did send me before thee to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land and there are yet five years in which there will be neither corn nor harvest. God sent me before thee to preserve thy posterity on the earth and to save our lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not thee that sent me hither, but God. He it is who hath made me ruler throughout all the land of Egypt.

(*The brothers, greatly affected, fall on their *knees, but he takes each one by the hand in turn and lifts them up, but retains Benjamin's hand in his as he speaks.)*

JOSEPH—Now haste ye and go up to my father and tell him these things and say unto him, "Thus saith thy son Joseph. God hath made him the Lord of all Egypt. Come down and stay that thou mayst be near to me, thou and thy children and thy children's children and thy flocks and thy herds and all that thou hast, and I will take care of thee, for there are yet five years of famine, lest thou and all thou hast come to poverty." Go, brothers! Go! (*Gently pushing them*). Speak to him thus and he will come.

REUBEN—But how can we believe these great things of thee, that thou art our brother Joseph?

JOSEPH—Behold thy eyes see and the eyes of my brother Benjamin that it is my mouth that speaketh. Hast thou not Benjamin to speak? Why should I deceive thee?

BENJAMIN—It is Joseph and none other.

JOSEPH—Go, then. Tell my father of all my glory in Egypt and all that thou hast seen. Judah (*grasps his hand*) all is forgiven, for thou hast redeemed thyself.

CURTAIN

SCENE IV.

One month later. In the Palace Garden.

(*Jacob is sitting under a tree with Asenath.*)

JACOB—Lo, I am come to this land of Egypt and it is a great land. My sons are great men. Benjamin is the beloved of Joseph and Joseph comforteth me for the loss of Rachel. When Reuben didst tell me that Joseph was alive and ruler over Egypt I said, "It is enough. Joseph, my son, is alive. I will go and see him before I die." And when Joseph came in his chariot to meet me and wept a good while on my shoulder, I saw that he was the same good lad and I loved him as before.

(*Joseph approaches unobserved and halts at a little distance under the tree.*)

ASENATH (*stroking his hand tenderly*)—Ay, Joseph is the same good lad.

JACOB—When Joseph met me I said, "Now let thy servant die, since I have seen thy face."

ASENATH—And what said Joseph to that?

JACOB—He said that I must not die, but live. Pharaoh hath been good to us because of Joseph. But it seems strange to think that thou art Taia. Tell me of thy life since thou camest to Egypt. Thou seemst like a daughter.

ASENATH—Ay, truly, I am Taia, and I would indeed be thy daughter. Thou rememberest the village maiden who loved thy son Joseph in the old days?

JACOB—I remember.

ASENATH—I followed Joseph to Egypt, but I could not find him for a long time. He was in prison, and when he was released he became so great a man that I did not seem to know him for a long time. I was adopted by the Priest of On when his daughter Asenath died and by her words became Priestess, as she would have been had she lived.

JACOB—Hast preserved our religion, my daughter?

ASENATH—Ay, Jacob, what I could. We have the spirit of it and soon I hope it may be that we shall worship Jehovah in the way the Hebrew doth. Now that thou and thy sons have come to dwell here it will be less hard, for we can all worship together.

JACOB—Ay. Doth Joseph know thou art Taia?

ASENATH—Nay, and I know not how to tell him. It hath pleased me to see that he is faithful to Taia, and I have waited for him to find me out, but he will not come near me. (*Laughs.*) Once he would have sworn had I not stopped him, that he would not marry me. What can I say to him? How can I tell him? Sometimes I fear that he will never forgive me for playing with him one day in the Queen's palace, but I could not tell him then, and I cannot tell him now.

(*Joseph approaches.*)

JOSEPH—Asenath! Taia! I have found thee out at last and I will tell thee now that I loved thee from the first moment that I saw thee with thy maids at the festival a year ago.

ASENATH—I knew it, my Lord, else I should not have been so forward and made jest of thee. But lately I have feared. Canst forgive me, Joseph?

JOSEPH—If thou canst forgive me. Give us thy blessing, father.

(*Jacob stretches out his hands.*)

JACOB—I, Israel, bless thee, my children; and God Almighty will bless thee. Moreover, thou shalt have great prosperity and God shall be with thee and bring thee and thy children into the land of our fathers.

(CURTAIN)

When a government has done more harm than good to individuals, its further existence depends on the merest accident; the masses square the account after their fashion by upsetting it. *A statesman ought always to imagine justice with the poor at his feet, for justice was only invented for the poor.—Balzac, "The Country Doctor."*

Abijah's Artistic Sense

by C. Hilton-Turvey

Author of "Two on the Threshold"

THE first thing the infant Abijah noticed was his father's whiskers. The elder Abijah took this attention as a strenuous form of flattery. It pleased him, despite the loss of a few painful hairs. The child's mother thought she knew better, however, and cuddled her offspring closer—*she* didn't like whiskers either! Now whether the infant knew a good thing when he saw it and desired to hang on to it, or whether his aversion to the paternal whiskers made him endeavor to uproot them, nobody knows, but subsequent startling events proved that the keynote of Abijah Keller's life was to be *whiskers* —speaking generically.

By the time he was a lengthening youngster of six, the Pentville barber shop was a lodestone that drew him from any game or pleasure to flatten his nose against its window and watch, fascinated, the operations within. Therefore, it was a foregone conclusion that at the age of fourteen, having reluctantly imbibed a certain unavoidable quota of "book learning" from the village school, Abijah got a job at the barber shop. It was also a foregone conclusion that he should develop a special aptitude, not to say genius, for all that pertained to the trade. But it was *not* a foregone conclusion in the mind of Jim Bixby, the barber who hired him, that Abijah should take it upon himself to enforce his tastes, however admirable, upon the customers. It was exasperating for a man to have to fight for his rights (swathed helplessly in a striped bib) against a red-headed and persistent boy who fastened a glittering eye on his whiskers and insisted upon their instant amputation or curtailment. The bald frankness of Abijah's arguments, too, held no adulation to soothe the victim. What man, for instance, wearing a subdivided beard, long and silky, liked to be told that it looked "like Al Jones' pants out on the line on a windy day!"

Jim Bixby was always smoothing down the ruffled feathers of outraged customers. "Don't mind what Abijah says," he would urge pacifically. "That there boy has what I call the 'artistic sense.' Why, sir, he looks at whiskers and such, as you and me looks at pictures! He's always a-studyin' the magazines for new cuts. He feels people's chins and jaws and then draws pictures of how they'd look with certain ways of wearin' their hair. Why, believe me, he drawed a picture of Ellington Morris that made him look so nice that you wouldn't a' knowed he was ugly!"

At this point the indignant listener usually shook off Bixby's detaining hand and stumped angrily away—the opinion of a barber who maintained that anything under heaven could make "Ell" Morris good-looking wasn't worth listening to—whatever the subject!

Every village has its belle, its funny man, its butt. And some unfortunate, however great and varied the competition, is destined to be "the ugliest man in town!" Ellington Morris was "the ugliest man in Pentville." The most attractive thing about him was his name. It's in the city, by the way, that you find the "Toms," "Billys" and "Jacks." The country census, on the contrary, glows with alluring and aristocratic surnames in harmonious conjunction. Do you doubt it? Go up into any region where are large farming estates, lived upon for generations, and pick them out by the hundred. Ellington Morris was—but what's the use describing him? Think of the plainest man you know, and then some!—and that's "Ell" Morris to a T. With a view to hiding his physiognomy as much as possible, he wore a thick, shaggy beard like a cocoa doormat. It made Abijah's fingers twitch every time he looked at it, but all to no purpose, for after a few tussles, Morris refused to allow the boy to touch him, so timing his visits to the barber shop that Bixby attended to his flowing locks.

Whatever put it into Ell Morris's head or heart to aspire to Nan Trinkletoe, the village belle, I don't know, but everyone in Pentville knew why Nan refused him—in spite of his money.

There are some people in this world so dead to human fellowship that they take no interest in talking over other people's affairs. None of these people lived in Pentville. It was only when a Pentville resident died (with the doctor's certificate to prove it) that he failed to sit up with a thirsty hand to his ear at the magic words, "he says t' her" and "she says t' him."

So in due time, that is within a week after Ell Morris proposed to Nan, everyone knew just how he did it, and how he had urged the superiority of his name over her own (which had always been a sensitive point with the girl), and how Nan had half yielded, and then taking one good look at him had answered, sighing, "Oh, Ellington, if you were only half as good looking as your name, I'd marry you in a minute; but being as you're so—well, so plain—I couldn't fall in love with you to *save my neck!*"

Whereupon Ellington Morris, hard hit and despairing, took to drink—an ancestral failing—and at any hour of the day Pentville might trip over him as he lay supine in the street.

About this time something happened to divert the eye of Pentville to other matters. Deacon Tibbitts' brother Josiah, a textile worker for months past in another town, had the misfortune to mislay his appendix through no fault of his own—and after lingering in the hospital a few weeks, "up an' died." The Deacon's folks sent word to the hospital authorities to forward his "mortal remains" to Pentville.

The night before the funeral Al Jones, the undertaker, discovered that the deceased, habitually a clean-shaven man, as everyone in Pentville knew, had during his illness acquired an unkempt growth of hair on head and face. But Jones, being in a hurry to attend a dance and "sociable" of the Undertakers' Union in another town, left word for Bixby to come up and shave the corpse.

Now Bixby had "stepped out" early in the evening, leaving the shop in charge of Abijah. Trade was not lively. Every once in a while a customer would put his head in at the door and seeing only Abijah there, would draw back, muttering something about coming in again when he had more time to spare.

When the undertaker, running for his train, hurriedly entrusted to Abijah the note for Bixby, enclosing the key to his funeral "emporium," the lad pondered a long time, a prey to many misgivings. Then, drawing a long breath, he got his implements together and putting out the lights in the shop, made his way thither and tremblingly got to work on Josiah.

Next day it was all over town that the Tibbitts funeral was postponed. The hospital people had sent home the wrong body.

Then there was telegraphing to and fro!

The Deacon wanted to know why the dickens the X hospital had sent home, etc.

The X Hospital's compliments to Deacon Tibbitts, and they had done nothing of the sort!

Again the Deacon wanted to know if he didn't know his own brother better than they did! The "corp" they had sent was that of a perfect stranger!

The X Hospital's compliments, and according to their records the body was that of Josiah Tibbitts and none other.

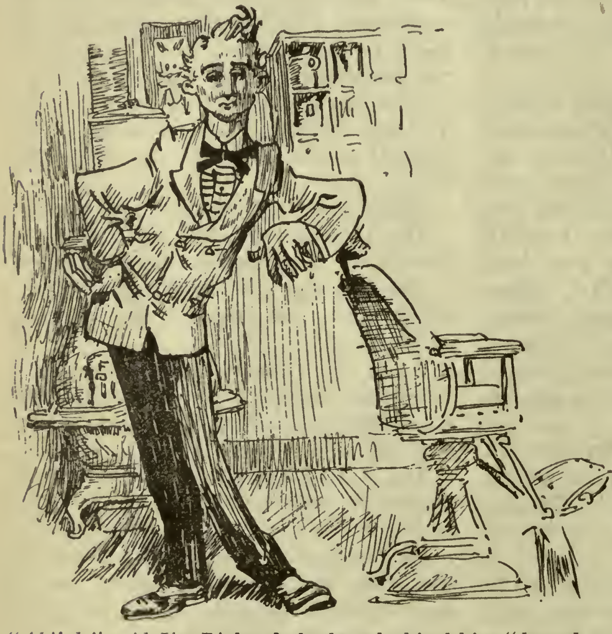
By this time the Deacon was hot under the collar, and his next telegram had to be carefully expurgated before the agent would consent to send it.

Getting no response to this, Deacon Tibbitts hopped into a train and made his way to the hospital. After a heated interview he was finally mollified by discovering that, if the body the hospital had sent him did not resemble his departed brother in the very least, neither did any of the others they had on hand.

"Take another look when you go home, Mr. Tibbitts," advised the surgeon kindly, "I'll think you'll be convinced, as I am, that it's the right one."

When the train pulled into Pentville about dusk, the Deacon slipped off and went up to the undertaker's emporium. The man of mortuary affairs was lounging in his office. He sprang up as the Deacon came in and solemnly led the way to the back parlor, and putting up the light, stood with the puzzled man beside the open bier.

"Ez you know," observed the Deacon, "my brother Josiah was never what you'd call a good looker—not that he went ez fur towards downright plainness as Ell Morris, but ez my mother uster say, 'Ephraim,' says she, 'Ephriam, I'm afeared you're goin' ter hev all the good looks of the family an' leave poor Josiah right out.' Now this here corp is the corp of a right handsome man."



"Abijah," said Jim Bixby, the barber who hired him, "has what I call the artistic sense

"Yes," said the undertaker thoughtfully, "all you say is c'rrect."

The Deacon bent down lower. His long white beard strayed over the face of the "corp."

"I won't say there ain't a resemblance," he remarked conscientiously, "here about the forrid, but Josiah had a jowl on him that—" At this point the Deacon's whiskers tickled once more across the "corp's" long nose.

A terrific sneeze burst from the dead man. He sat up in his coffin and looked around him, then reached out an appealing flipper.

"Don't you know me, brother?" he quavered huskily.

"Yow!" howled the terrified Deacon, making a frantic dash for the door, the startled undertaker close on his heels.

They reached the front door at a bound, and both grabbed the door knob at once. In the frenzied struggle it came off and clattered to the floor. The two men looked at it with dropped jaws. Then the Deacon made a dive for the window and fell howling into the street, the sash frame about his middle.

By this time the dead man had come fully to his senses, and none the less horrified by his gruesome surroundings than were the two men by his untimely activities, sprang out of the coffin and prepared to escape.

The undertaker took one look over his shoulder and scrambling with a clatter through the window, fled down the street after the Deacon, who, already leaping far in advance, was punctuating the dusk with short but frequent yelps of terror.

The post-office was crowded with people waiting for the mail to be sorted. The Deacon dashed in, his long coat tails level behind him, and his white beard over one shoulder. With a yell he made for the thickest portion of the crowd and burrowed into it head first. Before anyone could move, the undertaker bounded in and did likewise.

A second later Josiah Tibbitts glided in, his neatly trimmed gray hair and square cut whiskers emerging decorously from the sheet that was his only covering. They gazed on him stupidly.

"Don't you know me?" he croaked. "I'm Josiah Tibbitts."

Another moment of horror-stricken silence ensued. Then a veritable pandemonium shook the place as the crowd stampeded in terror and fled up the street with a cacophony of yells in all keys.

The shock of the unanimous exit had knocked Josiah off his feet. When the dust cleared away he found himself on all fours, with his nose against the glass letter-box partition—so tangled in his trailing draperies that he could not rise.

On the other side of the enclosure the venerable postmaster occupied a similar position on the floor, having been upset by his fleeing assistants. He gazed, fascinated and impotent, into the very eyes of the supposed spook, his long thin beard wagging between his arms as he chewed mechanically on his quid of tobacco.

"Bill," quavered the apparition beseechingly, "Bill, don't you know me—Josiah Tibbitts you used t' play with?"

The postmaster sat back on his heels and blinked doubtfully. "Wall," he said at last, "your voice is Josiah's, but whose is them whiskers?"

The ghost took one paw off the floor and felt his face and head. A cry of rage escaped him. He staggered to his feet, looping up his draperies over one arm.

"It's that there Abijah!" he sputtered, shaking his fist in the direction of the Keller domicile. "Them's the kind of whiskers he was allus a-pesterin' of me to wear!"

"B-but you're dead," objected the postmaster, adding severely, "You'd oughter be thinkin' of other things than whiskers and such. It ain't decent like!"

"Dead nothin'!" snapped the resurrected Josiah crossly. "Didn't you never hear tell of a caterleptic seezer? I'm as live as *you* be!"

The postmaster opened the door of the enclosure. "I believe you," he said solemnly. "Come in."

When the crowd timorously crept back to the post-office they found the ghost with his sheet girded up about him and his bare legs crossed, conversing earnestly with the postmaster and making threatening gestures from time to time that boded ill for the object of them.

Soon Deacon Tibbitts hurried in, parting the crowd as he came, to rejoice over his newly-recovered brother. With him came also the undertaker, very much ashamed of his unprofessional flight, and ready to fall upon anything that furnished a suitable excuse for it.

It leaked out presently that the whole situation was due to the misguided Abijah. Trouble began to brew. Hardly a man present but had had the map of his face tampered with by "that barber's imp! Now—Ha! R-R-Revenge! ! !"

Loud voices bellowed for tar and feathers for the culprit, foremost among them being the voices of the indignant Josiah and his brother the Deacon, aided and abetted by the postmaster, whose beard still wagged madly.

Fortunately for the lad, Jim Bixby appeared at the psychological moment and throwing up his hands with a gesture "like he seen in a drammer onct," commanded:

"Hold!"

They held.

"Fellow-citizens," he declaimed, "we owe the restoration of this here corp entirely and solely to that there boy! Fur if that there boy hadn't clipped Josiah's whiskers so his own brother didn't know him—" here he sank his voice to a hoarse whisper, "Josiah Tibbitts would a' been six feet deep in the cemetery tonight!"

The crowd shuffled uneasily. Then a voice broke out, "That's so! That's so, boys!" Voice after voice re-echoed this sentiment till the tide turned the other way, and someone proposed three cheers for Abijah. Before they could be given a man pushed his way to the front and said:

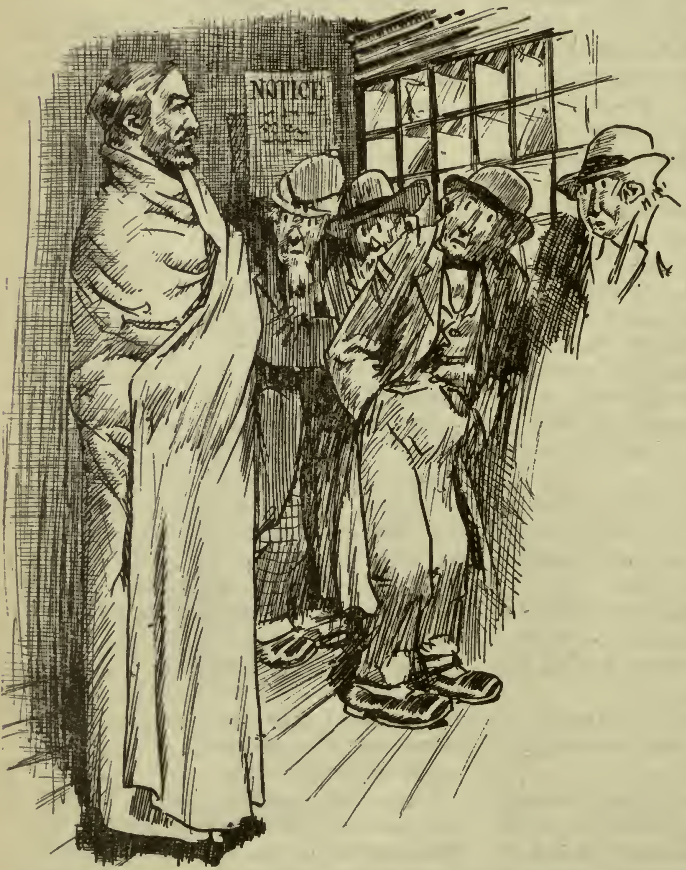
"Naw, I won't jine in no cheers fur that consarned boy—look what he done to me just now before I bruck loose from him!"

He faced them, an outraged man, with one whisker cut to a mutton chop and the other safely untouched, flowing down crazily over his collar.

There was a guffaw at this. Before it had subsided Josiah Tibbitts' clothes were brought in and in the diversion of escorting him home to his brother's house, Abijah was forgotten.

Next day Jim Bixby talked seriously to the lad. "Abijah," he said, honing his best razor while he waited for customers, "It turned out all right fur you this time—the devil takes care of his own, they say; but he ain't overly dependable, my boy, and you'd better look out fur your own hide next time. Whiskers," he went on, trying the razor reflectively on his thumb nail, "whiskers and such is like religion and politics. Each man has his own brand,

and he's happy and satisfied with it and he don't want no different. Why, if you could take a man as homely as Ell Morris himself and make an Appoller Bellvydeery of him, he wouldn't stand fur it—no, sir! This here is a free country, my boy," he continued, pulling a hair from his head and cutting it deftly in two, "and every man in it has certain rights—he c'n go to the church where he can get the most salvation fur the least trouble; and he c'n stick up fur the ticket that he c'n vote with the least thinkin'; and he c'n wear any kind of trimmins he likes on his nut, and so long's he don't scare the horses on the public highway, he don't come under the law. So, I say, don't meddle with people's whiskers, for—



A second later Josiah Tibbetts glided in, his neatly trimmed grey hair and square cut whiskers emerging decorously from the sheet that was his only covering

"Abijah, take the gentleman's coat and hat. Shave, sir?"

Two weeks passed quietly. Bixby was pleased to note that Abijah had taken his lecture to heart and was considerably less rampant. Still the customers fought shy of him; always, however, with the exception of city folks and commercial travelers passing through Pentville who for some reason always asked for Abijah and waited for him if he were engaged. One Saturday night the boy had several out-of-town customers in a row, and his employer, after finishing a full afternoon and evening of his own, left the shop for Abijah to tend till closing time.

It was after twelve o'clock when the lad put out the lights and closed the door after him. As he went down the steps he stumbled over a recumbent figure. It proved on inspection to be the love-lorn Ell Morris, drunk as usual. Abijah shrugged his shoulders and went his way. There was nothing to be done; Ell would sleep it off, and the warm air of the late June night would do him no harm.

Half-way home Abijah stood still and thought a moment, his head turned in the direction whence he had come. He jerked himself together and walked on again, sometimes briskly, sometimes hesitatingly. Arrived at his own door, he let himself in, dropped the latchkey into his pocket, then turned, opened the door again and went swiftly down the street toward the shop.

Ell Morris still dropped somnolently on the step. Abijah shook him, and he partly aroused and allowed himself to be half dragged, half led into the shop and assisted into a chair. He blinked a little as the lamps were lighted.

"Who're you?" he asked tipsily, as Abijah, trembling with eagerness, bent over him, shears in hand.

"Me?" stammered the lad. It would never do for him to mention his name. "Me?" he repeated. "Why, I'm—I'm your guardian angel, I guess."

The intoxicated one, thus reassured, sank back drowsily, murmuring soft nothings about angels in general, and one angel in particular, whose name was Nan.

The lad set to work with energy, trimming, clipping, waxing the stubborn places, and from time to time backing off to survey the progress. He beamed happily upon the slumbering man, and an expression grew upon his features akin to that on a sculptor's face as he moulds the plastic clay to the image of his ideal.

Only Abijah's artistic sense could have discerned latent good looks in Ell Morris. He was a forlorn scarecrow with a long, thin sort of head, and his bushy beard made it look small and weak. His nose and eyes were lost in the underbrush. His neck was rather short, and the whiskers hid his collar and made him look sunken down into his coat—gave him a cowed look that would never take with a woman—*before* marriage, at least! It had long been Abijah's ambition to change all this.

When at last the work was completed, the lad, radiating satisfaction, removed the enveloping cloth and contemplated the result.

Behold! A miracle!

A closecut vandyke beard outlined the lean jaw. The trim moustache revealed a well-moulded mouth whose sadness held a certain well-bred distinction. One observed for the first time that Ell Morris possessed a nose—just like other folks—and eyes by no means badly set. Abijah had given him a military haircut, leaving the crisp graying hair over the ears a little long to give breadth to the head. Altogether it was a distinctly good-looking man whom the jubilant young barber in his further role of guardian angel assisted to bed in the ancestral mansion where Morris lived alone.

When Ellington Morris woke late the next morning confused memories jangled in his head like chimes in an echoing church. But one memory rang out above all the rest—"She won't have you! You're too ugly! She won't have you!—You're too ugly!" It clanged stridently, till Ellington, groaning in response, turned over and tried to go to sleep again.

No use! He half rose, an elbow on the pillow, to peer at the clock, and caught sight of his reflection in the large mirror on the opposite wall.

"Heavens!" he ejaculated aloud, "a strange fellow in my bed! How the deuce did he get there?"

He turned—and there was no one there! But there he was still—in the mirror!

Puzzled and alarmed, Ell Morris sprang out of bed. So did the fellow in the glass. He went half-way to the glass. A solution of the problem occurred to him. He climbed into bed and composed himself for another nap, muttering:

"You're drunk, you brute! That good-looking chap is a new kind of snake. Don't notice him!"

But sleep he could not! His eyes *would* pop open and seek the man in the mirror. Finally, disgusted with himself and his vagary, he got out of bed again and crawled cautiously on hands and knees to the mirror. The man in the bed was gone. He drew a breath of relief, then gasped with amazement. The strange face was nose to nose with him, and—wonder of wonders!—it was his own!

"The devil!" he exclaimed. Then, after a moment's thought, "No—Abijah!"

A long time he remained gazing into the mirror. For the first time in his life he found the process agreeable—in fact, he couldn't get enough of it. His changed appearance was in the nature of an absorbing miracle. It is probable that had he realized at first his identity with the man in the mirror, he would have been unable to see how vastly Abijah's ministrations had improved him; but his misapprehension as to the reflection had given him a perspective as 'twere, and he saw himself as others would see him. He understood at once how Abijah had come by his opportunity, but he bore the skillful barber no grudge—rather the reverse.

A new set of chimes rang sweetly in his mind. They voiced dimly strange truths and enchanted visons inchoate and inarticulate. He wandered around the big room touching familiar objects as he went to prove the reality of things. He was full of the peculiar elation that comes to melancholy natures occasionally in their rebound from the somber mood that is their heritage.

He stood long before the bureau getting a different light on his changed visage. A scrap of paper caught his eye, transfixed upon the old-fashioned pincushion. He opened it, to find these words written in a large, emphatic hand:

"Ask her again."

A flush rose to Ell Morris' face. He crumpled the note angrily.

"This is too much!" he exclaimed indignantly. But as he tubbed and dressed the words of the note kept repeating themselves over and over, and a persistent voice deep down in his consciousness antiphoned: "Why not?"

Well, *why* not then?

A shy character finds a noticeable accession of courage in a costume that hides or changes the personality. Did you ever see a bashful person at a masquerade? Notice next time. Ell Morris felt like a mummer in a New Year's parade as he walked down the street that bright June day. Happily audacious, as never before, he greeted the townspeople genially, amusedly watchful of their bewilderment and stupefaction as it slowly dawned on them who "that good-lookin' city feller was." First and last he made almost as much of a sensation in the Pentville streets as had Josiah Tibbitts' ghost a few weeks before.

He reached the Trinkletoe house in a state of such elation and self-confidence that, taken in conjunction with his newly acquired good looks, his aristocratic name—to say nothing of his comfortable financial possessions—the result was a foregone conclusion. Would Nan Trinkletoe do him the honor to become Mrs. Ellington Morris? *Would* she? Well, rather! Not that Miss Trinkletoe used just those words—heaven forbid! But Pentville had it the next day that they were engaged—and what Pentville doesn't know is nobody's business.

Abijah was bribed into silence, and the generous fee that Ell Morris pressed upon him left the lad open-mouthed, with every red hair standing up on his usually sleek head. He never *did* tell, as a matter of fact, but it got around somehow—things do in Pentville—and both Abijah and the object of his artistic ministrations came in for a lot of "joshing."

Jim Bixby was jubilant. "What did I tell you about that there boy?" he said, with a smile he could have tied in a lover's knot back of his neck. *"What did I tell you?* I always knowed he was a winner. An' the change he made in Ell Morris! (razor all right, sir?) Say! Did you ever see them pictures of before and after takin' Podgers' Purple Pills? Well, the first one shows the insides of a tumbledown shanty, the wallpaper torn, the stovepipe a-bulgin' out like it was ready to drop, the cupboard door swingin' on one hinge, an' no carpet on the floor. An' there sits poor old Before-takin' with his elbows on the table tryin' to decide whether he'll drownd hisself or take pizen. Well, that's Ell Morris *before* that there boy (pointing with his shears at the industrious Abijah, working away and trying to look unconscious) *before* that there boy took a-holt of him! An' the second picture shows Mr. Before-takin' (only now he's Mr. After-takin'!) in a brownstoned mansion, with steam heat an' these here vackuous cleaners, and 'God bless our home' mottoes hung nice an' straight on the walls—and him in an easy chair tryin' to decide whether he'll have quail on toast or champagne an' oysters — all this — as I'm a livin' man!—from imbibin' umpteen and a half boxes of Podgers' Purple Pills! Well, sir, *that's* Ell Morris *after* that there boy got through with him!

"Hair tonic, sir? Well, Pentville people think a heap more of Abijah than they useter. I tell you, the *young* men, the swell dressers, the ones you see walkin' to church with the pretty girls on a Sunday—they come in here now an' they sez:

"Is Abijah busy, Mr. Bixby? Yes? Oh, well, I'll come in again when I have more time. So long!"

The Science of Successful Banking

by W. C. Jenkins

THE recent consolidation of two big banking institutions of Pittsburgh—the First and Second National Banks—is of more than ordinary interest to bankers and financial men in general. It is another evidence that this is an age of consolidation, and of big financial institutions.

The consolidation of great enterprises has been looked upon with disfavor by a certain class of reformers, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the big banks can best take care of their customers in times of financial disturbance. The small banking institution usually gets to the limit of its available currency resources very quickly in panicky days, while the larger banks have many connections from which to obtain necessary funds.

The consolidation of these two great banking institutions is another incident of importance in the history of Pennsylvania banking. But Pennsylvania's banking history has never been written. One may search in vain through the libraries of that state for any complete or satisfactory story of the fascinating incidents pertaining to early or modern banking in Pennsylvania; and yet no state has figured more conspicuously in the banking affairs of this country.

Both ancient and modern historians have given but little attention to banks and banking, and it is a mortification, in searching for what is instructive in the history of past times to find that the exploits of conquerors who have desolated the earth, and the freakish tyrants who have made nations unhappy, are recorded with minute and almost disgusting accuracy, while the discovery of useful arts and the progress of the most beneficial branches of commerce are passed over in silence, and suffered to sink into oblivion. This is particularly applicable to the origin and progress of banking, for we have practically no information as to the kind of banks which existed in the early days of the world's history or on what system men conducted their business.

Whether it was the advance of civilization that caused the invention of banks, or the invention of banks that advanced civilization, matters little, but it is patent that the invention occurred among people where comparative immunity from foreign attack had encouraged the arts of peace. The invention of the bank sounded the doom of the individual money lender with his cent per cent rates, as the modern reaping machine has sounded the doom of the sickle.

Great enterprises were no doubt carried on in past ages without banks; but Shakespeare informs us to what straits an honest merchant might be put, if the return of his ship was delayed beyond the expected time. Antonio's peril must have occurred before the organization of that great institution which did so much to strengthen the power of the state—the Bank of Venice. If this bank had been in existence we cannot conceive of Antonio's stress for a few thousand ducats. The men who controlled the bank would not have refused so necessary a loan, and Antonio himself would never have permitted his note to go to protest.

* * *

It was in Italy that the art of banking, as known in our times, was first introduced. The earliest bank established in modern Europe was that of Venice, which was founded in 1157. It originated in a loan which the state raised during the great war of the republic with the Greek empire, 1156–1171.

The Bank of Genoa was founded about one hundred and fifty years after the Bank of Venice. Macaulay, in his history of England, has a partial description of the operations of this bank, which existed from 1320 to 1798.

Previous to the year 1694 there were

only four considerable banks in Europe, but on the 27th of July of that year a charter was granted by William and Mary for establishing the Bank of England, which for opulence and extent of circulation has for many years been the greatest in the world.

It is a century and a third since the first bank was established in the United States. This bank is known in financial history as the Pennsylvania Bank. It began operating on July 17, 1780, and since that time Pennsylvania has figured conspicuously in the banking affairs of the country. Besides being the home of the first bank in the United States, Pennsylvania has the distinction of having the first bank incorporated under the National Banking Act. Charter No. 1 was given to the First National Bank of Philadelphia. That state is also the home of the first trust company. In 1809 the Pennsylvania Company, a corporation to write insurance on lives and grant annuities, was organized in Philadelphia. In 1836 this institution was authorized to execute trusts. Not until 1853, however, was it empowered to act as executor and administrator.

Pennsylvania has been the home of many distinguished men in national financial affairs. That state has furnished seven Secretaries of the Treasury, besides Robert Morris and Stephen Girard, who were prominent in the early banking affairs of this country.

Writers of American history have never given the organizers of the Pennsylvania bank full credit for the heroic service they rendered this country when it was an open question whether a revolution would be successful or not. The Pennsylvania bank came into existence chiefly as a result of the necessities of the Revolutionary War. Practically every effort to raise money for war purposes had proved futile, and the country was in a seriously embarrassed condition. It was during these dark financial days that Robert Morris, the father of American banking, and other citizens of Philadelphia, held a public meeting at which it was decided to open subscriptions to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds, Pennsylvania currency, the subscribers to execute bonds for the amount subscribed and the whole to form the capital stock of a bank through which it was proposed to supply food to the army.

For nearly two years this bank was of vast importance to the country. It supplied three million rations to the army and three hundred barrels of rum for sick and disabled soldiers, besides rendering other valuable services to the government. The Pennsylvania Bank was absorbed by the Bank of North America, a larger institution, early in 1782.

In 1793 the Bank of Pennsylvania was organized, and on January 4, 1804, a branch of this institution was established at Pittsburgh—this was Pittsburgh's first bank. In 1810 the Bank of Pittsburgh was organized. This institution is still in existence and is now operating under the National Banking Act.

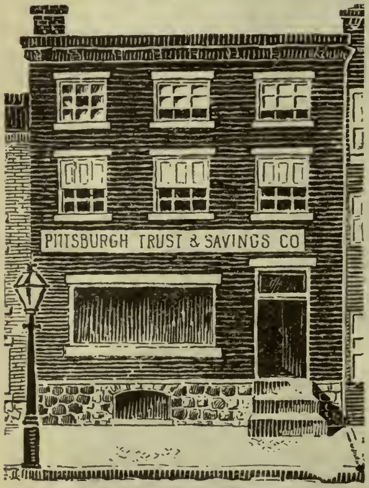
Every financial institution in Pittsburgh can point to the remarkable banking history of that city with considerable pride. The oldest bank in Pittsburgh had its doors open when George III reigned over England and Napoleon over France. Pittsburgh's oldest bank was accepting deposits and paying out money when James Madison was President of the United States. It was discounting notes when Thomas Jefferson was living and when Webster, Clay and Calhoun were mere boys. Lincoln was but a year old when this bank was established. There were but seventeen states in the Union when Pittsburgh's oldest bank accepted its first deposits. Its organization preceded the invention of the telegraph thirty-four years and the telephone sixty-six years. Its currency circulated in the East when Chicago was nothing but a trading post and when the West had no other occupants than roving bands of Indians and wild animals. The clerks wrote up bank books for many years during the evening hours by the light of tallow candles. For half a century men went to Pittsburgh in Conestoga wagons to make deposits and draw money from this bank. Philadelphia was thirty days journey and New York forty days when it issued its first statement, and it was the treasury for city funds for twenty years before the first railroad was built.

Pittsburgh's banking development has been coincident with the remarkable growth of the city. George Washington correctly predicted a prosperous future for that strip of land which is situated at the junction of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. He said: "Some day there will be a great city located on that spot." But Washington could not have had any conception of the great Pittsburgh district of today. He could not have known that smoke would some day make the city famous, nor could he have imagined that the parks and homes of Pittsburgh would ever be regarded as representative of the work of the world's best architects and landscape gardeners.

WILLIAM SPEER KUHN
The President of the First-Second National Bank of Pittsburgh and Vice-President of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, and an officer and director of many great banking institutions

When George Washington visited Pittsburgh in 1770 the little settlement consisted of about two hundred inhabitants, besides the troops in the Fort. In 1794 Pittsburgh became a borough, and in 1816 an incorporated city. What is known as the Pittsburgh district includes fifty-five townships and sixty-five incorporated cities and boroughs in Allegheny County which, according to the 1910 census, had a population of 1,018,463. Hence Allegheny County has a greater population than the states of Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Montana combined, and half as many inhabitants as are listed in ten of the principal states of the Union.

It is stated that there are more millionaires in Pittsburgh in proportion to the population than in any other city in the world; yet there is no lavish display of wealth visible among the people. That city has for years led the world in the production of iron, steel, tin plate, steel tubing, electrical machinery, glassware and other manufactured articles. The coal deposits adjacent to the city will hold out for eight hundred years at the present rate of consumption and the natural gas fields within piping distance of the city will last for at least another half century. The adjacent oil fields will produce the highest grade petroleum for many years to come.



THE BIRTHPLACE
of the First National Bank of Pittsburgh

According to the tax commissioners' report for 1912 the property valuation of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County amounted to $1,247,094,860. This exceeds the valuation of three-fourths of the states of the Union.

Nearly one-half of the people of the United States reside within a radius of five hundred miles from Pittsburgh. This gives the city a commanding position as a banking center and makes it an important distributing point. The city has two steel car-building plants, which are the largest institutions of this kind in the world. Twenty thousand men are employed in these two institutions, and the annual capacity of the plants exceeds 90,000 cars. For more than thirty years Pittsburgh has manufactured fifty per cent of the high-grade crucible tool steel produced in this country, and it produces over sixty per cent of the tin plate made in the United States.

In Allegheny County there are over four hundred miles of the best macadamized and brick-paved highways. There is no more delightful motor drive in the country than over these highways, which wind around picturesque hills.

The mines of Pittsburgh annually produce nearly one million tons of bituminous coal. The product contains ninety per cent efficiency and therefore exceeds all other coals for manufacturing purposes.

As a manufacturing center the Pittsburgh district has no equal in the world. Her annual tonnage exceeds any manufacturing district in this country. There are employed in the various mines, factories and diversified industries more men than in any manufacturing district on the American continent.

Years ago Pittsburgh successfully solved the problem of pure water for her inhabitants. The city's filtration plant, which cost $7,000,000, is recognized by hydraulic engineers as the most efficient and up-to-date system in the world.

According to a recent published statement there are eighty-three banking institutions in the city of Pittsburgh, of which twenty-seven are national banks, 26 state banks and thirty trust companies. Their total capitalization is $55,609,725; total surplus and profits $90,552,024, and deposits amounting to $431,058,192.

On April 4 the national banks of Pittsburgh showed a total of $223,191,000 deposits. This is an increase of $5,000,000 over the total of February 4, and a gain of $15,000 for the year. The Pittsburgh national banks have gained $100,000,000 in deposits since March 20, 1904.

The First National Bank of Pittsburgh, one of the recently consolidated banks, was organized January 28, 1852, as the Pittsburgh Trust and Savings Company, by James Laughlin. The capital was fixed at $150,000. The name was changed to the Pittsburgh Trust Company in 1854, and the capital was increased to $200,000. About this time the bank moved to Wood Street, one door from Fifth Avenue. The ground it occupies forms a part of the present site of the First-Second National Bank. The spot is historic, because the Old Mansion House, where General Lafayette was entertained, in 1825 occupied this site.

In 1863 the institution became the First National Bank of Pittsburgh. It was the first bank in Pittsburgh to apply for a national charter. Its charter number is 48. The capitalization was increased to $500,000. On March 29, 1865, the Pittsburgh Clearing House Association was organized, in the formation of which the First National Bank took an active part. This was the third association of its kind organized in the United States. The clearings for 1865 amounted to $83,731,242. The clearings for 1912 were approximately $2,785,000,000.

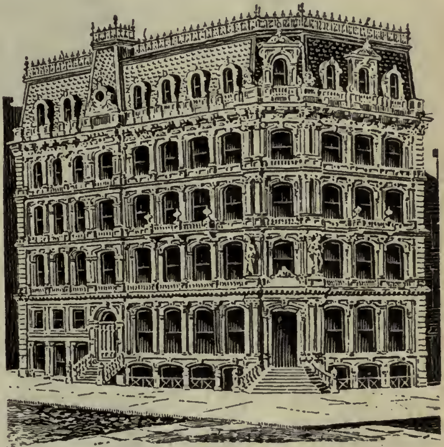
The year after its organization as a national bank the institution had a surplus of $60,131 and deposits of $2,773,707. The capital was increased to $750,000 in 1875, and in 1902 to $1,000,000.

The shares became very valuable and sold as high as $690. The new issue was sold at $600, or six times par, and their proceeds were used to purchase the Mechanics National Bank. In 1903 the bank obtained control of the First National Bank of Allegheny, an institution with $739,000 deposits. Its increased strength attracted many new customers, and in less than two years the deposits had reached $1,200,000. In 1906 the First National acquired the Industrial National Bank, which was organized in 1903.

* * *

It was an important day in the financial history of Pittsburgh when the First National Bank laid the cornerstone of the new building which the bank now occupies. The dedication took place on January 26, 1909. Many prominent people were present and eloquent tributes were paid those who had successfully piloted the bank through fifty-seven years of prosperity and panics. In the later part of 1909 the bank entered its new home.

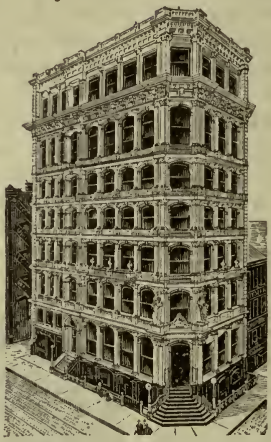
Always intensely patriotic, the First National Bank of Pittsburgh played a very important part in the enactment of the National Banking Law. John D. Scully, president of the Pittsburgh Trust Company, the predecessor of the First National, personally went to Washington, where he made an appeal to President Lincoln in favor of the bill. He pointed out that the banking history of the United States had been nothing but a history of experiment; that the banking laws had encouraged the organization of a swarm of wild-cat banks, which had resulted in a degraded currency; that the First Bank of the United States was made a football for politicians to take a kick at, and that the Second Bank of the United States and President Van Buren's Independent Treasury scheme had met a similar fate. When the Civil War began, the United States Treasury was in an insolvent condition. The situation in this country was identical with that of France when the French government attempted to finance the



THE FIRST BUILDING
of the First National Bank of Pittsburgh. Finished in 1871

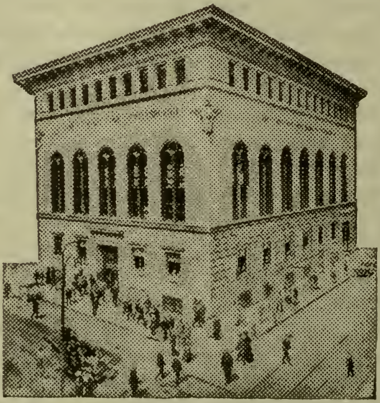
Revolution with legal tender notes. The government of the French Revolution continued the issue of legal tender notes until their value completely vanished. In 1863 the legal tender notes of the United States were worth less than fifty cents on the dollar, and their value was rapidly declining. Out of the chaos came our national banking system.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that our present system of national banks is no more nor less than an adaptation of a state banking system which was introduced in Ohio by Alfred Kelly, the father of canals, reformer of the taxation system of Ohio, and state financier. In the fall of 1844 Mr. Kelly was elected to the state senate. At that time there were a degraded paper currency and a swarm of wild-cat banks that were exerting a demoralizing influence upon commercial affairs, and in desperation business men implored Mr. Kelly to devise some means of relief. When the legislature met, his bill "to incorporate the State Bank of Ohio and other banking companies" was promptly enacted, and it differed materially from any financial legislation that had preceded it, in that it did not purpose to establish a state bank individually, but to form a state bank composed of branches located in all parts of the state. It was operated with integrity and prudence, and delivered the people of Ohio from financial fetters of the most exasperating nature. Judge Bates, writing of the Kelly banking system, says: "If anyone will take the trouble to compare the bank law of the United States with that of Ohio, he will find that nearly every material provision is found in them both. He will also find that there is a striking similarity in the language of many sections. The law of Ohio seems to have been the model used, and was only so modified as to be adapted to the United States instead of Ohio alone." By way of comment Daniel J. Ryan, in Randall and Ryan's "History of Ohio," says: "It is not at all improbable that Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury during the Civil War, when he first officially proposed the National Banking System, had in mind the Ohio idea, born in the brain of Alfred Kelly, with which he was thoroughly familiar. It had been in successful operation for the years that he was Governor of Ohio and its United States Senator, and it doubtless suggested itself to him in the troublesome times of the war."



THE SECOND BUILDING
of the First National Bank
occupied until 1908

The First National Bank of Pittsburgh was always a profitable institution and did a large business. From its start the bank's policy has been to help beginners, if capable and honest, regardless of their financial assets. The directors would always take an honest man before a rich man as security, and many successful business men of Pittsburgh owe their present wealth to the consideration and assistance given them in the early days of their business careers by the First National Bank. It has always been the policy of the officers of the bank to lead young men to the ladder of success and encourage them to ascend. The bank has never shown any distinction between persons. Any man can open an account, providing he is honest. It will never accept the accounts of unknown persons, because it does



THE THIRD BUILDING
of the First National Bank

not permit its check books to be in the hands of unscrupulous men who could thereby victimize scores of reputable citizens.

The Second National Bank of Pittsburgh has long been recognized as one of the strongest and safest banking institutions in Western Pennsylvania. Its history dates back to 1859, when it was given birth as a co-partnership under the title, The Iron City Trust Company. When the National Banking Act had been on the statute books but a few months the owners of The Iron City Trust Company applied for a national bank charter, and was given No. 252. Being the second bank in Pittsburgh to secure a charter, it was designated the Second National Bank.

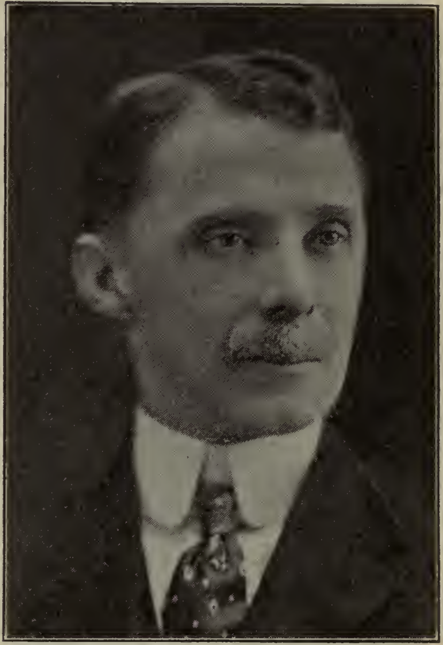
The history of this bank can justly be written as one of continued success. The capital stock, which was raised to $300,000 at the time of the nationalization, has had to be twice raised to take care of the growing business of the bank—in November, 1901, to $600,000, and in November, 1905, an increase in the capital was made by the declaration of a 200 per cent dividend from the surplus, making the capital $1,800,000, at which figure it remained until the consolidation. Besides the capital the bank had a surplus and undivided profits of $2,074,290, as shown by its statement to the comptroller of the currency on February 4.

Whatever growth of business the Second National Bank experienced during its existence was all its own. It was earned by the skill of its officers and directors, and by the confidence and esteem which the bank had gained in Pittsburgh and through Pennsylvania. Not a dollar's worth of business was ever obtained through absorption or consolidation.

During its life term the Second National Bank paid a total of $4,167,000 to stockholders. For several years it paid a regular quarterly dividend of two and one half per cent, or ten per cent per annum.

These figures tell in the most convincing manner of its efficient and conservative management. Its profits were earned legitimately and not through underwriting schemes or from promotion operations. Its business was always conducted strictly along the line which an honorable commercial bank should follow. It was always eager for new business, but it would never take it at a loss. It had more regard for quality than quantity of accounts, and while at times it saw deposits going to other institutions, which it might have obtained, an analysis of the conditions surrounding these deposits generally resulted in the conclusion that their loss would in the end result in a gain.

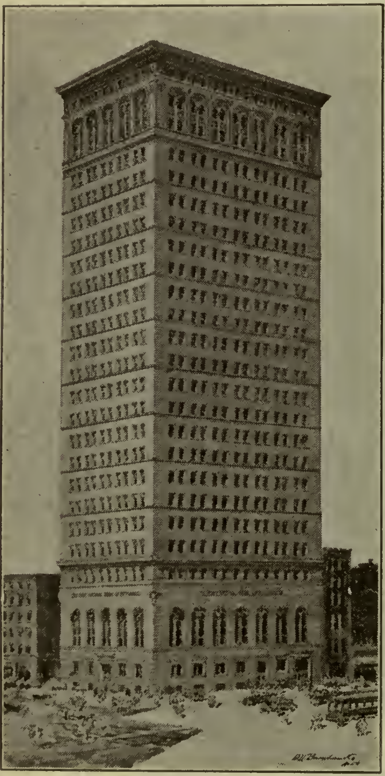
The Second National Bank acted as a reserve agent for a large number of banks in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, West Virginia and other states. Its promptness and care in handling the accounts of these banks was often commented upon by country bankers. In times of financial disturbance few banks showed as much consideration for their correspondents as did the Second National of Pittsburgh. "We are all in the same position; now let us pull together" was its slogan during the dark financial days of December of 1907, and many country bankers often recall the timely assistance they obtained from this Pittsburgh institution when



JAMES M. YOUNG
Cashier of the First-Second National Bank

currency had almost disappeared in the 1907 panic.

The consolidation of the First and Second National Banks of Pittsburgh was the most important merger of banking institutions ever consummated in Pittsburgh. The capital of the enlarged bank was fixed at $3,400,000, with surplus and undivided profits of $1,900,000 and assets of about $37,000,000. The authorized number of directors in the new institution is thirty-five, among which will be some of the representative men of the Pittsburgh district. Both the First and Second National Banks at the time of consolidation had men on their boards of directors whose names were the synonyms of financial strength and honor in Pennsylvania.



THE PRESENT BUILDING
of the First-Second National Bank, Pittsburgh

In working out the details of the consolidation it was decided to liquidate the First National Bank and to change the name to the First-Second National Bank; also to increase the capital stock. A circular letter was sent to all stockholders, signed by President William S. Kuhn, announcing that the board of directors of the Second National Bank had succeeded in effecting an arrangement with the directors of the First National Bank whereby the assets of the latter bank had been acquired by the Second National Bank on terms which were deemed advantageous to the stockholders. The plan of consolidation may be briefly mentioned.

The capital stock of the Second National Bank was increased from $1,800,000 to $3,400,000.

A stock dividend of $600,000 at par was paid to shareholders out of the existing surplus.

The balance of the $1,000,000 additional stock was issued at $150 a share and turned over to the First National Bank as full consideration of all its leases, good will and business.

By this arrangement the total capital of the new bank was made $3,400,000, with a surplus of $1,700,000 and ample undivided profits in addition thereto, and the bank began business with deposits of approximately $32,000,000.

The books, papers and currency were immediately taken to the attractive quarters of the First National Bank, corner of Fifth Avenue and Wood Street, where future business will be conducted.

A charter for a Savings and Trust Company has been applied for, and this institution will be known as the First-Second Savings and Trust Company, which will occupy the quarters vacated by the Second National Bank.

There is no bank in western Pennsylvania which possesses more of the actual requirements for building an immense financial institution within the next few years than the First-Second National Bank of Pittsburgh. The men who are on the new board of directors are among the most successful and wealthiest men of the Pittsburgh district. The banking institutions which were merged were among the oldest national banks in the United States, and their records have always been honorable. The men at the head of the new institution are recognized among the leading financiers and most successful bankers of this country; and then again this new First-Second National Bank has come into possession of the most complete and comprehensive foreign banking department in the United States. There is no financial institution in America which has worked up so important a foreign department as has the First National Bank of Pittsburgh. Its customers in this department represent practically every foreign country. Through this department the citizen of foreign birth may send money to relatives or friends in the old country with the same degree of safety that he could send a post-office money order to a friend in another state. No matter what country he may have come from, this Pittsburgh banking institution will forward a draft for the amount desired to this relative or friend, payable at its face in current funds of the country in which he resides. This department accepts the savings of residents of foreign countries in the United States, on which three per cent interest is paid, and several thousand foreigners have money on deposit with this bank. A well-organized steamship ticket office is also maintained.

It is stated that there are more transactions in the foreign department of the First-Second National Bank of Pittsburgh each month than in the foreign department of any bank in this country. At present forty persons are employed in this branch, and plans have been perfected whereby the department will be greatly extended.

The first statement of the First-Second National Bank made to the comptroller of the currency on April 4, showed total resources of $39,309,255.77. Its capital stock was reported as $3,400,000, surplus and profits, $2,011,168.59; circulation, $1,862,500. Deposits, $32,029,695.28, and reserved for rent and taxes, $5,891.90.

In this connection it should be stated that another important Pittsburgh financial institution is controlled by J. S. and W. S. Kuhn, who figure so conspicuously in the history of both the First and Second National Banks, and through whose efforts the consolidation was effected. This institution is the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. This bank has safely passed through more than half a century's periods of panics and prosperity, of war and peace, and its doors have always been open during banking hours, whether in times when customers were prosperous, or when they were on the verge of bankruptcy. It has extended financial accommodations to its patrons when credit, that great, invisible asset which has built railroads across deserts and over mountains, had almost disappeared; and it played an important part in the restoration of confidence in the great Pittsburgh district when the wave of financial excitement began to calm.

J. S. KUHN
President of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings

When the Confederate soldiers were at the very doors of Washington in 1862, the Pittsburgh papers announced the organization of the Dime Savings Institution under the leadership of James Park, Jr., president, and D. E. McKinley, secretary and treasurer. These men laid the foundation upon which grew the present Pittsburgh Bank for Savings.

During all the years of its existence the

Pittsburgh Bank for Savings has never paid less then four per cent interest on deposits. It does not ask for a large sum from depositors in order to open an account. A single dollar is accepted and later deposits may be made in any amount. There is no profit to the banks in small accounts, but banking experience has shown that persons who begin by making small deposits very quickly increase them. By accepting new customers on this basis the bank has encouraged thrift on the part of hundreds of persons who would never have saved if they had been required to make a deposit of $10 or $20 in order to open an account.

THE PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

In a sense the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings assumes the attributes of the Loan and Building Association. The bank offers to help its customers in securing a home. If a man has saved enough to buy a building lot, the bank will advance him money to help in building the home, and the mortgage can be paid off in installments the same as in a Loan and Building Association.

The school savings system has contributed in no small degree to the popularity of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. In 1874 this system was first introduced. A gentleman of Ghent, Belgium, was astonished when he learned the large amount of money wasted by school children in the purchase of candy, cakes and sweets, and the consequent many cases of impaired health. By an arrangement with the teachers he agreed to create a savings department for the benefit of the children. It was a new and novel idea, but it found co-operation among the parents and teachers and hearty response among the children.

In 1885 the school savings system was established at Long Island City, New York. Educators and economists watched the experiment with much interest. For several years opinions were divided regarding the ultimate success of the plan, but among those who looked upon the innovation with favor was Mr. William J. Jones, treasurer of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. Mr. Jones believed the Pittsburgh district would be an ideal place to introduce the system, and he secured permission from several of the ward school boards of Pittsburgh to establish the plan. Favorable consideration was given by the teachers, and the children were delighted with the idea. In the course of a few years practically every school in the Pittsburgh district had completed arrangements whereby the bank would be custodian of the children's savings, and today forty thousand school children of Allegheny County have $185,000 on deposit with the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings.

In conversation with several teachers of the city schools I learned that this savings system has a most beneficial influence. It encourages thrift among the children and teaches them in their early years some of the fundamental principles of banking. The bank pays four per cent interest and an account may be opened with a deposit of a single cent. There is a rivalry created among the children, to which the parents give much encouragement.

An employee of the bank visits the

schools once a week and collects the savings. A regular pass book is given each depositor, and the accounts are kept in a similar manner to ordinary savings deposits. The bank does not pretend to claim that the school savings system feature is a big money-maker; in fact, during its early years it was conducted at a loss; but the officers of the bank believe they have established a system which is of great benefit to boys and girls in that it creates a desire to be economical and thrifty. When boys and girls form an acquaintance with a bank, they are very likely to remain permanent customers in later years, and this is the satisfactory experience of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings.

The officers of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings have for many years studied every opportunity to legitimately advance the growth of the bank and at the same time to serve the people of western Pennsylvania in the most satisfactory manner. Twenty years ago the bank inaugurated a "banking by mail" feature, which placed the farmers and others of small distant communities in close touch with a metropolitan city bank. In these small towns the banks often paid but a small rate of interest, and in many cases no interest was allowed. The Pittsburgh Bank for Savings adopted a simple plan by which those living in rural communities could make use of its facilities through the mails. There were no limitations as to the territory from which deposits might be sent, although the plan was designed to serve the people of western Pennsylvania. Much to the surprise of the officials, deposits came from all parts of the country and even from foreign lands. The plan has been in operation for over twenty years, and not a dollar has been lost in the transmission of funds to or from the bank. Every day brings new depositors through this "banking by mail" feature, and the officials state that one-third of the bank's depositors are residents of distant towns and cities.

This feature has important advantages to the people of small communities. The four per cent interest which the bank pays is a larger rate than they could obtain from local banks, and then again the depositors are assured absolute secrecy regarding their financial affairs, which is not always the case when their neighbors are on the Boards of Directors of their home banking institutions.

In many ways the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings endeavors to aid its customers. Not only does it pay a liberal rate of interest on deposits, thereby encouraging thrift and habits of economy, but it places at the service of its depositors all the facilities which have been obtained through many years of financial connection with great commercial institutions. Drafts are issued without charge, and depositors are assisted in establishing credit in business houses. Information regarding investments is given customers, also advice in minor legal matters.

WILLIAM J. JONES
Secretary and Treasurer of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings

The doors to the private offices are always open to depositors. There is no rank or distinction among customers. The widow with a hundred dollars on deposit is given the same courteous attention as is the man whose balance is a hundred thousand. In this respect there is no more democratic financial institution in the United States. Its officers are: James S. Kuhn, president; William S. Kuhn, vice-president; L. M. Plummer, vice-president; William J. Jones, secretary and treasurer; A. N. Voegtly, assistant secretary and treasurer.

* * *

To be a good banker requires intellectual and moral qualifications. A banker need not be a man of talent, but he must be a man of wisdom. Talent, in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used, implies a strong development of some one faculty of the mind. Wisdom implies the due proportion of all the faculties. Among the successful bankers of this country there are no poets, philosophers, men of science or literature, statesman and but very few orators. Perhaps there is no banker who possesses any one remarkable quality by which he is distinguished from the rest of mankind. But there are hundreds of bankers who possess a large portion of that practical quality which is called common sense. It is a mistake to suppose that banking is such a routine employment that it requires neither knowledge or skill. The number of banks that have failed within the last forty years are sufficient to show that to be a good banker requires qualities as rare and as important as those which are necessary to attain eminence in any other pursuit. The dealer in money exercises intellectual faculties of a high order, and his profession has a powerful bearing on the happiness of mankind.

As a simple proposition it may be stated that the men who control the affairs of the First-Second National Bank and the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings possess qualifications as bankers which are seldom found in financial institutions. Both W. S. and J. S. Kuhn have passed through every stage of banking experience, from clerk to president, and at the same time they have had sufficient experience in the affairs of outside industrial enterprises to enable them to correctly pass judgment upon the needs of the average borrower. They are capable of detecting the certain signs of approaching failure of a business man which enables them to speedily fortify the bank's position in reference to his obligations. The knowledge they have gained as operators of large industrial and public utility enterprises gives them a commanding position as bankers, and at the same time it works to the advantage of the patrons of a bank, because their actual requirements are better understood.

William Speer Kuhn, through whose efforts the consolidation was effected, and who was chosen president of the new institution, is an officer or director or both of the Colonial Trust Company, the Commercial National Bank, the Commonwealth Trust Company, the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, the First National Bank of McKeesport, the First National Bank of Allegheny and the American Water Works and Guarantee Company and all of its subsidiaries. He has been from its inception president of the West Penn Traction and Lighting System, and his energy has been largely instrumental in its remarkable success.

James M. Young, who was elected vice-president and cashier of the new First National Bank of Pittsburgh, held a similar position with the Second National Bank. He was connected with that institution for thirty years and passed through every stage of banking experience.

The beneficial influence which this great financial institution will exert over the Pittsburgh district can hardly be measured. In a large degree it was the banks which built up those gigantic industries, and it is no idle prediction to state that the First-Second National Bank will be found either directly or indirectly in the front rank of every undertaking of importance which is calculated further to develop the great Pittsburgh industrial district.

"These are the Parliament Buildings on Parliament Hill. Is it any wonder that all Canadians are proud of the remarkable beauty of their capital city?"

A Travel Show

Bringing the World to New York City

by Flynn Wayne

CARPENTERS, plasterers, painters and scenic decorators, with a myriad of helpers, had been noisily at work for months in the herculean task of rebuilding the world, or such spots thereof as appeal to the traveler and vacationist. As the date drew near for the opening of the great "Travel Show" in the New Grand Central Palace, New York City, efforts were redoubled; cold tea was dispensed by the bucketful, and weary artists struggled night and day with the work which they alone could finish. It was "the final dash to the pole," a time of strain and exhaustion, until, the last sweep of the brush given, the tired builders of a "new world" crept out the back door for a long, recuperative sleep, while the public was admitted to view their handiwork.

Into a blaze of light, upon the broad marble staircase, festooned with flowers as for a June wedding, the great doors were thrown open upon the most interesting of all expositions—an enterprise whose charm and success were a credit to the unflagging energy of Manager R. H. Sexton, and to the artistic interpretation of the Morgan Brothers, by whom the great scenic localities of the country were staged in wonderful realism, making it an exposition filled with interest and delight to every beholder.

Wooed by the dulcet strains of the white-robed ladies' orchestra; the witchery of forest trees and copses; the woodsman's tent and campfire; and wild creatures—bears, deers and foxes, partridges, ducks and all manner of game and birds—the scene brought to thousands the memories and delights of the abandon of vacation time, and filled their minds with the enchantment of recreation and travel that permeated the very atmosphere. Distance was annihilated, for the artist, the scenic decorator and the wizard electrician had evoked many a fairy scene wherein the imagination could run riot in a tour of the world.

Under this spell, the genius of this fairyland—in this case no delicate, elflike nymph, but a strong, self-reliant young woman, in complete traveling costume, with bag and baggage ready for the journey—seemed to guide the beholder on his journeyings. It was a thoroughly modernized "Samantha" who spoke.

"I am the Travel Girl of 1913. I epitomize the spirit of travel that lies in the breast of every wide-awake American. I am here to conduct you, before the watch hand has made one circle, to many of the most wonderful scenic and vacation grounds on this continent. Come!"

* * *

Walking up the gangway, we board the new Hudson River Day Line steamer, Washington Irving, the largest passenger boat in the world, with accommodations for six thousand people. When the boat was christened, fifty red-haired girls from the Washington Irving High School were the guests of President Olcott of the Day Line, and their courteous and genial host took them all the way to the New York Shipbuilding Company's yards at Camden for the launching.

As Washington Irving was one of the most refined and illustrious Americans known to our history, and especially as he did so much in his own delightful way to acquaint the world with the glories of the Hudson River, so this epoch-maker, which bears his name, is in every way the most refined of floating structures. It will likewise be her privilege to acquaint the world with the still unclouded, scenic, romantic and historical glories of the Hudson.

WASHINGTON IRVING

"As Washington Irving did so much in his own delightful way to acquaint the world with the glories of the Hudson River, so this epoch maker, which bears his name, is in every way the most refined of floating structures"

This new steamer is considerably larger than the Hendrick Hudson and has a licensed capacity for six thousand passengers. This lifts the honor of carrying the largest certificate ever issued in the world from the Hendrick Hudson and places the distinction on the new craft. And so in the pleasant capacity of acquainting people with the Hudson, a small-sized city can be introduced at each trip.

The name, Washington Irving, is so closely linked to the Hudson that it lends itself most pleasantly to a Hudson River steamer, and the boat exemplifies as much as possible the life, works and times of the author.

The exquisite architecture and art of the Alhambra, the quaint and restful homeliness of the early Dutch abodes, the light and graceful Colonial architecture and the English fashions of the Georgian period, are all worked into this structure in a harmonious whole.

The spirit of Irving still pervades the Hudson and the Catskills, and the creatures of his fancy are always fresh and interesting. A sweet reasonableness seems to give all of his characters, both human and ghostly, a perpetual popularity. One may expect to see Katrina Van Tassel, Ichabod Crane, Anthony Van Corlear, the Flying Dutchman, Rip Van Winkle and numerous other half-real people of the Hudson Valley peeping out from some nook of the great steamer. One need not even be surprised to be saluted by Boabdil and the charming Moorish Princesses of the Alhambra.

Like the other steamers of the Day Line, the Washington Irving carries no freight, no sleeping accommodations for passengers, and no bar, but is devoted absolutely to carrying first-class passengers in the safest way amid the most wholesome environment. Steel, plate glass and asbestos are used as much as possible. Hard coal is exclusively used on the Day Line, so that the trips are smokeless as well as noiseless, dustless and smooth.

We are soon speeding up the historic Hudson, probably the most popular single excursion trip in the world. There are the frowning Palisades trending northward into the distance to mark our course up the river. From this side of the boat we can get a good view of West Point, where Uncle Sam schools his future army officers. Now we are approaching the "Storm King," that stern old mountain which guards the Hudson in its majestic sweep through the Highlands to the sea. See! the rugged scenery gives way to green hills and pastures, the river broadens and the boat must pick its way carefully along the channel, for we are nearing Albany and the head of navigation. Hear the whistle. That means that we are already nearing the dock. Pick up your grips, and be ready to get off ahead of the crowd.

Where are we going now? Can't you guess? Where does everybody go who starts out on a sight-seeing trip and gets as far as Albany? To Lake George and Lake Champlain, of course. Here's a Delaware and Hudson train waiting for us. All aboard! And now we can settle down for a glimpse from the car windows of the beautiful Adirondack country, famous for two hundred years as a vacation ground.

Lake George! Everybody out! The boat New Horicon is at the dock. Did you ever see such a beautiful sheet of water? It was called by the French "The Lake of the Holy Sacrament"; it is thirty-nine miles long and as clear as crystal. How time flies! We are now at Baldwin, where we must land and make a detour by train to Montcalm Landing, named after the great French commander, on Lake Champlain. See, there is Fort Ticonderoga in the distance, where Ethan Allen demanded that the British garrison surrender in the name of "Jehovah and the Continental Congress." This is historic ground. Three nations fought over it, for it is the military route between Canada and the heart of New England and New York. Down these waterways innumerable bands of savage and civilized invaders have carried fire and sword into the scattered settlements of our forefathers, and Burgoyne made his great invasion in 1776; while myriads of British troops and colonial savages went northward to Canada by thousands, or returned, beaten and dispirited, until Quebec fell before the army of Wolfe in 1758. We go aboard the Vermont for 105 miles more of water travel, among the islands of historic Lake Champlain, to the terminus at Plattsburg. Here is Crown Point and there Fort Frederick with its famous lighthouse. Have you ever seen such a beautiful panorama as this trip from Albany to Plattsburg? Did you ever imagine that there was so much to be seen almost at home at such slight expense?

"The Saguenay River flows through the greatest navigable mountain gorge in the world; the river is sixty-six miles long and in places the depth of its waters is unknown"

"Don't be frightened," our guide is saying. "By a wave of my wand I have transported you across the state line into Vermont and the New England states." Never been there before? Can it be possible? Why, New England is not only a beautiful, cool, inviting spot in summer, but it is replete with historical associations that make the journey doubly interesting. The Berkshires of Massachusetts, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the

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"We are in the newest and second largest of our national playgrounds. It is the Glacier National Park"

Kineo Mountains of Maine are famous the world over. New England's famous summer hostelries are located so as to give the best views; the air is cool and bracing, and the wonderful chain of good roads makes the region a paradise for automobile tourists.

Shut your eyes for a moment. Now look! Here is the Crawford Notch that you have heard so much about. Here, again, is Lake Asquam, New Hampshire, and now you can see the great Mount Kineo house on Moosehead Lake in northern Maine. Or, if you prefer the bracing air of the sea coast, what can rival that stretch of coast line in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut—a thousand miles of ideal resorts for bathing, boating, hunting and fishing? The New England lines carry more vacationists each year than any other railroad system in the country, illustrating that the "welcome" given by New England and her well-appointed summer hotels is not unheeded.

Now listen to the swish of the waves! We are on a boat, not out on the broad Atlantic, but ascending the Saguenay River in lower Canada. Never heard of it? Well, where have you been these last few years? But never mind now, for here we are aboard the model boat of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, the same company whose boats cruise from Toronto and Niagara Falls through the Thousand Islands down the rapids of St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec and clear through to the head waters of the Saguenay at Chicoutimi, a distance of eight hundred miles. This is one of the longest and best river trips on the continent. The Saguenay River flows through the greatest navigable mountain gorge in the world; the river is sixty-six miles long and in places the depth of its waters is unknown. Ex-President Taft's summer home is at Murray Bay, in the center of a lively American colony in this region.

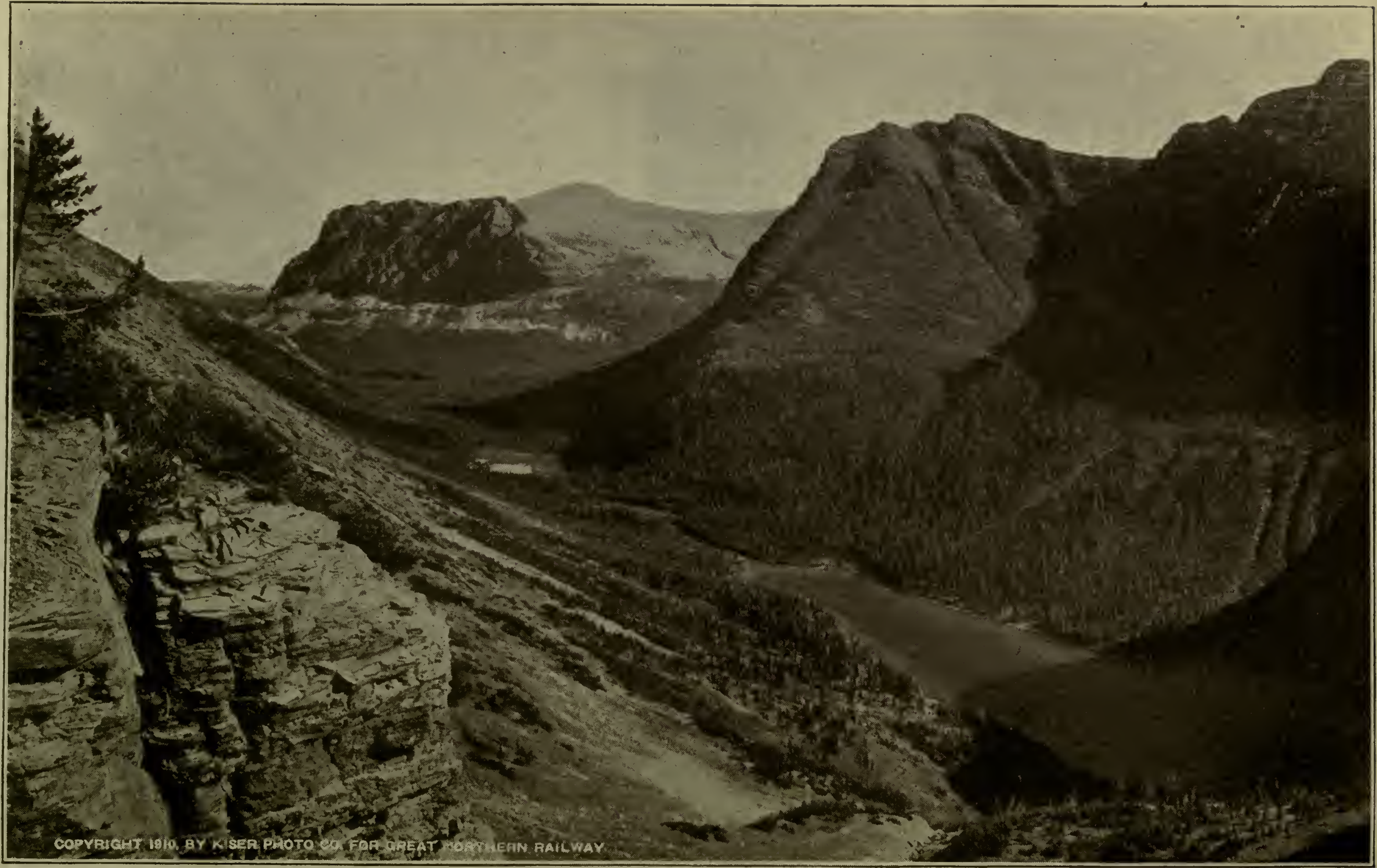
The Saguenay River is navigable farther north than any other river on the continent. It has not been opened up long for the tourist, but it is proving tremendously popular to those who wish to penetrate the interior of a new country without the inconvenience of getting off the boat.

Look at the rugged shores on either side, the tiny hamlets and settlements. What an utter change from the daily life of the bustling city—but that, after all, is why we are here—to get away from everything that suggests the city.

"Over yonder we can see the great manufacturing plants that are making Ottawa famous as a manufacturing city of no small importance"

* * *

Now just a moment. Our next visit is to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada. Here we are. Get into the automobile; we are off for a drive through the city. Those are the Parliament buildings on Parliament Hill. Is it any wonder that all Canadians are proud of the remarkable beauty of their capital city? Over here is Britannia Park and Bay, one of the garden spots of this remarkable city. Along the driveway nothing has been left out that would add to the picturesque park system. From this high point we can get a fine view of the North Central sky line. Over yonder we can see the great manufacturing plants that are making Ottawa famous not only as the capital, but as a manufacturing city of no small importance.



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"Now let us go around old Spot Mountain to Cut Bank Camp for a visit"

See how clear the sky line is in spite of the tremendous industrial growth. The reason is simple. Ottawa has more electric power than Niagara and at lower cost. Oh, yes, it's an advertised fact. You see, Niagara development is limited by law, to a figure less than the possible development of power lying within sixty miles of Ottawa. Hydro-electric power means a clean city without smoke or dirt. A large number of manufacturing concerns have located in Ottawa within the past two years. Without doubt it is the livest city in Canada. Advertising its natural advantages is bearing the richest kind of fruit, and the city is growing by leaps and bounds.

All aboard! This time we are on the Grand Trunk Railway. Did you glance around at their magnificent terminal at Ottawa? The Grand Trunk is one of the principal railroads of Canada, as well as of the United States. We are on our way to Mount Robson, the present terminus of the transcontinental line that this road is building through to Prince Rupert's Land. There is a gap of about two hundred and fifty miles to close before the eastern and western construction gangs meet, but when it is finished it will open up to the tourist some of the most magnificent mountain scenery to be found anywhere on the American continent. Mount Robson, which we are looking at, is 13,700 feet high, and the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies, which, as you can very well believe, rival even the Alps of Switzerland in their beauty. Thousands of tourists are attracted to these newer sections every year, and returning, tell their story of wonderment at just such sights as this. Verily it beggars description, and must be seen to be appreciated. The Yellow Head Pass route followed by this line across the continent is the lowest ascent of any of the transcontinental routes and the road is being built with the idea of permanence, instead of changing grades in later years as has been too much the custom in the past. It passes through two hundred miles of magnificent mountain scenery and furnishes a new territory for the tourist and sportsman.

* * *

Get into this mackinaw. We have dropped down across the border from Canada into United States again and have struck the trail of the Great Northern Railroad. We are in the newest and second largest of our national playgrounds. It is the famous Glacier National Park. Do you see the great white patches on the mountain sides? Those are glaciers. There are upwards of sixty of them, from which the park derives its name. We are going on a "roughing trip." Don't you know what that is? Well, we are going to visit the various camps which have been established in the interior of the great park. "Big Chief Fred" here will be our guide, and it will be a real vacation, walking or riding the ponies by easy stages through the wild rugged country, and finding at each camp a good spring bed and plenty of delicious food. Oh, yes, this kind of a vacation has got everything

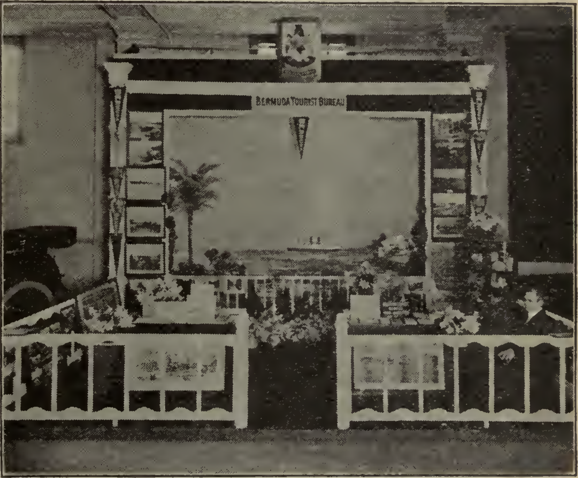
"We'll board one of the gorge cars and make the trip. Don't be frightened, the cars run pretty close to the edge, and it is awful to look down into the swirl of the rapids; but there is no danger"

COPYRIGHT 1910, BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

"Nine miles, that's all, up the trail to Gun Sight Lake Camp, and it's through a beautiful forest most of the way"

else of the kind "beat a mile." The two hundred and fifty lakes in Glacier Park are filled with the finest kind of fish, and while the government draws the line at hunting, you can fish to your heart's content. That peak over there is Stimson Mountain, over 10,000 feet or nearly two miles high. Here is Two Medicine Camp, thirteen miles off the railroad. Talk about the comforts of home, what more could one ask? Next let us go around old Spot Mountain to Cut Bank Camp for a visit, and our next jump is sixteen miles to St. Mary's Camp on St. Mary's Lake. From here Many Glacier camp is twenty-four miles by wagon road, and Granite Park Camp is nine miles further. Did you ever see such scenery before? But wait, wait until we get to Going-to-the-Sun Camp, whence the views are conceded to be the finest in the park. We are two hundred feet above the lake, and the mountain there in the front yard is a mile high. Come on, you are not tired—how could anyone get tired in a country like this? Nine miles, that's all, up the trail to Gun Sight Lake Camp, and it's through a beautiful forest most of the way. From here we will go to make the intimate acquaintance of a glacier at Sperry Glacier Camp. What do you think of that? How would you like to be the ice man here? Be careful, watch that you don't slip, and we'll take a look down Avalanche Basin, a chasm four thousand feet deep. Over we go to Lake McDonald, the biggest lake in the park, and than back again to civilization and the line of the Great Northern Railroad. Six thousand people came here last year; twelve thousand will list it on their vacation route this coming year, and not one will be disappointed. It's great, isn't it? Nothing like it anywhere else, and it's so economical—that's a good point, too.

And now for a taste of the old days, those early pioneer days when traveling across the continent meant riding in the stout, swaying old stage coaches. This is an old Wells Fargo coach, down at Santa Cruz, California, fitted out in its original trappings, and we are off for the journey, just as it would have been fifty years before. The express business went hand-in-hand with the pioneer, even antedating the railroads. The real history of American western frontier life is the history of the Wells-Fargo & Company Express. Through its efficient system it watched over men and passengers when the government itself in those outlying sections had not taken steps to do it, and the old-time coach which bears witness to the wear and tear of actual service brings a thrill of veneration for the institution and company that has meant so much in the upbuilding of the great West. What's this? A little touch of sentiment to convey an intimate description of the care with which all shipments by the Wells Fargo are made; a picture story of "How Peter got his Pillow," in which every phase of the journey of the pillow, via the Wells Fargo from Penelope's hand to the cozy chair of her sweetheart, is traced. Let us do likewise and turn our faces homeward.



"The great exposition glittered with bright lights and beautiful scenes"

* * *

Hark; listen! Hear that roar! What is it? Can't you guess? It's the eternal and thunderous diapason of Niagara Falls. Yes, back so soon. It doesn't take the Travel Girl long to get anywhere.

How do you like it? Stupendous, marvelous, grand—keep on, do, but I'm sure you'll have to abandon the attempt in your effort to express in words your real opinion of Niagara Falls. This view from the porch of the Clifton House is without question the most magnificent, for the full sweep of both the American and the Canadian Falls is in view, as well as the mighty gorge. Are you ready? We'll board one of the gorge cars and make the trip. Don't be frightened, the cars run pretty close to the edge, and it is awful in the real sense of the word to look down into the swirl of the rapids; but there is no danger. There now, you see we are descending right down into the gorge, whence we will cross the river and come back along the side of the swift, tumbling, churning waters. Up here above us is where they stretched the tight rope for Blondin to walk across. I suppose that Niagara Falls has called forth more daredevil tricks than any other one spot in the country, but it is one of the seven wonders of the world, without doubt. The whole world knows about Niagara Falls and thousands of tourists from Europe visit it each year. Take one last look, then, for we must go.

And now back home again, to dear old New York. Which way? Don't ask foolish questions. When you are at Niagara Falls or Buffalo, there is just one "best way" to go to New York. The famous Empire State Express will give us a daylight run, along the water-level route. Through the rich farming and manufacturing center of New York State we fly down the Mohawk Valley to Albany, viewing the finest scenery of the Catskills and Adirondacks along the route. And now we turn down at Albany, the state capital, and follow the shores of the Hudson River into New York. The scenery reels by like a moving picture machine—a comfortable, easy, safe journey, for the roadbed is pronounced one of the best examples of railroad building in America. Not a minute is lost, not a stop is made for the entire distance, from Albany to New York, and—well, here we are right in the new Grand Central Station, where we must part. And now those of you who have wanted to take an ocean trip, we are at the docks in New York City. Here is the Red Cross Line ready to carry you to Newfoundland or the Quebec Steamship Company's steamer for the little Island of Bermuda. "Short ocean trips of great delight for those who like the water." "Pay your money, take your choice." May the spirit of travel always remain with you!

* * *

The apparition of the Travel Girl of 1913 faded as suddenly as she had come, but the great exposition glittered with bright lights and beautiful scenes. Tons of the best booklet literature that money could buy was freely distributed, and many "bookings" were jotted down by the busy men in the booths.

The Good Roads exhibit shown by the United States government was an interesting study in road-building, with models to illustrate the different methods of road construction beginning with that of the Appian Way, dating back more than two thousand years, the old French road of 1775, and the first Macadam, which was built in 1816. Photographs of Macadam and Telford, two Scotchmen, who will go down as the two greatest rival road makers in history, smiled good-naturedly at each other. Interesting photographs showing the terrible condition of country roads in various parts of the United States before and after the Government took a hand in its educational work for better roads, showed the remarkable progress that has been made since the government started this special work twenty years ago.

Like a benediction to the excellent work of the Morgan Brothers in their artistic triumph in the scenic reproductions of the Travel Show, was the great scriptural painting, "Christ Entering Jerusalem," painted by their father, the late Matt Morgan, and valued at $75,000. It is a massive canvas, twenty-eight by fourteen feet, and carries a compelling story of what the approach of Christ with His infinite love and infinite power meant to all the wretches that hovered about the gates of Jerusalem. Nor did it seem incongruous in a rushing, bustling Travel Show, for it typified as nothing else could have done the Oriental scenery and the first form of travel—the ass of biblical times—all in strange contrast to the life of today.

Silver Jubilee of the Loyal Order of Moose

by William Clayton

THE Silver Jubilee of the Loyal Order of Moose will be held at Cincinnati the week beginning July 28. It is a quarter of a century since the Moose Order was founded, and while for a time it struggled between life and death, it is no longer an experiment, but is now regarded as one of the most altruistic and successful organizations which fraternalism has given the world. Its success is noteworthy, because nearly every year some new movement is launched under the guise of charity or fraternity; some scheme, project, or phantasy is given birth which is spurred on either by the love of gain, the necessity of excitement or the mere force of imitation. It is sometimes goaded by political or religious causes, or both combined, and flourishes for a brief period and then passes into silent history; but in studying the origin and tracing the achievements of the Loyal Order of Moose we find that its founders were not actuated by mercenary motives, or desire for applause, but that the order was conceived in the brains of men who, like the Apostles of old, had a worthy cause to espouse.

Since the Order of the Moose was founded, nearly half a million men have enrolled themselves under its banner, and, in the interest of humanity, the message of the Moose has been carried to every civilized nation.

Fraternal history, in her solemn pages, informs us that the Loyal Order of Moose came near death's door on several occasions, while tales of struggle, on the other hand, portray the heroic efforts and self-sacrificing labor of a few men who overcame all obstacles and won for the Moose the proud distinction in the fraternal world which the order now enjoys.

JAMES J. DAVIS, DIRECTOR-GENERAL
LOYAL ORDER OF MOOSE

The history of the Loyal Order of Moose dates back to 1888, when a lodge was organized at Louisville, Kentucky. It is said that the ritual was formulated by Dr. John Henry Wilson, who held a high position in another fraternal order and who possessed exceptional ability in organization and development. The ritual has been rewritten since that time, but the original principles have been retained.

The founders of the order fully realized the great possibilities of a fraternal organization which would meet the wants of its members, and the Loyal Order of Moose was the first to offer to white men of good character in all professions and walks of life a common equality of brotherhood and mutual interest without the necessity of buying insurance or the acceptance of some proposition which is not in accord with strict fraternal policy. At the first convention held in Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. Wilson was elected Supreme Dictator. He then organized lodges in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Lafayette, Indiana, Elwood, Indiana, Columbus, Ohio, and Buffalo. At the second annual convention he was reelected, and before the end of his second term fifteen lodges had been organized.

During the early nineties the order gained a membership of about five thousand and seemed to be in a prosperous condition. It developed, however, that it lacked a proper organization system, and when combined with inefficient management those causes placed the order in anything but an impregnable position to meet the great panic of 1893. In that year the order started on its downward path. There was a general lack of interest among the members, and no man had come forward to stem the tide of retrogression by the injection of enthusiasm and effort. The death knell of the Loyal Order of Moose was on the eve of being sounded in 1906 when a few leaders, as a last hope, called into consultation James J. Davis, who had gained a wide reputation as an enthusiastic and successful worker in the cause of fraternalism. Mr. Davis pointed out to those officials that no cause, however worthy, could succeed unless backed by popular enthusiasm and support; that the constitution of the United States, the Christian religion and the development of powerful nations were successful only as the result of unrelenting zeal and energy on the part of certain men who looked upon the undertaking with favor and approval. The Loyal Order of Moose, he told them, possessed the true fundamental principles of brotherly love and fraternalism. Its ritualistic teachings, he asserted, were conceived in the brain of a noble American, and its purpose was one of general uplift. Rally around such a worthy cause, he advised them, and success will surely crown the effort.

HON. JOHN J. LENTZ, COLUMBUS, OHIO
Honorary Vice-President of Ohio Delegation to National Democratic Convention at Denver, and seconded the nomination of both Bryan and Kern

The impression created by Mr. Davis' talk seemed to rekindle the fires of enthusiasm among the leaders, and he was asked to formulate a plan of re-organization and future effort. There was no money in the treasury, and the credit of the order was of no assistance in its dilemma. It was then that Mr. Davis showed his confidence in the ultimate success of the organization. He was willing, he said, to act as Supreme Organizer for seven years, furnish all the money necessary to carry the Moose message into every state in the Union, and then rely upon the success of the undertaking for the return of the amount advanced. The order at that time was in debt; today its assets exceed $5,000,000.

It was with hope rather than with confidence that the leaders gave Mr. Davis full power to perform the work of rejuvenation. They did not know the full capabilities of this energetic young man; they judged possible results from what had been produced by the feeble efforts of previous years. But "Sunny Jim," as his friends call him, does not include the word "fail" in his vocabulary, and when the decks were cleared for action he began what is now regarded as the most aggressive and successful campaign in the history of fraternalism.

Mr. Davis' first work was to equip the order with a full outfit of the necessary printed supplies. Then a new and improved ritual was issued and a uniform kit of working paraphernalia was agreed upon. The early plans of Mr. Davis and the Board of Organization were of a gigantic nature. The purpose was to organize a chain of lodges extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so located that they could be used as a strength in basic ways and as district headquarters from which could be sent out installing officers. The first practical result was the organization of a lodge at Pueblo early in 1907.

About the same time work in Pennsylvania was begun. A number of active lodges were securing charters and the state deputyship was given to John H. Risbeck, who has ever since been one of the most enthusiastic workers in the order. Of the first fifteen lodges instituted after the reorganization, twelve were started in Pennsylvania under Mr. Risbeck's supervision.

The first Canadian lodge was organized in 1907 at Toronto, Canada. It started out with a charter membership of 111; today it has a membership of 1,500, and the total number of lodges in Canada is thirty, with a membership of 25,000.

In the same year the monthly publication known as the *Loyal Moose* made its appearance. That journal was later superseded by *The Call of the Moose*, which today is one of the most progressive fraternal publications in this country.

In 1908 a certificate of incorporation for the Supreme Lodge of the World, Loyal Order of Moose, was secured from the state of Indiana. In the same year an amendment to the constitution was adopted which created a Supreme Council to succeed the Board of Organization, to consist of the Supreme Dictator, Supreme Vice Dictator and five other members to be elected for various periods, ranging from one to five years. Later the Junior Past Supreme Dictator was added to the council. At the first meeting Mr. Davis surrendered his original contract and entered into the new agreement with the new Supreme Council. At that time he donated to the Supreme Lodge uncollected accounts due him, amounting to approximately $12,500. When making this donation Mr. Davis said, "I find the Supreme Lodge and the subordinate lodges are more in need of this money than I am, and I believe that by making the donation I am promoting the best interests of the Moose and the cause of fraternalism." On account of extra duties required in connection with the building of club houses and the establishment of new lodges, Mr. Davis was subsequently given the title of Director General.

During the first two years in which Supreme Organizer Davis had charge of the work, the order attained a greater magnitude than it had reached during its entire history. It had forty-four active lodges and a membership of 12,569. When he took hold of the organization in 1906, there were but three lodges in good standing, with a total membership of 241. Today the number of lodges is 1,300, with the total membership of over 425,000.

RALPH W. E. DONGES, SUPREME DICTATOR
One of the last official acts of President Wilson while Governor of New Jersey was to appoint William Donges head of the State Public Utility Commission

The epoch in the history of the Moose was celebrated in May, 1911, at Supreme headquarters, when the organization passed the one thousand lodge mark. Lodge No. 1000 was formed in Berlin, Germany, and the total membership of the order at that time exceeded 300,000. During the next year upwards of fifty thousand new members were added, and when the twenty-fifth annual convention is held in Cincinnati in July of this year, it is expected the membership will exceed half a million.

Director General James J. Davis is a unique character. His mind is extraordinary for its strength, its compass and its fertility. Had he been so disposed he could have wielded the logician's hammer and forged and formed links in the chain of irrefutable reasoning; or he could have excelled in the graces and accomplishments of the rhetorician. He generally has something to say at Moose gatherings, and when he rises to address the members everybody knows he will hear something. His popularity is not peculiar to his age or the strength of his manhood. It is of that brand that will continue to grow even when autumn and winter have swept their desolations over his declining years. His physical strength is enormous. He can work sixteen hours a day and sleep on the trains the other eight and never grow weary. During the year 1912 Mr. Davis slept on railway trains three hundred nights out of the three hundred and sixty-five.

Mr. Davis possesses a good and available stock of pure common sense, a generous wit and a boundless sympathy. Place and profit, luxury and reputation are not the governing motives of his life. He loves the sunshine of the favor of the common people. If he writes a letter to some distant official in the order, he always leaves the impress of his genial heart and kindly interest upon it. He does not care if he breaks the rules of grammar occasionally if he can break the news of fraternalism into the mind of a troubled stranger. When he has something to say before public assemblages he digs a channel for his thoughts to flow in, but he never lets the waters into the channel until he stands before his audience. Then he lifts the gates and a flood of irresistible oratory engages the attention of his hearers. He never spends any time at his office desk pushing the pencil through rough sentences and rounding off their jagged periods. He knows what he is going to talk about, and when he addresses a Moose Lodge his remarks have a most inspiring effect. True enthusiasm is always preserving and always eloquent, and these two qualities are united in no common degree in the person of the Director General of the Loyal Order of Moose.

The Loyal Order of Moose is founded upon the trinity of gold in principles, Purity, Aid and Progress. It inculcates purity because it has for its purpose the elevation of society; it offers aid because its members extend the hand of fellowship to each other and are ever ready to give succor and assistance; and it stimulates progress because it seeks to bind mankind together with bonds of fraternal love, and to eliminate so far as possible contention and strife. Its members have banded themselves together to hold up with a high and energetic hand the great lights of fraternalism. They do not shed their quickening illumination merely within their lodge rooms, but far out upon all life. Humanity's welfare is the religion of the men who have banded themselves together as members of the Loyal Order of Moose, and they are ever ready to preach it, not only when they are brought together in ritualistic work, but in the marts of commerce, in political assemblages, the social gathering, the field of battle and by the fireside. They are not attempting to signalize themselves as the practical reformers of the age or to exasperate men by absurd experiments; they open up no new subjects for public controversy; they have no quarrel with any sect or denomination nor do they seek to locate the blame for the grievances that afflict mankind; but they have combined to engage in an earnest working philanthropy. However melancholy the signs of the times may be, the members are taught to be optimistic and cheerful, to do their utmost to purify civilization, to assist in the remedy of pauperism and to educate the ignorant.

Being addressed to men universally without regard to their conditions or their stations, they pay little regard to the difference of language or habits, or the boundaries of states. The Moose introduces the principles of general benevolence and leads men to be willing to labor and give their energies to the good of those they have never seen and never expect to see in this life. It leads men to provide for the suffering and wants of the orphans, and it elevates women by showing them a deep concern in their sacrifices and their welfare. The Moose tenets are adapted to the intellect, to the affections, to the imagination and to the will. They are also adapted to the conscience as they meet all its wants as a quickening power by establishing a perfect standard. They act as a restraining power in that they check precisely what they should, and in the wisest way, so that as a system of excitement, of guidance and of restraint such an organization is largely what is needed to carry human nature to the highest point of perfection. Organizations of this nature take an important place among those influences by which the destiny of the world is controlled, and they contribute in no small degree to universal happiness and peace.

In a measure the Loyal Order of Moose combined a well-defined plan of substantial aid to the fraternal benefits and social features of the order. Sick or accident benefits of $7.00 per week are paid, and in case of death $100 are paid to the beneficiary. Committees from the lodge look after the wants of sick members, and in most all lodges free medical service is furnished to members and their families. This is not regarded entirely as an act of charity, but a privilege to which all members are entitled.

What must be the moral power of a half million men banded together in such a noble purpose? What material assistance is extended to the multitude of Christian men and women who are devoting their lives to give publicity to the golden precepts of the Sermon on the Mount! The influence such an organization exerts is most beneficial. Nothing that would shock the most sensitive imagination is ever tolerated within the precincts of the order or by its members wherever they may be; and no fraternal order possesses a more beautiful and soul-inspiring ritualistic ceremony. To take its vows and listen to the golden precepts upon which the order is founded means better citizenship, broader perspective and higher ambitions.

Since the faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity and the principal source of human improvement, such precepts as those which form a part of the Moose ritual are worthy of the highest consideration. The objects portrayed in the work delight the imagination because they present to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those with which many men are ordinarily acquainted, with the result that the mind is elevated above the pursuits of accustomed efforts and the views are directed to higher and nobler objects.

When a person enters the Loyal Order of Moose his rank or distinction in private life is entirely disregarded. He enters the common plane to which all the members of the order belong, and he is no better nor worse than the others. Rank and title have no significance; all are equal and all are alike within the precincts of the lodge. Men of wealth mingle with men of small means, and the horny hands of toil clasp the hands that handle millions. Good character is the only passport that entitle men to admission; their religion or political principles afford no influence or assistance when their applications are being considered.

RODNEY H. BRANDON, SUPREME SECRETARY
Who has been an earnest worker in the order since James J. Davis took charge of the organization

It matters but little how worthy a cause may be, the ultimate end will be fruitless unless it is supported by enthusiasm and energy. The Loyal Order of

L. M. Jones
Jas. J. Keogh
John L. Nichols
Gerald F. Gahan
H. P. Rucker

A. B. Wimsett
Jos. A. Jenkins
J. W. Cunningham
Jas. J. Gahan
W. J. Bennett

N. Waldo Kennedy
Dr. R. W. Carter
L. W. Long
W. C. Gahan
Chas. E. Boyle

John H. Risbeck
J. S. Malcolm
C. G. Reum
Chas. H. Buell
Wm. Frichett Giles

H. L. Replogle
Morris H. Abell
W. H. Rippel
Arthur W. Hayden
D. J. Davis

M. E. Scott
M. M. Mahoney
C. M. Brown
C. H. Likens
Dr. W. M. Maberly

Moose, like Christianity, struggled between success and failure during its early days. There were jealous rivals; there was a spirit of indifference toward the energetic work of the few, but, like Christianity, the order was an aggressive and uncompromising reality. True, its exponents were, figuratively speaking, a mere handful of men, but they were imbued with noble purposes—motives that were in opposition to no law, to no religion or ties of kindred, but which were calculated to benefit mankind. Its founders believed that the fundamental principles would never be disliked as a restraint nor despised as a form, but that when thoroughly understood they would attract a band of willing workers, who would carry its banner to every civilized nation.

The primal purpose of the Loyal Order of Moose is not that which deals only in the moral lessons of fraternalism on one hand, nor that on the other which seeks to rival or outdo other societies; but that which sends men thither—sends them with a message of hope to despairing members; sends them to the cold huts of poverty where brothers are fettered to the thorny beds of disease; sends them to the home of the fatherless, so that the sorrows of widows and helpless children may be alleviated; sends them to mankind everywhere with the beautiful lessons of purity, aid and progress.

The Loyal Order of Moose does not seek to establish museums or libraries, but to create homes, genuine homes that are the center of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks; where the mother controls, educates, labors and loves and where she rears men, scholars and patriots. It also seeks to make the organization so universal that the sun will never set on the Moose.

A working organization founded upon such broad principles will never lack enthusiasm; it will be powerful; it will keep the minds and conscience of men astir; it will not produce agitation nor will it set up any peculiar follies to trouble mankind. It will teach the lessons of brotherly love and heroism; it will portray in the most glowing and impassioned hues virtue and magnanimity and it will render great service to the cause of human uplift.

Perhaps the most important undertaking in the history of the Loyal Order of Moose is the building at a point thirty-five miles from Chicago of the National Moose University. This institution has for its object the education of sons and daughters of members without cost. One thousand acres have been chosen as a site and the new town will be known as Mooseheart. In this university academic instruction and manual training in all its branches will be given, while a home for the aged and infirm, and also for widows and orphans will be an important feature of the institution. Every member of the order contributes one dollar a year to the support of the Moose University. This, in a few years, will mean an income of $1,000,000 a year.

Think of what such an undertaking means. Hundreds of boys and girls whose parents cannot provide them a college education assembled at Mooseheart, all fitting themselves to encounter life's problems, and without expense. Think of the interest the members of the order will have in what may be termed their wards, these boys and girls; and think of the consolations to the aged, the infirm and the orphans when they realize that they are being sheltered and cared for in a home presided over and supported by the members of this great fraternal organization!

So long as children have no one to love, their hearts are desolate; but show them that, though they are orphans, the willing hands of members of the Moose are stretched toward them in kindly sympathy and you kindle an interest and awaken affections that shoot out their tendrils in every direction. The Loyal Order of Moose assumes the attributes of a parent and trains these tendrils with a hand of benevolence and love. It does not suffer them to be trampled on, nor does it permit them to wither and decay; it shields these children and their youthful sentiments from the wild and aimless paroxysms of a hopeless sorrow. It is easy to see that such altruistic effort will make the valley of affliction far less dark for thousands of helpless little tots whose parents have been called away by death. What possible purpose on the part of an organization can more quickly kindle the admiration of a man or woman endowed with affections?

A single and definite intelligible action gives vividness and power to the idea of benevolence and love beyond what could be conveyed by a multitude of abstract descriptions. The abstract ideas of pity and respect for the aged make but an uninteresting appearance when contrasted with the high principle of charitable action such as will be exhibited by members of the Moose when they lead their weary and infirm brothers to the Moose Institute and say to them, "This is your home; rest here in peace and contentment. We will carry your burdens until you receive the final call to depart from our midst."

Plans are in contemplation for the establishment of a correspondence school in connection with Mooseheart University. This will be a new department in fraternal societies, also a new departure in correspondence school history. The correspondence school has met with remarkable success in the United States and has filled a much-needed want. Its possibilities will be enlarged when backed by a powerful fraternal organization and the beneficial results from such an auxiliary can hardly be measured.

The dedication at Mooseheart will take place on July 27. The ceremony will be of considerable consequence, and thousands of members of the order will be in attendance. The dedication will be made the occasion for an extraordinary campaign for membership. A Double the Order Club has been organized, and each member is asked to secure a new member for his lodge, collect his initiation fee and deliver it with the application to the secretary before the annual convention takes place at Cincinnati during the last week of July.

When we consider the passions of men, the collisions of interest, the presence of animal wants, the vices of society and the shortness of life, who can say that an organization of men enrolled under the banner of the Loyal Order of Moose, advocating the principles of purity, aid and progress, is not most commendable?

QUIVERA

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHERE flamed the gorgeous sunset in the west
  I saw the towers and temples, and the strong
  Triumphant rivers as they rolled along,
Singing like choiring spheres a psalm of rest.
The widespread field I saw with harvest blest—
  A horn of plenty spacious and august,
  High heaped with corn and wheat upon the dust,
And all earth gathered round as banquet guest.

What realm is this? I asked of my awed mind,
  Clothed like a bride in beauteous array,
    The autumn like a jewel on her hand,
And her gay laughter canght from wind to wind?
  Not Italy, nor Ind, nor far Cathay—
    Behold, it was my own, my native land!

The Doctor's Team

by Abbie Craig

NIGHTFALL—the whir of the telephone summons
Buzzes a call from the up country line,
Sudden, sharp, eager, it breaks the still darkness,
Stirring each farmhouse from sleep at the sign.
Fresh straw and warm stall,
Drowsiness o'er all;
Brought from their rest, with a courage right regal
Into the fierce night
Cleft by the carriage light,
Modesty, Eagle.

Midnight—and out through the storm that is rising,
Through snow sifting faster and north winds that moan,
Facing the blast at the will of their master,
Eagle and Modesty—holding their own.
Stars hid and moon down.
Out of the dark town
Swift little heroes, their errand well knowing,
Waking the night's dream
To murmurs. "It's Doc's team;
Where is he going?"

Noontide—the heat of the sun growing stronger;
Out to the ills of the world and its needs,
Sides chafed to foam by the tug of the traces,
Two little brave-hearted, black-coated steeds.
Soft manes that toss free—
Eagle and Modesty—
Dawn-break or dusk-time, swift-footed, daring.
Spring rain or piled snow, bravely through all they go—
Aid they are bearing.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

FOR some time past the editor's mail has included a large number of letters from young men asking advice as to choice of vocation. There is nothing so flattering to one who has reached the "sunny" side of forty as to be asked fatherly advice. The analysis made by young men concerning different professions and trades is interesting.

It seems to me that the boys of today are much keener and do less drifting than in bygone years. They want to know before they attempt anything—perhaps there is too much "I want to know." They want to see a situation from every phase and to consider a profession from various viewpoints before launching on their work in life. Their impressions are always interesting and are given with all the frankness and sincerity that constitute the charm of youth. One young man from Iowa writes very feelingly concerning the legal profession, and I cannot resist the temptation to quote it.

> Now as to a vocation, I believe I have concluded it shall be either law or journalism, but I don't know much about either one. I want some vocation that calls for mental work, for speaking. My ideal job is probably that of Congressman, or, adding a few more stories to the ethereal tower, that of President. But I realize that I've got to come down to earth and start in at considerably lower altitudes. But the chief thing that concerns me now is getting aboard the right car, studying along lines that give some chance for progress.
>
> Law is all right, but there seems to be a "lawyer" on every street corner. Of course you've got to "start in at the bottom of the ladder," and if you like the work for its own sake, you'll willingly make the sacrifice. I don't like the idea of spending a couple of thousand or more dollars (which I haven't got) and four to six years in getting a college education for the privilege of starving ten years "getting started." I want to commence nearer the middle of that proverbial ladder.
>
> Another thing, doesn't a fellow have to be more or less of a professional liar to be a successful lawyer? Of course he can discriminate delicately in the cases he takes, but how many cases will classify as clean-cut right or clean-cut wrong? Anyway the study of crime and evil met with in this calling is hardly a healthy occupation, or one calculated to better one's moral character. Why not study corporation law then? Would it not be intolerably dry, to necessitate an enormous amount of reading? But then the spectacular trials, etc., are attractive, and call for that public speaking and debating I think I want.
>
> Journalism, what I know of it, seems to be about what I want, if it isn't too slow, and doesn't call for an impossible amount of knowledge; and if it is a "car" traveling in my direction—one from which a person could easily step to the filling of public office.

Strange to say, all of these letters are answered among the first, especially when there is an earnest, sincere and logical motive behind the letter.

Now instead of having it "Uncle Joe" or "Uncle Ned," or some other patriarchal gentleman sitting in the chimney corner giving out advice, the editor of the NATIONAL will assume the role of a "big brother" to young men—a big brother who is in the thick of the fight every day, who has an appreciative sympathy of what it means to "get started," and who realizes how much everyone owes to making friends to help him on in the world —for no one has ever made a success alone.

When you hear a man talking about accomplishing everything, investigate and you will usually find that some time or other he had a friend with good sense who at a crucial moment gave him the needed "push"—or perhaps it may have been a kick, for sometimes it is difficult to know which is most preferable, a swift kick or a good pull.

Send along your letters to "Big Brother Joe," but don't write unless you have a definite idea of what you want to do yourself. No one can supply you with individuality. You must create or find that yourself.

MR. LEWIS McBRAYNE
The popular editor-author of Lowell, Massachusetts. His short stories and novels have a widely increasing circle of readers

WHILE the western world is waiting impatiently for the termination of hostilities in the Near East, a distinguished American woman is calmly directing the work of that unique College in Constantinople where girls of the conflicting races are studying earnestly together to prepare themselves to enter upon the great work of reconstruction that is to follow the Balkan War. Mary Mills Patrick, Ph.D., the president of Constantinople College, was born in the State of New Hampshire, and received her school and college education in the State of Iowa. She has studied also under the great teachers of philosophy and psychology at the universities of Leipzig, Heidelberg, Berlin and Zurich, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Bern. Author of various contributions to the study of Greek philosophy, Dr. Patrick's latest work is a volume on Sappho, which throws new light on the work and influence of that most famous poetess of ancient Greece. Dr. Patrick is a linguist as well as a gifted teacher of philosophy and psychology, and speaks fluently all the languages in common use in Constantinople—Turkish, French, Armenian, Greek and Bulgarian. The institution of which she is the head, and for which she has labored many years, owes its present importance as the great factor of enlightenment in the Near East to her untiring efforts on behalf of the liberal education of girls.

* * *

THIS seems to be the administration in which school teachers predominate. With President Woodrow Wilson prominent in public life, it is no wonder that we find Michigan with a governor who has been a schoolmaster all his mature life and who remained a schoolmaster while governor of the state. Hon. Walbridge N. Ferris, Governor of Michigan, has proven a man of force and purpose and has shown the adaptability of schoolmasters not only in political life but in business life as well.

Big Rapids Institute is one of the successful private schools of the country, instituted for boys and girls who are short of funds, who are out of step with the conventionalities of education, but who are long on pluck, purpose and effort. All that it is, Mr. Ferris has made it. He is a wonderful inspiration to young people. He makes them believe in themselves, inspires hope, courage and purpose.

He has been successful financially, and has his place among the bankers of Michigan. He is a forceful, aggressive public speaker, and has been in great demand in teachers' institutes and on the Chautauqua platform. As a political speaker, he has long been the Democratic leader of the state. He made the race for the governorship once and was defeated, though he polled a very large vote, and there has been no time in recent years when he could not have had the nomination by merely signifying his willingness to accept. This year his election was assured from the first. He continues in charge of the Big Rapids Institute.

* * *

PROMINENT among the names mentioned for Chief Judge in the Court of Appeals in New York State is that of Edgar Truman Brackett of Saratoga. For many years Senator Brackett has been a leading figure in the public affairs of the Empire State. For more than fifteen years he served in the State Senate, and while known as a strong party man, he has always been ready to fight vigorously for his convictions, inside or outside party lines, and whether supported or opposed. The value of his legislative service has evoked the keen appreciation of the people, irrespective of party, even beyond the boundary of his state. Senator Brackett, as one of the foremost lawmakers in the Senate of New York, has had an experience and training that furnishes a thorough knowledge of the grist of the legislative mill. In the committee room or on the floor as a party leader he exercised a strong and wholesome influence, and his brusque repartee and picturesque personality made him a commanding figure. He has always refused to pander to political hypocrisy, and has stood for the betterment of conditions of life and the interests of the people, without claiming to be a "reformer," or assuming to be a wiseacre. With such men as Senator Brackett on the bench the people would feel that confidence in the judiciary which has made it the bulwark of nations.

HON. EDGAR TRUMAN BRACKETT
For fifteen years a leading member of the New York Senate, and now being urged for Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals

Everyone in New York State knows of Senator Brackett and his work, and thousands of admirers are hoping that the popular demand for his candidacy will be heeded. A man of his thorough and practical knowledge, gained at first hand from personal contact with the people themselves, seems logically suited to fill the high and honored position of Chief Judge of the New York State Court of Appeals.

BOOKS of the MONTH

(REVIEWS OF GENERAL WORKS)

AMERICANS are always glad to welcome any European tourist who brings with him an established reputation, and are generally over-anxious to know what this or that "eminent visitor" thinks of our country and people. Hence such books as "Your United States,"* lately published by Harper & Brothers, giving the "Impressions of a First Visit," by Arnold Bennett, the noted English novelist. Born in 1876 in North Staffordshire, Mr. Bennett was educated at New Castle and admitted to practice as a lawyer, but he soon gave up legal aspirations for journalism and authorship, his first book being published in 1898, "A Man From the North," followed by "Polite Farces" in 1899 and later by "The Truth About an Author," "Anna of the Five Towns," "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," "The Grand Babylon Hotel," "Denry the Audacious" and other more or less cynical, witty, adventurous and erotic books, written in peculiarly terse English.

It is, therefore, with some surprise that the reader of Mr. Bennett's most noted books finds in his account of his American voyage and his study of the prominent features of American cities and their people, only kindly, humorous, intelligent comment in which much praise, and only mild and legitimate criticism blend with an interesting story of intelligent journeyings and sightseeing.

In conclusion the author very modestly says: "As for these brief chapters I hereby announce that I am not prepared ultimately to stand by any single view that they put forward. There is nothing in them which may not be recanted. The one possible justification of them is that they offer to the reader the one thing that in the very nature of the case, a mature and accustomed observer could not offer—namely, an immediate account (as accurate as I could make it) of the first tremendous impact of the United States on a mind receptive and unprejudiced. The greatest social historian, the most conscientious writer could not recapture the sensations of that first impact, after further intercourse had scattered them."

ON THE PARLOR CAR

"I criticise, of course, for every experienced traveler has decided views concerning *trains de luxe*. The cars impressed rather than charmed me."—Arnold Bennett in "Your United States"

Not since Kipling's "American Notes" have the observations of any foreign traveler made such an impression upon the American reading public.

* * *

LAPSE of time is rapidly separating the American people from the customs and manners of their ancestors, and the mansions of the olden time have nearly all disappeared in the cities and are rapidly yielding to decay in suburban and country localities.

Philadelphia, which has perhaps retained much more of the spirit and tradition of her ancient families than other Atlantic cities, was rich in her possession of numerous and noble family mansions, especially in the suburban districts of Germantown, Paoli, and along the Wissahickon and Schuylkill water courses. Most of these were built in the Eighteenth Century, but several date back to the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, and all are interesting.

In their splendid work on "The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood,"* Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott have created for themselves "a monument more enduring than brass" and a memorial of past glories, beauties, hospitalities, tragedies, and comedies that will long be accounted worthy of special care in the libraries of the Republic.

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* "Your United States." By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price $2.00 net.

* "The Colonial Houses of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood." By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $5.00 net.

Illustrated by some seventy-two photogravures, the architects and connoisseurs of a later generation will have good cause to thank the authors for preserving the semblance of "great old houses," families and hospitalities which have passed away.

Among these are found "Solitude," the Fairmount Park Mansion of John Penn, the poet-grandson of William Penn, now the Administration building of the Zoological Society, and Captain John McPherson's manor house at Mount Pleasant, built in 1761, and through its owners and guests identified with the French and Indian wars, the Revolution, and especially with the fortunes of Benedict Arnold, who bought it in 1779 as a marriage gift for his bride, Peggy Shiffen, and it is averred still revisits it, pacing the ancient floors with heavy tread, and glowering fiercely at those who have encountered him during his ghostly visitations.

Wynnestay House, built by Dr. Thomas Wynne in 1689–1700, in the Fairmount Park section, figures in Dr. G. Weir Mitchell's word "Hugh Wynne" and was the scene of a British foray about 1779, in which the raiders were driven off by the Continentals, with a loss of three men killed, who lie buried under the lawn. Waynesborough, Paoli, was built about 1724 by Captain Isaac Wayne of Yorkshire, England, who commanded a troop of dragoons at the battle of Boyne Water, under William III. His eldest son Thomas served in the Indian wars of 1755, 1757 and 1780. His still more famous younger son, "Mad Anthony" Wayne lived there also, and his portrait, surmounted by his sword, pistols, and sash still hangs over the beautiful parlor mantelpiece, for unlike many other old mansions, Waynesborough is still owned by a Wayne descendant by the distaff side. "Vaux Hill," at Fatland Hall, rebuilt in 1845, was alternately visited by Sir William Howe and General Washington, on successive days, both of whom were hospitably entertained by the Quaker proprietor, James Vaux, and not far away at Providence is "Mill Grove," the first home of the artist-naturalist, James Audubon.

"Stenton," the great country-seat of James Logan, a cadet of the noble East Lothian, Scottish family, was from 1679 to 1751 the home of the Quaker agent of William Penn's vast property-interests. The Wingohocking river, which flows through the estate, was named after the great Indian chief, who called himself Logan, in accordance with the Quaker's friendly offer to exchange names:

"Do thou, chief, take mine, and give thine to this stream which passes through my fields, and when I am passed away, and while the earth shall endure, it shall flow and be as thy name."

"Stenton" was one of the earliest and most pretentious of the country seats of the Philadelphia neighborhood, and originally comprised five hundred acres. It was the headquarters of General Howe at the battle of Germantown.

"Cliveden," better known as "Chew's House," so sternly and stubbornly defended by Colonel Musgrave's Fortieth British Infantry during the assault on Germantown, still shows the

ARNOLD BENNETT

The noted English author who visited America last autumn and whose observations were published in the volume "Your United States"

UNDER THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL

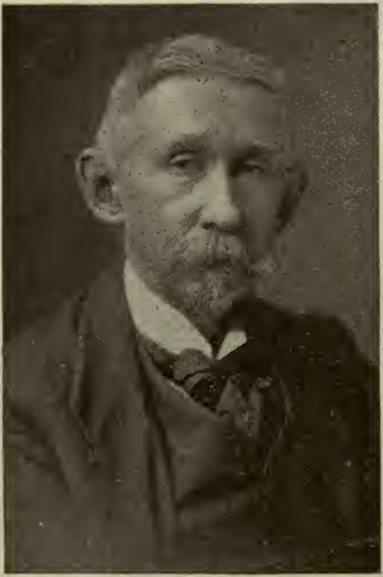
"The capitol is a great place. I was astonished that it appeals to the historic sense just as much as any other vast legislative palace in the world."—Arnold Bennett in "Your United States" marks of the storm of bullets and cannonshot which vainly sought to capture it during that fatal check of what otherwise would have probably been an American victory.

Other houses have also their legends and interesting associations, too numerous to mention. The book is fittingly bound and is a handsome and useful as well as entertaining epitome of local history.

* * *

VIEWS of the Panama Canal multiply, but "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal"* substitute a small quarto of artistic lithographs for the usual series of reproduced photographs.

Nothing will add to or diminish the reputation of Mr. Pennell as an artist, but it is pleasant to know that the Canal officials, from the great engineers to the "navvies," gave him every attention and recognized that his pictures really reproduced the scenery and life, the mystery and the action, of the great Canal.



MR. JOSEPH PENNELL
The noted American artist whose "Pictures of the Panama Canal" have been published in book form

There are twenty-eight lithographs in all, each of them with its page of terse yet fitting explanation as comment, presenting the principal features of the rift in the Isthmus, from the palm-shadowed, Japanese-like bungalows of the American quarters at Colon, to where Ancon Hill guards with its graded pyramid the Pacific entrance of the Canal.

The city of Panama, as seen under a tropic sky, in hazy softness; its ancient nacre-coated Cathedral, redolent of the ancient Spanish regime; palm-bordered Ancon Hill road and the city and ocean beyond "the most beautiful spot I saw are the Isthmus"; the picturesque foliage-embowered dwellings and structures of official Ancon, and a typical American village of the many built along the line of the colossal work, give us for the first time some little realization of the charm and beauty that blends with gigantic engineering, titanic machinery and indomitable purpose, to enchant and astonish the beholder.

Not less human and sympathetic as well as effective is his treatment of the work on the stupendous locks and valley-like Culebra Cut, giving genre pictures of the men at work, as well as the real aspect of the works, as seen while progressing; a very different thing from a photograph, made when "there is nothing doing."

* * *

THE reader and investigator of today is continually being offered a class of works which supplement the more or less conventional and statistical history with vivid and discriminating word pictures and illustrations of the men, manners and trade of the past generations. One of the finished and most interesting of these works is "Old Paris; its Social, Historical and Literary Associations"* with which Mr. Henry C. Shelley has supplemented two previous volumes of like nature—his "Inns and Taverns of Old London," and "The British Museum; Its History and its Treasures."

It is for the most part a restoration of famous inns, taverns, cafes, clubs, salons, pleasure gardens, street characters, fairs and fetes, and theaters long since departed, like the great notorious criminal, dissipated, noble and greatly fortunate or unfortunate, who in life frequented them and made them salient points of entry or exit in the history of France and Europe. Rabelais and Francois Villon, Ravaillac and Clement, d'Aubigne and Admund Coligni, Voltaire and Rousseau, Danton and Robespierre, D'Artagnan and Conde, Sterne and Gibbon, Marot and Charlotte Corday are only a few of the great names which are gracefully and interestingly associated with the rehabilitated popular resort of the Paris of the past.

Such a work is of double value, first as an entertaining and satisfying essay and commentary on the life and manners of many notable people, and also as a record to be studied and made a book of reference in connection with epochs in history which can never be thoroughly understood without some acquaintance of contemporary people, customs and ideas. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and is a really notable acquisition to any library.

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* "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal." Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.25 net.

* "Old Paris, Its Social, Historical and Literary Associates." By Henry C. Shelley. L. C. Page Co.: Boston, Mass. Price $3.00 net.

VIRGINIA has always been the mother of great and brave men and fair women, who mingled with great sacrifices for liberty the most aristocratic spirit and manners of all the colonists. To place the principal representatives of this old regime before the American public, in interesting word-pictures and dainty reproductions of portraits and places, has been evidently a labor of love with Edith Tunis Sale in her splendid book "Old Time Belles and Cavaliers,"* a pendant especially valuable and fitting to her "Manors of Virginia in Old Colonial Times," both of which are published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, whose recent publications along this line have established a series that must always be classics in the estimation of American scholars.

But beyond this, the poet and artist, and indeed every man, woman and youth who loves to read of stately dames, charming belles, and noble gentlemen and ladies, will find in this book a great treasury from which to feed his interest in American biography and history.

There are portraits of Pocahontas by Sully and Booten, of her Virginian grandson, John Bolling, of whose descendants Burke the Virginian historian wrote, "There is scarcely a scion from this stock which has not been in the highest degree amiable and respectable" of "King" Robert Carter of Corotoman, Nominy Hall and Sabine Hall, the richest and most aggressive Virginian magnate of the Eighteenth Century, "who left a princely fortune, consisting of ten thousand sterling, one thousand slaves and more than three hundred thousand acres of land" to be divided between his twelve children: Colonel William Byrd, his mansion of "Westover" house, and that famous Evelyn Byrd whose very name is a thing of beauty like her exquisite portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller: the noble beauty of Miss Mary Ball, and her later maturity as the wife of Augustine Washington, the mother of the first President, and her house at Fredericksburg in which she spent the last years of her life, spared by the Civil War, also enrich the sketches of these noble Virginian ladies.

There pass before us Martha Dandridge, later the widow of Daniel Custis, who married George Washington; Brian, the eighth Lord Fairfax, who succeeded to a British peerage late in life, yet returned to Virginia to end his days, as an Episcopalian clergyman; Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, a celebrated Revolutionary soldier, and Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford) of Concord, New Hampshire, whose undeserved persecution by certain New Hampshire officers drove him into the English service, a step which eventually led him through nobler achievements and more beneficent labors to the highest honors, and eventually to become the founder of the British Royal Institute. Although he fought against his country, he always loved it and hoped to end his days at Cambridge, where the Rumford Professorship still preserves his memory.

Full of pathetic suggestion is the face of Major John McPherson of Pleasant Hill, Pennsylvania, who knowingly "chosen of the Valkyrs" went to his death with General Montgomery at the storming of Quebec in 1775. The demure but mischievous face of Peggy Chew reminds us of the famous Mischianza tournament held by General Howe's officers at Philadelphia, and Miss Peggy's handsome, ingenious, unfortunate "Esquire," Major John Andre.

Dolly Payne, later Mrs. President Madison; Martha Jefferson, thereafter Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph, and Betsy Patterson, the proud and disappointed Madame Jerome Bonaparte, peer out from the pages and deft word-painting of this charming book.

* * *

INTERCOLLEGIATE debating is a subject that necessarily appeals to a limited public and the publisher's notice of Mr. E. R. Nichols' late work reads, "Here is a new book for the man on the team." For the school or college student who has any interest in debating, whether required or spontaneous, this book will prove invaluable. Records are here of debates on fourteen subjects: "The Income Tax," "Tax on Income or Rental," "Value of Land," "Abandonment of the Protective Tariff," "Admission of Raw Material Free," "Conservation of National Resources," "The Initiative and Referendum," "The Short Ballot," "The Commission Form of Government," "The Direct Primary," "The Minimum Wage," "Open or Closed Shop," "Parliamentary or Presidential Form of Government," "Three-fourths Decision in Jury Trials," "The Central Bank."

A valuable feature of the book is its introduction, which cannot fail to be helpful to every amateur debater. It discusses methods in debating preparations and training, choosing debaters and judges, debate subjects, and many other matters of interest.

The youth who engages in intercollegiate debates puts a vast amount of time and energy upon his questions, and searches library catalogues for all extant information. The energetic, sometimes passionately youthful style, in which the various arguments are presented makes these debates only the more readable. The various pleas for and against the income tax amendment to the Constitution can hardly be found presented in more attractive form than in the Harvard vs. Yale-Princeton debate; and the western debates are full of vigorous idealism.

Aside from "the man on the team" and the girl on the debating list, these debates are interesting to the layman as showing what questions are engaging the attention of the young people of today who tomorrow will be in charge of the conduct of town and state and national affairs. And on these very up-to-date questions, the debates give in condensed form the gist of the best thinking as it has been expressed in recent literature.

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* "Old Time Belles and Cavaliers." By Edith Tunis Sale. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $5.00.

* "Intercollegiate Debates," Vol. II. By E. R. Nichols. New York: Hinds, Noble and Eldridge Company. Price $0.00

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SUBSTITUTING the camera for the shotgun and rifle, and preserving lifelike pictures of birds and beasts while in perfect liberty and enjoyment, instead of slaying them for pleasure or profit, has become of late years a kind of field sport whose humanity and interest must be commended. It is of especial value and interest to the naturalist, who thus secures exact pictures of the objects of his study, and the means of illustrating from life many incidents and facts coming under his observation.

Ingenious combinations of illuminating powder with a cord or wire to be moved or broken at the focal point covered by the camera, have been successfully used to photograph lions, tigers, and other carnivora, in the absence of the operator, and sometimes to enable the hunter to kill the quarry at the instant of revelation.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU IN NAVIGATION

Going at a quick walk, or swinging trot, or at times a gallop, they usually travel in single file along the well-worn leads or paths that have been used for centuries. In nearly all cases a doe leads the herd. It took Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the author of "Wild Life and the Camera," six years to get this picture

"Wild Life and the Camera"* by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, is a well-written record of observation of the wild life of the Atlantic littoral at several points between Newfoundland and Florida. It contains many fine photographs of wild birds, from nesting chickadees to the majestic wild swan, several splendid views of the Newfoundland Caribou in their seasonal migrations, and other animals and fishes, as well as winter and summer scenery and incidents of forest life.

* * * *

ONE of the most popular books during the early days of the administration at Washington was the "Office Seekers' Blue Book,"* a comprehensive manual of instruction for those wishing federal office, prepared by Wilbur G. Miller, LL.B., a well-known newspaper correspondent. The book goes right into all the details, gives a list of offices, and states who has the appointive power. A consultation of this book by those seeking office would save tons of public correspondence. The author was for many years engaged in newspaper work at Washington, and is thoroughly conversant with the process and status of an office-seeker. His little book appeared at the psychological moment and has been read with great care by a veritable army of people, for not only have the salaries of various positions been given but also exactly the duties, and the manner and method of appointment, with details in reference to the examination and civil service appointments. Entirely aside from the personal interest of those seeking office the book has a reference value. Mr. Miller is to be congratulated on the thorough and splendid way in which he has compiled and edited this little manual, and the columns of editorial comment passed upon the book are invariably intoned with a belief that it will help check the heart-burnings and disappointments incident to seeking a federal position, and encourage a system of practical common-sense knowledge in seeking a place on Uncle Sam's pay roll.

* * *

LOFTY and dominant sounds the title, "The Steamship Conquest of the Sea,"† and Mr. Frederick A. Talbot has certainly made his book a record of enormous "conquests," and also of tremendous losses and defeats experienced by man in his eternal conflict with the indomitable seas. Indeed the ship news of the past winter, like every one of its predecessors, proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is no human device, skill or utilization of new and powerful agencies that can do more than ameliorate the destruction that always ensues when the tremendous dynamic forces of wind and wave and the irresistible impact of reef and iceberg meet in a duel to the death the most magnificent creations of naval architecture and engineering skill.

The author, however, has presented a hopeful picture which clearly and tersely chronicles the inception and development of steam power. Every feature is illustrated with halftone reproductions of notable vessels, wrecks, ocean palace equipments, safety devices, oil motorization, engines, propellers, and instructive variations and details of the same, forming a story so complete, interesting and instructive that it becomes a reference book to which one can hardly apply in vain for a clear understanding of the current ship news, or maritime disaster.

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* "Wild Life and the Camera." By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $2.00 net.

* "Office Seekers' Blue Book." By Wilbur G. Miller.

† "Steamship Conquest of the Sea." By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.50 net.

* * *

THOSE who are exercised about the "White Slave" traffic and kindred movements would do well to look up some books published by Dr. William Lee Howard, on the subject of eugenics and sex hygiene. If fathers and mothers would spend a little more time imparting to their children the facts covered in these books there would surely be less occasion for the lamentable conditions which are now being fought. It is the rightful heritage of every boy and girl to know what is contained in these volumes, and too often through a sense of false modesty or pride, parents are neglectful or utterly refuse to perform this duty.

Certainly boys and girls will learn these things through other and almost always evil and ignorant sources; and the results in every nation are beyond conception horrible in the waste of life, character and happiness. In an age when most of the old safeguards are beaten down, when man and woman compete in almost every line of mental and physical employment, the old sheltered life of the maiden has been swept away. Every parent who allows a boy or girl to go out into the world undefended by necessary knowledge, and kindly but plain warnings, risks the honor of the family name, the character, the happiness and health of the dear ones.

It is not necessary to go into details in these pages. The danger and terrible results of the false modesty of parents are set forth in plain, simple, yet tactful language by Dr. Howard in his books. "Facts for the Married"* is of special interest to young couples and in this and the other three compact volumes, "Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene," "Confidential Chats with Girls," "Confidential Chats with Boys," Dr. Howard has prepared material which with a very few introductory remarks by a parent will sufficiently instruct and advise the child man or child woman of what a healthy, noble life should be and how to attain and conserve it.

* * *

FEW branches of modern maritime operations are more picturesque and romantic than the life-saving service. Wireless, submarine apparatus and other safety appliances do good work as preventatives, but as a last resort, when the vessel is ashore, with the seas crashing over her, their service is finished. The life-boat and the breeches-buoy usually save the day.

"The Life-Boat and its Story"† treats of this worthy little craft's development from its crude beginning in 1785 down to its present self-righting, non-sinkable perfection. Each country has contributed a distinctive part to the evolution of the life-boat, a fact which is very ably elaborated on by the author. Treating minutely yet not heavily all the steps of development, citing thrilling episodes to show the remarkable seaworthiness and all-round ability of these plucky foes of the surf, Mr. Methley's book will find a hearty reception by all who are interested in matters maritime.

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IN his "History of French Literature"* it may safely be said, however, that C. H. Conrad Wright, A.B., M.A., assistant professor of French literature at Harvard, has furnished to the student and general reader a concise encyclopedia of lives and characters, works, salient methods and doctrines of the greater part of the poets, historians, philosophers, polemicists, novelists and political writers who have founded and built up a splendid literature from the earliest ages of which tradition or fragmentary history bears record of rude epics and ruder lyrical poems and historical tradition. That the index of names alone numbers nearly two thousand and that the references to them much more than double that number, may roughly indicate the scope and thoroughness with which the task was approached and completed.

LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT
Reproduction from Noel T. Methley's "The Lifeboat and Its Story"

Added to these merits, the work brings before the reader the vague but enthralling chaos of Germanic, Gallic, Celtic and Roman song, romance and history from which under Charlemagne and Alcuin in the Eighth Century emerged the French language as a written and spoken tongue. Following the course of history through all its mutations from age to age, the author speaks not uncertainly but always charitably of the lives and labors of almost every man and woman who has made a name, pregnant with good or evil in nearly thirteen centuries. It will be found, also, that this volume is not a heavy, dry-as-dust bibliography, but a readable and often amusing series of pictures of human character and of the conditions under which each writer was born, lived, labored and died, depicted with a human sympathy which is always illuminating.

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* "Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene," "Confidential Chats with Boys," "Confidential Chats with Girls," "Facts for the Married." By Dr. William Lee Howard. New York: Edward J. Clode. Price $1.00 each, net.

† "The Life Boat and Its Story." By Noel T. Methley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

* "A History of French Literature," by C. H. Conrad Wright. New York: Oxford University Press. Price, $1.75.

It may be questioned how far his assumption that "all traces of this (Gallic) literature has been swept away" is warranted by the facts, for he has evidently rather overlooked Brittany as a purely Celtic section, whose wild traditions and patois, like those of the Basques, differ widely from those of the rest of France. So, too, his consideration of Provencal poetry and tradition seems to have been subordinated to his intense and exhaustive study of that Latin-French which from Paris has for generations enlightened, amused (and scandalized) the world.

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FREDERIC TABER COOPER
A well-known magazine writer and critic, and the author of "Some English Story Tellers"

But this is not to be wondered at, since the search for scraps and snatches of legendary lore, however interesting, is of little real value to the student of a national literature which from age to age bursts its own bonds and assumes broader and more vital and imposing characteristics.

Many interesting things are incidentally told in the course of these lectures; among other things that the "vaudeville" now so loosely applied to a very "mixed" but popular form of stage entertainment, was originally a satirical song derived from the words "Vaux de Vire," the famous drinking songs of Olivier Basselin and Jean le Houx, who "in the Valley of the Vire," as Longfellow sings, composed and sung these "Vire Lais" in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Others have derived it from "Voix de ville," "the voice of the city," meaning a tune or song which has become universally popular. Later in France it meant a comedy containing popular songs, and now a comedy without songs and a complicated and extravagant plot. "To curry favor," a still popular saying, he tells us was derived from a Fifteenth Century proverb, "Estriller Favel, Fauved or Fauveau." ("To curry Favel") Favel was a chestnut horse, the hero of a Fifteenth Century satirical poem, whose influence was secured by judicious and assiduous currying. Another saying "Revenons a nos moutons" "Let us get back to our sheep," is the impatient saying of a magistrate engaged in trying a case against a shepherd who has lost some of his master's sheep, but under the advice of Pathelin, a tricky attorney, answers only by bleating like a sheep, and thus escapes judgment. It is consoling to know that Pathelin's demand for his fee elicited a contemptuous "Baa."

The song of Roland, and the archaic Roman de Rou, the wild but beautiful imaginings of "Huon of Bordeaux," and the classic chapters of Alcuin, Eginhard, Abelard, Erasmus, and other noted clerics; the rude epic from which the beautiful "Idyls of the King" and "Tristram and Iseult" have been evolved, the inspired obscenity of Rabelais, Zola, and a host of medieval singers and sagamen; the novels of Dumas, Sue, Hugo, Balzac, de Maupassant and others; the poets of the "Pleiades," renaissance movement of the sixteenth century, and the era of the famous ladies of "the Grand Siecle," are only a few of the topics of Mr. Wright's valuable work.

* * *

THE reader of several books by the same author is always eager to read about a favorite poet or novelist, and to know how many other works he has perpetrated in the course of his career.

In "Some English Story Tellers,"* Frederic Taber Cooper analyzes the works of Joseph Conrad, William Frend De Morgan, Maurice Hewlett, Eden Philpotts, Rudyard Kipling, William John Locke, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Anthony Hope, May Sinclair, Alfred Ollivant, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, John Trevena, Robert Hichens, and "Frank Danby" (Mrs. Julia Frankau); criticizes them with more or less "justice and mercy," gives a neat biographical sketch of each, and their principal works, and adds complete lists of their publications to date. To the reader whose library is a thing of especial moment and interest, this book embodying these facts about the chief recent English novelists would seem to be indispensable. It is illustrated with fine portraits of the several writers. The volume is bound uniformly with "Some American Story Tellers," published last year.

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* "Some English Story Tellers." By Frederic Taber Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price $1.60 net.

Fifty Years an Advertiser

A FAMILIAR-LOOKING box lay on the dock in a foreign port. A group of American tourists were leaning against the rail of the big steamer when one of their number suddenly started to whistle "Home, Sweet Home."

"Why the tremolo, Bill?" asked one.

"I'm thinking of home and mother," he responded.

"What's the reason?"

"Yonder box—spells out—the letters—'Sapolio!' "

The ready admission that Sapolio "reminds one of home and mother" is a tribute to the recognized merit of Sapolio as a home necessity to discerning women, and to the power of advertising.

That little cake of Sapolio, lying half-used on the kitchen sink, has, perhaps, the most wonderful advertising history of any commodity in the world. Ranging over a period of fifty years, during which time the mysterious power of advertising, like electricity, has been discovered, studied, and put to tremendous use, this little universal servant, by original merit and patient perseverance, has led the way as a popular household necessity.

Curious indeed were some of the first Sapolio advertisements—queer, crude, but honest. Out of them grew, in logical sequence, the rhymed story of "Spotless Town." These little verses sung themselves into the hearts of the people. Their sparkle and brightness suggested Sapolio itself. Musicians put the words to music and the theme was turned into clever playlets, with complete instructions and dialogue for "home talent" or charity shows. Practically every phase of advertising, direct and indirect, has been used in the campaign to introduce Sapolio to the peoples of the world. Two hundred and fifty thousand boxes of dominoes were sent out in one year, supplementing newspaper and magazine advertising. World markets were searched for new advertising novelties that would prove useful and keep the name Sapolio before the people. Japan, at one time, furnished twenty thousand feathered owls and fifty thousand puzzles, besides thousands of hand-painted panels. Millions of domestic puzzles were used, giving place in time to more substantial games. Sapolio chess and checker boards to the amount of five hundred thousand were distributed, and thousands of country stores as well as homes found in them a happy method of whiling away an idle hour or a rainy day. Sapolio dice, each cube bearing one of the letters of the word, have introduced the people to a new game. Eight hundred thousand of these dice have already been distributed throughout the world.

But it is in its magazine advertising that Sapolio has excelled. Poets, clever writers, artists and designers, many of whom would not condescend to touch upon trade topics in an ordinary way, have become inspired with the bright, cheery, helpful spirit of Sapolio advertising, and have contributed their best work to its success.

"The sun never sets" upon the sale of Sapolio. The simple, solid cake of scouring-soap is known from New York to San Francisco, in Honolulu, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Bombay, Ceylon, Calcutta and Alexandria, forming a chain that binds together modern civilization with the ancient philosophies of the East. The experiences of Sapolio salesmen, in establishing a chain of markets around the globe is a story of American enthusiasm and pluck. They have literally scoured the world with Sapolio, and Sapolio advertisements have been printed in almost every known language.

* * *

Perhaps the most sensational advertisement on record in the history of "Sapolio" was when Captain Andrews sailed the fourteen foot boat "Sapolio" across the ocean, from Atlantic City to Palos, Spain, arriving there just before the fleets of the world came to join in the celebration of Columbus' voyage of discovery. The doughty New England seaman was determined to make the trip in his little boat, and asked if it would be worth fifty dollars as an advertisement to christen his craft "Sapolio." It was agreed to, though perhaps many doubted that Captain Andrews would go very far on his trip. For some weeks the boat had been on exhibition on the pier at Atlantic City, and when the tent was finally struck and the Sapolio launched, a curious group assembled. It seemed a foolhardy attempt, but the Captain confidently exclaimed, "I will be in Spain in sixty days." A rowboat towed his little craft beyond the surf, and he drifted out with the tide.

For ten days or more, nothing was heard from the Sapolio; then came a message from Captain Andrews, seven hundred miles from shore, that the boat was leaking badly. A week or two elapsed. Another message was picked up stating that Andrews was still bailing extra hours at night. Finally word came that the Azores had been reached. The natives received Captain Andrews with great enthusiasm, and the women showered him with flowers as he walked the streets, for the Portuguese are brave sailors and admire a fearless mariner. From the Azores to the coast of Portugal and thence to Palos, the trip was far more severe, as told in the Captain's log:

"On Thursday, September 8, several seas, and one in particular, struck the boat, and for a few seconds I could not make out whether she was right side up or not, and it rattled me round like dice in a box while shaking for three sixes. Another sea struck her, and the concussion stunned me or my senses, for I opened the hatch, thinking she was bottom up, and I could see nothing but light azure for several seconds, while the water squirted in at every crevice so spitefully that she must have been buried under a mighty pressure."

When Captain Andrews arrived in Spain, the people gathered at the piers to greet him. The newspapers sent their reporters down to the coast, for the steamers from the Azores and the semaphore at Sagres on the Portuguese coast had reported him near at hand. The gallant Captain himself can best relate the termination of his voyage and the triumph of his arrival:

"The enthusiasm was intense. I informed the health officer that I was from America. He took the Sapolio in tow, and proceeded to the landing pier, where I found the crowd actually jammed together, impossible to pass through. In a moment, they had hustled the officers from me. Two men supported me on their shoulders, others had my legs, and still others were pressing on behind and we were soon at the health officer's quarters where I signed my name to some document, and was placed on top of the crowd again, and proceeded to the residence of the Governor, Felix of Carazons, Palos. It was not the most enjoyable ride I ever had, but they were continually shouting 'Viva Sapolio!' 'Viva Captain Andrews!' I had reached the pinnacle of my miserable existence.

"At the Governor's mansion were the Alcalde and many other prominent personages, as well as newspaper officials, who received me right royally, and many times I was compelled to appear on the balcony to appease the calls of the vociferous multitude, where I appeared to be the lion of the hour.

"Newspaper men were busy all night preparing matter from my log for publication, and I was very busy entertaining my friends, who were unanimous in believing that I had introduced a new word into Spain, and that it was 'Sapolio.'

"The next morning, and for days after, the men, women and children rushed up to me and heartily shook my hands, and hugged me as though I were some long-lost friend restored to them. The ladies rushed to the roofs and balconies, and greeted my approach by waving handkerchiefs and crying 'Viva Sapolio!' 'Sapolio' was heard on all sides, and it was rarely that I was seen without some child's hand in mine as I walked along the street, and sometimes three or four would insist on holding on to me, or to my coat, until, weeks afterward, I finally tried to discourage them by pretending not to notice them."

The papers printed headings across the entire front page, the theatres decorated a box and insisted upon the hero's presence, and although "Sapolio," the name of an American household product, was on Captain Andrews' boat, on his cards, and on the advertising matter which he distributed, so great was the credit accorded to his voyage that he was entertaid ttre the cost of the Crown as though hrejoic an invited guest. It is a fact that, unaering in his safe arrival, the Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, manufacturers of Sapolio, cabled five hundred dollars to him, tgowehe the Bank of Madrid, but he did nohdraw one cent of the money, which had to be subsequently transferred to his credit in London. So far as the advertising part of his voyage was concerned, it was planned, carried out and made thus wonderfully successful on a total expense of $98.50.

* * *

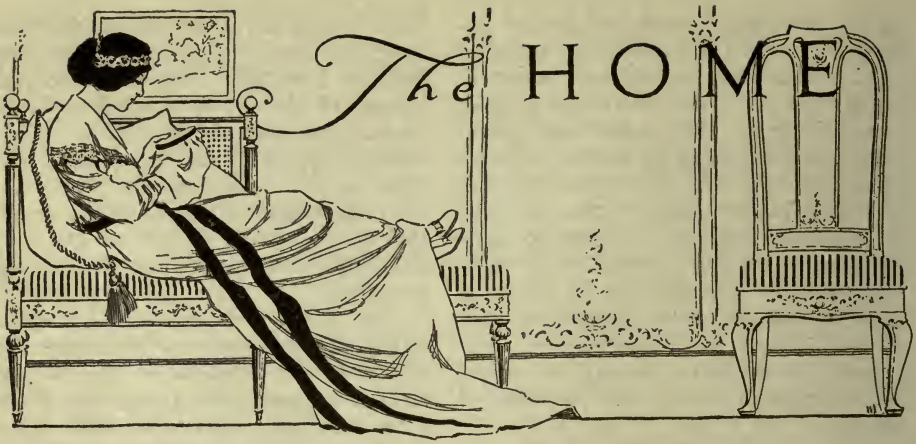
But fashion changes in advertising as in everything else. Among other novel methods of increasing the consumption of Sapolio came the employment of an "advertising orator," who made stump speeches in the principal cities, and by the posting of signs reading "Keep off the Grass" on all the snow banks in New York after its great blizzard. While these methods have now been abandoned, the revival of the famous "Spotless Town" verses and figures in Sapolio advertising during 1913 will put "Spotless Town" again on the map of human thought, in larger type than ever, and a new generation of young people will act the plays and sing the songs of "the cleanest spot on earth."

The cheery and optimistic advertising of Sapolio simply reflects the conservative, wholesome atmosphere of the business started in Greenwich Village, New York City, fifty years ago. Successful advertising has made the steady growth of Enoch Morgan's Sons Company and the manufacture of Sapolio more than a business. It has become an institution, teaching to the world, at home and abroad, the ideal of health, cleanliness and longevity through its clever, witty, allegorical story of "Spotless Town."

THE HOME SEEKER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I HAVE a longing on me for the earth—
O for the grassy breast that gave me birth!
O for the hope that in the bosom sings
And homely tasks that give the daylight wings!
I covet in my dreams the streams and rills,
And cattle calling on a hundred hills.
I yearn impatient for the open air,
And for the joy of horses ploughing there.
I long to hear the ringing challenge clear
At morn of the triumphant chanticleer.
And from the elm trees' crest beside the way
To catch the banter of the noisy jay.
O for the tender glimpse of heaven blue,
Of spider webs that net the start of dew!
O for the comradeship of birds and bees,
And the exultant sight of wind-tossed trees!
O for a vision of the golden grain,
And tawny fields, like lions on the plain!
Out of the city's strife and dust and heat,
Away from the clatter of hoofs and of feet,
Out of my weary exile, cursed and banned,
I want to go back to the land, the land!



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

HEALTHY HAIR

BY J. L.

The everyday use of a fine comb with the fewest possible shampoos is a remedy for lank, lifeless hair. Keep the scalp loose by rubbing daily if necessary, and to stimulate growth use a good tonic—a little kerosene applied to the roots of the hair with the finger tips once or twice a week is as good as anything. Some may get as good results by using a stiff brush daily, but for hair that won't grow and has absolutely no vigor, the fine comb is best.

TO MAKE FOWL TENDER

BY W. H. S.

Rub fowl, just after it is dressed for cooking and before putting in the kettle, with baking soda, which will cleanse the skin, make the fowl tender and greatly improve the meat.

CURES FOR WARTS

BY E. M. R.

Rub frequently with a slice of raw potato or apply moistened baking soda.

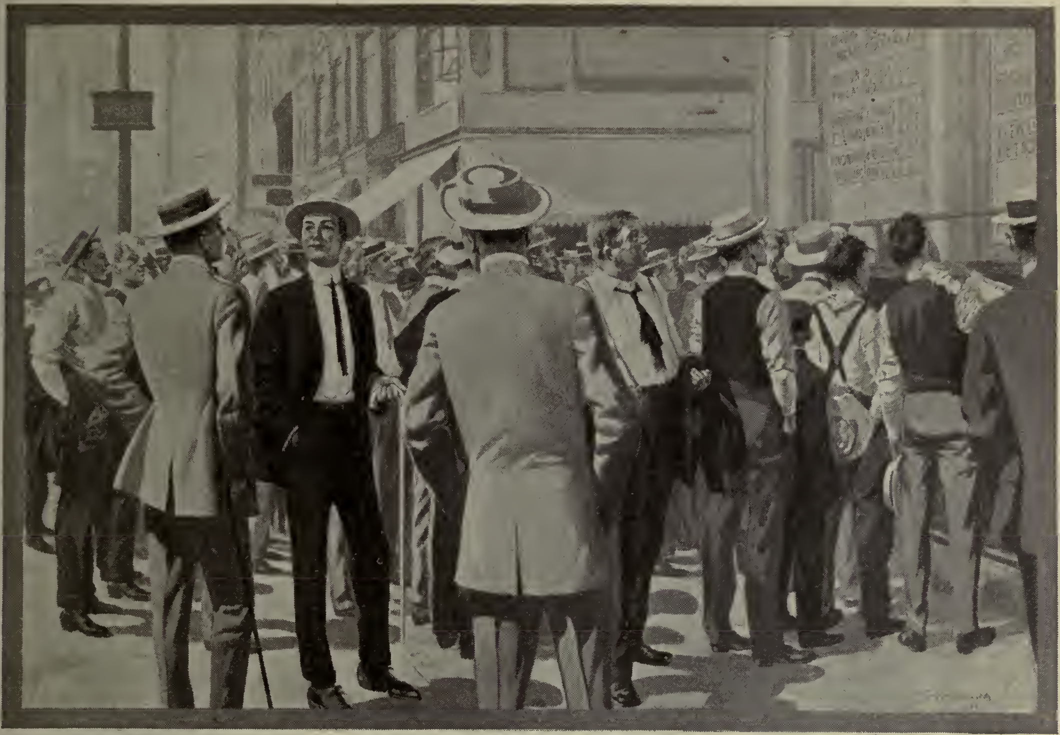
SOLUTION FOR SPRAYING ROSES AND OTHER PLANTS

BY N. F. W.

Into one pound fresh slacked lime mix two pounds powdered sulphur. Stir this into one gallon hot water and boil one hour. This makes a golden brown liquid. Let settle and bottle the clear liquid. This will keep for months. For spraying dormant trees to eradicate enemies that secrete themselves in the bark, add one part of the above solution to six parts water. It eradicates scale and aphis.

For spraying the foliage of trees and plants use one part solution to fifteen parts water, or as strong as foliage will bear. A few ounces of fresh slacked lime may be added to mark the foliage sprayed if desired.

This will destroy lice, slugs, hoppers, thrips, etc., that work upon roses and other plants. It should be applied early before they injure the plants, then if needed once in two weeks during the early summer. A good sprayer holding one quart may be purchased for thirty-five cents. I use "The Faultless."

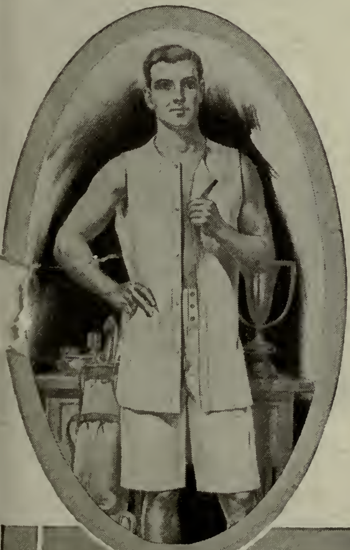


The Fag-Free "Fans" Wear B. V. D.

COOL and comfortable despite the grueling heat, the fag-free "fans" in the foreground wear Loose Fitting, Light Woven B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits. Why don't *you* put on B. V. D. and "cool off"?

To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label.* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label



MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

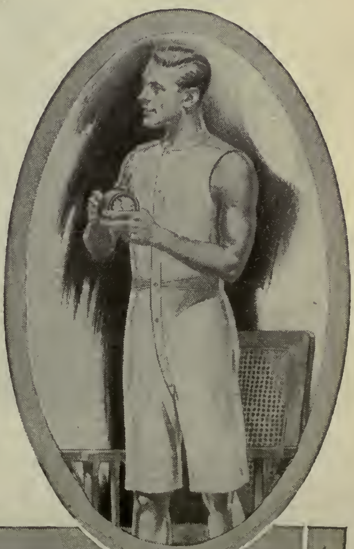
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

Insist that your dealer sells you only underwear with the B. V. D. label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A., 4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company,
New York.
London Selling Agency:
66 ALDERMANBURY, E. C.



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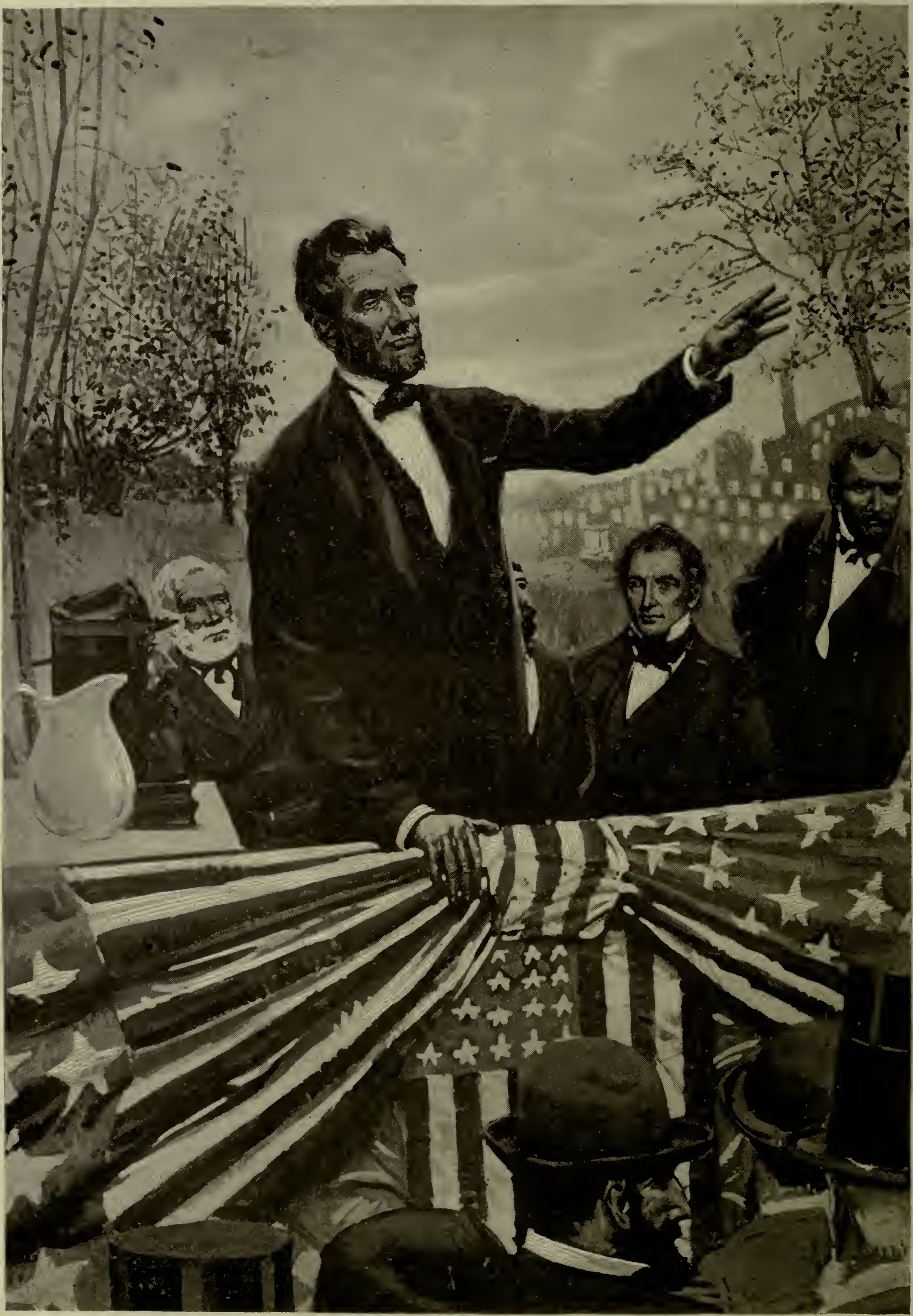
The B.V.D. Company.

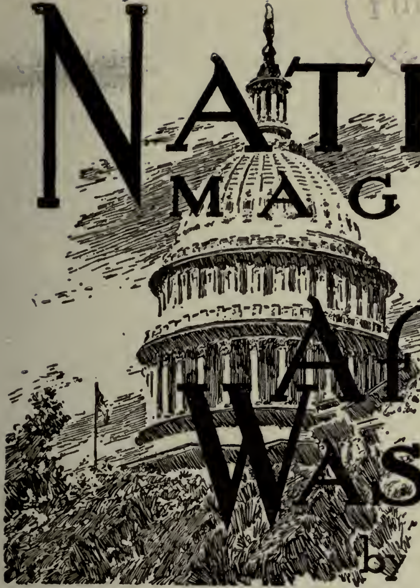


LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG, OCT. 19, 1863

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining for us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion."

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

JULY, 1913



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

FROM Washington to the field of Gettysburg leads a roadway immortalized in American annals, for over it Lincoln rode when he uttered those immortal words that gave to the men who fell in battle their apotheosis as the real dedicators of the great cemetery in which they sleep forever. In the blistering first days of July, the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle is celebrated by a reunion the like of which has never occurred in all history. On that same battlefield, which fifty years ago was so thickly strewn with dead and dying, the surviving soldiers of the great opposing armies encamp together as comrades. To the battlefield on which was shed the blood of soldiers from nearly every state of the Union—North and South—the President of the nation now makes a pilgrimage from Washington to Gettysburg, as did Lincoln, to dedicate himself and the nation anew to the Union and the "government of the people, by the people and for the people."

Over this roadway to Gettysburg it was at one time proposed to construct the Lincoln Way, which would, indeed, have been a fitting memorial to the great Emancipator, and although art commissioners decided otherwise, yet in the hearts of the people Gettysburg will always be the chief national shrine associated with Lincoln's memory.

* * * * *

DURING this celebration the nation's birthday occurs, and the world at large stands aside for the moment and wonderingly surveys the panorama, reflecting upon the glory of the peace of a united nation, thus ratified upon a battlefield which decided the destinies of the Union forever.

The emotions that come over the throngs standing on "Little Round Top" or on Cemetery Ridge or Culp's Hill, looking over Peach Orchard, the Wheat Field, or rest among the peaceful shadows that now lie over the Devil's Den, as they try to bring up in fancy the picture of those awful days, are hard to describe or to analyze. In the distance stands the old Seminary, the same building whose steps fifty years ago were running rivers of blood. Looking across the field where Pickett made that last gallant charge, along his bloody road to defeat and glory, on every historical spot are reared monuments to the various regiments on the sites where they fought, and mute effigies that recall the gallant leaders and soldiers of fifty years ago. Gettysburg was a soldier's battle. It was never planned, but was one of those unexpected events that turn the scales of destiny.

* * * * *

THE meeting of the men of the Blue and the Gray after the battle of the first day to drink from the same spring, while the rivulets of Northron and Southron blood were trickling down the rocks and hillsides, foreshadowed the spirit of comradeship that still blooms a half century later. How much was decided on that day, when General Robert E. Lee thought in one moment that Hunt's artillery had been silenced for lack of ammunition preceding Pickett's charge, and then heard the awful fury of the Northern batteries belching forth shell and canister, and mowing down human lives like the wheat in the trampled and bloody fields? The awful thundering of that artillery duel has passed into history, and is now supplanted by the cheery greetings and salutations of the soldiers who on this field proved to the last drop of their blood American valor and heroism.

HON. J. A. GOULDEN

The New York Congressman who will not be allowed to retire Visitors refer to him as "the most courteous Congressman;" newspaper men call him "the ideal Representative"

There is a tender pathos in the expression of comradeship on the faces of the veterans at Gettysburg, whether in blue or in gray, for a full half century has bridged the interval of life's activities and most eventful years, and has nearly completed the span of life for even the youngest of their myriads. Every five minutes of the day during the reunion a soldier's soul was passing on to the last bivouac.

"On to Gettysburg!" was the cry of thousands in the first days of July, and Gettysburg will forever remain one spot where Americans will gather to dedicate themselves anew in sacred, patriotic pledges to their country and their flag.

* * * * *

A GROUP of newspaper men were discussing the habits and work of various congressmen and the issue was raised as to which were the representatives who really represented. Just then Congressman J. A. Goulden of New York was seen hurrying along, and attention was called to the fact that he was at his office at eight o'clock in the morning, looking out for the interests of his large constituency, and when the clock struck nine was dispatching the work at hand with the vigor of a modern business man.

After a service of several terms in Congress, Mr. Goulden voluntarily retired and was earnest in his desire not to return. When his name was insistently presented in the convention of delegates he declared, to settle matters, that he would not take the nomination if there was one dissenting vote. That saving vote of dissension, however, was not forthcoming, so the Congressman was obliged to take to his automobile and make the tour of his district, where everybody loves to meet the man with the smiling face and courtly manners who has given a lifetime of service for others. In Congress there are few more popular members than Mr. Goulden, and accompanied by two good speakers and two or three buglers he made a tour of every section of his District thus reaching the masses; if he wants anything done, there are always a dozen colleagues ready to help him do it, but perhaps this is because most of the time he is doing things for others.

Like other Congressmen of the majority party, Mr. Goulden has been kept busy during the extra session looking after appointments and reinstatements, and none have gone to him without a fair and sympathetic hearing. He is one of the few remaining members of the Grand Army of the Republic remaining in Congress, having served in the navy during the Civil War. He was born within a few miles of the battlefield of Gettysburg and will take a notable part in the anniversary celebration. Whenever the interests of old sailors or soldiers are concerned, Congressman Goulden is never known to lack interest or spare effort in their behalf.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS ELSIE KINDEL

The winsome daughter of Congressman Kindel of Colorado. She recently returned from a trip abroad, and is making many new friends in Washington

HON. WILLIAM H. THOMPSON
The new Senator from Kansas. He is the youngest Senator ever elected from his state, and one of the youngest men in the Senate. His political success is without parallel in the history of his state

IN studying the personnel of the Sixty-third Congress it is often remarked that the members of the House and Senate are an unusually handsome lot of men, and that events will probably develop new leaders for coming campaigns. Professor Michael, of the University of Turin, has advanced the idea that the most powerful aid to political power and leadership is beauty in some form. It is especially important, he declares, in helping a politician to rise. He points out many examples and incidents to prove his theory in Italy, especially in cases of Socialist leaders who have been successful rather because of their attractive personality than because of their beliefs. He also calls attention to the fine forms and features of the members of the Chamber of Deputies in France who have taken the reins of public affairs.

With dogmatic scientific precision, Professor Michael enumerates five qualities which he believes necessary to a party leader, all of which many of the young men at Washington possess: energy of will, which enables a man to dominate weaker characters; superiority of knowledge, which compels respect; deep conviction—a force of ideas often bordering on fanaticism; self-confidence pushed to the point of self-conceit, but having the power of being communicated to the mass of the people; and last and most important of all, goodness of heart and absolute disinterestedness.

All these requisites are aside from the qualifications of face and form which are not to be regarded lightly. Is this aspect foreshadowing the entrance of women in politics? Will the feminine element ever be able to eliminate the old-fashioned admiration for Adonis on the stump or Apollo in a moving picture campaign? Only the women themselves can answer.

* * * * *

LETTERS from Japan seem particularly fascinating in the light of recent events. Among those in the editorial file is an interesting missive from Mr. T. Miyaoka, who some years ago was a student here and is now a prominent lawyer in Tokio. With his letter was enclosed a picture of the entrance to the Sawabun Inn at Fushimi, which town has lost much of its importance with the downfall of the Toyotomi regime. A footman of the Imperial household attends at the carriage door, which the Princess approaches, accompanied by the marshal of her court, who holds an umbrella over her in the rain. Following her is Mme. Miyaoka.

The Princess has been to the late Emperor's mausoleum, which is built on a well-wooded hill called Momo-yama, just outside the town of Fushimi, near Kioto. On this hill once stood the proud castle of Toyotomi Hideyoshi. When the Tokugawa family came into power three hundred and nine years ago everything was done to obliterate the memory of the splendor of the Toyotomi regime. Hideyoshi's ancient castle was razed to the ground, and the place was occupied by a grove of trees. Later the site was planted with peach trees, whence it was called "Momo-yama" or "Peach Hill." Later the peach trees died out and the heights grew bosky and have now become a thickly wooded hill.

THE PRINCESS OF JAPAN LEAVING SAWABUN INN, FUSHIMI
The Royal Lady is accompanied by the marshal of her court and Mme. Miyaoka, her friend. At the side of the gate, bowing, are waitresses of the Inn

The progress in the development of Japan during the last few years is almost startling in its rapidity. The introduction and adoption of electric lights, telegraphs, telephones, typewriters and all accessories of modern civilization have given the Flowery Kingdom the natural ambition to take her place among the chief nations of the earth, and to resent the abrogation of any treaty right. From the various friendly letters received from Japan, I wonder if we are not becoming unduly excited, and doing an injustice to the gallant little nation whose posts were opened to the world by Admiral Perry not so many years ago. The United States, with her own understanding of the importance of progress in civilization, has always been the "big brother" of Japan, and the cool-headed people in both countries deprecate any action or utterance that might interrupt the good feeling between the two countries.

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MANY thousands of visitors will make their headquarters at Washington during the fiftieth anniversary celebration at Gettysburg. A trip to the national capital is now a confirmed American custom. When Congress is in session, constituents count it a specially favorable time to come to Washington, but after gazing upon the dome of the Capitol and the dizzy heights of the Washington Monument, the first place that usually comes to the mind of the visitor is the White House.

Secretary Tumulty has been kept busy issuing the tiny drab cards of admission to the executive office, which speed the happy visitors down the steps around to the East corridor to enter the White House. The card is proudly held aloft, to be kept as a souvenir of the call at the White House.

Through the lower cloak room corridors, where the guests leave their wraps at social functions, the visitors pass along the hall where the china sets of several Presidents are displayed in handsome cabinets. On the wall are many portraits of "the first ladies of the land,"—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Roosevelt—but one portrait that is conspicuous from its absence is that of the charming Mrs. Cleveland.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. JOHN M. EVANS
The wife of the new Congressman from Montana. She is one of the most attractive additions to Congressional society, and has made many friends since her arrival in Washington

Over and over again the people hear the story of the President's house. In the state dining room where the state dinners are given, trophies of big game still look down upon the diners—a grim reminder of a former president. On the walls are costly tapestries made from exclusive patterns that can never be duplicated. In the Green Room the gold clock presented by Napoleon to Lafayette, and by him in turn to President Washington, still ticks away. The famous Stuart picture of Washington, which Dolly Madison saved by cutting from the frame, when the enemy set fire to the White House in the

War of 1812, now hangs in the Red Room, where a pair of vases presented by the Prince of Wales show to advantage against the bright red plush on the wall. In the Blue Room the diplomats are received; the marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt was also solemnized here, an appropriate background when "Alice Blue" was the popular color.

President Wilson has used the East Room to a large extent for receptions, and here visitors always stop to look at the handsome inlaid Steinway piano, which bears the coat-of-arms of the various states in the Union. The official coat-of-arms of the United States is passed at the front entrance, where it is engraved on the floor, and surrounded by forty-five stars, for the number of states in the Union at the time the White House was reconstructed. Three more brass stars are still to be added. At various functions the Marine Band is usually stationed at the main entrance, and the blaze of scarlet uniforms through the glass doors adds the needed touch of color to the picture. The old White House stairs leading to the second floor where the President's office was formerly located were wearily climbed by Lincoln many times when he had to face the problems of cabinet meetings. They have now been removed to make room for the spacious entrance now provided, and with them has passed the historic old conservatory which was as noted in federal romances of its day as "Flirtation Walk" at West Point.

Photo by Clinedinst

HON. JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS
The new Senator from Illinois. He was an officer in the Spanish-American War and has served before in Congress as Representative from the State of Washington. He is one of the most noted lawyers in Chicago

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THE first appearance of a threatened war cloud during the Wilson administration occurred when the Japanese Viscount Sutemi Chinda made various calls at the State Department, emphasizing the intense feeling in Japan occasioned by the act of the California legislature in passing an alien land bill, which denied to those ineligible to citizenship the privilege of holding land in the state.

There were many conferences between the President and Secretary of

State Bryan to hold in check any provocations that might lead to an acute situation. A war cloud is like a bit of gossip—it starts by people talking of things. In Tokio, for instance, the talk turned to parallels and past cases. It was argued that Americans are now imposing the same regulations upon residents from Japan as was complained of by the American government when naturalized Jews returned to Russia, only to be denied the privileges accorded to the citizens of other countries. Then in America the talk—only a whisper as yet— has been that there is an intrigue between the empire of Japan and other European nations who have fixed envious eyes on Mexico and South American countries, and are preparing for a great change in the world map upon the completion of the Panama Canal.

In Room 212, where the Secretary of State receives diplomats on Thursdays, the interest in foreign affairs speedily shifted from Europe, the Balkans and Mexico to Japan, and there are many consultations of the great globe in the State Department, which so often turns on its axis to bring into view that portion of the earth where international complications have arisen. Secretary Bryan's visit to California to attempt to influence the state legislature was one of the new departures of the present administration. It was not successful, but it indicated President Wilson's good intention in trying to avert international complications, and to maintain treaty obligations as the supreme law of the land. Secretary Bryan also has declared that there shall not be war with any nation during his administration if he has the power to prevent it.

* * * * *

THERE was a flush on her cheek, and fire in her eye, and you knew something had gone amiss. The telephone operator in Washington could not help but somewhat intuitively observe oracularly the drift of the lines and the plot perhaps by telepathy, if not telephony. It was this way:

The young lady had an admirer who was employed in an undertaker's establishment, and he was devoted, was John, but he would insist on driving up to the house of his lady love in the undertaker's cart. Now this cart with all its grim significance stood before the fashionable residence while John went in to exchange greetings. The wagon appeared so regularly and frequently that it set the neighbors talking and inquiring why the undertaker's cart should stop before the house so frequently unless there was a morgue concealed on the premises. So over the telephone John was told, without mincing words, that he would have to change his business, or at least quit driving his cart around, or he would be a real "dead one" as far as certain favors were concerned.

The sequel of this joke is not so sad, after all, for in due season the undertaker's cart was forsaken for Hymen's dove-drawn chariot.

* * * * *

WHILE sitting at a peace banquet, it seemed ironic that the conversation should turn upon the progress and development of explosives, but the guest at my right was thoroughly enthusiastic over acetone. This new explosive, he insisted, was a great deal more powerful than any of the other high explosives except the Shimose powder which Japan has exclusive control of, and which it has sometimes lately been felt that the men in charge of the soldiery of the "Flowery Kingdom" are aching to test on American ironclads. It is said that the Japanese expert who invented this explosive is half-blind and sadly scarred by the numerous accidents attending its invention. When used against the Russian fleet in the Strait of Shimonoseki few of the Russian ironclads escaped destruction. Acetone was successfully used in the Balkan war, which indicates that the world powers of war in providing more deadly explosives are keeping pace with the work of the peace propaganda.

Still, even the deadly bombs used in England by the militant suffragettes now seem to have no more terrors than a well-baked biscuit. In these exhilarating times we are accustomed to high explosives, and to look back to the old muzzle-loading muskets and cannon of the Civil War seems like a glimpse into ancient history. As one artillerist remarked, the artillery fire in the battle of Gettysburg, with all their shells and canister, was like throwing spit balls in comparison with the effects of the artillery in action today. A revenue cutter with its insignificant armament of four guns might be taken for a pleasure yacht, for there are none of the frowning portholes of the frigates and warships of 1812—but contemplate the deadly stream of fire and destruction that these four guns pour upon an enemy.

Photo by Clinedinst

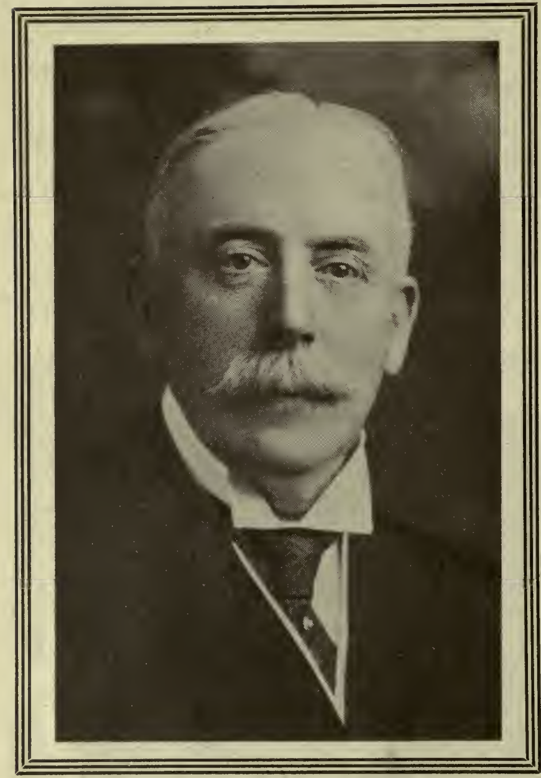
MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS AND HER FOUR SONS
A glimpse of the delightful family of the Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Daniels, though socially prominent, is known first as an ideal wife and mother

War at best is not a pleasant pastime, but if we keep on developing armaments and explosives, and Dr. Lyman Abbot continues to talk over and preside at peace conferences, a little war cloud may break out now and then to furnish an opportunity just for practice.

* * *

THE extra session of Congress began to talk of tariff, and tariff talk continued to be the center of legislative action while business marked time and certain industries placidly awaited the guillotine.

The question whether the tariff was, after all, not really a local rather than a national issue, was heatedly discussed. The contention of General Winfield Scott Hancock, the Democratic presidential candidate in 1876, that the tariff was a local issue is emphatically demonstrated in present-day tariff-making. Sugar is vital to some states, steel to others; pottery and textiles have stories to tell of threatening calamity—but free wool is insisted upon. Goats, however, must be protected, though goats' hair is used in third class wool.



MR. JAMES A. FARRELL
The president of the United States Steel Corporation, who made an interesting witness in the government hearings on the steel industry. (A short account of the hearing will be found on another page.)

Congressman Garner of Texas, on the Ways and Means Committee, represents the only district in the country breeding goats on a large scale, and his opponents insist that his attitude in tariff-making depends largely on "whose goat is gored." The first draft of the bill permitted the Texas goats to butt the Ohio, Idaho and Montana sheep out of the tariff corral.

In the meantime Senators Smoot, Lodge, Root, Borah and La Follette, as Republican tariff champions, are preparing for the final fight on the bill that is to bring in the big market baskets. There is no cloture rule in the Senate, and the Senators promise to discuss and ventilate thoroughly every phase of the measure. It has not yet been christened as a free trade or "tariff for revenue measure only," and it is certainly not a protective measure except in special instances. The Republican Senators insist that when you have a market basket it is essential to have a pay envelope to go with it, to keep something in the basket. The contest goes merrily on between those who prescribe more pay envelopes in industrial development and those who want a weightier market basket with sugar still going down, and the country patiently awaits the voice of the legislators at Washington, while drawing on their savings accounts.

THE doorkeepers of the House of Representatives have now become familiar with the faces of many new members. Several innocent visitors were on the House floor at the time of the secret Democratic caucus on the tariff bill, but they were politely banished when they promptly denied the charge of being new members. It was still rather early in the history of the new Congress to determine "who is who," and who will eventually prove to be the party leaders, but Oscar W. Underwood, smiling and suave, holds his party cohorts well together. Congressmen who came to Washington with high hopes of national fame soon found themselves in the shadow of those whom patronage or circumstances favored. Others, taking advantage of an incident or a special occasion, rose to the occasion and became conspicuous as leaders over night. As a rule, however, time is required for the evolution of a congressional leader who can hold his own against all comers.

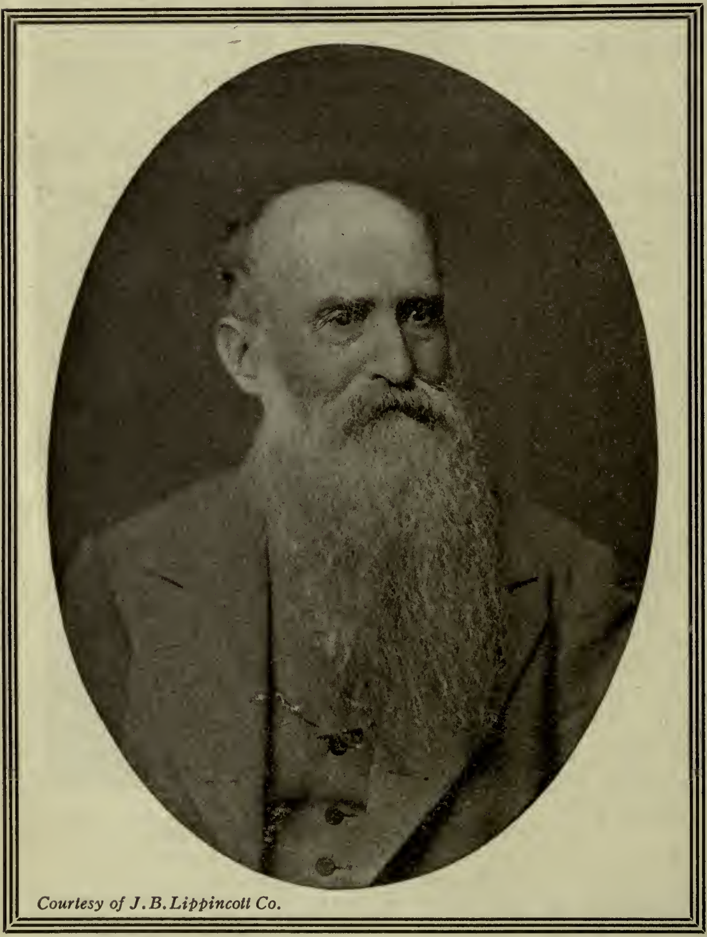
In the Senate chamber the limelight has shifted to the right of the center aisle and is focussed on Vice-President Marshall. The Vice-President is a nervous little man, and often shifts about in the big chair as if desperately resisting the lawyerlike impulse to put his feet on the desk. He started out bravely wearing a silk hat—the one brought from Indiana for the inauguration, but the President insisted on a Fedora, and the Vice-President, after his torrid speeches against wealth, laid aside his tall silk hat and wore it every other day—three times a week—then twice a week—until now he ventures out with it only on Sundays, because he feels that the President's Fedora should not be outshone by the vice-presidential headgear.

HON. JOHN K. TENER
Governor of Pennsylvania, who acted as host to the sixty thousand survivors of the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, 1913

* * *

ONE of the bodyguard of Abraham Lincoln during his last days in the White House, Colonel William H. Crook, is still employed in the executive offices. He has served under thirteen administrations without interruption. He accompanied President Lincoln on his last trip to Petersburg and Richmond during the war, and never was more than a few feet away from him from the time he left Washington until he returned. Colonel Crook is at present the disbursing clerk at the executive office and has seen service under twenty-seven secretaries. Thirteen was a favorite number with President Wilson, and Colonel Crook was his thirteenth appointment, and still remains. Although seventy-three years of age the

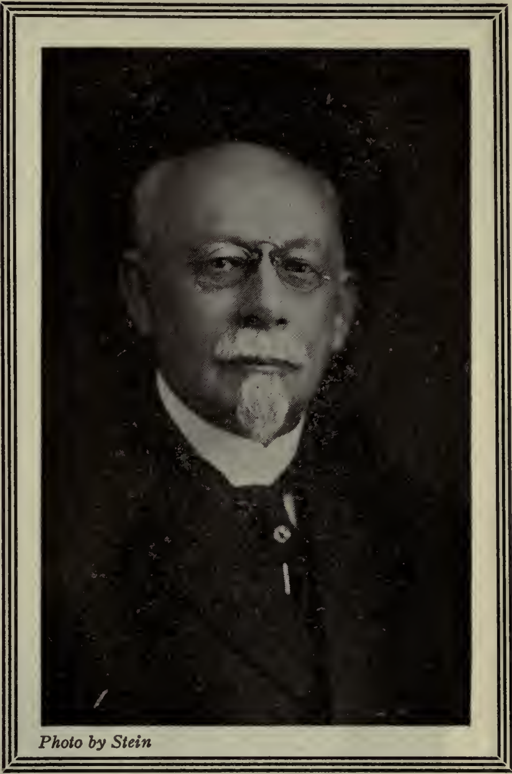
Colonel declares that he can enjoy himself as well as he could thirty years ago. He has written many contributions with reference to the White House, which will later be published in book form, and is one of the very few men in official life at Washington who was in any way associated with the administration of Abraham Lincoln. He delights in relating incidents of the days when Lincoln strolled from the old office in the White House proper along the Avenue, and over to the Treasury Department, clad in his Scotch shawl and silk hat, eager to meet and mingle among the people and free himself from the official exclusiveness of the White House. It was only four years--but what eventful years they were—that young Crook, soldier and aide, stood at the side of the great Emancipator.


Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY
The late Confederate leader, whose division in concentrating near Gettysburg encountered Meade's advance and bore the brunt of the fighting July 1, 1863

* * *

THE return to power of the Democratic party recalls the days when Governor Peck led the party to victory in Wisconsin during Cleveland's administration. At the time of his election, Mr. George W. Peck, the author of "Peck's Bad Boy," was one of the best loved and most popular newspaper men in the country. He always had a rich and rare fund of humor, but when concentrated in the reminiscent glow of "Peck's Bad Boy," the country was carried by storm. It seemed paradoxical to find a very dignified gentleman—with a military manner, an imperial gray moustache, but a humorous twinkle in the eye—the author of the most popular humorous books of the times, all in the same person.



HON. GEORGE W. PECK
One of the most popular governors that the state of Wisconsin ever honored. The creator of the famous "Peck's Bad Boy"

Governor Peck became one of the most popular men who ever occupied the executive chair in Wisconsin. The doors of his office were always open, and his administration was impressed with the kindly and genial personality of the man. At that time Wisconsin was in the forefront of national affairs, with Governor Peck in the executive chair and Senator William F. Vilas in the Cleveland cabinet. Politics as mere politics, however, never interested Governor Peck. He liked to mingle with men of all parties and creeds. Never shall I forget the time when a boy called on him at Madison and approached the Governor's desk (the first time he ever was in a real governor's office) trembling with awe. He never forgot his impression of the Governor sitting in his swivel chair, with pasteboard box, shears, and pencil at hand, as much at home as in an editorial sanctum.

If George W. Peck believed in a person, there was no "official" tone or veneer about it, for he believed in an official just as he believed in a man as a man. He was just as ready to do things for other people when Governor as he was when plain George W. Peck, the author of "Peck's Bad Boy."

During the campaign there was some scoffing by jealous opponents who insisted that the author of a funny book could never uphold the dignity of a state executive. Such fears were soon dispelled. Mr. Peck was one governor whom the members of the legislature delighted in honoring socially. They knew him for an executive in the broadest sense of the word, for he attended strictly to executive work and induced the legislature to do the same.

Governor Peck has had a busy, useful and patriotic career, which must be briefly recorded. The records in "Who's Who" indicate that it was in Henderson, New York, that he first saw the light, along about the year (I say "about", for he does not look it), 1840. He learned the printer's trade and was a good printer, always set a clean proof and only washed forms in lye—using the "lie" in no other way. He knew his case and thin-spaced with the geometrical exactness demanded in book work, even for the "local" column. He was editor of the *Jefferson County Republican* at the beginning of the war. He enlisted as a private, returning as

CONGRESSMAN CLYDE H. TAVENNER
The Illinois legislator who first won prominence as a writer of radical newspaper "copy" and later became a successful publicity director

lieutenant of the gallant Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, and wears the little bronze button of the G. A. R. with distinction. The young lieutenant returned to newspaper business as a "peaceful pursuit," first at Ripon and later at LaCrosse, where he established *The Sun* in 1874. This *Sun* was still shining when he removed to Milwaukee in 1878, and called his paper *Peck's Sun*. In this were published the famous humorous sketches called "Peck's Bad Boy." In 1890 we find him Mayor of Milwaukee, and from there it was but a step into the governorship of Wisconsin.

For four years George W. Peck gave the Badger State a governmental administration that will never be forgotten.

Governor Peck still lives in Milwaukee, and in all parts of the country—east and west, north and south—both "bad boys" and "good boys" still remember with grateful appreciation the genial governor who sent many a lad forth with an inspiration to do things, and did not storm them or advise or counsel when his hand could find his pocket, or his ready pen record an endorsement or an order that would help the young fellows along.

* * * * *

IT was scarcely nine o'clock, and that is early in the morning for Washington. Sweeping along the corridors of the Senate Office Building came women from all directions. They found their way among the elevators and around the corridors to the committee room where a Senate hearing was to be held on the suffrage situation. There were but few men in the room outside of the committee itself.

The enthusiastic faces of the champions were all aglow with expectancy, as the opening address was begun by Doctor Anna Howard Shaw. In her clear voice and charming manner the beloved leader outlined her cause. She was followed by Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette, who in her manner of speech and appearance very closely resembles her distinguished husband. Mrs. LaFollette made a remarkable and forcible address, and as the audience hung upon her words, the thought flashed through many minds at that time, that if Senator LaFollette was ever nominated and elected President, there would be a "First Lady of the Land" who could deliver speeches from the throne, as well as grace social functions. Mrs. LaFollette and her charming daughter, Miss Lola, are vigorous suffragettes and although the suffrage movement lost in their state, the LaFollettes have an abiding faith in its ultimate success.

As Mrs. LaFollette presented her argument to the committee, one of the men auditors burst out admiringly, "Isn't that just like Bob!" which shows how well the former school chums have carved out their devoted life companionship.

Other speakers followed, representing almost every phase of the subject. As suffrage is adopted in various states, the basis of representation for Congressmen will be somewhat complicated, as states that do not have woman suffrage will suffer in their representation, as compared with states in which the votes of women are counted. In no state as yet have the women the right to vote for President. Equal suffrage is only as yet applicable to state matters, and consequently the apportionment is made on the vote cast for presidential electors rather than that for state officers.

MRS. CLYDE H. TAVENNER
The wife of Congressman Tavenner. She is only twenty years old, and is the youngest wife of any member of the House

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THE beauty and effectiveness of the Woman Suffragist parades in Washington and New York remind us that the militant tactics of the English suffragettes are in sharp contrast to the demonstrations made by their American cousins. The English conditions may be hard, but there is a suspicion that a rage for free advertising in seeking the martyr's robe is too much in evidence oversea. In the kindness of his heart Mr. Herbert Gladstone as Home Secretary inaugurated the policy of leniency to women, but failing to win their case by hysterical appeal and other feminine wiles, they resolved to kick the shins of the police, smash windows and refuse to eat in prison, even placing bombs and wrecking trains in foolish imitation of a sullen and dangerous child. Cabinet meetings in England have been the special object of attack, and Mr. David Lloyd-George has had his home bombarded with real bombs. At Washington the cabinet members do not seem to have suffered, for the women of America have displayed more effective methods in their campaign. They have not hidden behind the weakness of femininity while demanding the masculine privilege of voting. In the natural evolution of events, American women will undoubtedly receive the ballot, not as a privilege, but as a right established in 1776, and when the American women make their declaration of independence, they will make it in a way to win results.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS AGNES WILSON
The daughter of the Secretary of Labor. She is one of the most efficient young ladies in Cabinet circles, having served for several years as secretary to her father, also as clerk to the Congressional Committee on Labor

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NOW and then there appear in the *Congressional Record* classic allusions which are somewhat confusing, since classical quotations and illustrations of the nineteenth century are not so much in vogue now as in "the fifties."

After a certain Congressman had aired his knowledge of Latin and classical lore, there were some rather sharp comments in the cloak room on the story of a Congressman who had "come over" to look in upon the "floor of the Senate" and dream of the time when a senatorial desk and a swivel chair were to be given him for his very own.

One new Congressman was introduced to the Senators as a classical scholar and orator, who had "roamed with Romulus, ripped with Euripides, soaked with Socrates, prated of Plato, and soared with Caesar," but when asked if he could discuss both sides of the Japanese question, or the several items in the new tariff bill, the student of ancient and dead languages found his classical lore of little value.

At the same time the careers of such members as Henry Cabot Lodge and John Sharp Williams testify to the value of an adequate acquaintance with Greek and Latin in attaining a full command of the English tongue. In these prosaic days, however, the problem for most of us is how to make every penny count. "The only classical revival I foresee," remarked a Senator, whose taste runs to modern literature and art, "is through the Greek fruit pedlers and Latin bootblacks, who serve today but may be in command tomorrow. Perhaps they and their college-bred sons will introduce a system of classical politics."

* * * * *

THE parson had taken his Sunday School class out that day for a hike in the woods, in "Boy Scout" fashion. The boys loved the jolly, stout old parson who was for years a chaplain, and the parson loved the boys—but they missed connections on their meals. They played soldier, made camp fires and played Indian, but the commissary wagon failed to arrive and the parson was interrogated fast and furious until in sheer desperation he put up a sign, "The parson does not know when the commissary wagon will arrive." This the boys looked at and ogled from all angles, and when the good parson's back was turned a postscript was added: "P. S. The parson don't care a darn."

When the parson saw the postcript he laughed heartily, and told the boys that it reminded him of an old army story. The boys were all attention as he told of the old chaplain in the army, who was also the regimental postmaster. The mail had been delayed, and the questions came so fast that in self-defense the notice was put up, "The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive." Some impatient soldiers, whose pink-tinted, violet-scented weekly letters were held up, put a postscript under the sign, "and don't care a dam."

"This proves the immortality of a joke that has run the cycle of several generations," said the chaplain, as the boys laughed. "Why, Chaplain," spoke up one bright lad with a twinkle in his eye, "that's the very same joke they played on Noah when he didn't hurry up the lunch aboard the Ark."

* * * * *

DURING a trip to Pennsylvania, a story was told of the late Henry H. Rogers of Standard Oil fame. After a lapse of many years, Mr. Rogers visited the town of McClintockville, and the oil fields where he began life working in a refinery. As he stood before the little cottage where he and Mrs. Rogers began housekeeping, he told of the days when he used to go to the stream with a pail for water and help his wife with the washing on Mondays. He had now become a millionaire, but when he finished the story he turned to a friend and said, "Do you know that after all those were the happiest years of my life? We were independent—all to ourselves—and not the target of the envious."

Despite evidence like this from men who have won millions, the American people seem to insist upon straining, fighting and battling for the wealth that takes away the comfort and content of a humble home and occupation, and stirs up distrust and envy. A change seems apparent, however, in the ideals of coming generations. The teachings that inflame the popular mind against those who have wealth, merely because they have wealth, and from a spirit of envy, are now recognized as inimical to the best interests of the republic. There is much in the life of many millionaires that ought to excite sympathy rather than envy, like the case of the young heiress who recently ran away just to "have a home—a real home—away from the surveillance of servants and the burden of conventionalities."

The statesmen who can inspire the average man and woman, boy and girl with an appreciation of their real blessings, and check the dangerous agitators who are simply seeking to lash public sentiment into unreasonable passion, are those who will win the appreciation of posterity.

The late Mr. Rogers was the close friend of Mark Twain, and when the latter was in financial straits his friend came to him promptly. "Mark," he said, after the two had talked matters over, "this is one time I am glad there is such a thing as money, as it seems to be the only cure for your present ailment."

MISS EMILY STEVENS

A talented young actress who has been successful in creating many important roles on the American stage. She had the advantage of training by her cousin, Mrs. Fiske, whom she formerly understudied

* * *

EVERY time I pass Ford's Theater in Washington and the little red brick building opposite, wherein President Lincoln died, the great tragedy is recalled to memory by the throng of visitors outside, always going and coming. The Ford Theater has long been used by the government to store away the files of the adjutant-general's department, but has been declared unsanitary and unsafe by the commission, and this sombre scene of the assassination of President Lincoln will soon be torn down and replaced by a modern structure. Soon after the tragedy, the government acquired possession of the property, which was first utilized as a medical museum, but in recent years has been in charge of the quartermaster's department.

The policy of the government has always been to remove every reminder of this and other assassinations. The Pennsylvania Station, in which President Garfield was assassinated by Guiteau, has long been completely obliterated and nothing remains to mark the spot where the late President McKinley was shot in Buffalo.

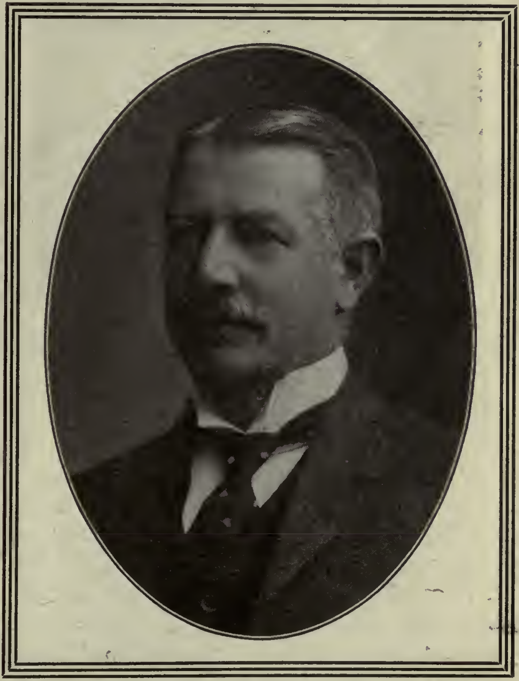
The disposition of Americans to remove the bloodstained scenes of such deplorable memories is accounted by European philosophers one of the most happy characteristics of a race whose fresh ideals and hopeful optimism will not permit the gloom of past catastrophes to depress them, while the affection associated with the memory of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley increases and is intensified as years pass. Their birthdays, rather than the days of their passing, are observed, and in the same way their birthplace is made a shrine, while the spot where they died is wiped out.

Although Washington's birthplace at Wakefield, Virginia, has entirely disappeared, a sketch of it still exists, and a movement has been initiated among patriotic societies to rebuild the little home on Pope's Creek. The site is marked now by a simple shaft that the government erected to indicate the spot where Washington was born. The United States and Virginia are now united in the project to preserve the memory of Washington's birthplace, making it possible for the thousands of pilgrims who visit his tomb at Mount Vernon to visit also his birthplace. Every night as the steamers pass this historical spot on Pope's Creek, leading from the Potomac, they salute at the birthplace of George Washington. Two centuries have passed since the little Washington home on the Potomac rejoiced in the birth of a son, and the spot will now be made another historical shrine.

* * * * *

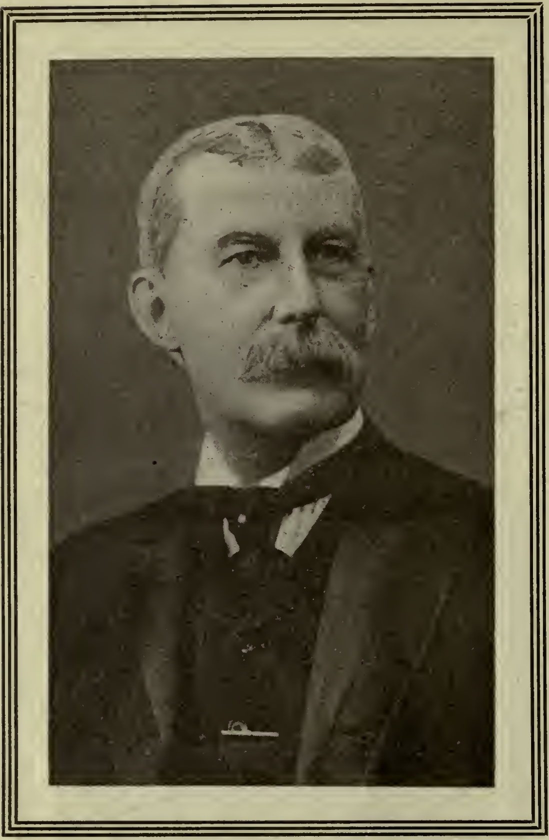
THE increased use of automobiles and auto-trucks has served notice on counties and municipalities that "dirt roads" and even macadamized streets are threatened with rapid demolition by the friction of heavy driving wheels propelled by powerful motors. Some years ago Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture took up the idea of laying broad steel rails or rather wheel-ways in highways exposed to heavy teaming and congested travel. A rail was made seven inches wide by three-fourths of an inch thick, slightly dished so that the wheels naturally keep the track unless intentionally steered out of it. Each joint of two rails was tied at the middle and both ends and had at either end a slight projection to prevent the water from forming a channel along the line of rails and also to enable the wheels to enter the rails from the road-bed.

It was altogether an ingenious invention, and a trial length of road was laid and tested for its efficiency. A gain in tractile power of some six hundred per cent was demonstrated. The method of laying the rails seemed to be easy and permanently enduring.



MR. CHARLES C. GLOVER
A prominent citizen of Washington, D. C., whose energetic efforts have helped make it the "City Beautiful"

The officials in Washington are now agreed that this idea of "Tama Jim's" was most practical, not only beneficial to the automobile and auto-car, but to everyone who rides or transports heavy articles, besides providing a method of saving heavy outlays for the repairs of macadamized highways. Wagon railroads on public highways are not an altogether impossible dream, and the Good Roads Congress will now have another interesting topic to discuss at its meetings.



THE LATE HENRY M. FLAGLER
Whose record as a money-maker will be forgotten when centuries hence men tell of his over-sea railway

THE passing of Henry M. Flagler at the age of eighty-three recalls not only the monumental results of his active and successful business life as represented in amassed millions, but especially the stupendous and beneficent works which his millions have accomplished in the development of the railroad system of Florida. The building of the "over land and sea" railway to Key West will be his best and most enduring memorial from generation to generation. He achieved what was accounted impossible when he tied the Florida Keys together, belting long sea-reaches with concrete arches and the rails that save so many tourists from the perils and nausea of a sea voyage, and bringing the Antilles almost to our very shore line. The moment that health or pleasure seekers arrive in Florida they realize that in his active life Henry M. Flagler not only built a monument to himself that far surpasses any mammoth shaft of marble or monument of bronze, but also in the case of Florida, too long hampered by her coast line of sandy keys, marshy lagoons, great swamps and shallow reaches of sea, he recreated a state. Unstintedly Mr. Flagler poured his great fortune and constructive energy into the development of Florida. No thought seemed to be given to any expectation of immediate return. With the consuming purpose of developing and creating more opportunities for business, health and happiness, he pushed his railroad on to the south.

In other ages men have written great epics and immortal poems, but Henry M. Flagler in making a habitable country out of what was considered a barren waste, flinging across the Keys an oversea railroad, and connecting with Florida by rail the historic island city of Key West, has graven in masonry and steel a life history, which will endure for centuries after many of the noted poems and orations of his time are forgotten. Nothing seemed to daunt this leader, even at the age of fourscore years, when he made a simple and modest address at Key West announcing the completion of the road he had created, developing opportunities for millions, and bringing the United States within a few hours of Cuba and sixty-four hours of Colon. He foresaw with an unerring and prophetic vision, and realized the dreams of his young manhood when he went South, like Ponce de Leon, to find restored health, which in return impelled him to lavish on the development of the "Land of Flowers" his life purposes, fortune and energy.

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A FEW years ago the startling assertion of Dr. Osler that the usefulness of life ended at sixty years of age startled the world. The assertion did not check the energetic young fellows of sixty from going right ahead and doing things without a thought of the chloroform bug. The Doctor may have intended that his utterances should be taken in a scientific Pickwickian sense, for in meeting him one would never believe him responsible for such a grim edict. Now that Dr. Osler is himself approaching the "age limit," he may modify his original statement, and with the honors of Knighthood "thick upon him," Sir William Osler may take a brighter purview of long life as the sunset of sixty approaches.

One bit of philosophy lately advanced by Dr. Osler seems destined to live to bear good fruit. There is no use, he remarks, in worrying about yesterday and tomorrow—today is what we must take care of. When one stops to think of it, most of our real worries come from regrets for misspent yesterdays, or from apprehensions of possibly unhappy tomorrows, little realizing that between the sunset and sunrise of today lie all-important and imperative duties. Dr. Osler insists that when one starts the day with the first two hours going right, smooth sailing for all day is forecasted. This reminds me of the admonition of dear old grandfather, who used to say "Never get up in the morning without a hearty laugh. If you can't think of anything humorous, tickle yourself." In other words, let your day begin with a temperamental sunrise, for cheery words and thoughts constitute a radiant dawn that glows on into noonday brightness, whether the weather outside be indicative of gloom or a threatened tempest.

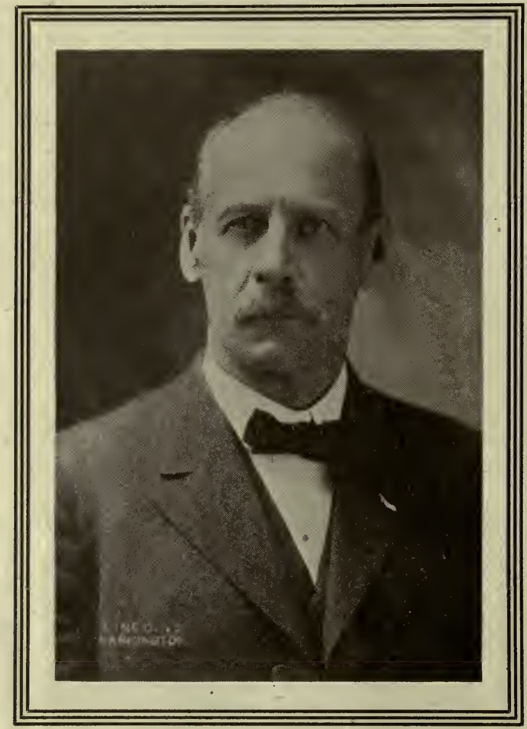
* * *

IN the light of proposed legislation people can realize how a party is often pledged to a proposition without a dissenting vote during the hurried framing of a party platform. On a hot

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS DOROTHY DUNCAN GATEWOOD

The popular daughter of the Naval Medical Director. Her engagement to Lieutenant Earl North of the Army Engineer Corps has recently been announced. Miss Gatewood is regarded as one of the prettiest girls in Army and Navy circles night a committee is chosen to meet, and melting with feverish heat, the members attempt to incubate a platform whose hastily-hatched chickens too often come home to roost. The Democratic platform did not seriously consider the question of Canal tolls, but simply made a provision in the Canal bill for free tolls for coastwise ships, which is defended as a form of subsidy to stimulate American shipping interests. Then someone discovered that a blunder was made, for it was pointed out that the United States could not live up to the letter and spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty if American vessels were exempted from paying tolls.



SENATOR THOMAS STERLING
Of South Dakota, one of the schoolmasters in the Upper House. He was formerly Dean of the Law School, University of South Dakota

As one leader remarked, with a sigh, party platforms seem to be better known and more studied than the Constitution itself, and the belief is current that if political leaders, Senators and Congressmen would study the Constitution even as their children have to study it in school, there would not be so many futile bills poured into the legislative hopper, which would mean a saving to the country of millions of dollars.

A little understanding of the Constitution itself and its fundamental tenets and principles would save a great deal of disappointment, and make political platforms saner and safer—so says the man in the gallery sitting by the clock, watching Speaker Clark pound the gavel for better order.

The new seating arrangement is proving a great success. It is making a more deliberative body of the House and the seating here and there and general mix-up of leaders has an aspect of Congressional Democracy that is a refreshing change.

* * * * *

THERE is something impressive in the way one Senator generally calls on another in the Office Building at Washington. A repressive dignity precludes the old-time free and easy method of "dropping in to see Tom," or Jim or Jack—kicking in the door and sitting down on the table or desk, and "smoking up" without invitation. Today there is a sedate step, measured and regular, as the Senator sets out to call, with a manner and bearing that at once suggest senatorial dignity and courtesy. Such a bearing and dignity must perforce take the place of the impressive senatorial toga of the old days, and a visiting dramatist (a lady, to be sure), has suggested that it would be most fascinating to come to the Senate on some holiday and find the distinguished gentlemen who now wear tweed and business suits attired in the Caesarian toga and mantle—a *mise en scene* that would leave Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* at its best presentation hopelessly in the back-ground.

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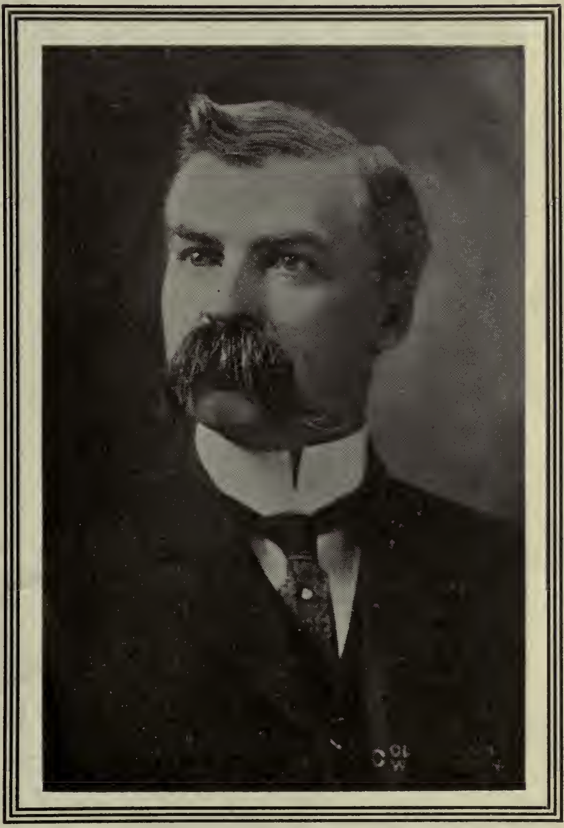
ONE notable phase of the current news is the destruction of old theories, and announcements of something new. Now comes into the arena a physician who proves that reading in bed is not injurious. He has practiced it for thirty years, he says, and claims that it is all in knowing how to hold the book and shade the light. Careful directions are given on how to arrange the bed or couch so that the light comes from behind and falls full upon your page. Then you must hold the book at right angle with a line drawn from your eyes to the printed page. Reading in this way gives the body a rest and the brain full play to absorb what is read, even better than when sitting up, so the luxurious reader can go to bed and turn on the switch or keep the gas burning without loss of health and vigor. So much for reading in bed—now for the destruction of an astronomical theory. The moon, we are told by a noted scientist, is not round, but oval—no reference to green cheese. The information comes from Portugal, and "cinematographic" pictures of an eclipse are offered in evidence. Now when lovers linger under the witchery of the moon or a modern Norval speaks of the moon, "round as my father's shield," these impressions are relegated to the limbo of obsolete figures of speech or poetic license, for have we not the negative of a photograph to prove the affirmative? Our traditions and beliefs in regard to the very elements are dissipated by these new discoveries. Mineral water is no better than hydrant water, declares one new scientific doctor, and



SENATOR THOMAS J. WALSH
The Montana leader, who is an expert on irrigation and land laws. Legislation on these matters will be his special hobby in the Senate

some famous mineral waters are no better than sea water. Possibly a sea drink at the soda fountains will soon be in favor, and some enterprising firm will begin to bottle the Atlantic for commercial purposes.

So the world wags on, and as old theories are exploded, new ones are brought out to help along the current of news. The "early to bed and early to rise" theory is no longer popular because of the fate of the foolish worm who got up too early during the fishing season. Truly this is an ultra-practical age. Research is again proving that each individual has his own peculiar tastes and requirements, and even the pure food propagandists are puzzled by the axiomatic proposition that "what is one man's food is another's poison."

In the Smithsonian Institution an investigation has been made of the skeletons of the stone age to see what ailed the sick in that remote era. Gout, dyspepsia and rheumatism, it appears, were known to the megalithic and cave-dwelling peoples who evidently had the same diseases which deplete the race and enrich the druggists of today. A complete pathology of the men of the stone age gathers new hygienic information for the present generation, proving that man made of dust must consume so much of the earth's good loam to feed the billions of microbes that fight the "dust to dust" bacilli battalions. If any glimmer of a new idea comes, there are unsatiated millions of readers on earth ready to welcome it.

Photo by Clinedinst

"ALFALFA BILL" MURRAY
The picturesque Oklahoman who is now in Washington recorded in the *Congressional Record* as "Hon. William H. Murray, Delegate-at-Large from Oklahoma"

* * * * *

WHEN the distinguished Second Assistant Secretary of State, Hon. A. A. Adee checked his bicycle for Europe, it was said that the war clouds in the Far East had passed away for Mr. Adee would be the last man to leave the ship of state if there was any chance of trouble. He will go to France as usual, seeking the secluded and little traveled sections, stopping at wayside inns and armed with a clicking camera. His anecdotes of past trips keep diplomatic Washington chuckling during the official season, and though administrations may come and go, the little man at the desk in the northwest corner of the State Department continues to pedal his way through the complexities of party policy and platform.

Photo by Clinedinst

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE
Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson. Another American journalist who has gone up higher after a varied and most eventful career

A Secretary Unafraid—Franklin K. Lane

by GUY NESMITH

IF you could look into the eyes of the man you would like him, for instinctively your heart would go out to him. But if it had been your privilege to know him intimately, to be closely associated with him through the years of his youth and his mature manhood, you would love him, as do all who have known him long and intimately.

Perhaps some readers have been surprised that the press from the Atlantic to the Pacific approves of President Wilson's choice for Secretary of the Interior, and that unanimously they have acclaimed his choice to be wise and patriotic. But there would be no surprise if these readers knew the man as so many of the writers of the press know him, through intimate working association with him and years of close observation of his work as a newspaper man, as a lawyer, as a statesman. They know him and the ideals he cherishes, the motives that inspire him and the noble purposefulness of his life. So they hastened to add their tribute of praise for the wisdom of President Wilson's choice.

Franklin K. Lane began life as a newspaper reporter, and in San Francisco on the *Chronicle* won the spurs that brought about his selection as the New York correspondent of that journal. In the San Francisco school of journalism, which has given so many illustrious names to the list of modern intellectuals, he served his cubship. Among the first of the many who have since gathered the laurels of letters, he came to New York at a time when great, new ideas were being born—in the days when Henry George was awakening the people to thoughtful consideration of political problems; when Theodore Roosevelt was bringing to public service a higher sense of patriotic purpose and honorable ambition; at a time when Parkhurst was thundering from pulpit and press against the immoral partnership of the police and criminals; in the days when the inspired Father McGlynn was making his appeal to the hearts of men with love and tenderness and pity for the oppressed.

From the ferment of that time it would have been strange if a youth of Franklin K. Lane's high and lofty ideals had escaped without bearing away in his heart and mind the strong determination to be of service to the world. Lane was not only a youth of high ideals, he was first of all "a gentleman unafraid," who bore in his heart an all-embracing love of mankind. The self-effacing service of Father McGlynn made a strong appeal to his youthful imagination. He saw in the self-immolation of that earnest worker for human welfare the devotion of a saint. He saw in the services of the others a high and rare type of courage. It mattered not whether he could or could not agree with the doctrines these men preached; the example of their devotion to their beliefs appealed to him, and no doubt had much to do with giving answering direction to his natural bent.

And so when the time came for him to speak to the world on his own behalf through the medium of his own newspaper, *The Tacoma* (Wash.) *Daily News*, there is little reason to speculate on why his voice was raised in behalf of civic righteousness, of purity in politics, of public ownership and control of public utilities and of the thousand and one tentative theories of that day which have since become the tenets of the progressives.

He spoke as one having authority. The *News*, theretofore merely a purveyor of local information, became a national voice. His clear and logical pronouncements on the national issues were quoted in the metropolitan press, and his editorials on local issues brought a re-alignment of local parties.

His was a powerful influence in the shaping of those first laws which the newborn state of Washington was just then establishing. Although of the minority party, yet what the *Tqcoma News* said on this or that measure before the legislature had more to do with its success or failure than what was said by those who spoke for or against it in legislative halls.

He was the loyal and devoted advocate of the interests of organized labor, and his voice was raised in protest against the murder of Washington's coal miners—both when they were shot down in cold blood by the state militia and when blown to eternity in explosions resulting from faulty mine ventilation. He denounced judges who were false to their trusts and drove them from the bench. He exposed police corruption and its partnership with the vice and crime that disgraced his city. He tried to prevent the Northern Pacific Railroad from consummating its purpose to acquire the tidal water front of the city. He fought continuously for the common good, bravely, but against losing odds. He suffered the experience of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," for the public mind of that day was but dimly aware of the iniquities practiced in the name of local development.

Yet the plain people loved him. I have seen twenty thousand of them gather in the open air to hear him talk. The sinister influences which controlled the mercantile world, however, were too powerful for him then. In 1893, in the days of stringency following the panic, the attack upon his property was strongest, and he retired to San Francisco and there began the practice of law.

* * *

San Francisco and all of California in that day was under the domination of the Southern Pacific Railroad. But Lane did not "line up" with the crowd that controlled. Fortunately at that time there was a group of idealists who held to the high purposes of political reform. Lane easily and readily took rank with them as one of the leaders of the new thought. Union labor aligned itself with the causes of reform, and in its ranks were some who came to betray. And though Lane was elected to office in the same movement that swept these corruptionists into power, he was no false prophet, no follower of Mammon, and had no compromise to make with the powers for evil that brought failure to the reform movement. In all the ruck and muck of that day, when reputations fell and characters melted in the limelight of publicity, one figure stood up lofty and illumined—that of Franklin K. Lane. Choosing honor rather than riches; choosing to serve rather than to be served; actuated by love of his fellow-man instead of by love of money, he came through those troublous times the most beloved of his people, poor but unafraid, humble but great! Only the other day, speaking from the solitude of his cell at San Quentin, a convicted bribe-taker told how and when and where he (as the one-time political associate and friend of Franklin K. Lane) had arrived at the parting of the ways; how he had chosen to follow the lure of gold while Lane had gone on in pursuit of honorable public service.

It is characteristic of the great heart of Mr. Lane that he was one of the first of those who signed a petition for the pardon of this criminal who had wronged him and wronged his people. "Poor fellow, poor misguided fellow—how I pity him!" —that is what I heard Lane say when he signed the petition.

And there you have the heart of him—his great, forgiving, loving heart, the heart that beats with sympathy for those who suffer, with hope for those who despair—the heart that beats with love for all mankind.

Wise, calm, deliberate and thoughtful, with a newspaper training to give him the fabulous "nose for news,"—Franklin K. Lane can smell a falsehood no matter how artfully it is concealed. The Interior Department will be to him like a newspaper office—a place to work. He will introduce the methods of the "journalism that does things." His staff will have no rest, for he is untiring. I have seen him hovering over the imposing stones at form-closing time, tearing out a two-column scare-head news story to insert an editorial that changed men's destinies. I have seen him rush from the composing room to the stereotype room and urge to greater speed the men who made the plates and thence to the press room to speed up the presses, and from there into a howling mob of newsboys to stir up their enthusiasm so that they would call out, not the news feature, but the editorial feature of the day. Then he has hurried back to the editorial room to grind out a start for tomorrow's edition, and that night he perhaps spoke at a banquet of merchants or business men at one hour, and at a later hour talked to an assemblage of workingmen.

It is to this whirlwind gait, then, that his associates must soon accustom themselves to move. That is why with only four very short years in which to do things you may expect Secretary Lane to do great things in the Department of the Interior. Not merely perfunctory things —things that all his predecessors have done, but new things, big things—things that will make for glory of the Wilson administration. The Secretary of the Interior will do this not expecting to lay the foundations of a presidential boom, for, unfortunately, he is ineligible to that high office, being born on Prince Edward's Island. What he does, he will do because it needs to be done, because it is right to do it, and because he can't help doing the right thing that needs to be done.

I have followed him in whirlwind campaigns from hall to hall, when he talked to men earnestly and convincingly in terse sentences, speaking direct truths of their duty to themselves, to their families and to their community, when there was neither reward, nor hope of reward nor thought of reward, only the thought to serve the common good. I have seen him in victory and in defeat, but I have never seen him discouraged, never hesitant, never doubtful as to what was the right thing to do, therefore never undetermined as to what he should do.

I did not see him when in that somber and solemn emergency he helped with dynamite to lay waste some of the most beautiful and richest sections of his beloved city, but in my imagination I have seen him many times, leading the timid, shouting encouragement, stilling protest as pile after pile the ruins of palaces were built up as an impregnable bulwark against the passage of the flames. San Francisco in that hour knew him as "a gentleman unafraid," for he piled up the wealth of her millionaires as a barrier to protect the homes of her poor from the devouring wolves of flame.

So, too, the world will come to know him as "a gentleman unafraid," for he has the courage to act in the face of adverse criticism if he be but convinced that he is right. He has the courage to upset precedent, and the broad-minded intelligence to ignore petty rules and restrictions that hamper free action in the larger essentials of statecraft.

I have said that if you could look into the eyes of Franklin K. Lane you would like him. You have need only to glance at his pictured features to catch the illumination with which the soul manifests itself and demonstrates that love of his fellow-man is the guiding motive of his life.

I LOOKED INTIL HIS EEN

By J. W. WHITCOMB

I LOOKED intil his een—
  My heart it trembled sair.
I didna ken I loved the lad;
  I thought na to beware.

By chance he touched my hand—
  Hoo could it be sae sweet!
I did na ken I loved the lad,
  But my heart maist gar'd me greet.

I felt his dear warm breath,
  He chanced to come sae near;
I didna ken I loved the lad
  But I trembled as wi' fear.

He told me he maun gae awa'—
  I could na thole to hear.
He told me that he loved a lass—
  Her name I dared na speir.

He said he loved her weel—
  He gazed at me sae lang
My heart seemed leaping out
  And breaking into sang.

He said he loved her weel—
  I kenned the thought he had;
My heart it trembled sair—
  I kenned I loved the lad.

The STORY of The BATTLE of GETTYSBURG

by

Charles Winslow Hall

THE first three days of July, 1913, will convene at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, the veteran soldiers of the Civil War, Confederates and Federals, to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg.

In the world's history there is no record of such a gathering of the survivors of a great battle in which nearly two hundred thousand men fought or raided and waited to join in the terrible fighting, and over forty-three thousand men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. It was a battle in which both sides fought with the conviction of the justice of their own cause and the injustice of the other, and with every passion that personal sufferings, losses and bereavements, and the highest military ambitions and resentments could inspire.

A very comprehensive record of what was done at Gettysburg during those days prepared by General H. S. Huidekoper will give the reader the military history of the three days' fighting, with many interesting details, statistics and incidents, and it only remains to recite considerations which induced General Robert E. Lee to invade a northern state, and attempt to avert the steady exhaustion of the men and means of the Confederate government.

First it should be said that in the West the progress of the northern arms, although sometimes temporarily blocked, was on the whole material and uninterrupted. Missouri had in 1863 practically ceased to be the battleground of opposing armies; Kentucky was hopelessly lost to the Confederacy; and Tennessee, while furnishing many men to the Confederate armies, had practically fallen under federal dominance, while her mountaineer riflemen on her eastern border hung like a threatening storm cloud on the western boundaries of Virginia and northern Carolina. Mississippi was practically helpless, although Pemberton still held Vicksburg with some 25,000 men, who could not get out and were fast approaching actual starvation at the close of a six months' siege, while Port Hudson, after a brave defense, was also certain to fall into Federal hands.

The men of the West seemed from the first to be better fitted to meet the Confederate infantry than their fellow-soldiers of the Eastern and Middle States.

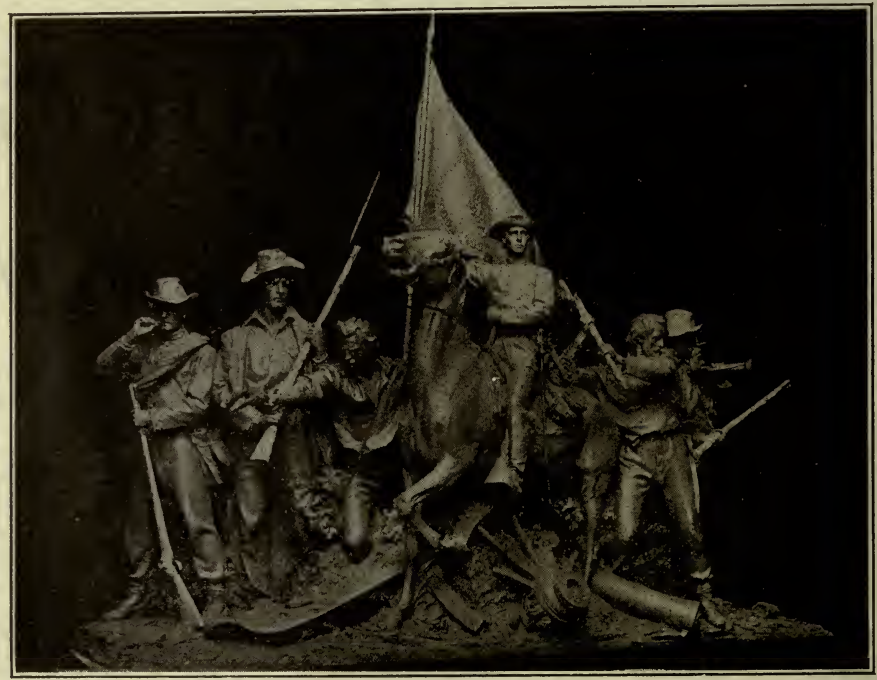
There were good reasons for this, which have not always been given such consideration as they deserved; the first and most important being that the levies from large cities and manufacturing towns were generally inexpert in the use of firearms, and especially of the rifle. There were notable exceptions, but a large proportion, unlike their Southern and Western fellow-countrymen, were painfully lacking in this most needful accomplishment of the soldier.

Even the Eastern militia companies were content for many years with perhaps one target practice yearly, on which occasion each man generally expended three musket cartridges and the best hit carried off the prize. A few rounds of shot (never shell or grape) were in like manner allotted to the state artillerists in some states. The manual of arms, the details of guard duty, and the evolutions of the company and platoon, constituted the military curriculum, except at the yearly encampment, when some attempts were made to form those close columns, squares and masses of infantry, such as broke under the fire of the "embattled farmers" at Bunker Hill, and of "the hunters of Kentucky" at New Orleans—lessons that seemed to have been strangely forgotten by most of the federal generals who led attacking forces during the first three years of the war.

In a paper read before the Mississippi Historical Society in 1906 on "Mississippi at Gettysburg," it was well said by William A. Love, who took part in the charge of General Barksdale's brigade during the second day's struggle in the "wheatfield":

"Mississippians justly prided themselves on marksmanship. The bear-hunters of the Mississippi Yazoo-Delta, the deer hunters of the pine woods, and the small game hunters of the East Mississippi prairies were ready marksmen and invincible except against great odds."

Other especially favorable conditions



Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

GROUP OF STATUARY FOR VIRGINIA STATE MEMORIAL AT GETTYSBURG

This group by the sculptor, F. Wm. Sievers, will be placed in position for the anniversary celebration at Gettysburg. Mr Sievers says of the work: "The conception is ideal and is intended to commemorate the three branches of military service. The different characters illustrate the various walks of life from which Lee's army was recruited. The group measures 16 feet in length, and the figures are 7 feet high or less. The work is to be in bronze and is to be placed in front of the Virginia State Memorial, the granite work of which is already completed. It stands on Confederate Avenue, just out of Spangler's Woods, almost the very spot from which General Lee viewed the battle.

made the average Southerner more effective than his federal opponent. Thinner in flesh, active, wiry and a lover of sports, he could march longer, move swiftly and with less suffering, and could more readily provide for his own comfort in camp and campaigning. Acclimated, he did not suffer from malaria and the change of living and drinking water which sometimes more than halved the effective strength of new Northern regiments with fever and dysenteries. Necessity confined the Confederate most of the time to a very simple diet, which when adequate in quantity was on the whole nourishing and hygienic, while the Federal sutlers and garrison cities too often furnished the Northern soldier with pastry and other luxuries and enervating debauches which kept him "out of condition" for long marches and continued exposure.

That these and other less material conditions inspired the men of the army of northern Virginia with a self-confidence and courage that exceeded the average was very natural, and on the whole warranted, although in the later years of the war the veterans of the Northern army had learned to shoot, to campaign, to march and dispense with superfluities as well as their opponents.

In 1863 the logic of events had inspired General Lee and his subordinate generals with a like and even greater confidence in their men and themselves. The failure of McClellan to secure a decided victory at Antietam, September 16, 1862, resulted in the transfer of the command of the Army of the Potomac to General Ambrose E. Burnside, who in November began an offensive campaign which included cooperative movements along the Atlantic seaboard, calculated to prevent any reenforcements of Lee's army from the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida; to cut the main railway lines between Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah and Richmond, and in the event of the defeat of Lee to place between him and those cities some twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand men.

In pursuance of this plan, Burnside moved his forces toward Fredericksburg on the lower Rappahannock November 15, 1862, and by December 1 the two armies confronted each other across the river. Lee's forces were posted on intrenched high ground back of Fredericksburg, where the army of the Potomac crossed on pontoon bridges, covered by their artillery fire, and prepared for the final assaults on their intrenched adversaries. Meanwhile General Peck starting from Suffolk, Virginia, December 11, with from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand men, tried to penetrate to the line of railway, and General Foster with a like force moved inland from Newbern, North Carolina, to take Kingston, the Confederate headquarters in North Carolina, to capture Goldsboro and destroy the great railway bridge and as many miles of trackage as possible. Peck was stopped at the Black Water and made no further advance, but Foster defeated General Evans at Kingston December 14, dispersed another force at White Hall Bridge on the sixteenth and destroyed several miles of railroad track and the great railroad bridge at Goldsboro on December 18th. Burnside's army had, however, been terribly repulsed at Fredericksburg December 13th, and Foster's rear guard had to repulse with heavy loss the first of the regiments sent from Virginia to punish his audacity, and then returned unmolested with his force to Newbern.

In January, 1863, Burnside attempted an advance which was utterly paralyzed by the yellow clay mud of the Virginian roads, and shortly after he was relieved of his command, which was transferred to General Joseph Hooker.

On April 20th Hooker began a forward movement which in early May resulted in his repulse at Chancellorsville, and the loss of many prisoners, thirteen guns, and a great quantity of small arms, supplies and ammunition. All these losses on the part of the Federals were more than neutralized by the loss to the Southern cause of General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, who while preparing for a frontal attack on Hooker's center at Chancellorsville was mortally wounded by some of General Hill's troops, and carried from the field, dying thereafter of his injuries. It is a matter of general belief that had General Jackson taken part in the succeeding campaign of the year, the battle of Gettysburg would either never have been fought, or would have been less disastrous to the Confederacy.

The many successful defenses and attacks made by the army of Northern Virginia during the events described, and the failure of the Northern generals effectively to use the men and munitions so lavishly poured in upon them, and also the desire to secure in Pennsylvania the food, horses, mules and supplies needed for his armies, encouraged General Lee to advance into Pennsylvania and Maryland, threatening Washington with capture, and possibly defeating the Army of the Potomac, and taking possession of Washington, Harrisburg, or even Philadelphia.

Other conditions also appeared favorable. A large number of regiments raised in August and September of 1862, to serve for nine months, had been sent north to be mustered out, and although many were still held undischarged ready to go again to the front in case of emergency, there must be considerable delay in getting them together, and refitting them for actual service. General Lee was also kept informed of the serious lack of patriotism and courage on the part of a considerable number of the people of the Northern states and of the conspiracies such as brought on the draft riots in New York and Boston, which were only quelled by the sword. Among certain communities also there was an utter apathy, which even in the great state of Pennsylvania left whole towns utterly defenceless against even a handful of foraging cavalry or foraging infantry.

General Hooker was not long kept in ignorance of this movement, whose inception and details are very minutely described in General Huidekoper's article. It may be pointed out, however, that Lee's army passed to the west of Washington and that Hooker in due season interposed his forces between Lee and Washington, while Stuart, the commander of the Confederate cavalry, instead of foraying on Lee's right flank and keeping him in touch with the movements of the Army of the Potomac, made a raid eastward at his own sweet will, and greatly increased Lee's perplexities.

When Hooker finally resigned the command and General George G. Meade assumed command of the Federal forces, Lee's divisions were scattered widely apart, and most of them were north of Gettysburg, toward which town indeed General Jubal A. Early had marched from Chambersburg and through or by Gettysburg, toward York, and had actually sent a portion of his command into the town whence the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania militia barely escaped with the loss of some two hundred prisoners, who were paroled and sent home. Early then marched on, dividing his forces, and reached York, while a division went to Wrightsville, where the destruction of the bridge across the Susquehanna prevented their further advance.

General Ewell had reached Carlisle, Longstreet and Hill were near Chambersburg, when on June 29, Lee notified his corps commanders to concentrate on the west side of South Mountain, at or near Cashtown.

On the next day Early and Hill moving from the north to the south, found Gettysburg occupied by the First and Eleventh Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and that the battle had already begun. Even the civilian reader will understand that this first day's battle was fought by portions of both armies on the move, and that thus, accidentally, Meade's army came by degrees together to a common stronghold at Cemetery Ridge, south of the town, while Lee, returning south, found a "lion in the path," and felt compelled to attack, with the Army of the Potomac in the strongest position.

* * *

The first day's fighting on July 1 cost heavily in killed and wounded on both sides, which are said for the numbers engaged to have been the heaviest of the three days, not excepting those of Pickett's fatal onset on the third day. According to Southern writers, certain advantages of position there secured were relinquished and could never again be regained. On the second day the advance of Sickles' Corps to the Peach Orchard, considerably in advance of the general line, brought on a desperate and long-continued contest, during which McGilvery planted his batteries which poured shell and canister on the Confederate flank, until Sickles' line was pushed back. Then all the batteries except Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts were taken out of action and hurried to fill a gap in Hancock's battle-line. Bigelow being left without supports to delay the Southern advance as long as possible, and having lost eighty horses out of eighty-eight, twenty-eight men and three out of four officers, killed or wounded, retired his guns by prolonge for nearly half a mile, firing canister at every halt, until two of the six guns were jumped by the remnant of their horses over a stone wall and made their way to join the brigade under the command of a lieutenant. Captain Bigelow, then supposed to be mortally wounded, was mounted on a horse by Bugler Charles W. Reed and a sergeant, and was led by Reed through a swarm of Confederates, who chivalrously spared the boy and his wounded commander as they rode straight for the guns of their own brigade about to open fire on the advancing enemy. Passing between the fire of two guns, the fugitives escaped and Captain Bigelow recovered. Bugler C. W. Reed is now living, a veteran artist in Boston, and received a gold medal of honor for his exploit, an honor which should have been conferred on every survivor of Bigelow's Battery which was sacrificed to gain time for Hancock to form and fill out a new line.

Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

THE 13th MASSACHUSETTS MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG

While this was in completion, a Southern regiment, the advance of the successful Confederate Brigades, charged, heading for the break in the Union line. The First Minnesota, Colonel William Colville, reduced in numbers and lacking two companies detached on special duty, were ordered to charge the advancing line. They obeyed, and with only two hundred and sixty-two men and officers broke the charge, passed through and beyond the first regiment, and turned and made their way out again, reforming and opening fire on their astonished opponents, and finally regaining their old position, but with a loss of two hundred and seventeen men and officers, out of two hundred and sixty-two, the heaviest relative loss on record in any war or any country.

It is needless to say that in General Pickett's famous charge very heavy losses were experienced, but the heaviest losses in number during the three days' battle was suffered by the Twenty-sixth North Carolina of Heth's Division, which reported five hundred and eighty-eight killed, wounded and missing in the three days fighting. It is said that of one North Carolina company, the fighting of July 1 and 2 left only the captain and four men alive and unwounded, and that in Pickett's charge this remnant, acting as a color guard, had two men injured, leaving fit for duty only three men of the sixty-five that went into the fight.

Of Pickett's charge, the testimony of those who opposed it bears witness to the splendid discipline, courage and devotion of the Southern infantry; yet I cannot resist the temptation to tell of one account given to me by one of the early settlers of Dickey County, North Dakota, a veteran named Bolles, who in his old age bore with privation and poverty, in the attempt to build up new states in the wilderness. He had had charge of the officer's mess kettles packed on an old mule, and in the forced march of the Sixth Corps had pressed ahead toward the scene of the battle, coming in upon the flanks of the Union position just as the advance of Pickett's and Pettigrew's devoted forlorn hope began.

Bolles began in a quiet way to relate:

"Well, I got there, and as I didn't know where the regiment would be ordered, I halted, but just then we were all ordered 'out of the way,' and I led the mule further back and tied her to a tree, just as a battery of artillery galloped into position and opened fire in a hurry. I ran to a place where I could see the valley, and it seemed full of Confederates, their lines compact and steady, and their battle flags waving in the sun. Only as they passed over broken ground did the lines waver a little as a great wave does as it passes over a reef or shallow, and the officers riding gallantly from one flank to the other led them splendidly, and kept the lines closed up as the shell and canister tore through them, taking out, as it seemed to me, whole companies at once.

"But those men never flinched; the lines closed up again a little shorter and that great sea of marching men came on again wave on wave, breaking up here and there, as the shrapnel tore through them; but the officers would ride back and forth waving their swords and the lines would reform and keep steadily advancing. I tell you," said the old veteran, his face aglow with admiration of that splendid failure, "A man never sees such a sight but once in his life, and it was worth living for, just to see and remember it."

The repulse of this splendid charge closed the battle of Gettysburg, in which Meade, less than a week in his new role of commander-in-chief, with the loyal aid of great subordinates, who often had to act promptly and independently, kept his army on the defensive, and forced Lee to attack or retreat. There has never been any recrimination of each other or depreciation of their leader on the part of the Federal generals, nor any lack of generous praise of General Lee and his brilliant staff of corps and battalion commanders, or admiration of the splendid rank and file of his veterans.

On the other side, there has been some sharp criticism of Lee's strategy and tactics, and of the action, inaction or error of some of his subordinates, but the grave has closed over nearly all of the great commanders of that mighty and culminating struggle for the independence of the Confederacy. What might have happened if either Lee or Meade had begun the fight with most of their forces concentrated at Gettysburg on that first day of July we can only conjecture; or what would have happened had Lee avoided battle altogether or attacked on the flanks of Meade's Army, instead of trying to pierce the center.

The reader must, however, try to realize that the march of two great armies with their artillery ambulances, ammunitions, food and general supply trains are in no wise to be looked upon as a cut-and-dried review or procession of a few thousand men without impedimenta, coming fresh and vigorous from quiet encampments or comfortable homes to a holiday parade.

On the contrary, Lee's army was impeded by long trains of animals and supplies gathered from the towns and farms of Pennsylvania and guarded by soldiery often shoeless, hatless, and suffering from overfeeding on the unwonted plenty of the few days spent beyond the borders of desolated Virginia. These men, hot, dusty, footsore, sometimes sick or slightly wounded, are obliged to halt and double-quick by turns to close up the broken columns, and often to go into action without delay, rest or refreshment, and then to endure the inferno of artillery fire or to exert every muscle and sinew in the headlong charge or sudden change of position. The reader must figure to himself that such were the conditions under which Lee's scattered army was fused and remoulded into a fighting organization, at whose perfection and deeds the world still wonders.

To a less extent, this was also true of Meade's Army, which although splendidly equipped, nourished and cared for, came hot upon the trail of Lee's invading army from the line of the Rappahannock, several days after Lee had "folded his tents like the Arab and as silently stolen away." The Sixth Corps, or a large part of this army, especially was at Manchester, Maryland (thirty-five miles away), at half-past eight in the evening of July first, when the early successes of the Confederate attack had carried important positions and greatly broken the strength of the First and Eleventh Corps. The Sixth by a forced march brought Meade a re-enforcement of three brigades late in the afternoon of July second and the remainder—three brigades—came in in time to form a reserve on the eastern wing of the army, from which small detachments were made from time to time, to re-enforce threatened positions.

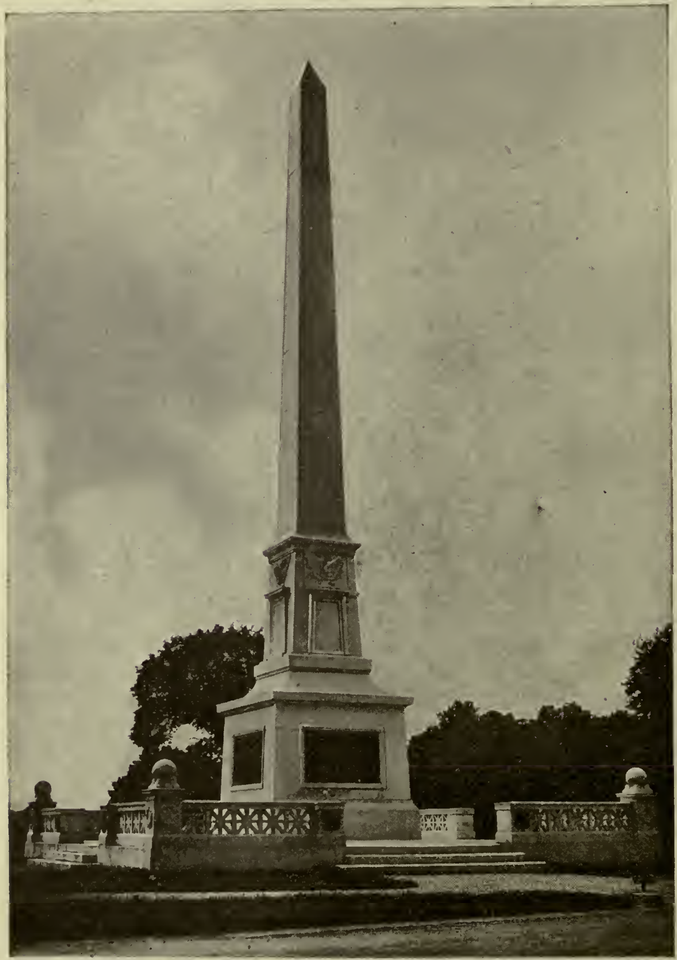
Bearing these things in mind, the civilian will realize that the men of the South and the North who met at Gettysburg had often reached that field of carnage and most strenuous endeavor only after excitement and fatigue, which at home would have warranted a rest of several hours if not days, and that the almost superhuman effort, endurance, courage and self-sacrifice there exhibited warrants our greatest respect and admiration, regardless of any sectional, political or moral differences. "Until the crack of doom" no greater wager of battle between conflicting principles and brave champions will ever be presented to the eyes of men, and that both armies were worthy of world-wide honor will be but re-established on a higher and nobler basis, when the surviving veterans of Lee and Meade, of Hancock and Longstreet, of Sickles and Pickett, Reynolds, Barksdale and Armistead take each other by the hand in that vast cemetery wherein their comrades who fell in that great fight await the resurrection.

The arrangements for this grand meeting began some two years ago and every state in the Union it is believed will bear its part in sending at its own cost to this grand and peaceful reunion its surviving veterans of the great, decisive battle of the Civil War.

In 1911 Governor Foss of Massachusetts appointed a commission of six members, headed by John E. Gilman, past National commander G. A. R., to arrange for the transportation of every veteran present at the battle. Over sixteen hundred have qualified in this way, and between seventeen hundred and eighteen hundred other veterans have asked the commission to arrange for their transportation at their own expense.

Massachusetts appropriates $30,000. Maine will send about five hundred survivors and appropriates $10,000; New Hampshire, about four hundred men, appropriates $10,000; Vermont, between two and three hundred, at a cost of $10,000; New Jersey appropriates $25,000; New York, $150,000; Pennsylvania, $380,000; Ohio, $12,000; West Virginia, $5,000; Wisconsin, $40,000; Minnesota $25,000, and the hearty responses from states north and south has the ring of the spirit of comradeship.

The states of the Lost Cause, it was feared, would be unable to expend like amounts for the transportation of their veterans, but it is given out that the railroads will do their share by giving free transportation to southern survivors of the battle. The United States Government will be prepared to care for fifty thousand veterans between June 28 and Monday, July 7, when the camp will be broken up. Great avenues have been laid out on land adjoining the National Park, which will be lined with wall tents holding eight cots each and lighted by five hundred 75-candle-power Tungsten lights.


Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.
THE MONUMENT OF THE UNITED STATES REGULARS

There have been provided 6,000 tents, 48,000 cots, 12,000 wash basins, 13,000 lanterns, 75,000 wax candles, 7,000 galvanized water buckets and 50,000 individual kits, which last will become the property of the veterans. Four hundred cooking ranges and an army, commanded by a chief commissary, assistant commissioners, ten commissary sergeants, four clerks, eight hundred cooks, and one hundred thirty bakers, will provide food for this great concourse. The consumption of meats, cereals, vegetables, bread, coffee and tea will approximate 1,500,000 pounds, or 750 tons.

Every provision is made for the care of sick or injured veterans, including the erection of eighty-seven hospital tents, attended by one hundred thirty army surgeons and nurses, aided by a large ambulance corps. The cost of this gathering to the United States government will be at least $350,000. The camp, just half a mile from Gettysburg, will be guarded by regulars, and no one except the veterans will be allowed to enter. The visitors will detrain and embark within its limits, and express, telegraph, telephone and postal facilities, and stores to supply tobacco, cigars and sundries will provide for every necessity. The entire force of Pennsylvania state constabulary, mounted and on foot, will police the camp during the week.

Briefly, the exercises of July 1 (Veterans'

Day) will consist of a great campfire, presided over by the chief commanders of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the United Confederate Veterans.

On July 2 (Military Day) detachments of each branch of the Army and National Guard will represent the changed equipments, weapons, and tactics of the present day.

July 3d (Civic Day) Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania will preside over a civic galaxy of the governors of the several states, and the visiting general public.

July 4 (National Day) the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court presiding with the President, Vice-President, Cabinet officers, Senators and Congressmen as guests of honor, will attend a great mass meeting at 10 A.M., at which suitable exercises and singing will precede an address by President Wilson, who will lay the cornerstone of a great Peace Memorial and conclude the public ceremonies of the great anniversary.

Any uniform or guidon may be worn or carried by the veteran, the sentiment of the promoters being voiced by Governor Tener of Pennsylvania:

"I want it understood by the whole Confederate soldiery that they are coming as the guests of this state, and it will make no difference to the state of Pennsylvania whether the men from the South come in civilian attire or their old, gray uniforms. Whether the uniform be gray or blue, the wearer will be heartily welcomed, with whatever flags they desire to bring with them. We meet under one flag, the Supreme flag, and all others are simply representative of personal pleasure to those who may have served under it, and they should be permitted to show their respect in such manner as best pleases them."

General J. M. Schoomaker of Pittsburgh, one of the youngest commanders in the Union army at Gettysburg, is president of the commission in charge, and Colonel L. H. Beitters, representing the state, has not left anything undone to add to the comfort of the guests of the state and the success of the event.

As a natural result of existing conditions, it is almost impossible that any but the veterans, those caring for them, and a few invited guests can reasonably expect to visit Gettysburg on this occasion, excepting those who can come by automobile and bring their own tents and food with them. Some thousands will probably attend in this way, returning in the evening to some town or hamlet twenty or thirty miles away. As the railways with all their preparation and outlay will be burdened to the uttermost with the transportation of fifty thousand veterans, the transient traveler had better visit Gettysburg "after the rush is over."

The occasion, unique in history and conceived on a princely and generous scale by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, will redound to the increased amity and esteem of a reunited South and North; will be a magnificent epoch in history from generation to generation, for men can say that even as the battle-wrath of Southron and Northron was fell and devouring, fearing nothing and sparing nothing, if only their cause might triumph, so when the game had been played out and Providence had led the whole land into a prosperity never before allotted to any people, through the generous spirit of the fathers who had founded one nation and of the brave and noble men who had fought together, yet later worked together, that peace and brotherly love might ensue and continue, the world saw a new heaven and a new earth, glorifying the battlefield of Gettysburg; a new earth of peaceful slumberers, beloved, honored and not forgotten, and splendid memorials of a great past; a new heaven of summer sunrises and sunsets, that witnessed in the friendly greetings of once relentless foes a renaissance of the angel chorus of the Nativity: "Glory to God in the highest. On earth peace and good will to men."

NATIONAL
1863
CEMETERY

Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG. THE PILLARS BEAR THE NAMES OF THE STATES WHOSE TROOPS WERE ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE

FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE

by General H·S·Huidekoper

> *This article by General Huidekoper describes the campaign and the battle so clearly and so accurately and so fairly to each side, that I recommend its perusal by those who would wish the history of the Battle of Gettysburg in a twenty minutes' talk.*
>
> (*Signed*) *JAMES LONGSTREET*
> *Lieut.-Gen., C. S. A.*

THE campaign which had for its object the capture of Philadelphia, and then of Baltimore and Washington, was undertaken by General Lee a month after the defeat of the Federal army at Chancellorsville, the result of which was a belief, by the Confederates, in the invincibility of Lee's army and in its ability to defeat the army of the Potomac, wherever met. The Gettysburg campaign covered two months of 1863, and included 115 battles, engagements, combats or skirmishes, the principal of which were Brandy Station (cavalry), Winchester, Aldie, Hanover (cavalry) and Gettysburg.

The battle of Antietam (in September, 1862) was fought in Maryland, a few miles from Pennsylvania, but that of Gettysburg was the only general battle ever fought on northern soil, and after Gettysburg no important battle was fought between the two armies for ten months—until Grant came east—and never again did Lee attempt an invasion of the North with his whole army.

Before leaving the Rappahannock Lee had determined on a campaign offensive in strategy, defensive in tactics, but at Gettysburg he assumed the offensive as to tactics, confident in the ability of his large and magnificent army to beat Meade's army anywhere.

For convenient reference in connection with the battle of Gettysburg, the following summary will be of use. This may require some change as to time, when the Battlefield Commission shall have given the public the results of their thorough research as to all matters pertaining to the battle.

May 28. Hooker advises War Department of contemplated movement of enemy.
June 2. Hooker issues marching-rations to his army.
June 3. Lee's army commences to move westward on its way north.
June 9. This movement verified by cavalry fight at Brandy Station.
June 11. Hooker's army commences to move northward.
June 14. Milroy's army defeated at Winchester and driven to Harper's Ferry.
June 16. Confederate cavalry enter Greencastle, Pa.
June 22. Ewell's corps (in the advance) crosses the Potomac River.
June 25. Reynolds' corps (in the advance) crosses the Potomac.
June 26. Gordon (Ewell's corps) passes through Gettysburg.
June 28. Ewell's advance troops reach the Susquehanna River. Bridge burned.
June 28. Meade assumes command of the Army of the Potomac.
June 29. Ewell, about to capture Harrisburg, recalled to Gettysburg.
June 29. After dark, Buford discovers enemy's fires on mountain, west.

June 30. Kilpatrick defeats Stuart at Hanover (cavalry fight).
June 30. Buford at 11, enters Gettysburg and takes a position west of town.

JULY 1

Early morning. For two hours Buford's cavalry opposes advance of enemy.
10 to 11. Reynolds' advance (Wadsworth's division) engaged. Reynolds killed.
11 to 2. No fighting. 1st and 11th corps take position.
2 to 5. 1st and 11th corps engage with Hill and Ewell.
5 and 6. Sickles' 3d corps and Slocum's 12th corps arrive on field.
5 to 7. 1st and 11th corps occupy Cemetery and Culp's Hill.

JULY 2

Dawn to 3.30 p.m. No fighting.
3.00 p.m. Meade calls his corps commanders in council of war—broken up by Longstreet's attack upon Sickles.
3.30. Longstreet attacks Sickles' corps. Fight until dark.
6. Johnson (Ewell's corps) carries Culp's Hill, east side.
7. Early (Ewell's corps) is repulsed on East Cemetery Hill.
Late in day. Gregg's cavalry takes position on right.
Sundown. Kilpatrick engages enemy at Hunterstown.

JULY 3

Daylight to 10. Slocum's 12th corps recovers Culp's Hill.
10 to 1. No fighting.
11.00 a.m. Kilpatrick's cavalry arrive and take position southwest of Round Top.
1.00 p.m. Artillery duel for an hour or more.
About 3. Longstreet (Pickett, Pettigrew, Trimble) assaults Union line at the angle.
5.00 p.m. Kilpatrick's cavalry move against Confederate line. Farnsworth killed.
7.00 p.m. Federal troops (McCandless) advance to the Rose farm.
During night Ewell withdraws to Seminary Ridge, evacuating town.
July 4. Lee commences march of his infantry, in retreat to the Potomac.
July 7. Lee's army reaches Potomac River.
July 14. Confederate army re-crosses the Potomac.
August 1. Lee back on the Rappahannock River.

On the 28th of May, 1863, General Hooker, at Fredericksburg, telegraphed to the Secretary of War that the enemy was preparing for an important movement, and that desperate as it might seem, his purpose was to take the same route he had taken the year before in the Antietam campaign. The route referred to was the one west of the Blue Ridge. On an average of about two hundred miles from the Atlantic, a line of mountains (the Appalachian Range) runs from middle Alabama to Canada. The Blue Ridge is the eastern stretch of these mountains in North Carolina and Virginia, and extends northward through Maryland into Pennsylvania (as South Mountain), where with a sweep to the east, it ends a few miles southwest of Harrisburg and south of Carlisle. The valley in Virginia west of this ridge is known as the Shenandoah, and its continuation in Maryland and in Pennsylvania as far as Harrisburg, as the Cumberland Valley.

The Potomac breaks through the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry, but at other points there are "gaps" through which an army could pass if not prevented by an enemy. As these gaps are easily guarded by a few troops, the Shenandoah Valley was a perfectly secure route for a large army to follow. Besides, the Shenandoah Valley was the garden and granary of Virginia, and its main road was a hard, smooth, even turnpike, very favorable to rapidity of movement. To keep abreast of Lee's army, Hooker advanced his forces on the east side of the Ridge, and by so doing kept Washington fully protected.

On June 3 Lee's movements began. Hooker had issued marching rations to his army the day before, but it was not wise to move (as Halleck declared when Hooker, properly but uselessly, asked permission to march directly into Richmond), until Lee's whole army was safely beyond the Blue Ridge, which was on July 11. Meantime, on June 9, Pleasonton had fought Stuart at Brandy Station (twenty thousand cavalrymen engaged), capturing the headquarters baggage of the latter, in which papers were discovered showing the intention of Lee to invade Pennsylvania. Infantry coming to Stuart's rescue, Pleasonton retired. On June 14, Ewell (Lee's advanced corps) attacked Milroy's army at Winchester, capturing four thousand men and twenty-eight pieces of artillery, and driving the rest of his men to Harper's Ferry. This affair sent a chill through the north, and everywhere the recruiting of three-months' men was commenced. Generals Couch and W. F. Smith were assigned to duty in eastern Pennsylvania, and emergency-men were sent to Carlisle, York, Columbia, Gettysburg and elsewhere.

On June 24, Stuart, with most of the Confederate cavalry, cut loose from Lee, moved eastward, and crossing the Potomac at Seneca started for York, where he expected to meet with Ewell. At Hanover, sixteen miles east of Gettysburg, he encountered Kilpatrick, on June 30, and was whipped. He then made for Carlisle, where he had an engagement with the Philadelphia Battery and a couple of regiments (three-months' men), which prevented him from entering the town. It was in this engagement that C. Stuart Patterson, recently president of the Union League of Philadelphia, was so painfully wounded. Learning there that Ewell had been recalled to Gettysburg, Stuart started for the same place as soon as his hard-marched horses had been rested. Longstreet and Hill with their corps, who were at Chambersburg, twenty-four miles west of Gettysburg, were ordered to Gettysburg at the same time Ewell was recalled from the Susquehanna.

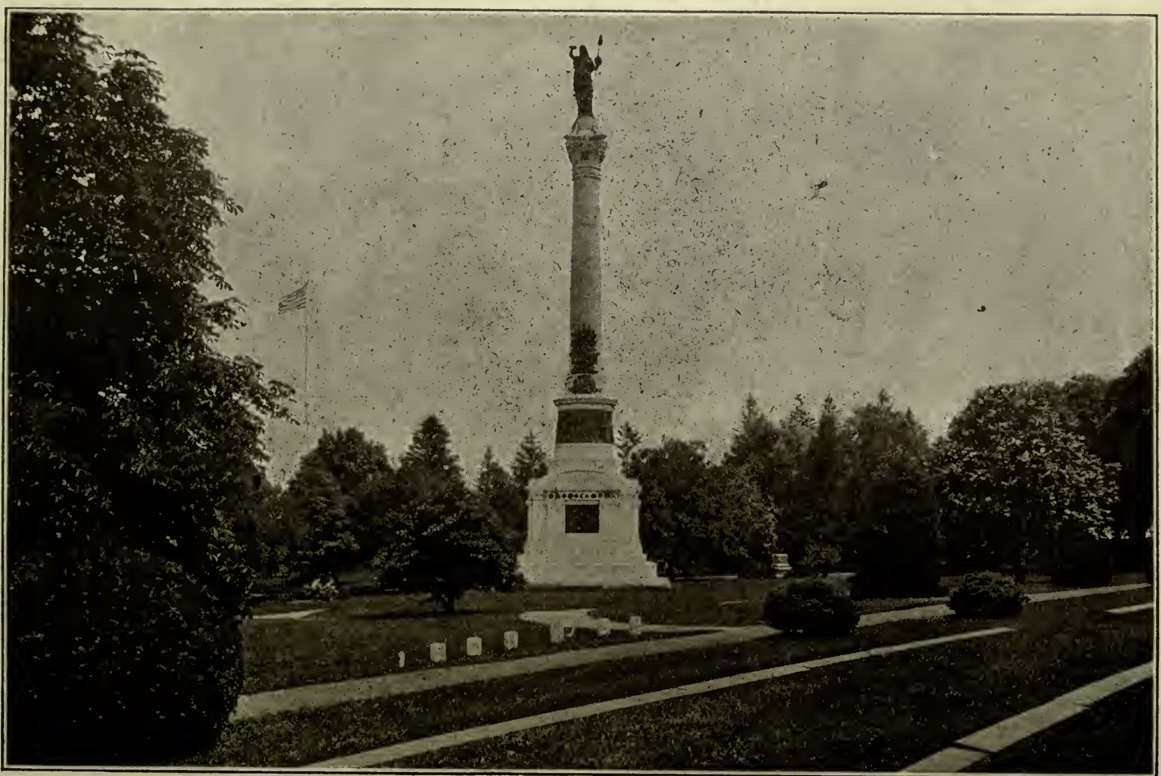
Nine prominent roads converge at Gettysburg, and the concentration there of Lee's army was forced upon him by the rapid and masterful movement of Hooker with the Federal army, who hurried into Pennsylvania to intercept the invading host and so to loosen the grip it had upon the fair valleys, rich with ripe grain and teeming with money, horses, cattle, clothing, shoes and provisions.

Curiously, the Southern army came into Gettysburg from the north, and the Northern army from the south. As to roads taken by Meade, his left wing moved by the Emmitsburg road and his right wing by the Taneytown and Hanover roads and by the Baltimore Pike.

Lee's army had always been in good condition, and Hooker's had become so after Chancellorsville (May 1, 1863), by the retiring of the nine-months' men, by a reorganization of the cavalry under Pleasonton, and by attention to every feature of discipline in its broadest sense. In a general way (to avoid going into the endless and profitless discussion of the relative numerical strength of each) the two armies were well matched; each had, approximately, about 85,000 men, including 10,000 cavalry to each, the Union army carrying with it 327 pieces of artillery, and the Southern army 287 pieces. The Federal army, however, had at Gettysburg a new and untried commander, General Meade, who, three days before the battle, had superseded General Hooker (by directions from Washington) and new commanders, Sykes, and Newton on July 2 and 3, for two of its seven corps, as well as several new officers for the cavalry—Kilpatrick, Merritt, Custer, Farnsworth and others—chosen by Pleasonton while Hooker was in command. The Confederate army had its skillful and accomplished Longstreet, as well as the experienced A. P. Hill, and the renowned Ewell in command of its three corps. It should be remembered that a division in the Confederate army, of which there were nine, was as large as a corps in the Union army, for the writer will not admit that the latter, in numbers, was equal to the former by many thousands.

Excluding the ground of the great cavalry fight on the Rummell farm, three miles east of Gettysburg, the area of the battlefield was about twenty square miles, partly shown on the relief map accompanying this article. There, in July, 1863, Lee's magnificent, confident army of Confederate troops, which had invaded Pennsylvania through the Cumberland Valley and was on its way to the rich cities of the east, again met its all-time and ever-present opponent, the Army of the Potomac. Before concentration at Gettysburg, the advance of Ewell's corps had got as far as Wrightsville, which is about seventy-five miles from Philadelphia, or a four days' march, and had watered their horses in the Susquehanna, and Ewell himself had got almost to Harrisburg, which he was about to capture. At Wrightsville was burned the mile-long railroad bridge, to prevent the invaders from crossing the river.

As soon as Hooker had crossed the Potomac, he sent the left wing of his army (First, Third and Eleventh Corps and Buford's Cavalry Division, under Reynolds), to the northwest—to South Mountain and Frederick—and the right wing (Second, Fifth, Sixth and Twelfth Corps) to the northeast—all in Maryland; and in this position, ready to attack wherever the enemy might be discovered, the Army of the Potomac was turned over to General Meade. This will account for the fan-like disposition of the troops, and for the apparent slowness of their concentration at Gettysburg when the order for it was given. Comte de Paris says: "Hooker could not have made a better choice to harass the enemy. The operation had been well conceived and admirably executed." He also remarks that nothing but praise can be accorded Hooker for his management of his army for the two weeks prior to his removal. The change in com-



Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

THE NEW YORK STATE MONUMENT IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG manders was due to a disagreement between Halleck and Hooker about the control and use of French's twelve thousand men at Harper's Ferry.

With the forces thus spread out, the Sixth Corps was at Manchester, thirty-two miles distant, and to join the army made one of the most remarkable marches of the war, leaving there at 9 P.M. July 1, and reaching the field at 3 P.M. the next day; the Fifth Corps made a long, hard, all-night march and reached the field early on the 2d. Reynolds' wing was the closer to the enemy, and on June 29, his First Corps was advanced to Emmitsburg, ten miles from Gettysburg, and his cavalry to Gettysburg.

On June 30, the First Corps was ordered to Gettysburg, but Reynolds becoming convinced that the enemy would attempt to interpose, by way of Fairfield, between Gettysburg, which was held by Buford, and the main part of the army, halted the First Corps at Marsh Creek, six miles from Gettysburg, and hastily threw up defenses for the night. On the same day Buford's cavalrymen, reconnoitering out on the Cashtown road, ran into some of Pettigrew's infantry, and in the evening of that day Colonel Gamble stationed his pickets along Marsh Creek.

Early in the morning of the 1st of July, Pettigrew's Division advanced toward the town, and at Willoughby Run, with his whole brigade dismounted, Gamble, in a spirited fight, held back the Confederates for about two hours. Buford, anxious about the situation, had, on June 30, advised General John F. Reynolds of the expected encounter on the coming morning, and Reynolds had put the First Division of his First Army Corps upon the road after breakfast on July 1, and had himself hurried forward the few miles to meet General Buford. Together they rode out the Cashtown Pike, and where their two grand monuments stand now, near the McPherson farm, a conference was held about 9 A.M. As a result, Reynolds hurried back to his advancing troops to spur them forward, and as he was leading the foremost regiment into the McPherson Woods he was struck in the head with a bullet and died instantly. This happened at quarter past ten in the morning, on July 1, 1863. Comte de Paris says of Reynolds: "Undoubtedly the most remarkable man among all the officers that the army of the Potomac saw fall on the battlefield during the four years of its experience."

The Eleventh Corps had, on July 1, been ordered "within supporting distance" of the First Corps, but the Third Corps had been ordered to Emmitsburg, where General Meade had personally directed Sickles to have his troops placed in position for the night, in a way they might best meet any attack from the west. The Third Corps had marched from Taneytown that day, and by two o'clock had gone into camp, but Sickles, hearing the continued and heavy firing ten miles in his front, with commendable promptness, and on his own responsibility, put his men again in motion (except two brigades of infantry and a battery of artillery, which he left for the purpose of complying with Meade's order to hold the position at Emmitsburg), and reached Gettysburg in time to strengthen the slim line Howard was opposing to the confident but dilatory enemy.

From quarter past ten on, for an hour, there was fighting in and about the woods and on the field north of the railroad cut, and down near Willoughby Run the Confederate General Archer and a large part of his brigade were captured. During the two hours' lull in the battle, which occurred after that, the Confederates beyond Willoughby Run were massing their troops in three lines, for an assault by Hill's Corps that was to sweep the Union troops off Seminary Ridge. To prevent this, General Doubleday, who then commanded the First Corps, skillfully threw his two Pennsylvania brigades of the Third Division on their arrival, onto the front line, Biddle's on the south of the woods, and Stone's on the north of the woods, both on the open ground, the Second Division having been sent to the woods extending towards Oak Hill, somewhat in the direction of Carlisle, from where Ewell had been recalled. For three long hours (two to five) these fresh troops, as well as those which had been engaged in the mornihg, received the repeated and terrible assaults of an enemy five times their number, and when the night had come and the defeated corps had reached Cemetery Hill, it was found that the First Army Corps had been reduced from nine thousand four hundred and three officers and men to two thousand four hundred, many of the regiments losing from fifty to sixty per cent. Of course many of the missing men made their way back to their regiments that night.

At Balaklava the Light Brigade lost thirty-seven per cent of its men, and at Inkerman The Guards lost forty-five per cent, and both go down to history, in verse and prose, as having been annihilated. At Gettysburg the Second Wisconsin lost 233 out of 302, the Nineteenth Indiana lost 210 out of 288, and the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, out of 380 men and seventeen officers, brought back about eighty men and only one officer not wounded. The One Hundred and Twenty-first, the One Hundred and Forty-second, the One Hundred and Forty-third, the One Hundred and Forty-ninth, and the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania lost quite as heavily. Among the First Corps officers wounded in the first day's fight were Generals Doubleday, Meredith, and Paul, and Colonels Morrow, Stone, Wister, Fairchild, Dudley, Biddle, Tilden, Leonard, Coulter and McFarland. The disasters of the afternoon to the Second Division were lessened by its capture of much of Iverson's Brigade, of Ewell's Corps, out at the Mummasburg Road, near Oak Hill.

While the First Corps was actively engaged, the Eleventh Corps (General Howard), came onto the field from the Emmitsburg road. Steinwehr's Division, and much of the artillery, were sent to Cemetery Hill to fortify, and Shurz's and Barlow's Divisions were started for Oak Hill, that they might hold it against Ewell's Corps coming back from near Harrisburg. Unfortunately for the Federals, the enemy (Rodes) had already seized the hill and Howard was forced to take the plain, so as to afford some protection to the First Corps, then faced to the west and on the ridge. His two divisions were skillfully placed, and for two hours he persistently sustained an unequal and hopeless fight, being finally forced back to Cemetery Hill, just as Doubleday had been, and at about the same time. His losses were heavy, one regiment losing seventy per cent. Without protection, and without hope of holding their ground even, Howard's men acquitted themselves with credit. Among the officers of the Eleventh Corps wounded in the first day's fight were General Barlow and Colonels Lockman and Robinson.

Although, at four o'clock, from the hill beyond Willoughby Run, Pender had brought his division of fresh troops to relieve that of Heth, which had been fighting Stone, Meredith and Biddle for three hours, and an hour later had vigorously pressed back the three reduced brigades, Doubleday, with great presence of mind and pertinacity (both always conspicuous in battle), so disposed these retiring troops behind the improvised breastworks at the Seminary as to check, for a time, the Confederate advance.

The melee in Gettysburg was a notable episode of a remarkable day. By five o'clock, the Eleventh Corps had been pressed into the town from the north closely pursued by Ewell, and nearly an hour later, the First Corps men commenced coming in from the west, also hard pressed by Hill. By that time the churches and halls were filled with the disabled, and wounded and dying men lay on the streets and sidewalks. Over these latter and into the bewildered retreating throng was sharp firing from every side, but there was no panic, no rout. Remnants of regiments, driven around this corner and that corner, kept by their colors the best they could, and then fell back to the hill, with the loss to the First Corps of only one gun (whose four horses had been shot down at the edge of the town) and without the loss of a color except that of the One Hundred and Fiftieth P. V., whose three field officers had been disabled. The capture of this flag was of sufficient importance to warrant its presentation to Jefferson Davis, among whose baggage it turned up when he was captured after Appomattox. No blame was ever attached to the regiment for the loss of its flag, for, as Comte de Paris says, Stone's brigade was the last to enter the town, and barely escaped capture at the McPherson barn by Perrin, who was maneuvering to cut it off.

The retreat, as a whole, was in good order, and was so well conducted as to enable Howard, with the timely arrival of the advance of Slocum's Corps on Culp's Hill and of Sickles' Corps on the left, to occupy Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill so strongly as to deter the eager foe from storming them that night, although two hours of daylight yet remained. General Fitzhugh Lee, appreciating his uncle's misfortune at Gettysburg, says Hill and Ewell should have carried Cemetery Hill that evening. Between the field of battle and Cemetery Hill, the enemy took twenty-five hundred prisoners, of whom one hundred and forty-five were officers. Probably most of these were captured in the town, for Doubleday's men were ignorant of the direction of Cemetery Hill—in fact, did not know of Cemetery Hill—for the "Old Man," Doubleday, had always kept their eyes to the front, and points in their rear were never under consideration.

Military writers say a salient must be avoided, as weak and easily taken, but Stone's men (the One Hundred and Fiftieth) had such a position at the McPherson barn and were the last to leave the field, just as the Peach Orchard was held the next day down to the last moment. The occupying of a salient on a battlefield is often a military necessity, and the wholesale and thoughtless condemnation of them reminds one of the remark of the old Austrian marshal that he "could do nothing with that new man [Napoleon], for he disregarded every rule of warfare."

To the able generalship and the superb staying quality of Major-General Doubleday is largely due the praise the First Corps is entitled to for the fight it made on the 1st of July at Gettysburg. His First Division captured Archer, his Second Division brought in Iverson's men and his Third Division (Stannard's Brigade) took fifteen hundred of Pickett's unfortunate command. Reynolds' habitual confidence in him had not been misplaced.

That Reynolds' command was not more closely supported by the rest of the army was through no carelessness, but because General Meade had selected a strong position on Pipe Creek in Maryland (see "General Meade," by Pennypacker, pages 138 and 139), for concentration and for the battle, and had sent Reynolds forward to cover the movements of the corps to Pipe Creek. To this end, Reynolds was instructed, in event of finding himself confronted by a superior force, to hold it in check if he were able, and to fall back slowly. Pipe Creek is a small stream about fifteen miles southwest of Gettysburg, and back of that, some eight miles on the direct road to Baltimore, is Westminster, which then was the base of supplies for the Federal army. The position there had been selected with good judgment, and was well chosen for defense, if Lee could be induced to turn back into Maryland for an attack upon our army and forego the promising and attractive march he was making toward the rich cities of the north.

In no officer had Meade greater confidence than Reynolds. They were warm personal friends, each had commanded a brigade in the Pennsylvania Reserves, and the loss of Reynolds was a severe blow to the commander of the army, for he was relying upon the military instincts and ability of that great soldier to help him in that critical moment.

After hearing of the death of Reynolds and of the occupying of Cemetery Hill, Meade sent Hancock to report as to the strength of the position which had been taken, and then Meade himself hurried to the front.

Among the incidents of the first day was the appearance on the field of John Burns, citizen, who came out from the town dressed in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons on it, with a tall hat on, and with his pockets distended with powder and ball. He approached the firing line, where Major Chamberlin of the One Hundred and Fiftieth P. V. was standing, and begged to be allowed to fight with that regiment. While discussing the matter, Colonel Wister came up and advised him to go into the woods and fight from behind a tree, which the old man did, receiving there three wounds, for which Pennsylvania has erected to his memory a handsome statue, located on the ground where the One Hundred and Fiftieth fought. The writer was present at this interview and vouches for the correctness of the statements.

THE SECOND DAY

During the night of the 1st and during the 2d of July, the two army commanders were hurrying up their troops, but it was late in the afternoon of the 2d before the last of Sedgwick's Sixth Corps came in, and it was night before Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps got into position. The anxiety of each commander to avoid a battle until his men were well in hand resulted in a perfect quiet until three o'clock, when Longstreet moved for his attack upon Sickles.

By noon of the 2d, Sickles had his whole corps on the field, and being ordered to take position on the left of Hancock, occupied the Emmitsburg Road as far as the Peach Orchard, throwing his left back towards Round Top. He was hardly in position before Longstreet, with eighty-nine guns directed by the skillful Alexander at his disposal, and with the impetuous Hood as one of his division commanders, enveloped the Union line, where, for four hours, from four to eight o'clock, the battle raged furiously, the Fifth Corps, Caldwell's Division of the Second Corps and part of the Sixth Corps of the Union army having been drawn into the contest, and the scene changing, from its beginning at the Devil's Den, to the valley between the Round Tops, then to the Wheatfield, back to Devil's Den, again to the Wheatfield, then to the Peach Orchard and the Emmitsburg Road (6.30 P.M.), and on down to the Codori House for the final struggle just at dark, when Hancock threw the First Minnesota into the broken line, with the exceptional loss of eighty-two per cent of its men. Hood's men had actually come over the western slope of Big Round Top into the valley between the Round Tops, and had they fallen back upon the side of Big Round Top and intrenched, instead of allowing themselves to be driven from the valley, a different story might be told of Gettysburg. Fortunately for us, at that moment, Devil's Den was in our possession, for a thousand Confederate riflemen on it, in that crisis, would have turned their repulse into certain victory.

The fighting of our Fifth Corps men on Little Round Top had been superb. Vincent's contest to drive Laws from the hill had cost him dearly, and the country dearly in his untimely death, for which Lincoln rewarded him promptly with a brigadier's commission (the only commission sent by a special messenger to the battlefield of Gettysburg), and Chamberlin won great distinction by using the bayonet when his ammunition had been exhausted and in driving the almost victorious enemy from the valley between the two hills back beyond the Devil's Den. Conspicuous on that afternoon was Captain Bigelow of the Ninth Massachusetts Battery, who, with four-fifths of his horses killed, drew his guns by hand back from the Wheatfield road firing as they went and got two of his pieces to the new line in the rear.

The interposition of Sickles' Corps between the Confederate army and Round Top was what Longstreet least desired, for he had made his plans for a prompt and vigorous movement upon that strategic position, and doubtless would have carried the hill successfully but for the delay occasioned by his maneuver to dislodge Sickles, which enabled the Union troops to secure the eminence just as the Confederates were ascending the western slope. Longstreet had directed this fight personally, but his ability shown on this occasion was overshadowed by his success three months later, when, in command of the left wing of Bragg's army at Chickamauga, with some of Hood's and McLaw's Gettysburg troops as part of his command, by a well-executed movement contrary to Bragg's plans, he threw Rosecrans' army into the wildest confusion, even advancing so far as to capture part of his headquarter baggage.

It was in the valley between the Round Tops that the desperate struggle for Little Round Top took place, when Vincent, O'Rorke and Weed and Hazlitt on the Union side were killed. Out at the Wheatfield Colonels Zook, Taylor and Cross were killed, and near the Peach Orchard General Sickles lost his leg, and General Graham was wounded and captured. In the fight on the Second Day Barksdale was killed and Hood was wounded, but wounds did not count with Hood, who afterwards, minus one leg and one arm, commanded the western Confederate army and fought Sherman near Atlanta.

When Longstreet opened up his battle, it was expected that Ewell, out behind Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, would, at the same time, attack the Union lines in his front. He did not hear the guns of Longstreet, however, and so his attack was not made until six in the evening, when he pushed Johnson's Division against the enemy on the east side of Culp's Hill, and after fighting two hours gained a lodgment in a part of the works of the Twelfth Corps, which had been vacated by troops called to aid in defending the line on the extreme left against the attack of Longstreet. Johnson's troops pushed their advance, by nine o'clock, as far as the Baltimore Road, and but for a fear that they, in the darkness, were being led into a trap, could have pushed on another three hundred yards, to the immense trains of Meade's army. In this contest the Confederates secured Spangler's Spring, but all night long the men of both sides in peace carried their canteens to the fountain and filled them with the bubbling water.

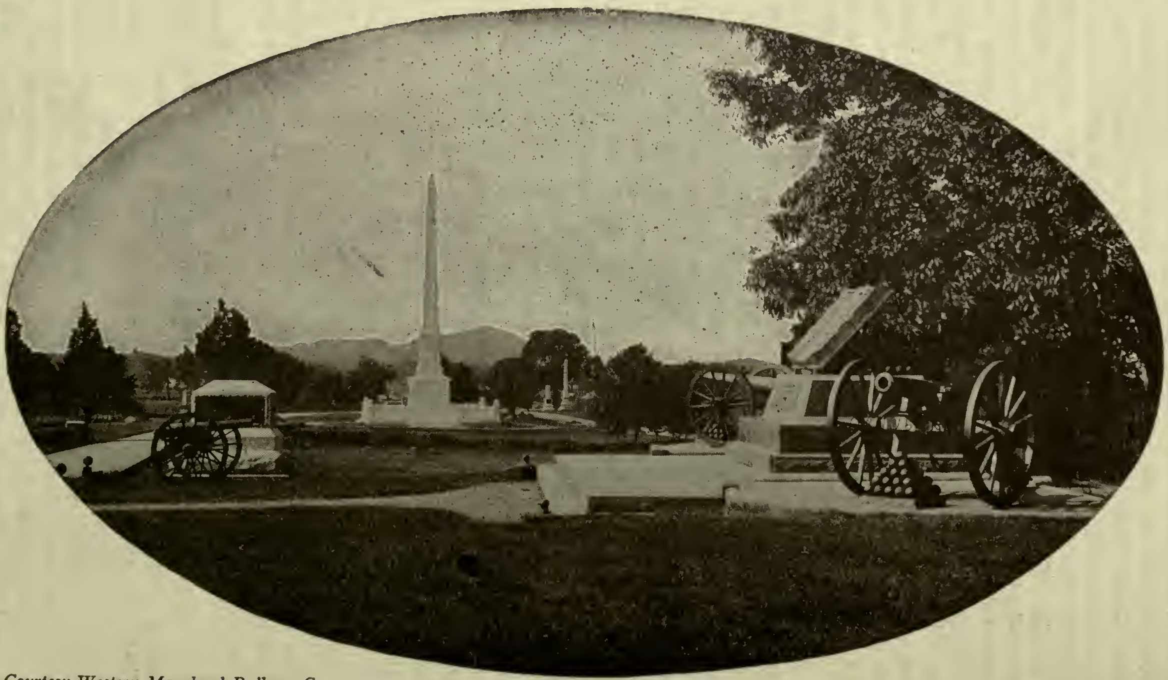
A little later, about seven o'clock, supported by numerous guns in a hot artillery fire, the Louisiana Tigers (five regiments) and a North Carolina brigade of Early's Division, stormed East Cemetery Hill, carrying everything before them, even to capturing Weidrich's artillery in the hastily-thrown-up lunettes, and to clubbing the gunners of Ricketts' battery. But there were infantrymen back of the guns, across the Baltimore Pike—Carroll's Brigade—and these Hancock personally led against the foe, with the result that the Union guns and position were saved and the Louisiana Tigers were almost annihilated.

The result on the left of the Union army may be summed up thus: The Confederates had failed to seize either of the coveted Round Tops, and each side had suffered frightfully in killed and wounded. On the Union right, Ewell had captured the rifle-pits of the Twelfth Corps on the east side of Culp's Hill, his men were in close proximity to Meade's reserve trains and the losses on each side were heavy.

It is fair to Longstreet and to Hood to say that they both favored the "turning" of Round Top in preference to the direct attack upon Sickles at the Peach Orchard, and it would seem as though their plan of attack would have had a chance of success, and with much less loss of life than attended the long fight they did make directly on the Union lines. The chances of this were the greater because, through some misunderstanding probably, Buford's cavalry, which had been sent to the Emmitsburg Road to protect the flank of the Union army, had been withdrawn, and Longstreet's Corps was without menace in this direction for thirty hours, which included the four hours' battle on Round Top and with Sickles. Of this feature Comte de Paris says: "One of those strange blunders that frequently occur on the battlefield was the means of compromising the safety of the Federal line just in that part which will be the first to be menaced. . . . Buford is gone . . . Merritt is still far away, and Sickles has therefore only the skirmishers of his infantry to watch the movements of the enemy."

So anxious had Meade been about the chances of the enemy getting around his left that at 3 P.M. (before Longstreet attacked), he telegraphed to Halleck: " . . . If I find it hazardous to do so [make an attack himself], or am satisfied the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear and interpose between me and Washington, I shall fall back on my supplies at Westminster." It must be remembered that up to this moment the Sixth Corps had not arrived, and that during the whole day of the 2d, up to four o'clock, the left flank and rear of Meade's army were without protection and so were exposed to the movement urged by Longstreet and feared by Meade.

One of the incidents of the day was the following: At the Peach Orchard corner is the Wentz farmhouse. A year or so before the battle, young Wentz went to New Orleans, where he became a lieutenant in the Washington artillery. When the Confederates took the position, a section of Washington Artillery was placed in the rear of the Wentz garden, and the young officer found himself at his former home for one full day, without the necessity of a leave-of-absence, but not to the delight of his father, who never forgave him for his perfidy.



Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

HIGH WATER MARK AT GETTYSBURG. THIS BRONZE BOOK MARKS THE FARTHEST POINT TO WHICH GENERAL PICKETT'S CHARGE PENETRATED THE FEDERAL CENTRE THROUGH A BREAK IN A FENCE WHERE CUSHING'S BATTERY WAS SERVED

THE THIRD DAY

At daybreak on the morning of July 3, General Slocum, of the Twelfth Corps, moved to drive the Confederates from the Union breastworks they had gained and occupied the night before, and for six hours the woods howled with shot and shell, as one of the most desperate of battles was carried on. Slowly but surely, foot by foot, the Union troops advanced until the breastworks were wrested from the enemy, and the Confederates were driven back across Rock Creek. Lee had failed in his attempts on the left and on the right of the Union line, but with superb confidence in the valor of his men, he himself planned and directed the third assault, which was to be upon the center and was to bring the looked-for victory.

From ten to one there was an ominous silence over the whole field on both sides. Then came the shot and shell from one hundred and fifty Confederate guns posted along Seminary Ridge, directed upon the center of the Union line, and immediately one hundred and fifty guns from the Union side responded, and for an hour and a half the very heavens and the earth shook with the concussion. The Union officers knew full well what that cannonading meant, and so General Hunt (of the artillery) ordered his pieces to cease firing that the guns might cool off, and he had his disabled batteries replaced by fresh ones, and had the caissons replenished with ammunition for the assault that was to come. Soon it came. Lee thought the Union guns were silenced from exhaustion, and promptly gave the order for fifteen thousand of Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's choicest troops (Longstreet to command) to force the Federal line. Pickett was in advance with his five thousand five hundred men, and on his left, in close support, was Pettigrew with his four brigades, and Trimble with his two brigades, and ample troops were in the rear of these three divisions. Beautifully they marched on, and on, until the Codori House was reached, when Pickett's charge commenced. From there it was rush, until on and beyond the stone wall, at the angle, both sides mingled in wildest disorder, shooting and clubbing each other in a hand-to-hand struggle that seemed to have no end. The end, however, came, and one by one the Confederates threw down their arms or sought retreat. Of Pickett's 5,500 men, 232 had been killed, 1,157 had been wounded, and 1,499 surrendered. Out of fifteen flags, twelve were left with the enemy, three only being saved by the few brave troops which made their way back to the starting point.

Pettigrew and Trimble, who were on the left of Pickett, assaulted the Union line at a point to the north, nearer to the town, at the Bryan house, but they, too, were repulsed, with a loss of about two thousand men and fifteen stands of colors. Longstreet says that Pettigrew was too severely punished on the first of July (by the troops on the McPherson farm) to have been in good condition for a vigorous support of Pickett, but as Pettigrew, Trimble, Fry, Marshall and Lowrance were all wounded, and most of their field officers were killed or wounded, we must acknowledge that they and their men did their full share of the fighting on that occasion, although the world-wide credit and reputation has gone to Pickett. Pickett's Division lost its three brigadiers; Garnett and Armstead were killed, Kemper was wounded and a prisoner, and every field officer of the fifteen regiments was killed or wounded. On the Union side, Hancock, Gibbon, Webb, Brooke, Stannard and Smyth were wounded, and among those killed were Willard, Sherrill, Ward, Baxter, O'Kane and Revere. Hancock, lying on his side, with the blood pouring from his wound, continued to direct the defense, and even after the struggle was over, wrote a note to Meade, begging him to follow up his success by a counter charge.

While the battle was waging in Meade's front, one of the great cavalry battles of the war was being desperately fought on Rummell farm, three miles east of Gettysburg, north of the Hanover Pike. Fortunately Kilpatrick, on his way back from Hanover, had left Custer's brigade of Michigan troops with Gregg, whose duty it was to protect the right flank of the Union army, and thus reinforced so as to have about five thousand sabres, Gregg successfully fought Stuart with six thousand sabres, until night offered the latter an opportunity to slip away from the front of his skillful, vigorous opponent. In this fight, on Stuart's side were Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, and on Gregg's side was the late Secretary of War, Alger, who here, as well as everywhere he ever fought, was commended for his valor. Since the battle it has been claimed by Lee's friends that it was his intention to have Stuart's cavalry strike the Union line in the rear at the moment Longstreet was to carry the line in the front, but the orders of the day do not confirm this claim; and we must give Stuart, who was one of the ablest cavalry leaders of the world, credit for the proper effort to get in the rear of our line for the purpose of destroying our trains of ammunition and other supplies.

Eleven o'clock of the 3d found Kilpatrick in front of Round Top, with Merritt out on the Emmitsburg Road and Farnsworth near the hill. At five o'clock, after the repulse of Longstreet, Kilpatrick, who thought that cavalry could fight anywhere but on the ocean, dismounted Merritt's men, who were on open ground, leaving Farnsworth's men, who were in front of stones and brush, mounted, and ordered a charge. It is said that Farnsworth looked at his commander and asked, "Do you mean it?" To which Kilpatrick replied "Are you afraid?" Farnsworth rejoined by saying, "Take that back," and charged, uselessly and hopelessly, and was killed at the foot of Round Top, near Plum Run. Merritt found the enemy too strong to make headway against, and so was unable to accomplish anything beyond finding that Longstreet was contracting his line and was retiring behind the Emmitsburg Road. Merritt, Farnsworth and Custer had, just before the battle, on June 29, been promoted from captaincies to the command of brigades. Farnsworth was held in high esteem as an ideal cavalryman, as were also the other two.

At seven o'clock the Union line (McCandless) was advanced to the Rose Farm, which lies a few hundred yards south of the Peach Orchard, and that ended the day's movements. The battle of Gettysburg was over.

After the repulse of Longstreet, the aggressive Pleasonton (temporarily on Meade's staff, although in command of the cavalry corps) strenuously urged that an attack should be made immediately upon the right flank of Lee's army with a strong body of some of Meade's fresh troops, claiming that the time had come for a great victory. This was not done, and the soldiers of the two sides have argued the question ever since. Meade was at that time a new army commander and had not then acquired that confidence in himself and in his troops which he gained afterwards, nor the skill, which, later on, made him one of the great tacticians of the Civil War.

All night long after the battle Lee was pushing his trains back to the river down the Hagerstown Road, and on the 4th he commenced moving his army. At break of day on the 5th, the last of the Confederates had left Gettysburg, and soon after, with the Sixth Corps (which had done little fighting during the battle), in the advance, Meade's infantry followed in pursuit. It, however, fell to the cavalry to inflict what damage was done to the retreating army, and from one to three skirmishes took place daily, the most important of which occurred on the night of the 4th, at Monterey Gap, where Kilpatrick, re-enforced by some of Gregg's men, intercepted the immense wagon train of Ewell as it was working its way through the mountain pass under the protection of Stuart's cavalry. The fight was a weird one. It commenced after midnight, in a pouring rain, the only gleam of light being the vivid flashes of lightning, which showed the way for friend and foe. Stuart's cavalry was routed, the train of wagons nine miles long and laden with the booty taken from the farmers of Pennsylvania was captured and burned, and Kilpatrick turned back only that he might make secure his one thousand eight hundred and sixty prisoners and his immense drove of captured army mules.

Lee reached the river on the 7th and finding his pontoon train had been destroyed by General French, he put his troops in position for defense until the water should recede or new means for crossing be found, and defied Meade for one full week. On the 13th Meade ordered an attack to be made the next day, but when he moved on the 14th for the attack, he found the enemy had crossed the river the previous night, making his escape over a bridge constructed of lumber collected for miles above and floated down to Falling Waters.

The battle of Gettysburg was the bloodiest single battle of the war, and today it is the most celebrated one in the world's history. The Union losses in the three days were 23,049, and the Confederate losses were probably as high, in killed, wounded, captured, 12,227, and missing, as 29,000.

It has generally been supposed that the advantage of position favored the Federal troops and gave them the victory at Gettysburg. This we will concede—and yet some explanation about the line we held. When Hancock, on the night of the 1st, reported to General Meade about the position Howard had taken, he said: "I think we can retire; if not, we can fight here, as the ground appears not unfavorable. The position, however, is easily turned by way of Emmitsburg." At the council of war which was held on the night of the 2d, after Culp's Hill had been temporarily lost, General Newton, the accomplished engineer officer, said, "The position is not a fit one to fight in," and General Meade replied in words which seemed to concur in this view, although he added, "We shall stay here and fight it out." From Culp's Hill, on the right, to the Angle, the ground is highly advantageous, being very strong in its natural features, but from the Angle to Little Round Top (a mile), it is low and affords no good positions for either artillery or infantry, and Little Round Top is only fairly good, because of its limited area and for the reason that it can be easily turned. Big Round Top is so thickly wooded as to be unavailable for artillery, but, amid its bushes and behind its rocks, infantry can be made secure, whose presence there in 1863 was only to prevent the lodgment of a couple of pieces of artillery, after which, with a few hours' work in clearing obstructions, the guns would have commanded the summit of Little Round Top. The Confederate line on the west is extremely favorable, for its whole three miles, for the practice of artillery and for the formation and movement of infantry, and in its elevation, was forbidding enough to make, in Meade's opinion, a charge upon the Confederate line, after a repulse of Longstreet, a hazardous venture.

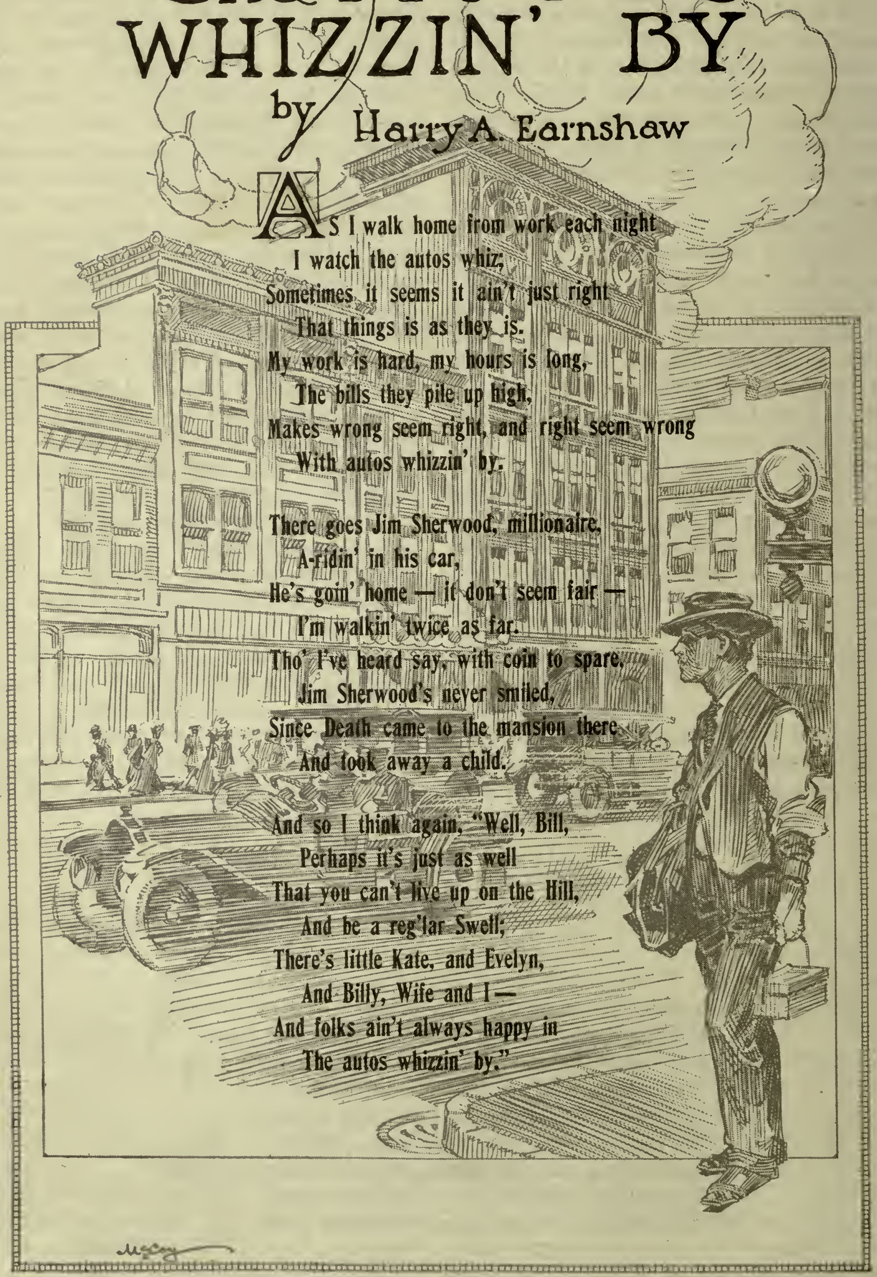
Gettysburg was really a drawn battle, and yet, paradoxically, it was the decisive battle of the war, and, from the condition of affairs, was treated by both sides and by the world as a great Union victory. From then on Lee was always on the defensive; hence Gettysburg, in the annals of the war, is known as high-water mark; and at the bloody angle, on the field itself, where Longstreet's great assault was ended in defeat, a tablet records, HIGH-WATER MARK.

Swift combat
Immortalizes man; he, if he falls,
Hath, for his portion, laud in minstrels' lays.
But of the tears—her never-ending tears—
The woman who is left behind, forsaken,
No word of after time doth take account;
No poet singeth of the thousand days
And nights wept through, wherein some silent soul
In its vain yearning to recall the friend
The lost, so swiftly gone, consumes itself.

—*Goethe.*

The AUTOS WHIZZIN' BY

by Harry A. Earnshaw



As I walk home from work each night
I watch the autos whiz;
Sometimes it seems it ain't just right
That things is as they is.
My work is hard, my hours is long,
The bills they pile up high,
Makes wrong seem right, and right seem wrong
With autos whizzin' by.

There goes Jim Sherwood, millionaire,
A-ridin' in his car,
He's goin' home — it don't seem fair —
I'm walkin' twice as far.
Tho' I've heard say, with coin to spare,
Jim Sherwood's never smiled,
Since Death came to the mansion there
And took away a child.

And so I think again, "Well, Bill,
Perhaps it's just as well
That you can't live up on the Hill,
And be a reg'lar Swell;
There's little Kate, and Evelyn,
And Billy, Wife and I —
And folks ain't always happy in
The autos whizzin' by."

NATURAL MINERAL FORMATION FROM THE BOILING SPRING AT HAMMOND, MUSCATINE

The City of Algiers

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

WE had imagined Algiers to be an enlarged Tangier, and that oriental town, which we had visited three years before, has sent out to us an appealing call ever since.

Even the terrible sea voyage of three hours back to Gibraltar, wherein a whole winter's record as a good sailor had been lost did not serve to shadow my memories of Tangier.

The approach to it was so picturesque: the great rowboats manned by piratical looking Moors; and the big billows over which we dashed; and the white, strange Moorish town on the cliffs above us; the pier with its crowd of picturesquely garbed men, all remained in my mind, and stood forth like a vivid painting. Then the narrow streets through which not one vehicle ever passed, only donkeys and mules; and the wonderful bazaars all added detail to our memories of Tangier. And when we were told that Algiers would be like Tangier, only on a larger scale, we had imagined our whole winter spent there, with only flying visits to other points of interest.

We reached Algiers in the morning, and its first appearance was a disappointment. It was beautiful and semi-tropical and attractive; but it was distinctly Parisian, and not Oriental.

It seemed a little Paris as we made the long drive from the wharf to the St. George Hotel in Mustapha Superior, where we had engaged rooms two months previously. We found the hotel charmingly arranged, and our rooms opened upon a quite tropical garden; and for the first day or two we were so comfortable after the long sea voyage that we forgot our disappointment in the city itself.

1502 - Alger - Intérieur de l'Archevêché.

INTERIOR OF "THE HOUSE OF RETIRED WIVES"

Then the weather, which on our arrival was damp and cool, grew damper and cooler; a fire was a necessity every day in our room. Furs were not at all uncomfortable when outdoors; our exploration into the old Algiers, where we were told we would find our Tangier, proved most disappointing.

It was picturesque and oriental to be sure, but so squalid, so dirty, so wretchedly miserable, was its appearance, and so devoid of bazaars and booths that one visit satisfied us.

One Friday I visited the cemetery of El Kettar, a great man who is worshipped as a saint. The cemetery where his body reposes is the one place in all Algiers where the women of the harems can feel the fresh air of heaven on their faces. And that is allowed only once a week, on Friday when they are permitted to unveil, and sit and chat together within the cemetery precincts. It was a curious sight as I entered, and it suggested resurrection morn. Fully fifty shrouded white figures were scattered about the grounds, sitting on graves, their bodies and heads covered by white robes, but their faces partly revealed. I walked about among them, and several of them smiled at me, but we were unable to converse, beyond a few words, as the women of the harems are not given the opportunity to learn French or any language but Arabic.

There was a small percentage of pretty faces, and those belonged to the very young women; the middle aged were plain, with that plainness which proceeds from a dull mind and an uneventful life. One woman of rather prepossessing appearance and a far-away expression in her large black eyes, caressed the blonde head of a blue-eyed child, of perhaps three years of age.

There was a bevy of women about the child, and I asked which was the child's mamma. That word, and my look of enquiry made my question understood; and the sad-eyed woman was indicated as the mother of the child. I pointed to the blue eyes of the baby and then to the mother's dark eyes; and one of the women laughed mischievously and said in French: "A little French child."

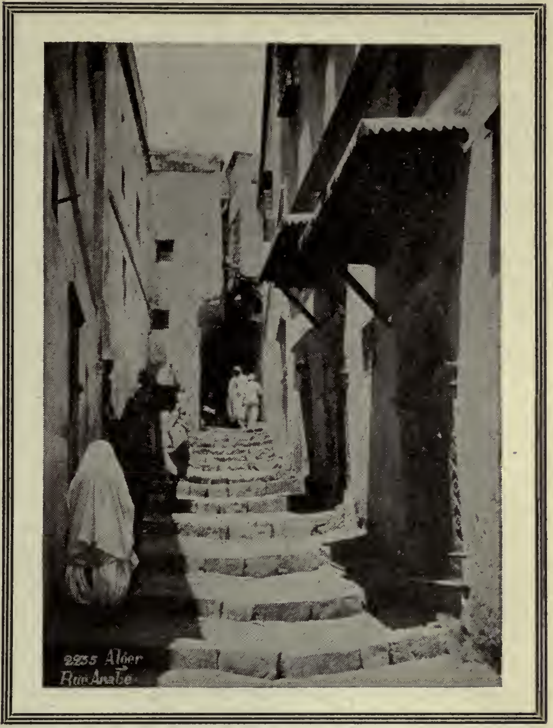
Afterward I talked with my guide about the matter, and he said: "Once in a while you will find a blonde Arab; blue-eyed Arabs are frequently seen, but the child might have French blood, you know." And then he shrugged his shoulders and left me to my own conclusions.

* * *

In Algiers, and indeed in all Mohammedan cities, the "High Society" ladies of the harem never go outside the harem walls, save veiled in closed carriage, and attended by trusty servants. It is the middle class and the serving people one meets on the streets, and in the shops and cemeteries.

The Mohammedan men are intensely jealous and suspicious of women. Keeping them in utter ignorance as they do, they know that the women have no guiding principles to save them from being foolish and indiscreet; and the men know too, that their women are governed by their appetites, vanities and passions, and so they keep them as wholly as possible from temptation. Yet these temptations reach them, now and then, and the women who are allowed to go out alone, or even in twos or threes, however heavily veiled, sometimes find opportunities for intrigue.

It is the nature of man, no matter what his nationality, to like that which seems difficult to obtain; and many foreigners who visit these lands are particularly fascinated by the idea of a gallant adventure with a veiled woman. Its dangers render such a romance the more alluring; but the dangers which are unknown to them lie in the fact that many women of professionally immoral habits wear the veil and invite attention; and he who responds to the languid glances of their long eyes is not making a fool of a jealous Mohammedan husband, but making a fool of himself instead.



A STREET IN OLD ALGIERS

* * *

One of the most interesting houses we saw in Algiers was the "House of the Retired Wives."

It stands directly opposite the large Roman Catholic Cathedral, which was once the Palace of the Bey; and the House of the Retired Wives is now occupied by the Archbishop.

When the Bey was supreme in Algiers, before the intervention of France, the palace contained several hundred wives. And as new ones were frequently added, old ones had to be retired. So as a wife became superfluous, or undesired, for any reason, she was sent across the street, where she had much more freedom than in the Bey's Palace; for there she was supposed to keep to her own apartments, and not wander about at will. In the "House of the Retired Wives" she could move about at will.

She left all jewels and valuable presents, which the Bey had bestowed upon her, in the Palace, for her successors; but she was fed and clothed, until she died, in her new home.

Love does not enter deeply into the harem marriages; for the wife is selected by a woman agent, who goes about among the marriageable girls, studies their attractions, and looks into their financial situation; she reports to the men who desire wives, and carries their proposals back to the chosen ones. The groom does not see the bride, or the bride the groom, as a rule, until after the ceremony has taken place. Yet without doubt, real love sometimes results from the unions; and many a heartache must have crossed the threshold of the "House of the Retired Wives."

The weather remained so chilly and so wet that just as soon as we had received our first mail, which was to be addressed to Algiers, we decided to move on to Biskra, in the desert of Sahara.

Two days before our departure, the news

of the terrible disaster to the General Chanzy was received at our hotel. Several rooms had been engaged there by the unfortunate passengers, and sixteen were booked for the hotel in the lower part of the city. This hotel, by the way, is much better suited to the convenience of travellers who only desire to remain in Algiers a few days, than the St. George. That is distinctly for those who want quiet and rest and luxury for a season. But it is too far from the places one wants to visit and from the shopping center for the bird of passage tourist.

If one wants a whole winter of a more than half modernized oriental town, with beautiful scenery and a climate which the English people find bracing and agreeable, compared with their own, and where every comfort and convenience can be had by paying a good price, then Algiers is the place. But it did not hold the charm we sought, and we were glad when we boarded the train for Biskra.

A MOORISH MAID

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

ABOVE her veil a shrouded Moorish maid
  Showed melting eyes, as limpid as a lake;
A brow untouched by care; a band of jetty hair,
  And nothing more. The all-concealing haik
Fell to her high arched instep. At her side
  An old duenna walked; her withered face
  Half covered only, since no lingering grace
Bespoke the beauty once her master's pride.

Above her veil the Moorish maid beheld
  The modern world, in Paris-decked Algiers;
Saw happy lad and lass, in love's contentment pass,
  Or in sweet wholesome friendship, free from fears.
She saw fair matrons, walking arm in arm
  With lifelong lovers, time-endeared, and then
  She saw the ardent look in eyes of men,
And thrilled and trembled with a vague alarm.

Above her veil she saw the stuccoed court
  That led to dim secluded rooms within,
She followed, dutiful, the dame unbeautiful,
  Who told her that the Christian world means sin.
Some day, full soon, she would go forth a bride—
  Of one whose face she never had beheld.
  Something within her awakened and rebelled;
She flung aside her veil, and cried, and cried.

An American Mystic

Will Levington Comfort and His Work

by Mary Adams Stearns

A NEW book—"The Road of Living Men"—by Will Levington Comfort reminds us that this is his fourth novel inside of three years; that before "Routledge Rides Alone" came out his name was practically unknown, that now he holds undisputed rank as one of America's ablest novelists.

It is seldom that an author publishes four novels without having revealed himself rather definitely as belonging to some class or school, yet with each of his four books, Mr. Comfort has introduced his readers to new fields and given them fresh surprises. One of the reasons why his work will live is because of its universal appeal—dealing with real men and women and the most vital things in life—love, sex, womanhood, manhood, and the infinite aspects of self. It would be easy to mention a host of ordinary things which Mr. Comfort *is not*, but his genius and his art are developing so rapidly that it is difficult to say exactly what he *is*, and quite impossible to say what he *will be*.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT
His latest photograph

His qualifications might lead him into any of several paths, but rather does he seem to be choosing a combination hitherto unknown in literature—perhaps his is a new voice. As a teller of tales he would take highest rank, did not so many qualities urge his pen and modify the mere spinning of a yarn into something of infinitely wider scope. Words used to describe Andrew Bedient's life ("Fate Knocks at the Door") might easily apply to his own: "Thirty-odd swift strange years, ships, Asia, queer voices, far travels, unspoken friendships, possibly a point or two of passion, glimpses into dim lands and dark lives." And out of these far travels and exceptional experiences came the sheer happenings which have gone into the making of several hundred short stories and four long novels.

The art of story-telling is seen most clearly in "Routledge Rides Alone." Here there is little but straight dramatic movement. True, Rawder is a prophecy as well as a touch of what is developed in the later books, but Routledge is a man of action with only a little time to dream. Noreen is charming, but only a sketch, which the stimulated imagination of the reader fills in; and that which makes Jerry Cardinegh noteworthy is his dramatic value. The story deals with the Russo-Japanese war—war as suffered by the man in the trench, blinded by smoke and choked by thirst. Never has any novelist shown so vividly the uselessness and horrors of war as a means of settling international disputes.

As an essayist Mr. Comfort would have many new thoughts to express, or many world-old ones to rewrite. He has proved that his handling would be original, his phraseology gripping and abounding in vivid epigrams; and everywhere we find glimpses of the message he is trying to get across—a message of hope, courage, and upward-looking. Again and again we are reminded of Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra:—

> "Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be;
> Earth changes, but thy soul and God
> stands sure."

His pages are full of little essays and sentences of compressed and vital import. Nothing that Mr. Comfort has written but has this deep-seeing, thought-stirring, insistent power and a masterful command of words, necessary and peculiar to the essayist.

As a portrayer of characters he is unexcelled. With a depth of insight and understanding he knows a wide range of men and women, of universal, not local interest:—Routledge, the fighter; Rawder, the mystic; Vina Nettleton, the spirit-woman; Adith Mallory (little more than a sketch), the woman of great giving and unselfish love; Beth Truba, the self-conscious and analytical woman; Andrew Bedient who has been called "the cosmic man"; Quentin Charter and David Cairns, who develop as we watch; Yuan of broad humanity but alien race; Jane Forbes, who perhaps touches the highest mark of all—so high that many will overlook her. Every one of these characters is destined to live, for each represents some one of the best things that men and women can be. One of them, Bedient, is a spiritual giant, and Mr. Comfort's insistence on the "immanent glory of womanhood" seems like a prophecy that a spiritual giantess is not far behind.

THE AUTHOR AT WORK

As an idealist (some might say mystic) Mr. Comfort strikes an entirely new note in modern writing—a note not to be defined by limiting words—for it is too penetrating, too fine, too spiritual for hard and fast definition. It is doubtful if anything finer has ever been written than his story of the mother (Fate Knocks at the Door); consummate, too, is the vision of the Shining One (The Road of Living Men); and the mother of solitary pilgrimage (in "She Buildeth Her House"). Strangely and purely mystic is "The Little Hut at Rydamphur" (Routledge) and "a Flock of Flying Swans" (Fate Knocks).

MR. COMFORT AND HIS CHILDREN

But no one of these lines—story teller, essayist, idealist, or character painter, is followed to exclusion. Always is his work a blending of rare literary style, engrossing plot, character insight, and a forward look toward a better world—it is the revelation of a new order of genius.

Perhaps nothing is so strong in Mr. Comfort's work as his fighting spirit. Always does he fight; whether it be in a battle of red blood, a battle against the domination of the senses, a battle for the freeing of woman's mind, a fight for better manhood and finer womanhood, an urge for the uplifting of sex from the dragging realism where it seems to have fallen or a striving for greater spiritual sight. Always is there a fight for better things in the heart of Mr. Comfort himself, and in the hearts of all his characters. Even his lesser men and women (drawn always as carefully and as sharply as if designed to occupy foremost place) reveal this note of high purpose. Never is life lived in his stories for the sake of killing time; never does he write to exploit a fad. Life as Mr. Comfort sees it is a great and wonderful game to be lived finely and purely, even when carnal things press close; and in no way does his wide genius reveal itself more vividly than in this constant onward and upward fighting. These are but a few of the many excellencies common to all four novels.

In "Routledge Rides Alone" the dominant note is romantic adventure and the desire to "scoff at war before men; to

MR. COMFORT ENJOYING HIS FAVORITE SPORT

show what a monstrous activity it is for *men;* to show how black is the magic of the ambitious few who dare to make cannon-meat of God's multitude—to paint war so red, so real in all its ghastly abortive reality that the nations shall shudder and sin no more."

In "She Buildeth Her House" the theme is purely psychological. It is a story based on the broad belief in the power of mind over matter. It is as full of fighting as Routledge, but here, minds instead of bodies battle for victory. The man combats the animal forces of self; the woman overcomes the terrible fascination of the occultist. It is in this book that one finds the marvellous description of the eruption of Mt. Pelee—Nature's symbol of this great mental struggle.

"Fate Knocks at the Door" leaves the field of mentality for the broader plains of the spirit, where souls contend with their baser selves for supremacy. Andrew Bedient, after thirty years of wandering into strange corners of the earth, finds "the long-awaited woman." But missing the fulfillment of his love in her becomes the lover and prophet of all womanhood. The thoughtful reader cannot fail to find this the finest and most satisfying of the four books, for it seems to embody all that the others have, with infinitely more added. The first chapters echo the virile action of "Routledge"; the dominion of mind is found in Beth's self-consciousness and analysis, also in the egotism with which David Cairns contends, but the story of a man's soul is what lifts this book to the highest class of literature. Tense activities, unsurpassed descriptions, poetic beauty, mystic insight, supreme love—these are the elements found in "Fate Knocks at the Door."

"The Road of Living Men" turns again to sheer story-telling, but with the addition of a wealth of development only hinted at in "Routledge." It concerns the love of a man and woman, their escape from China at the outbreak of the Boxer Rebellion, their year-long betrothal, and their final coming together. There are flying bullets, treachery, valiant deeds and vivid action; but there are also brave hearts, aspiring souls, lives laid down for brothers and sisters, and lives lived for others. No more wonderful mating has ever been drawn than that of Mary Romany and Thomas Ryerson. The deep things of life here take on a new meaning, for Mr. Comfort has achieved a rare combination—he has sacrificed neither plot interest, character portrayal, nor idealistic insight, but combined them with a skill new and effectual.

* * *

In all that Mr. Comfort does there is an opulence and a sureness which suggests great untouched reservoirs of power, and places him without question among the literary masters of the Twentieth Century.

"WE ARE NOT SET AS JUDGES OF OURSELVES"

. . . We are taught by life
To be less rigid with ourselves, with others;
And this thou, too, wilt learn. This race of ours
Is marvelously made and fashioned, link'd
Throughout itself, with curious interlacements,
So that no soul may ever stand alone
In self-sufficing purity, apart
From other souls' entanglings. Yea, moreover,
We are not set as judges of ourselves.
To walk on straight and heed the path before him
Is first and foremost duty of a man;
Things he has done he seldom rightly values,
Far seldomer the things he now is doing.

—*Goethe.*

The Friend of Phineas

by Charles C. Lofquest

NICK DURKEE, general manager of the Biggest Show on Earth, tossed the letter he had been reading to Jerry Mooney, the elephant keeper, back on his desk.

"There's the Old Man's orders," he said, glancing keenly at Mooney, who sat, hat in hand, at the side of his desk. "He says I can get rid of old Phineas whenever I want to. I don't see any use of keeping the elephant through winter to swell hay-bills; might as well get rid of him first as last. Don't you think so, Jerry?"

Durkee thrust his big hands into his pockets, waiting for the keeper's answer. Mooney, however, did not seem to have heard the question. He sat almost stupidly silent.

But Jerry Mooney had heard. He knew his charge Phineas was doomed—had known it, several weeks, by a subtle intuition. It was this knowledge which made it hard for him to answer; for his elephants were everything to him, and of all his herd, through some tragic vagary of choice, the villainous Phineas was his particular pet.

Still the manager, his sharp eyes vigilant over the tip of his cigar, saw in Mooney's face no sign of the agitation he had expected. The keeper was gazing out of the window which looked upon the principal street of the small city where the Biggest Show on Earth was in winter quarters. Suddenly his little steel-blue eyes flashed under their shaggy brows and the deep lines at his mouth tightened.

"Sure, what are yer connivin' to do wid old Phinny—sell him?" he asked.

"Sell—Phineas!" laughed Durkee. "Quit your joking, Jerry; you've been bull-man long enough to know every showman in the country is wise to Phineas. Lord, you can't *give* him away; there isn't a zoo that'll take him as a gift."

The keeper stroked his tuft of reddish whisker.

"Then how are yer goin' to get rid wid him?"

"Kill him, of course."

"And how are yer goin' to kill poor old Phinny, eh?"

"There's only one way to put a brute like that out of the way; we'll have to poison him."

"But who's goin' to py'zun Phinny?"

"You are, Jerry," declared Durkee.

"I am, am I?" exclaimed Mooney. "Bein' what ye might say the friend of Phineas, I'm picked to slip me friend, still spakin' so to spake, the gintle dose that'll make him sleep tight and sound; so that's it, is it?"

"No one but you, Jerry, can do it," nodded Durkee. "Phineas won't eat what everybody'll give him."

"Old Phinny has some sense, that he has, b'dad!" remarked Mooney.

"Doc Haley, our veterinary, can't do it," frowned the manager. "Haley and the elephant don't get along well, do they?"

"Huh, the Doc!" sneered the keeper. "That man may know a heap of facts about dead ellyphants, such as how to slice 'em up for soap, but, be garry, he don't know anny more of live ellyphants nor does a wooden Injun about swimmin'!"

"I don't give a snap for your opinion of the Doc," retorted Durkee angrily. "That bull is no earthly good to the show. He's got to die; that's the Old Man's orders."

"Orders are orders," admitted Mooney, fidgetting with his hat. "But some orders ain't pleasant to hear. Sure, old Phinny and meself has been friends for manny years, and 'tis tough to hear he's goin' be the way of all flesh, worse still to know 'tis yer own hand as sends him away. But, sure, Phinny wasn't so bad last season."

"How about that affair at Baltimore?" snapped the manager, reaching for a slip of paper on his desk. "Do you know what that cost us?"

Mooney, sighing, was forced to confess that he did not.

"Only three thousand, that's all," continued Durkee, consulting the figures on his slip.

"But it wasn't Phinny's fault!" expostulated the keeper earnestly. "Some nosey fool stuck a pin into him to see how thick his skin were."

"And the season before that," went on Durkee, ignoring the explanation, "he broke loose twice, crimping our profits for two thousand even."

"S'help me, both them times it wasn't Phinny's fault," insisted Mooney emphatically. "The first time some ijiot threw a quid of chewin' down his throat as he were reachin' for a peanut, and he would tell ye that himself if he could spake. And, sure, the second time it were a r-rap on the trunk that sent him rampoogin' over the country."

"Season before that fifteen hundred, before that five hundred, before that—aw, pshaw! that's how it's been right along," growled Durkee.

Unable to combat cold figures, the keeper sat quite haggard and overcome.

"If Phineas was a bull we could take into the big top and put through any tricks there might be some sense in keeping him," added the manager, his expression relaxing. "But all he can do is to stand in the animal-tent, and sulk and chew his way through a couple of carloads of hay a day."

Mooney was slowly filling a corn-cob with cheap tobacco, seeing which the other offered him a cigar.

"Thanks, Nick, thanks," said the keeper, biting off the end of the panatella, having first carefully stowed away his pipe.

"Between you and me, Jerry," confided Durkee, "I'll get a little out of this Phineas business at that. You see, I've got a dicker on with a college out on the coast. They want Phineas."

A smile spread slowly over Mooney's countenance, and he felt his heart beat queerly.

"That is—his bones," explained the manager. "They've offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for them."

Mooney's face fell.

"Now what the divil does them collidge professors want wid the bones of old Phinny, I'm askin' ye that, Nick?" he demanded, hurling his cigar away.

"They want them for their museum—to lecture on, I suppose."

"Saints of Heaven, what is there in Phinny's bones worth lecturin' about, eh? These collidges and collidge professors and rah-rah dudes are a pack of dom nonsense. If a man wants to know somethin' about an ellyphant, why can't he walk up to a live one and get his information like a man, instead of pokin' around an empty skeleton?"

Durkee was again busy with his papers.

"Well, they want us to ship as soon as possible, Jerry," he said briskly. "Here's a package of arsenic. Doc Haley says there's enough for two doses, in case the first one doesn't do business. Give Phineas a dose as soon as you can—in some apples, Doc Haley says."

Mooney took the package extended him.

"Orders are orders—" he mumbled vaguely, arising.

"You bet, orders are orders, Jerry. "Don't forget we must ship quick, for there's a sick hippo with the Robinson show they're thinking of buying, too. Remember two doses—in some apples. Good day!"

II

When Jerry Mooney emerged into the street he found it easy to remember all the things he could have said in defense of Phineas. In fact, he waxed quite eloquent as he strode hurriedly along, the crisp January wind cutting his face as he excitedly hectored an imaginary Mr. Durkee. So keenly was he interested in his own lucid logic that he failed to hear his name called by a man who came running after him out of a livery-stable on the opposite side of the street.

"Hello, Jerry," yelled the man several times.

Mooney looked over his shoulder, stopping when he recognized Haley, the circus veterinary.

"Sure, Doc, now ain't Paddy Clancy's stables the wrong place for ye?" he asked, his eyes twinkling maliciously.

Haley smiled apprehensively, and shifted the bundle he carried.

"What do you mean, Jerry?"

"I thought yer were off cornerin' the arsenic crop."

"Not exactly," laughed the other, "but I have the apples for the arsenic."

The keeper glared at him but made no retort.

"Of course, it's tough on you," said Haley, filling the pause, "but it really means less work for you, Jerry, with that old bull off your hands."

"Yes, and a sight less comfort, be dade!" flashed Mooney. "'Tis little I've minded tendin' old Phinny. Yes, and 'tis missin' him I'll be when he's gone."

* * *

Perceiving that any attempt to console Mooney was futile, Haley wisely dropped the subject. Not a word passed between them as they walked out of the city and along a road that after a two-mile trudge across a flat prairie country took them to the show's quarters. The winter home of the Biggest Show on Earth, with all its brightly painted buildings, was quite a settlement in itself. As the keeper turned to go to the big red barn where the elephants were housed, the veterinary handed him the package he was carrying.

"Here's the apples, Jerry," he said. "All you've got to do is to dope up half a dozen, and it'll soon be over. But be careful none of the other stock get hold of the poison."

"Do yer think I'm jackass enough to bile the arsenic up in a stew for all me herd to feast on!" the keeper hurled after Haley who was hurrying off to the horse stables.

Mooney's eyes sparkled with wrath, but when the stable-door slammed behind the veterinary his anger quickly cooled. He started for the elephant barn dejectedly, muttering his protest against the unpleasant duty he had to perform.

The structure he entered was a lofty, ill-lighted wooden building. Large stalls were built along three sides, leaving a wide space in the center where animals could be drilled in ring tricks. Most of this space, however, was filled with heavy circus-wagons and canvas-shrouded floats.

Mooney stopped, glancing about for his helpers, but these unfaithful fellows were nowhere to be seen. The keeper sniffed the air, suspecting that his men had again been violating his order against smoking in the barn.

"Mike! Pete! Hans! Jack!" he shouted out. "Where the divil are ye, yer lazy can-rushers!"

Four tousled men in overalls, namely Mike, Pete, Hans and Jack, helpers to the elephant keeper, finally crawled forth from a stall where some hay was stored. Mooney glared at his sleepy crew with a baleful eye:

"So! 'Tis smokin' ye've been," he snorted fiercely. "How often must I tell ye to quit yer cigaroot-smokin' in the barn? A fine time we would have if a fire started, wid divil a fire-injine and nothing but a bunch of scalawags be the likes of ye to quinch it! Get out of me sight or I'll kill ye."

The four roustabouts shuffled away, glad to get out of reach of the keeper, while Mooney walked over toward the stalls.

Old Phineas was lying flat on his side in the straw when Mooney reached his stall. One small eye in the bulky head was closed, but the other, black and crafty, kept winking and watching. When it fell upon its keeper it snapped wide open, and the trunk and ears became tense.

For some moments Mooney stood silently studying Phineas.

"Get up, Phinny!" he presently exclaimed. "'Tis a fine mess ye've got yerself into."

There was a husky undertone of tenderness in the keeper's rough voice. Phineas condescended to raise his head, and extended his supple trunk as a token of his good-will.

"None of that blarney," grumbled Mooney. "Get up and I'll tell yer some news."

Discovering the package under the keeper's arm, Phineas' lassitude immediately disappeared. With a snort he arose and shook the kinks out of his joints, his trunk, tail and ears dangling, his dusty hide shaking loosely. Mooney patted his pet.

"Be garry, 'tis manny times I've been told yer would finish me, Phinny," he sighed, "and now 'tis me as'll be doin' ye a dirty trick. Ah, wurra, wurra, 'tis a queer world!"

Old Phineas slipped his trunk over Mooney's shoulder and tried to get at the apples. But the keeper stepped back, gazing up fondly at the uncouth beast.

"It were the truth that Nick did be sayin', more's the shame to yer," he reproached.

Mooney selected a large red apple. The elephant's trunk curved forward, seizing the extended fruit.

" 'Tis a long time we've been friends," the keeper remarked, having seated himself on a wheelbarrow to watch his pet eat.

Phineas always nodded his head with such deliberation that Mooney had long ago convinced himself that the phlegmatic animal understood all he said. He was now moving his head up and down sagely.

"Well, 'tis enough of yer nonsense that Nick has had."

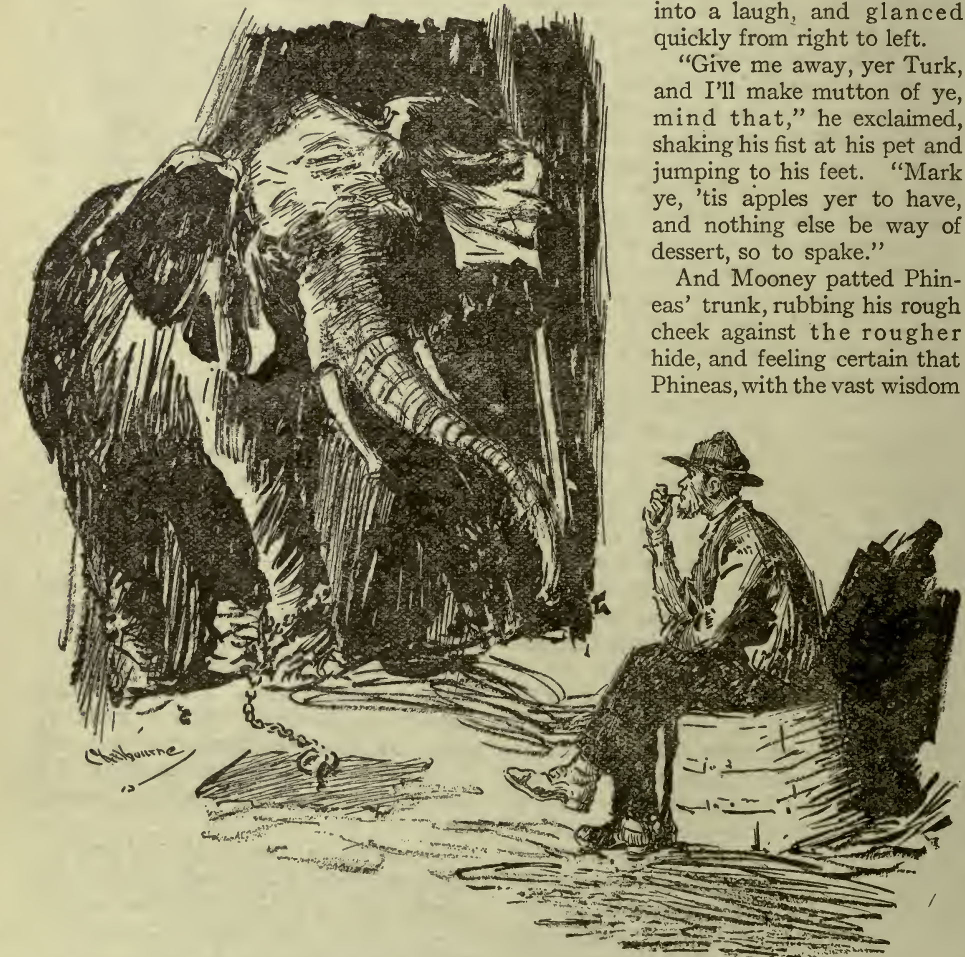
The elephant soon discovered a new object of interest—the package of poison in Mooney's lap. Belching impatiently he fished for it with his trunk.

"Out of that!" cried Mooney, giving the trunk a smart slap when it came too near the dangerous package. "Half of this dose and ye'll be Phinny no longer, but only a dusty skeleton for the bald-headed professors to be lecturin' about to the rah-rah boys."

It was very quiet in the half-dark barn. The keeper sat for some time, turning over his problem. Suddenly he lifted his head sharply. Then he broke into a laugh, and glanced quickly from right to left.

"Give me away, yer Turk, and I'll make mutton of ye, mind that," he exclaimed, shaking his fist at his pet and jumping to his feet. "Mark ye, 'tis apples yer to have, and nothing else be way of dessert, so to spake."

And Mooney patted Phineas' trunk, rubbing his rough cheek against the rougher hide, and feeling certain that Phineas, with the vast wisdom



It was very quiet in the half-dark barn. The keeper sat for some time, turning over his problem of several centuries of experience, understood perfectly. Then he brought over six apples from the bag. As he gave the last one to his pet the door at the other end of the barn was rolled open and Haley entered.

"Giving him the dope already?" called the veterinary.

Mooney was humming excitedly:

"*'They are hangin' men and women for the wearin' of the green.'*"

"Those apples'll fix the old brute," said Haley, joining the keeper.

"Are yer quite sure of that?" grunted Mooney.

III

For more than a week Jerry Mooney succeeded in making Durkee and Haley believe that he was actually giving Phineas poison.

"Sure, 'tis the queer beast that old Phinny is!" was his comment when Durkee questioned him. "The apples don't so much as stir the tail of him."

But a day came when Mooney could deceive no longer. Old Phineas' consumption of arsenic was too wonderful for belief. One afternoon Durkee talked very bluntly to the veterinary.

"Either that bull is built of cast-iron with a zinc stomach, or you don't know your business, Doc," he snarled.

"Or Jerry Mooney is a sly old fox," suggested Haley.

Durkee sprang to his feet.

"What! Do you insinuate Jerry isn't giving the poison to the bull?"

"Well, there's an air about him that's blamed suspicious."

"We'll soon find out. I'll drive to winter quarters tonight."

That evening Mooney was sitting by the stove in his room dozing over his paper. He and several foremen at the stables occupied a cottage near the animal buildings. Mooney's room-mates had gone to town so he had taken off his shoes and made himself comfortable. It was very cold outside, but there was a blazing fire in his chunk-stove.

"Hello, Nick!" he exclaimed as Durkee, wind-blown and puffing, stamped into the room. "What brings yer here at this time of the night, eh?"

The manager flung his fur coat and cap into a rocker and seated himself on a couch. Then he stared truculently into Mooney's blue eyes.

"How much longer must we wait for you to follow orders?" he finally demanded.

"What are ye drivin' at—annyhow?" gasped Mooney, affecting an innocent air.

"Aw, stop it, Jerry," sneered Durkee. "Do you intend to poison Phineas, eh?"

"Who has been tellin' ye I haven't given the arsenic to Phinny?" asked the keeper in a tone that exasperated Durkee.

"Do you take me for a blockhead?" retorted the manager; then forcing Mooney inexorably to the point: "Are you going to give Phineas the arsenic?"

Mooney jumped up, his fists clinched, his eyes blazing defiance. In a second he had cast subterfuge to the winds.

"Never!" he shouted. "I'll not murder Phinny!"

"Then you're discharged!" scowled Durkee. "Understand, you are discharged!"

Jerry Mooney's face blanched, the wrinkles about his eyes deepening. For a moment he stood, stunned by this blow which cut short a score of years service, which severed his ties with his entire herd, and then a stream of words surged to his trembling lips. But in the midst of his bitter denunciation of Durkee there came a sudden pounding upon the door.

"Fire, Jerry, *fire!*" yelled someone outside.

Instantly Durkee was on his feet.

"Saints of Heaven!" shouted Mooney, rushing wildly for the door.

"Fire! Fire!" came the frantic cry again.

As Mooney pulled open the door an icy wind blew into the room and almost put out the lamp. On the door-step stood a panting man.

"The elephant barn's on fire," he announced hoarsely.

A cry of horror broke in unison from Durkee and Mooney as they looked out. It was a moonless night, but bright red flames, sputtering a shower of sparks, were pouring through the roof of the elephant barn, and lighted the heavens all about it. Dense clouds of smoke rolled about the twisting flames. Over by the horse barns there was much excited shouting, and men were running hither and thither swinging lanterns.

"Quick, Pete!" commanded Mooney,

after his first glance at the blaze. "Wake every mother's son. Where's Mike, and Hans, and Jack?"

"They're to town," replied the man.

Mooney, being made suddenly aware that he had no shoes on, stepped back into his room.

"Off to town are they—the dirty beer-swillers!" he exclaimed. "Be cripes, and who told them they might be hikin' to town, eh? And what the divil were yer doin' away from the barn, Pete, when yer knew me orders never to leave; no, not even if the Old Boy himself were after ye with his hoofs and horns? Like enough it were yer own cigaroot-smokin' started it all."

Durkee, who had followed Mooney into the house, was pacing the floor, wailing over the financial loss which must result.

"Shut yer gab, Nick, and be a man!" exploded the keeper, hustling into his shoes.

The manager whirled on his heel to crush what he considered the other's insolence. Something in Mooney's eyes made him pause.

"Maybe yer don't want me help, annyhow, seein' as I'm discharged?"

"Forget it, and come on," growled Durkee sullenly.

When they reached the burning building a score of stable hands had formed a bucket line and were passing water up to several men on ladders. As yet no one had apparently attempted to open the barn and release the animals whose frantic roars were dreadful to hear. Mooney groped his way forward through the smoke to where he could get a look at the situation. Very quickly he decided what must be done.

"Leave off that water-heavin'!" he shouted loudly. "Ye cant' squelch this blaze wid such toothfulls of water. Come to me, I say."

Mooney's words only caused greater excitement among the men. Those nearest him dropped their buckets. As he ran to the barn with a gang of men at his heels, Durkee rushed angrily at him.

"Stop pulling these men off the bucket line," he ordered breathlessly. "Do you want the barn to burn down?"

"Out of me way, Nick!" yelled Mooney. "It isn't the barn we're after savin'—'tis the hundred and fifty thousand dollars of animals in it!"

The wind caught the keeper's hat as he ran for the sliding door. Through the smoke Durkee caught glimpses of Mooney, who, while working at the lock, was shouting sharp orders to the men about him. When the door was rolled open Mooney was instantly swallowed up in the thick smoke that burst out, but instead of retreating he plunged alone into the burning building.

Once inside the barn, the keeper knew his bearings with his eyes shut. In a glance he saw that the fire was greatest over in the corner where the hay and straw were stored, and that from this point the flames had scaled the rear wall to the roof. Stooping, Mooney fought his way to the elephants' stalls. The smoke stung his nostrils and made his head pound, but as he reached the stall nearest the door the keeper dropped on his hands and knees, sucking in the purer air near the ground. Then he crawled into the stall and began to unloosen the chains which were hitched in an iron ring in the concrete floor and held fast a terrified elephant.

"Steady, Jasper," he shouted as the beast shifted. "Bolt for the door when yer free!"

From one stall to another Mooney crawled, loosening the chains, and trusting to the elephants' own instinct for self-preservation to leave the barn.

He had untied nearly all his herd when a cooler air fanned his scorched face. The opening of the door had provided a vent through which the wind, rushing in from the roof, was driving the smoke with fearful force. Presently Mooney heard a wild trumpeting, and in a flash realized that his released elephants, instead of leaving the barn through the door, were running madly amuck inside.

The next moment Mooney was crawling frantically toward Phineas' stall. This was nearer the blaze, and the glare showed Phineas laboring heroically to yank the iron ring out of its bed of cement.

"Phinny! Phinny!" moaned the keeper, dragging himself into the stall. "It is up to yer now to finish the job."

Old Phineas let forth a roar that shook the building. Mooney wriggled under the nervous animal and soon had the chains loosened. Pausing to fill his lungs with air, Mooney braced himself against the side of the stall, his swollen eyes cast up at the flames drawing nearer and nearer.

To Durkee and the others outside it seemed an age that Mooney was gone. But all at once an elephant came running out of the barn, standing stockstill at its first whiff of fresh air.

"My God! Jerry has got the elephants loose!" cried Durkee.

Then the whole herd, squealing with terror, and pressing one against another in a panic of fear of something behind them, came jamming through the door. The men outside then had plenty to do, for shortly after the camels came stampeding out.

"Jerry! Jerry!" yelled Durkee, rushing to the door of the barn. "Come out, Jerry!"

But Mooney did not come out. Snatching up his lantern, Durkee ran into the building. He had not gone far when he stumbled on something—something that moved and that reached out and clutched him by the leg.

"Is that you, Jerry?" asked Durkee breathlessly.

Before there came any answer, however, Durkee had flashed his light on the prostrate figure at his feet. He had difficulty in recognizing the black, twitching face, with its whiskers singed to an ashy stubble, and glassy eyes that bulged, red and bloodshot, from their sockets. Durkee picked up Mooney and started to carry him out.

"Leave off your hands!" sobbed the keeper, trying to tear himself free. "I can get Phinny out yet!"

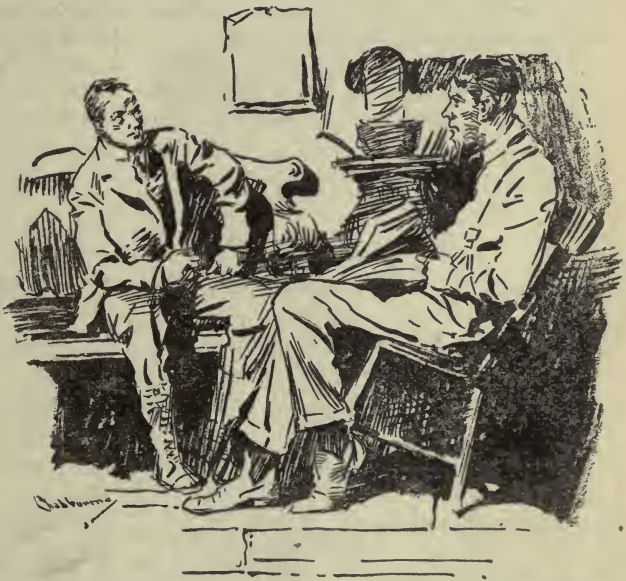
When they were outside the manager tried to brace Mooney on his feet, but the keeper would have dropped to the ground if Durkee had not caught him. The manager called several men and ordered them to carry Mooney to his room.

"Let me go! Phinny mustn't die!" protested the keeper deliriously, as they carried him away while Durkee ran to telephone for a doctor.

IV

Nick Durkee did not return to town that night. By valiant effort the fire was kept from spreading to the other buildings, although the elephant barn was burned to the ground.

The following morning after the doctor had called on Mooney Durkee went over to the keeper's cottage. He found Mooney in bed, with his head swathed in bandages, but cheerful because the doctor had assured him that he would soon be about again.



"How much longer must we wait for you to follow orders?" he finally demanded

"Well, Jerry," smiled Durkee, "you saved them all—all except Phineas. What I can't understand is how you was able to rescue the herd in that hell of fire and smoke. Tell me about it."

"Sure, 'tis divil a word ye'll get from me, Nick," replied Mooney.

"Why not?"

"Because it wan't *me* that saved them ellyphants," said the keeper. "It was the beast ye've been plottin' to kill these manny weeks, poor old Phinny, that saved the herd for yer."

"But how do you figure that out?"

"Them ellyphants would never have left the building, mind ye, if it hadn't been for Phinny. After I untied them they just run around and around, like animals will in a fire. Then I thought of Phinny. I knew every beast in the herd was scared of the old boy's tusks and his heavy feet. I unloosened him, and give him the word, and, be garry, he understood, and yer should have seen him chase them ellyphants! And then to think old Phinny had to die after all that!"

"But it saved us the job of poisoning him," observed Durkee.

"Yes, and 'tis thankin' the saints ye should be, Nick, that he wasn't pyzuned, or ye might have been widout ellyphants and camels for next season."

"I—I guess that's right, Jerry," agreed the manager. "It's too bad that Phineas was such a wicked brute at times."

"Well, he's settled all his bill wid ye," declared Mooney, his eyes moistening. "Poor Phinny, 'tis lonely it will be next season on the road widout ye—"

The keeper paused, abruptly wiping his eyes.

"Sure, I'm fergittin'," he went on. "I am discharged."

"Forget that, Jerry," begged Durkee, "and name your own salary for next season. That money we'll get from the college for Phineas' bones, I want you to take that, too."

"No, sir!" spoke up Mooney, his eyes gleaming as of old. "Send that money to the Old Man. As the friend of Phineas, I want his account to show up strong. Poor old Phinny's record were a trifle bad in spots—that I will admit."

A JULY DAY ON THE PRAIRIE

By EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

BORN of the sun and the dawn,
  Fevered with palpitant heat,
Lapping the dew from the grass,
  Burning the dust of the street.

Quivering over the waste,
  Till the green is a tawny brown,
Flashing like Phaeton's car
  Its darts through the drowsy town.

Lapsing away in the west,
  With the glare of a trail of fire,
Till the summer's heart is seared
  By the passion of its desire.

For a love may wither and blight,
  A love may scorch and decay,
And the earth shrinks into the night,
  From its burning touches away.

Then the south wind freighted with balm.
  Kisses the drooping flowers,
And pale stars swing their censers out,
  In the calm of odorous hours.

The Flight of Aunt Belinda

by Willis Boyd Allen

MISS BELINDA SHERWIN inherited from her forbears, early New England settlers of sound stock and pronounced convictions, a stolidity of mien and firmness of character which fifty years residence on a Vermont farm, with much drudgery, hardship and repression of gentler feminine impulses, had tended to harden and confirm. When her brother, Ezekiel Sherwin, came into a moderate fortune, and invited her to make her home with him and his family in a large city several hundred miles away, she carried with her the sternness and uncompromising energy which had become part of her nature. She loved her brother and had longed to see him oftener, after he left home to seek his fortune; and the hard lines in her thin face softened when she received his letter.

"I'll come, and gladly, Zeke," she wrote him, "if you won't mind my crotchety ways, and will leave me to do as I like about going in and out, just as I've done on the farm. Goodness knows I've done my share of work, and I may need to rest a little. But if I want to keep right on working, you must let me, and not say a word. I'm glad Thirza wants me, for I took a fancy to the child, you know, the first time she came here and tore round among the clover-tops like a crazy kitten. That was most sixteen years ago, but I guess long gowns and parties haven't made her forget her old Aunt Belinda. It will be a pleasure to see her again, and perhaps I can help her a little about her mending and one thing or another."

So Aunt Belinda came and settled, not without some bumps and jars, into Ezekiel's household. Thirza, his daughter, had given her a big hug when she met her at the station, and they were the firmest of friends. Thenceforth Miss Sherwin watched over her niece with the untiring assiduity of long-repressed affection, combined with the most inflexible New England conscience, and at times the girl hardly knew whether to laugh or cry under the tenderly rigid censorship of her self-constituted chaperone. Ezekiel was a partner in a large and successful brokerage firm which kept him too busy to look after his only child, whom he indulged in every whim, while her mother, a gentle, diminutive woman of invalid habit, was greatly relieved to have the care of this merry, blue-eyed daughter taken from her irresolute hands. Three years passed, and then came a young man, with whose momentous advent, properly speaking, this story begins.

Philip Walton was a graduate of the Institute of Technology, by profession an electrical engineer. His means were slender, his ambition great, his health superb. Nearly six feet tall, with deep-set eyes and a determined mouth, he impressed you first with his earnestness, and then, if you won his attention and good-will, with the charm and gentleness of his smile.

"Miss Sherwin, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Walton."

Thus, without melodrama or slow music (other than the tuning up of the orchestra) the romance began at a dance to which Philip had been dragged by a former classmate.

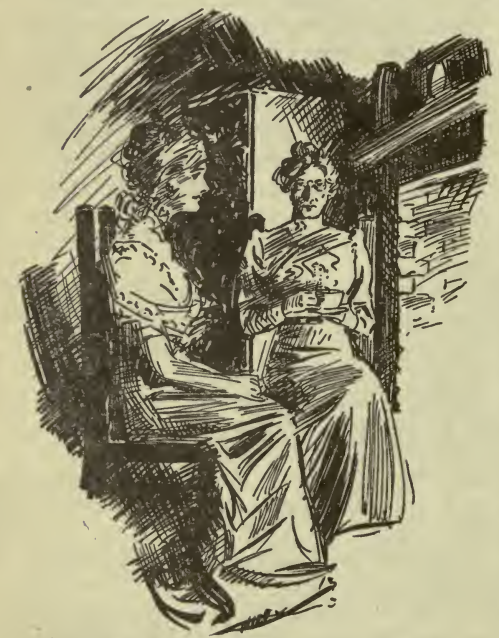
Who can explain the mutual attraction of two human beings, suddenly magnetized into the bewildering condition called "Love"? No consideration of apparent fitness, inbred affinity, age, disposition or previous and long-entertained ideals are of the slightest consequence. Thirza Sherwin, daughter of the wealthy banker, and Phillip Walton, impecunious but energetic and forceful, looked into each other's eyes for four seconds; and the thing was settled.

"I don't know why, Auntie," said Thirza dreamily, as they sat before the fire in their own home after the dance;

"it's a queer feeling—I never had it before about anybody else—I never felt so about any other man—"

Aunt Belinda, recognizing symptoms, sniffed.

"Don't you go to having queer feelin's about *him*," she said shortly. "From all I've heard—an' Miss Sturtevant, settin' next me in one o' them wall chairs where I got cramps waitin' for you to get through dancin', knew his father in Billerica twenty years ago, an' told me all about the family—that young Walton comes of a shif'less lot, and hasn't enough money to build a hen-coop. Always fussin' over some new-fangled machine or patent or somethin'—at least, his father was, before him—an' never amountin' to anything."



Aunt Belinda, recognizing symptoms, sniffed. "Don't you go to having queer feelin's about him," she said shortly

Thirza's eyes were fixed on the glowing coals in the grate.

"I know I shall meet him again soon," she said, in a far-off way, as if her aunt had not spoken. "Hasn't he wonderful eyes?"

"Time to go to bed," said Miss Belinda, rising stiffly but briskly. She always got up by jerks, like a step-ladder.

Philip also, in his small lodgings, was feeling "queer." Hitherto he had mocked at his comrades who successively fell under the spell of the tender passion, and had taken little interest in their sisters and "lady friends." And here he was, at two A. M., biting the stem of his pipe, and rehearsing over and over every word of that blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl as if they were oracles—or tabulations in his "Electrician's Manual."

It required no profound gift of prophecy for Thirza to foresee that they would soon "meet again." In the course of the evening he had ingenuously referred to an article of his own upon Aerostatics, in the *Scientific American*, and she had obtained his promise to let her see it. He had decided that it would be but common courtesy to deliver the paper in person, rather than to mail it. This call led to others, and Philip got into the way of talking over his plans and prospects with her. Thirza developed a quite remarkable interest in electromagnetism, aerodynamics, and storage batteries. She familiarized herself with Edison's life and accomplishments, and probably would have dreamed of electrolysis had she known how to pronounce it.

Unfortunately Miss Belinda was intensely conservative in her views of modern inventions and so-called "conveniences."

"Conveniences, indeed!" she would exclaim, knitting rapidly. "If it's a convenience to be steam-heated till you smother, and flash-lighted till you're blind, and h'isted a dozen flights till your heart's in your boots an' then dropped till it's in the top of your head; and to be run away with and turned-turtle instead of jogging behind a good, honest horse on four legs that won't skid every time you go round a corner—then give me the old times, with *in*convenience, and some sort o' comfort!"

So Thirza dared say nothing to her kindly but prejudiced guardian concerning the details of her lover's profession; least of all, in relation to his recent experiments in aeronautics. For Philip was an enthusiastic believer in the navigation of the air, and at this very time was spending every spare moment— mostly after dark—in the construction of an aeroplane which he believed would revolutionize the science of aerial flight.

Having but little capital of his own, Walton could have made but small headway in his experiments, beyond the construction of a miniature model that worked beautifully, had he not succeeded in inspiring with his own ardent faith a wealthy Technology man—the very one who had introduced him to Thirza—so that ample funds were forthcoming for perfecting the machine. Philip and Jack Zahner (he was of German extraction) hired a piece of level land surrounded by scrubby woods, a few miles out of the city. Upon this they built a shed, or "hangar," and erected a lofty pole, with complicated guys and other rigging, giving out that they had established an experimental wireless station; which was the truth, if not the whole truth. In the shed, with one taciturn assistant, sworn to secrecy, the two labored, evenings, on the construction of the "Dragon Fly," which they fondly believed was to bring fortune to one, and fame to both of its designers.

It was not in the natural order of events that Walton should keep the secret from the girl he loved. They had already come to a sort of "understanding," though not a formal engagement, when Philip, having obtained reluctant permission from his partner, took Thirza to the house in the wood and proudly exhibited to her the beautiful creature, then nearing completion.

"You see, dear," he said, holding his electric hand lamp to illuminate the different parts of the machine, "it is a monoplane, based upon the Bleriot and Antoinette types, but with their faults eliminated."

Thirza pursed up her pretty lips (in a way that made Philip hesitate and falter in his description) and puckered her forehead as she listened.

"In the first place," resumed the young inventor (having yielded to temptation and suspended his lecture for a moment), "you see we have done away with the wood-canvas and wire construction, which has been only a crude makeshift at best, and have our two large planes, or wings, of steel, alloyed with nickel. There are two or three other alloys, but we decided upon nickel as giving the most elasticity consistent with strength and lightness, at present. A metal called vanadium would be better, perhaps, but it can't be produced, by known processes, in sufficient quantities to make it available."

Thirza nodded sagely. "I prefer nickel," she said with the offhand air of the expert. "Now, how—how do you make the wings flop?"

"They—they won't exactly flop, dear," said her lover with an indulgent smile. "They will be curved and concave, instead of flat, and the equilibrium will be maintained by these small ailerons, worked by the operator. The large wings will be prevented from buckling by the corrugations, which run at right angles to the line of resistance. See?"

"I—I guess so," stammered Thirza, with a desperate effort to harmonize truth with apparent profundity. "Now tell me how you steer," she added hastily. "Is the rudder in the tail?"

"Yes, here it is," leading the way to the farther end of the garage. "And the propellor is in front. You see there are no outside wires or trusses of any kind, but they are all inside the long, hollow body, which offers precious little resistance to the wind. An outside wire, it must be borne in mind, resists not only with its own width, but that which corresponds to the projection of its vibrations."

This was hopelessly over the head of his audience. Thirza sighed and asked about the motor.

"It's a hundred-power Gnome," replied Philip. "There's nothing better invented thus far."

After a little further inspection they sat down side by side on a bench, and he unfolded his plans for an experimental flight.

"O Phil," she exclaimed, "don't ever let me know when you're going! I shall be frightened to death every moment I think of you, away up in the air—and at night, too!" For he explained that he and Jack wished to keep their invention from the knowledge of the world in general, and city reporters in particular, and to that end would experiment under cover of darkness. In the daytime the new aeroplane, shaped almost exactly like a huge dragon-fly, except that the wings were concave, would be sure to attract attention and comment.

Philip poohed at her fears, told her the car was as safe as an automobile, and added, moreover, that, there being accommodations for one passenger, he intended to take her along as his companion, on at least one trip. "That is," he added reflectively, "after Jack and I have given the old girl a thorough trying-out."

Thirza shuddered at the thought of trusting herself to the mercies of the winds and the "old girl," but though she quaked, she kept up a brave front. "After all," she reflected, "if anything should happen to Phil, I'd rather be with him!"

During the weeks that followed, much excitement was caused among the good people of that state by reports of a strange flying-machine, darting to and fro above them at night. They could hear the regular throb of the motor, and occasionally, it was said, a brilliant light streamed from the uncanny craft. All sorts of stories as to its shape got abroad. Some said it was like a serpent, others distinguished a crablike appearance, with many legs; still others averred that it was an incandescent globe crossing the heavens like a huge cannon ball. Reporters and detectives tried in vain to locate its hiding-place by day, or to identify its maker and owner. Only Philip Walton, Jack Zahner, the surly assistant and Thirza held the clue to the secret. As for Miss Belinda Sherwin. she never read accounts of aviation meets or aeroplane flights.

"Next thing they'll be callin' them flying machines 'conveniences,' " she said. "For my part I'm content to stick to the earth where the Lord put me, and it's all foolishness for grown-up men to try to scoot about overhead like swallers."

She never for a moment associated the thought of Philip Walton with that of these reckless airmen. To her he was simply a working electrician of humble means, the unpromising son of a visionary inventor. She could not help liking him, or yielding to the charm of his gentle and deferential manner with all women; but for the sake of her niece's true happiness she steeled her heart against the kindly young fellow, and dropped stitches, from apprehensiveness, whenever he prolonged a call beyond formal limits. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sherwin believed the matter serious, or paid much attention to it.

It was evident that the existence, character and ownership of the "Dragon Fly" could not much longer be concealed. Walton and Zahner were already negotiating for its sale (patent applied for), and the formation of a company to undertake the manufacture of its type of aeroplane. Walton. having tested the machine in all weathers, told Thirza that he should soon be ready to take her up for a short flight; and she was willing, if not exactly eager, to go. He would notify her, he said, when the right time came, and she must manage to slip out of the house. He or Jack would meet her and take her to the hangar, in the automobile. They agreed that nothing should be said at home concerning the enterprise, lest embarrassing opposition should develop. Miss Belinda, in particular, they felt could be depended upon to stop short of nothing to prevent the trip.

It was a bright afternoon, late in May. The trees along the sidewalks in the city streets were doing their best, cramped and shaded though they were, to add their fresh green foliage to the world's glad welcome to spring; and in their branches, as well as along the curbing and on window-sill and roof, the dingy city sparrows chirped and twittered, in feeble and hoarse imitation of their winged brotherhood of the forest.

The chimes in a neighboring church tower struck five. Miss Belinda was seated at her favorite window knitting as usual with occasional glances at the passing, which never failed to interest her. Thirza had run down town for a bit of shopping, and was to dine out with a friend that evening.

The door-bell buzzed sharply and presently the new maid, engaged a few days before, handed Aunt Belinda a note It was addressed in a firm, masculine hand, to "Miss Sherwin. *Important.*"

Wondering who her correspondent might be, Miss Belinda dropped her knitting-work into her capacious apron-pocket and, adjusting her spectacles, opened the letter. The first word made her gasp, and at the same time admonished her that it was intended for Miss Thirza Sherwin, not herself; yet she read on, and as she read a flush of anger crept into her thin cheeks, her eyes flashed behind her glasses, and her lips set grimly:

> *Dearest:*—The time has come. I can wait no longer—you must fly with me this very night. Great news! I believe my fortune is made. Jack or I will be at the corner for you at eight o'clock precisely. Am sorry to give you so little notice, but you will understand later why it is so sudden. I am sure you can slip out unobserved, and it is the last time you will ever have to do so.
>
> Yours devotedly,
> PHILIP.

Miss Belinda crumpled the letter fiercely in her hand, and sat rigidly upright in her chair, trying to realize the depths of the young man's depravity, and the duplicity of her innocent-seeming niece.

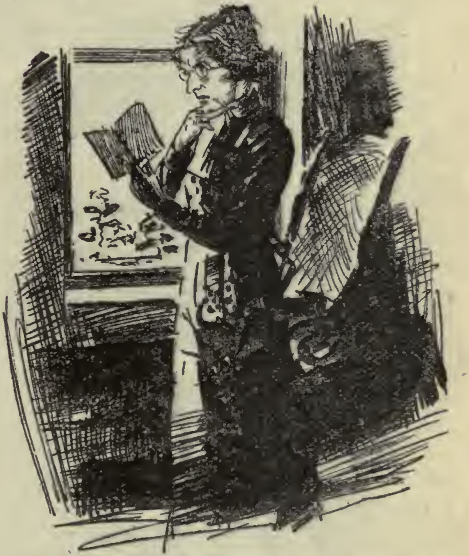
"And she *is* innocent still," muttered the old aunt, feeling ten years older in those few moments. "Poor child, she has been deluded by, that—that scoundrel into an elopement—deluded an' deceived!"

What should she do? Betray the girl whom she loved as her own child, to her father and mother? Perhaps she ought—that was the easiest way out of it. Yet she shrank from inflicting the blow. For ten minutes she sat like a statue in her window chair. A fire engine clattered and tooted past, but she did not see it. Gradually a resolve took shape in her mind. She read the note again, word by word. Her mind was made up.

" 'Fly with me!' They've been reading novels, the silly children. No, Mr. Philip Walton, your 'dearest' won't 'slip out unobserved,' this 'last time.' She shall be saved from doin' somethin' she'd be sorry for all her life, an' there won't be any fuss an' scandal about it, either. I'll manage so's to keep her secret for her, an' the time'll come when she'll thank me, an' perhaps he will too, though I doubt it!" she added to herself through set teeth.

Thirza came home from her shopping expedition, donned an evening gown and, having unsuspiciously kissed her aunt, hurried off in the coupe to keep her dinner engagement. The elder Sherwins had arranged for an early tea, after which Mr. Sherwin went out to his club, and his wife, having one of her not infrequent headaches, said good-night to her sister-in-law and retired to her room.

During the succeeding half-hour Aunt Belinda, with a strange sensation of mingled heroism, guilt and apprehension, busied herself in her own apartment, after two or three trips to that of her niece. At precisely five minutes before eight a figure with face closely veiled, clothed in one of Thirza's gowns, crept down stairs and softly letting herself out through the front door, hurried to the nearest street corner, where a big touring car was waiting by the curbstone.



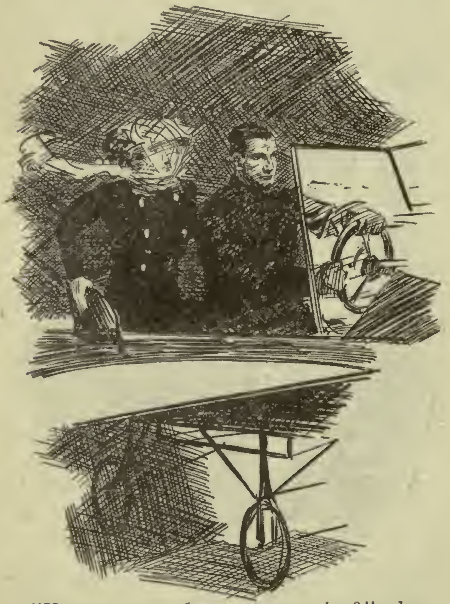
The first word made her gasp, and at the same time admonished her that it was intended for Miss Thirza Sherwin, not herself

The chauffeur, in goggles and a fur coat —for the nights were still chilly—opened the door of the car, lifting his cap courteously as he did so.

"Glad to see you, Miss Sherwin," he said with a gay laugh. "Phil is pottering over the Gnome, and is on thorns lest you should have some other engagement, and couldn't come. If you'll jump right in and make yourself comfortable, I'll have you over to the hangar in a jiffy. It's a great night for your trip—not a breath of wind. But you'll be glad of that veil after you're once off!"

Glad of the veil! She was, indeed. Her trials had begun at the very outset of this wild adventure. Poor Aunt Belinda had never set foot in an automobile, She abhorred and feared them inexpressibly. But love mastered fear, and she entered the car, as she would have closed with a dragon in her path; little dreaming of the terrors of the "Dragon Fly" awaiting her.

Jack Zahner, having replaced his cap wrong-end foremost, and adjusted his goggles, repaired to the front of the car and pulled something violently. No result but a muttered word from Jack which it was well the passenger did not hear. Another pull at the crank, and Aunt Belinda felt a sudden throbbing throughout the machine, as if it had come to life. She cowered upon the cushioned seat while the amateur chauffeur climbed to his place, and presently, with a shrill toot from the horn, the automobile was bounding over the smooth pavements. At first Miss Belinda was paralyzed with fright, but soon she became accustomed to the swift motion, and in five minutes was actually enjoying it.



"Young man, where are we going?" she demanded as sternly as she could through a double veil and a cross-current of air

But now they had left the denser portion of the city and were passing through the suburbs; now they emerged into the open country, and their speed increased. More than once Miss Belinda opened her mouth to beg her unknown charioteer to slow up; but she stifled her cries within her veil and bit her trembling lip in silence, even when at length they turned out of the main road into a by-path where they jolted and tipped along, toward a dense pine forest.

Thoughts of kidnapping and the Black Hand came into her mind. She had supposed, in the bewilderment of the first meeting with Zahner, that the "hangar" must be the name of some hotel. Now it sounded, in retrospect, like a place of execution.

Deeper and deeper into the forest. Suddenly the car emerged upon an open tract of land and, while Miss Belinda was making up her mind to shriek for help, came to a standstill beside a building of rough boards. Another moment and Walton was helping her out, and had folded her in his arms.

"My darling!" he whispered through the veil, "it's brave, it's noble of you to come, and go through this for my sake! But have no fear! I would not dream of taking you if I did not know it was perfectly safe. How you tremble, dear! Are you so frightened?"

The veiled figure nodded violently, but said nothing.

Philip laughed. "Come right along. The old 'Dragon Fly' is waiting," he said gaily. "This way, darling—look out for the stumps and things!"

Drawing her arm through his he led his charge out to the other side of the building, where a strange object was extended over the ground. Aunt Belinda could see but indistinctly in the dim light, through the double thickness of the veil, and supposed it was some sort of awning, beneath which another automobile was waiting; or, mercifully, a horse and carriage. She was half-inclined to declare herself then and there, but discretion and, it must be admitted, something of the spirit of curiosity and adventure, induced her to await one more stage of the journey before revealing her identity and crushing the destroyer of domestic happiness. Besides, he might rush off in a dudgeon and leave her alone in the woods —a pretty predicament for an austere maiden lady, miles from civilization and home! She permitted herself meekly to be conducted across the field.

Half lifted, half climbing, she took the seat Philip indicated. Jack had joined them with a lantern, which showed her merely a queer medley of wheels, trusses and burnished steel surface, behind a glass front. Her heart misgave her; but Philip had already tucked a robe closely about her and mounted to his own seat directly in front.

"All ready!" he called out cheerily. "Let her go, Michael!"

A third man, who had started up out of the shadows, seized a great steel propellor-blade ahead of them, swung it downward with all his might, and dodged, just in time to avoid the onward leap of the huge aeroplane. At the same time Philip grasped a lever and drew it toward him. An awful roar filled the air.

For five seconds the "Dragon Fly" sped forward on invisible wheels, pitching and tossing like a ship at sea. Then the violent motion suddenly ceased, and to her unspeakable horror Aunt Belinda saw the solid earth itself dropping away beneath them. Another instant and they were above the tree-tops, speeding upward toward the starlit sky.

For one breathless instant Aunt Belinda was silent, rigid with terror. Then she shrieked wildly, "Stop! Stop! Where are you taking me? Let me get off! Mr. Walton! Philip! Stop! Help! Help!"

The tremendous pulsing roar of the gnome, the dizzying whir of the great propellor, and the whistle of the wind as they shot through the spaces of night almost drowned the sound of her own voice.

"Oh!" she moaned, "it's a dream, a dreadful, dreadful nightmare! Philip!" her voice rising to a scream again, "what are we doing? Are we in a balloon? We shall be killed!"

It was a wonder that Walton did not release the helm or drop bodily to earth, when he heard these frantic cries, a few inches behind his ear. At the first word he knew his passenger was not Thirza; at the second he recognized the voice of Miss Belinda Sherwin. He thought the substitution must have been a joke—a very ill-judged and ill-timed one—on Thirza's part. Never having thought of an elopement, he did not for a moment fathom the real motive of the aunt's supreme sacrifice.

Turning his head a little, but alert to every wave and current of the atmosphere as he manipulated with foot and hand the ailerons and rudder of his wonderful craft, he shouted: "Don't be afraid, Miss Sherwin! It's only my new aeroplane—flying-machine. Perfectly safe—have you back soon—hold on tight—no danger!"

Five minutes passed. Terror-stricken, quietly sobbing and catching her breath behind her veil, Belinda clung to the steel trusses beside her airy perch. Faster and faster the "Dragon Fly" tore its way aloft through the darkness. At length, finding herself still alive, the trembling passenger ventured to take her eyes from Walton's coat collar, and peer timidly down through an opening in the vast mechanism. She descried a luminous patch far, far below.

"Springfield!" called out the air-man, over his shoulder. "Making good time—about fifty miles an hour now. Feeling better, ma'am?"

She was feeling better, but she would not admit it. She had a strange sense of exhilaration, borne aloft on the wings of the wind. It was like intoxication. Aunt Belinda felt wicked.

"Young man, where are we going?" she demanded as sternly as she could through a double veil and a cross-current of air that seemed to sweep her words away as she uttered them. She remembered his base purpose, and forgot her exhilaration. Her mouth was so close to his ear that it tickled him.

"Going? Why, right back where we started from," he shouted. "Didn't suppose I was running away with you, did you, Miss Sherwin?"

"N-no, indeed!" A glimmering of the truth began to force its way into her brain. "But where—what did Thirza want—what did you mean—"

It was Philip's turn to see a new light. "By George!" he said to himself, "I believe the dear old soul thought we meant to—to—elope!" He chuckled wildly, and let the "Dragon Fly" take a wayward swoop before he recovered the equilibrium.

"You haven't answered my question!" screamed Miss Belinda in his other ear.

"Miss Sherwin—Aunt Belinda" (daringly)—"I guess you've made a mistake. This machine is a new invention of mine, which I hope will make me a rich man. Patent granted. Machine sold for forty thousand dollars—to be delivered tomorrow—company formed to take over patent and business—big royalties—"

Thus Philip, in spasmodic shouts, with oratorical pauses devoted to guidance of his powerful steed.

There was silence for a few moments; that is, absence of the sound of the human voice. The Gnome meanwhile thundered and throbbed and roared like a horde of angry lions in a death grapple. Overhead the stars shone brightly, a soft fold of fleecy cloud drifting across the mighty spaces here and there. Beneath was an inverted and darker sky, with star-points of human life. An express train flashed its tiny way athwart their path like a glow-worm; no slightest sound of its thunderous progress reached the air-dwellers.

"Want to go back now?" cried Walton, above the din of the motor.

"Not—not quite yet," came in shrill but quavering tones from behind him.

He chuckled again, and tuned up the speed another notch. They were doing sixty-three miles an hour.

But the powers of even a hundred-power Gnome are limited. Science has yet to find some motive agent more lasting than gasolene. Walton's supply was getting low. With a wide swoop the "Dragon Fly" wheeled toward home, and at length, gliding gracefully downward, seeking the red and white signal lanterns that marked her resting-place, she came to a stop beside the hangar, where Jack and Michael were smoking their pipes at a safe distance from the gasolene tank.

To tell how Philip rode home beside Aunt Belinda, exerting himself to the utmost to win her regard and support; how mutual explanations were given and graciously received; how Philip raved of his love for Thirza, and then, sagaciously, of his brightening prospects; how he expanded on the plan he had made to interview Mr. Sherwin the very next day and ask for Thirza's hand, man fashion, would be to exceed the limits of these pages. At half-past ten Miss Belinda was in her own room and bed-gown, an hour before her niece's return; and the evening's adventure seemed more than ever a dream.

With daylight, be it said in closing, came the realities of life, and very pleasant realities they were. The dreaded interview with Mr. Sherwin was obtained, and passed off with most gratifying results to both parties. Mrs. Sherwin's consent to the engagement easily followed, and Thirza and Philip, joining hands, danced around Aunt Belinda until she boxed their ears, and then kissed them both.

"But," she added, falling back into the vernacular of her younger days, "I'm afeared I shall never hear the last of my elopement!"

THE UNSPOKEN

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

There is a sorrow in the world too deep for tears,
That human words can never clearly frame,
And only those who suffer through the years
Can guess the meaning of its unknown name.

Little Comedies in the Experience of a Country Lawyer

by Judge Henry A. Shute

Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Plupy," etc.

IT is an unwritten law among lawyers that members of the bar in good standing shall not advertise. We do have the right to our modest card of "Blank, Attorney and Counsellor at Law" in the business column of our local newspaper. But should a member add to this curt announcement anything more, such as, "Divorces obtained without publicity," "Domestic troubles adjusted," "Especial attention given to collections," "Probate matters and the settlement of estates," or anything in the nature of soliciting, he has put himself in an unfortunate position and is looked at askance by his professional brothers, and rightly so, for anyone belonging to any trade, profession or pursuit can do no better than to observe punctiliously all the rules, regulations and laws, written or unwritten, that go to the betterment of his occupation.

My profession is the law, and I am, as every lawyer should be, proud of my profession, just as I should be proud were I a physician, a teacher, a mechanic, a clergyman, a farmer, a musician or a member of any art or craft that had a recognized place of usefulness in our body corporate.

I love my profession: first, because I admire and revere it; second, because I believe any member of it can do a deal of good in the community in which he lives; third, because it is fairly remunerative and vastly entertaining. Indeed I do not believe that any trade or profession offers more opportunities for entertainment than does the law.

My offices are large sunny rooms overlooking a square in a country town of the better class. I should really have said our offices, for I have a partner, my son. He has been but recently admitted, and on the principle of the new broom, is doing his best to make a clean sweep of some undesirable habits of mine. One of these is a careless habit of omitting to make charges for legitimate professional transactions; another, the frequent and almost habitual neglect to collect for charges made.

In this I am bound to say he is perfectly right, for if advice is worth asking, it is worth paying for; if services are solicited, performed and relied on, they are certainly worth something.

Another thing my partner objected to was my accumulation of papers on my desk and table. To be sure, my desk is a roll-top of the style of the early eighties, my table a leather-covered one of severely classic design, and papers accumulate naturally on such furniture. My son's furniture is new and up to date, his books new and of the color of the golden pippin (not the cigar, but the fruit), and papers do not look as well on new desks and tables as on old. Then again, with a praiseworthy desire of promoting order and method he has introduced filing cabinets, in which nothing can be found except with a search warrant or the services of a clairvoyant.

He has also made himself master of the typewriter, the machine of course I mean, not the young lady, for the last young lady who was a member of my office force married and left me just before my partner was admitted to the bar. Indeed, in the past twenty-five or thirty years so many young ladies have entered my office, remained just long enough to become so efficient as to be almost indispensable, and then suddenly married and left me, that I have thought very seriously of advertising as a matrimonial bureau. So when my son offered to become secretary, amanuensis and typewriter, as well as partner, I encouraged him strongly, and I have had a deal of amusement out of his early efforts on the machine. Indeed for the first three months one of the most frequent sounds from his room was a furious tearing up of correspondence paper or legal cap and burst of language that would curdle the blood in one's veins.

Coming back to papers, it is a great comfort to postpone things occasionally. You have been busy on a deposition, or in drawing a declaration or making a brief all day with a bare half hour for lunch and an occasional interruption that fretted you more than it ought. You finish just before supper. You are tired and hungry, and your desk is covered with papers. It would be a matter of a few minutes to properly sort, docket and file those papers. But at that particular moment it seems an appalling, a stupendous task. And what a pleasure to slam down the cover of your desk and leave them there. If they are on your table why, the paper weight, ink wells, the stamp box, the telephone receiver, the seal, a volume of the New Hampshire Reports, provided it is not the forty-sixth, for that is worth its weight in gold, will make excellent paper weights, and you are reasonably sure of finding your papers there in the morning. What a pleasure to know your papers are where you can find them. To be sure if you are in a hurry the pitchfork method is the one generally employed and the most effective.

Occasionally I clean up. About once a week. And how good it seems to see the leather of your table top and the smooth wood of your desk once again. Welcome, old friends!

I said our offices overlooked the so-called square. It is indeed a beautiful triangle. On the right the old town hall, with Justice aloft; the new court house—a monument of uglinesss, belonging to no school of architecture; the ancient, beautiful old church, with its classic lines and chaste and beautiful bell tower. To the left a row of large, square, colonial mansions, the Records building in perfect harmony with these old buildings and covered with a wonderful ivy. The whole shaded with magnificent drooping elms. Under us and for a fifth of a mile each way, a line of stores, without a saloon. A clean and beautiful town.

But I have before spoken of advertising Please do not consider this such, I have only spoken of my offices, my square and my town as the background of those comedies and tragedies that form the staple of the business of a country lawyer of which I will speak.

In a country police court many amusing and ridiculous episodes occur. A police court is by no means entirely a place of little tragedies. Quite often a comedy is played in which ridiculous blunders are made by the attorneys.

I am reminded of a very earnest and painstaking lawyer who was intensely zealous in the interest of his client. From the moment he was retained he became absolutely convinced that his client's story, however improbable it may have been, was the only fair, unprejudiced, logical and truthful explanation of the affair. And per contra he was equally convinced that any testimony to the contrary was the black and perjured testimony of a villain.

In the trial of a case his zeal led him to say and do things that in cool blood he never would have dreamed of doing. On one occasion while arguing before my court the impossibility of believing a witness whose testimony was the key of his opponent's case, he became very much in earnest and shouted, wildly swinging his arms "Why, damn it all! your honor, you cannot believe this witness, no fool would," to the great amusement of the bystanders, and I might also say, of the court.

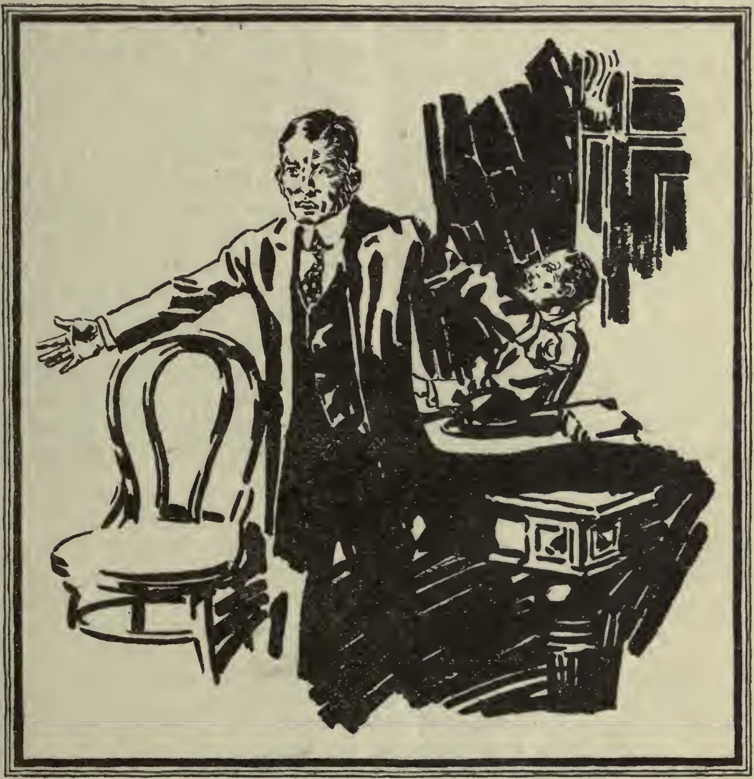
On another occasion he was retained as counsel for a man in a neighboring town, who had, while intoxicated, entered a store and committed a simple assault upon the proprietor and had during the mixup broken a pane of glass in the showcase, and tipped over a barrel of brooms and a bushel of potatoes. The proprietor had obtained from a local Justice of the Peace three warrants returnable in my court, one for drunkenness, one for assault and battery and one for malicious mischief.

At the opening of court the prisoner and his lawyer were on hand, ready to fight to the last ditch, but wholly in the dark as to the existence of more than one complaint. When the first complaint was read he pleaded not guilty defiantly.

When the second was read, he cut his air of confidence down one-half, swallowed a lump in his throat, conferred with his attorney, and then pleaded not guilty in a chastened voice. When the third was read he had another conference with his attorney, who suggested that his client would be willing to plead guilty to the first complaint, pay a reasonable fine and costs and make good the damage to the complainant, provided the other two complaints were withdrawn.

As this seemed a very fair and satisfactory solution of the matter I expressed my willingness to accept the plea and make the record, and while explaining it to the complainant, who was a little inclined to insist on his pound of flesh, the prisoner, who was feeling pretty seedy from the effect of his spree, and was greatly impressed with the enormity of his offences, turned around blindly twice or thrice and fell in a fit.

This was too much for the excitable lawyer, who sprang to his feet in great excitement and shouted, "Make him do it, Judge, damn him! Make him do it, or I'll appeal the whole damn thing!" and rushed from the room. It is needless to say that the "whole damn thing" was not appealed.



While arguing the impossibility of believing a witness whose testimony was the key of his opponent's case, he became very much in earnest and shouted, wildly swinging his arms, "Your honor, you cannot believe this witness; no fool would"

Another lawyer who was not as observant of the etiquette of the bar as he should have been, figured in a good many interesting trials in my court. He was a ready speaker and seldom at a loss for a reply. On one occasion, however, he was completely silenced by a witness. I was hearing a civil case between two Frenchmen, and the trouble arose between them upon an alleged violation of a lease which this lawyer had drawn for him. The witness had previously come to me to draw a lease, which I had done, and then he had destroyed this lease and had this lawyer draw another. I had completely forgotten the incident and so had the lawyer.

The examination was something as follows:

Lawyer—"Well, sir, do you remember coming into my office about two years ago?"

Witness—"Two year, yas, seh. Ah'l ant forget eet, oh, oui, oui."

Lawyer—"Now, sir, I don't wish any 'wee, wee' from you, sir. I want English, sir, English."

Witness—"Pardon, m'sieu, ah'l ant spik Angleesh ver' well me."

Lawyer—"Now, sir, tell us just what was said by you and by me at that time, everything."

Witness (with great cheerfulness)—Tres bien, m'sieu, je le dirai: bon jour, M'sieu l'Avocat, M'sieu Gaudreau she'll want for you to draw leas. You'll said, tres bien, je suis le garcon pour vous."

Lawyer—"Be careful, sir, be very careful, you know I never said anything like that."

Witness—"Excuse to me, m'sieu. Ah'l spik Angleesh, you'll said all right, Ah'l wrote she."

Lawyer—"That sounds more like it. Go on, sir, and remember you are under oath."

Witness (with dignity)—"J'ai pres le serment devant le bon Dieu."

Lawyer—"Now, sir, I warn you that we do not intend to have any profane language here, and if it is repeated, I shall ask Judge Shute to commit you for contempt. Now proceed, sir, and tell everything that was said."

Witness—"Wal, seh, Ah'l try for spik the best Ah'l could, seh. Ah'l said M'sieu Shute have write me a leas alretty maintenant. Den you'll said, hell, has he, donnez moi zat leas. Den ah'l gave you zat leas an' den you'll took eet and look eet over an' den you'll said what for hell you get zat dam fool for wrote leas, he'll ant know nodding 'bout anytings."

And amid the applause and laughter which you may be sure I did not check, the lawyer dropped the witness like a hot coal.

SAPPHO

SOUL of Sappho! if tonight,
  When my boat is drifting near
Your fair island, spirit bright;
  If I sing, and if you hear
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sappho, signal me.

Soul of Sappho! they have said
  That your hair, tho' not of gold,
Made a halo for your head;
  And your eyes, I have been told,
Were like stars. O! from the sea,
Soul of Sappho, speak to me.

Soul of Sappho, awake, awake,
  Wake and tune your harp again;
While the foaming billows break
  Let your song sweep o'er the main;
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sappho, sing to me.

—"*Songs of Cy Warman.*"

Romance's Ghost

by Allan Updegraff

Author of "The Wit of Saadah," Etc.

PROBABLY there had never been a more inviting June twilight; but the "Lovers' Walk" that zigzags up to the wild little park on the top of West Rock was deserted. The University's students, whose manly feet had played the largest part in keeping the path fresh, had scattered north, south, east and west for the summer, and the places of their philandering knew them no more. June, contradicting all wisdom, brings lovers' partings in New Haven.

As the colors of twilight paled into the afterglow's mother-of-pearl and a breeze awoke among the newly-leaved branches of elm and birch trees, barberry bushes and dogwood saplings, the very air seemed vocal with ghostly sighs and protestations. Along the high brow of the cliff, when increasing darkness had brought out the distant downward lights of the city, the wind arose and mourned forlornly. It carried a bitter, salty odor from the Bay, so that one had need to be close to the ground to catch the fragrance of the violets that grew in beds wherever the rocks offered shelter and a fastening place.

"Well—we must be going back, Tommy!" The voice, a woman's voice of a singular richness, came from close beside the path; but the woman was not visible from it. "It'll soon be dark."

"Don't go yet!" protested a man, rather petulantly. "We'll miss the finest part of the evening. It won't be really dark for half an hour, at least."

By leaning over the wooden railing that had been put along the cliff-side of that place, one could have touched their heads with a walking stick. They were sitting on a sheltered little ledge, flooded with pale light from the afterglow. Stunted pine trees grew in crevices around them, and brown pine needles covered the rock on which they sat.

"But mother'll be waiting supper," protested the girl, half inclined to yield. "We really ought to have started before this."

"But it's my last evening; and I stayed over especially to spend it with you!" The man was a very young man, and his smooth face expressed boyish impatience of everybody's convenience but his own. "How can you talk of going when everything is so—so achingly beautiful? The very doors of heaven swing outward on nights like this! Hark! There's a seraph singing!"

"That robin began very pat," said the woman, leaning back against a boulder and staring out over the tree-tops. Her face, shaded by a wide-brimmed straw hat. was older than the man's; older less in any loss of physical freshness than in experience and in that subtle background set up by character. "But go on, Tommy; I feel just sentimental enough to appreciate you! It makes me forget that I'm a middle-aged music teacher—without any pupils—to hear you talk like that! Proceed—poetize!"

"You're not middle-aged, and you've got plenty of pupils," grumbled the youth. He looked at her with eyes that darkened covetously. "You're young; and you've got a profile that your namesake, Helen of Troy, might envy you!"

"I confess I like that even better than the remarks about heaven," laughed the woman. "But perhaps we'd better stick to the beauties of nature."

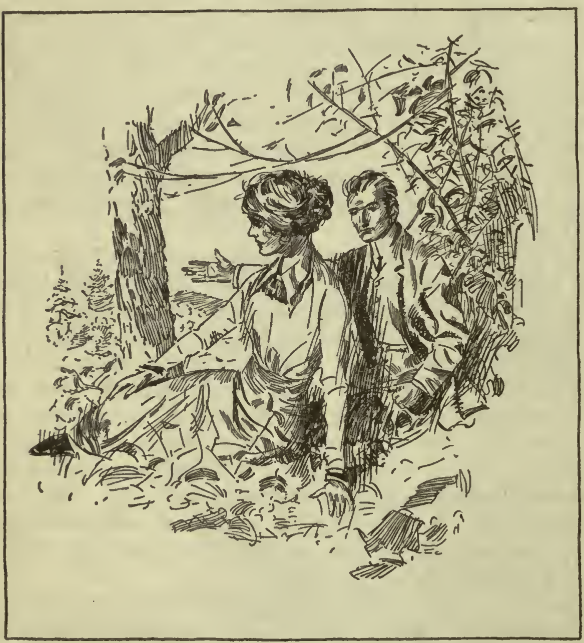
"Yes—yes, I suppose so." The boy drew a sigh, deep and tremulous with renouncement. "O Helen!" he burst out. "If only I had money—the filthy lucre! Or if I could only give up everything—all that I hope to be—and go after the dirty dollars that would make it possible—"

"Tommy, Tommy!" interrupted the woman. "I thought we had agreed to consider that a closed subject?"

"It will never be closed while I live!" flashed back the boy. "What does it matter that you're a year or so older than I? What does anything matter except—"

"But we must consider your future," murmured the girl. There was more than a touch of sarcasm in the words. The youth was too much taken up with his trouble to notice it.

"Now you shame me," he cried, catching up one of her hands, "by always thinking of me, even when—"



He flung out his arms in a melodramatic appeal to the gathering darkness. "No man can hide himself from fate!" He declaimed

"Tommy, you mustn't do that! Please don't!" She drew her hand back and looked away from him. "That subject is closed, you know, whatever you say. Let's consider the stars."

He flung out his arms in a melodramatic appeal to the gathering darkness. "No man can hide himself from Fate!" he declaimed. "Oh, what playthings of Chance we are, even the best and strongest of us. Life comes to us with her sealed caskets. 'Choose!' she commands. 'One you may take, but no more!' And we poor mortals blindly choose that which seems best to us, often to find, when it is too late to change, that we have chosen the worst! If but the tri-form fates were not so inhuman, they would give us a clue!"

He drooped before her, bowed beneath the weight of his mighty sorrows. There was a vague hint of amusement in her eyes as she watched him.

"It's particularly ironic," he resumed presently, "for me to be saying all this here on this old Odin's seat. How many other simple studes have chosen between love and duty on this same old rock! What did it matter, after all? Where are they now?"

"Yes, and where," put in the girl somewhat tartly, "are the girls they didn't choose?"

"You ought to know! I'll venture I'm not the first man that's made love to you—on this very stone. And I'll probably not be the last, either!"

"You're unusually frank this evening, Tommy," said the girl. "What would you have me do? Turn nun?"

He made no reply.

"Besides," she resumed, "you take my affection rather too much for granted. You give me up without taking the trouble to find whether you've got me. In fact, as I've frequently told you, your youthful egotism—"

"If I could keep you," he interrupted, hotly, confidently, "nothing could keep me from winning you! I love you too much not to be able to win you! Oh, it's frightful! No woman can understand what a man suffers when he's situated as I am. Something inside of me seems—bleeding!"

He tossed his hat to the stone beside him, and ran his fingers through his long hair. With a curious mingling of admiration, amusement, and a little disgust on her face, the girl watched him. She seemed to feel a bit sorry for him, too; and when she spoke her voice was almost affectionate.

"Tommy," she said, "I've known you for the whole four years of your college course, and we've been pretty good friends. So I hope you'll forgive me if I say I think you're deceiving yourself. You imagine you're violently in love with me—please don't interrupt—and you poetize about me, and work yourself up into a state of melancholy frenzy; and that pleases you immensely. You delight in considering yourself forlorn and miserable; and you use me as your inspiration. There—I tell you that for your own peace of mind—and mine!"

"Perhaps there is truth in what you say." The boy's voice had taken on a sepulchral tone; he bent forward and clasped his hands between his knees. "You do inspire me, you do arouse in me all that is romantic and poetic; but I love you! I call the stars to witness that I love you! I know that I love you—"

"Tommy—!" interrupted the girl, plainly distressed.

"Let me speak; I let you! I wish you to know, on this last evening that we shall ever spend together, that, were it not for the bitter circumstances that seem determined to part us, nothing else, in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth—"

"Meaning the fact that I am merely an uneducated music teacher, I suppose?" put in the girl, with her first show of bitterness. "You seem to forget that all this isn't highly complimentary to me, Tommy."

"I forget everything except that I love you and must lose you. O sweetheart—"

"I'm going home now!"

With decision that had suddenly become contemptuous the girl arose and shook the pine needles from her skirt. She turned toward the flight of natural steps that led up to the level of the pathway, glanced up toward the wooden railing, and stopped, with one foot on the lowest step, tense and staring.

"Please don't go yet," pleaded the boy, mistaking the cause of her hesitation. "I must tell you—"

"It seems," she interrupted evenly, "that we've been entertaining an eavesdropper."

The boy followed the direction of her eyes with his own and sprang to his feet. Together they stared upward.

The light had failed until the figure of the eavesdropper was visible only as a gray shadow against the dark mass of banked foliage behind him. He was leaning over the railing, and his face, made even more shadowy by the brim of a soft felt hat, was inclined toward them.

"I beg both your pardons!" he said. "I was passing, and I couldn't help hearing. Nor could I seem to help staying to hear more."

The young man, with evident relief, deposited his hands in the side pockets of his coat and assumed an attitude of nonchalance. "Well, I must say," he remarked, "I think you had your nerve with you. But it's a relief to find you're not a ghost, anyway."

"Perhaps you're mistaken," returned the intruder, folding his arms along the top of the railing. "Perhaps I may apologize for eavesdropping on the ground that I *am* a ghost. I felt like one as I stood here, listening to you two. Besides, it occurred to me that I had something I must say to you; and that's characteristic of many authentic ghosts, isn't it? They can't rest easy in their graves till they return to the scenes of their crimes and reveal their secrets to some unfortunate mortal—or mortals. At times, I understand, the mortals are thereby made sadder and wiser mortals. As a special favor, will you listen to a brief sketch of my crimes?"

"Well, ghost," said the boy, "personally, I don't mind being your Hamlet, and your insinuations are interesting. Say on!"

"I shall be most brief," murmured the ghost, addressing the girl. "Will you please sit down and listen?"

She sat down beside the stone steps, without replying, and leaned sidewise on her arm so that she could look up into the ghost's face. The boy sat down on the end of the ledge called Odin's Seat.

"Say on, noble ghost!" he cried. "Now that I can see you better, I observe you're as thin as a rail; a most proper ghost! And I admire your voice and diction also. Say on!"

"Thank you," said the ghost, somewhat drily. "I shall try to deserve your praise. It is to you especially I wish to address myself, for nine years ago this present

June I was in much the unfortunate state of mind displayed by you this evening. I spoke to a young lady much as you have spoken to this young lady. Indeed, I sat with my young lady on this same Odin's Seat, and I believe I may flatter myself that I railed quite as poetically at Fate, and Life, and the hard hand of Circumstance—"

"Oh, I say, ghost!" protested the boy. "No sarcasm, ghost!"

"And all the while I dimly realized that I was acting. For I was blown up with fresh conceit and undigested knowledge. I wanted to tie the world to my chariot-tail; and I wanted no embarrassing entanglements with anybody. Even when I swore my love in the finest set phrases, I thought more of the phrases than of the girl. As a matter of fact, I really loved her; but I didn't find that out until those later years when a man gets acquainted with his soul.

"Perhaps you're mistaken," returned the intruder, folding his arms along the top of the railing. "Perhaps I may apologize for eavesdropping on the ground that I am a ghost."

"As I relate my story, you must bear in mind that, in spite of resemblances, it may have nothing to do with you two; I know only such circumstances of the situation between you as I managed to pick up from a rather one-sided conversation."

"O ghost!" put in the boy. "I love your sarcasm, ghost."

"Good, you are its inspiration. However, to keep to my muttons, the girl, my girl, was in every necessary way my equal; but I always rather looked down on her because she had had only a high school education, because she sang in a church choir for money, and because she did not come from a fine old dessicating family—such as I was damned with. Unfortunately for us both, she was too tender-hearted to tell me what a prig I was; she, rather, by her admiration and devotion—I think I may say devotion—made me a worse fool and swell-head than I would have been otherwise.

"Accordingly I bade her a dramatic farewell and went away to dazzle the world. In the course of a few years I married the daughter of a friend of my family. He was a newly-prosperous life insurance official and heartily seconded the efforts of my family to get blue blood and dollars united. I was too weak, and too much disappointed by the bad taste of the universe—for it had refused to be dazzled by me—to give much thought to the matter. So I was married and joined father-in-law in playing Chase the Dollar.

"I was successful. I became known as a rich man; the husband of one of the most dashing of young society matrons; a wage-slave of the sort who slaves because his wife demands a great deal of money; a childless, homeless frequenter of clubs; and a soured, disagreeable dyspeptic. I had to take ingenious medical treatment, and to avoid my home in order to keep peace with my wife. In the leisure enforced by bad health, I fell back into my old love for books, and for the girl who used to sing in a New Haven church choir. At times, doubtless owing to my nervous condition, I fancied I could hear her voice. She had a voice of a singular richness and she had loved me. I grew to be fairly haunted by her voice. Imagine a ghost haunted by a ghostly voice! That is a most uncomfortable situation, I assure you!

"All this didn't improve my health nor the comforts of my home. From gently despising each other, my wife and I soon became divorceably incompatible; and I shall always hold myself somewhat to blame for the unfortunate automobile accident in which she was concerned while on her way to Nevada. Perhaps, had I refused to be incompatible with her, she would not have thought it necessary to motor to Nevada. Along with the inequitable divorce laws of the United States, I must hold myself partly responsible for a murder.

"Altogether you will perceive that I have managed to make an ususually thorough mess of my life. The moral, if there is one, I leave to you, dear audience; and especially to you, dear young man, for you resemble my lost youth.

"Thanking you for your kind attention —exit the ghost!"

He removed his hat, made them a sweeping bow and stepped back into the path.

"Wait a minute, cute ghost!" cried the boy. He drew himself up to the railing by tugging at the branches of an evergreen, and walked up to the ghost.

"I couldn't bear to let you go without having a closer look at you, noble ghost," he began in mock heroics, and held out his hand. The ghost accepted it. The boy withdrew his hand on the instant, as if he had been stung.

"Why— What—" he stammered.

"Pretty bony and clammy, eh?" remarked the ghost. He extended the rejected member in the pale light. "But see; it's not all bones. And, anyway, what would you have of a ghost?"

"My mistake," said the boy, but he did not offer his hand again. "I was merely going to thank you," he added, with the suggestion of a sneer, "for your attempt to 'interpret between my love and me.' We've enjoyed it greatly."

The girl had come forward to his side, and was furtively endeavoring to peer into the ghost's face. The boy tried to take her arm, but she moved away from him. The ghost watched them narrowly.

"Perhaps," he remarked, "my interference was a bit beside the mark."

"Since you admit so much," retorted the boy, "may be you'll soon see that your continued presence is beside the mark, too."

Neither girl nor ghost took notice of the insult.

"But why," she demanded, in a voice harsh with emotion, "if, as you say, you afterwards found you really cared for the girl, have you never tried to find her?"

The ghost shrugged his shoulders.

"I intended to," he said, "as soon as I'd decided between being a man or a ghost. Then came the invitation to the reunion of my class, and it was June; and, ghost that I still am, I couldn't resist the temptation to try right away. I was at her house this afternoon, but I was told that she had gone out walking—to West Rock. So I've spent the afternoon in parading over West Rock."

He hesitated a moment. The boy looked amazed, indignant inquiry from one to the other.

"I wasn't told," resumed the ghost, "that she had gone out—with someone else."

For several long seconds none of the three moved or said a word. The wind complained along the brow of the cliff, mingling a bitter, salty odor with the fragrance of new leaves and violets.

"If it's really you, Helen," said the ghost quietly, "I hope you'll believe that I couldn't persuade myself of it, in spite of your voice, until less than a minute ago. Otherwise, of course, I shouldn't have—"

She went over to him, put one of her arms on his shoulder, and touched his face wonderingly with her free hand.

"You poor, poor ghost," she mourned. "What have they done to you—you poor ghost!"

"Helen!" murmured the ghost. "Helen! Helen!"

The boy dazedly clambered down to Odin's Seat and got his hat. He was too much shocked even to be disappointed.

While he was gone the girl kissed the ghost and warmed his hands on her heart. "My ghost!" she whispered in a voice like the whispering of the leaves.

Reminiscences of GETTYSBURG:*

by GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY

A Commander at Gettysburg

HAVING ascertained, after I left General Ewell on the night of the 30th, that the road from my camp to Hunterstown was a very circuitous and rough one, on the morning of the first of July I moved to Heidlersburg, for the purpose of following the road from that point to Gettysburg until I reached the Mummasburg road. After moving a short distance for Heidlersburg on the Gettysburg road, I received a dispatch from General Ewell, informing me that Hill, who had crossed the mountain, was moving towards Gettysburg against a force of the enemy, which had arrived at that place and pushed out on the Cashtown road, and that Rodes' division had turned off from Middletown toward Gettysburg by the way of Mummasburg, and ordering me to move on the direct road from Heidlersburg to the same place. I therefore moved on until I came in sight of Gettysburg.

Hooker had been supplanted in the command of the Federal Army by Major General Meade, and the advance of that army, consisting of the 1st corps under Reynolds, the 11th corps under Howard, and Buford's division of cavalry, had reached Gettysburg; the cavalry on the thirtieth of June, and the infantry early on the morning of the first of July. The cavalry had moved, on the morning of the first, out on the Cashtown road and was there encountered by Hill's troops, two of his divisions only having as yet crossed the mountain. The enemy's infantry then moved out to support his cavalry, and a heavy engagement ensued between it and Hill's two divisions. While this was progressing Rodes' division came up on the left of the Hill, on the Mummasburg road, and immediately engaged the enemy.

When I arrived in sight of Gettysburg I found the engagement in progress on the Cashtown and Mummasburg roads, the enemy's troops being advanced out from that town on both roads for about a mile. Rodes had opposed to him a very large force which overlapped his left, and seemed to be pressing back that flank. On the hill in rear of Gettysburg, known as Cemetery Hill, was posted some artillery so as to sweep all the ground on the enemy's right flank, including the Heidlersburg or Harrisburg road, and the York pike. I could not discover whether there was any infantry supporting this artillery,

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*** From General Early's "Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States," published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.**

as the hill was much higher than the ground on which I then was.

Moving on the Heidlersburg road and on Rodes' left, I came up on the enemy's right flank. I immediately ordered the artillery forward and the brigades into line. Gordon's brigade being in front formed first in line on the right of the road, then Hays', with Smith's in rear of Hoke's, and thrown back so as to present a line toward the York pike. Jones' battalion was posted in a field immediately in front of Hoke's brigade, so as to open on the enemy's flank, which it did at once with effect, attracting the fire of the enemy's artillery on Cemetery Hill and that in front of the town on the enemy's right flank. Between us and the enemy on the northeast of the town ran a small stream, called Rock Creek, with abrupt and rugged banks.

* * *

On the opposite bank of this creek in front of Gordon was a heavy force of the enemy, on a low ridge partially wooded, with a part of it in line moving against the left of Rodes' division held by Doles' brigade, so as to compel it to fall back, while the right flank of this advancing line was protected and supported by another in position along the crest of the ridge. While the brigades of Hays and Hoke were being formed, as Doles' brigade was getting in a critical condition, Gordon charged rapidly to the front, passing over the fences and Rock Creek and up the side of the hill, and engaged the enemy's line on the crest, which, after a short but obstinate and bloody conflict, was broken and routed. The right flank of the force advancing against Doles became thus exposed to Gordon's fire, and that force endeavored to change front, but Gordon immediately attacked it and drove it from the field with heavy slaughter, pursuing toward the town and capturing a number of prisoners, among them being General Barlow, commanding a division of the 11th corps, severely wounded.

While Gordon was engaged, Hays and Hoke's brigades were advanced in line to Rock Creek, Smith's brigade being ordered to follow, supporting the artillery as it advanced in rear of the other brigades. By the time Hays and Avery had reached Rock Creek, Gordon had encountered a second line just outside of the town in a strong position behind some houses, and halted his brigade behind the crest of a low ridge in the open field. I then rode to Gordon's position, and, finding that the line confronting him extended beyond his left across the Heidlersburg road, I ordered him to remain stationary while Hays and Avery advanced on his left. The latter were then ordered forward, and advancing while exposed to a heavy artillery fire of shell and canister, encountered the second line and drove it back in great confusion into the town, capturing two pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners.

Hays encountered a portion of the force falling back on his right, on which he turned some of his regiments and entered the town, fighting his way along the left end of a street running through the middle of the town. Avery, after reaching the outskirts of the town, moved to the left, and crossed the railroad into the open fields, on the left of the town, while exposed to a heavy fire from the batteries on Cemetery Hill, and took a position confronting the rugged ascent to the hill, his men being placed in a depression under cover of a low ridge, so as to protect them from the fire of the enemy's artillery. A very large number of prisoners were taken in the town, where they were crowded in confusion, the number being so great as really to embarrass us and stop all further movement for the present.

While Hays and Avery were driving the enemy so handsomely, I saw a large force to the right of Gordon falling back in comparatively good order, before Rodes' advancing brigades, around the right of the town, toward the hills in the rear, and I sent for a battery of artillery to be brought up so as to open on this force, and on the town, from which a fire was being poured on Hays' and Avery's then advancing brigades, but before the battery reached me, Hays had entered the town and the enemy's retreating columns had got out of reach, their speed being very much accelerated and their order considerably disturbed by Rodes' rapid advance. At the same time I had sent for the battery, an order had been sent for the advance of Smith's brigade to the support of Hays and Avery, but, a report having been brought to General Smith that a large force of the enemy was advancing on the York road on our then rear, he thought proper to detain his brigade to watch that road.

As soon as I saw my men entering the town, I rode forward into it myself, having sent to repeat the order to Smith to advance, and when I had ascertained the condition of things, I rode to the right of it to find either General Ewell, General Rodes, or General Hill, for the purpose of urging an immediate advance upon the enemy, before he could recover from his evident dismay and confusion. Rodes' troops were then entering the town on the right and all plains on that flank had been cleared of the enemy. The enemy, however, held the houses in the edge of the town on the slope of Cemetery Hill with sharpshooters, from which they were pointing an annoying fire into Hays' left, and along the streets running toward the hill.

* * *

The ascent to the hill in front of Avery was very rugged, and was much obstructed by plank and stone fences on the side of it, while an advance through the town would have had to be made along the streets by flank or in columns so narrow as to have been subjected to a destructive fire from the batteries on the crest of the hill, which enfiladed the streets. I, therefore, could not make an advance from my front with advantage, and thought it ought to be made on the right.

General Hill's troops had not advanced to the town, but remained on or beyond Seminary ridge, more than a mile distant, and before I could find either General Ewell or General Rodes, General Smith's aide came to me with a message from the General that the enemy was advancing a large force of infantry, artillery, and cavalry on the York road, menacing our left flank and rear. Though I believed this an unfounded report, as it proved to be, yet I thought it best to send General Gordon with his brigade out on that road, to take command of both brigades, and to stop all further alarms from that direction.

Meeting with a staff officer of General Pender's I requested him to go and inform General Hill that if he would send a division forward we could take the hill to which the enemy had retreated. Finding General Ewell shortly afterward in the town, I communicated to him my views, and he informed me that Johnson's division, which had moved from Shippensburg, by the way of Greenwood Gap, was coming up, and he determined to move it to a wooded hill on the left of Cemetery Hill, which seemed to command the latter hill and to be the key to the position on that flank. This hill was on the right or southwestern side of Rock Creek, and seemed to be occupied by the enemy.

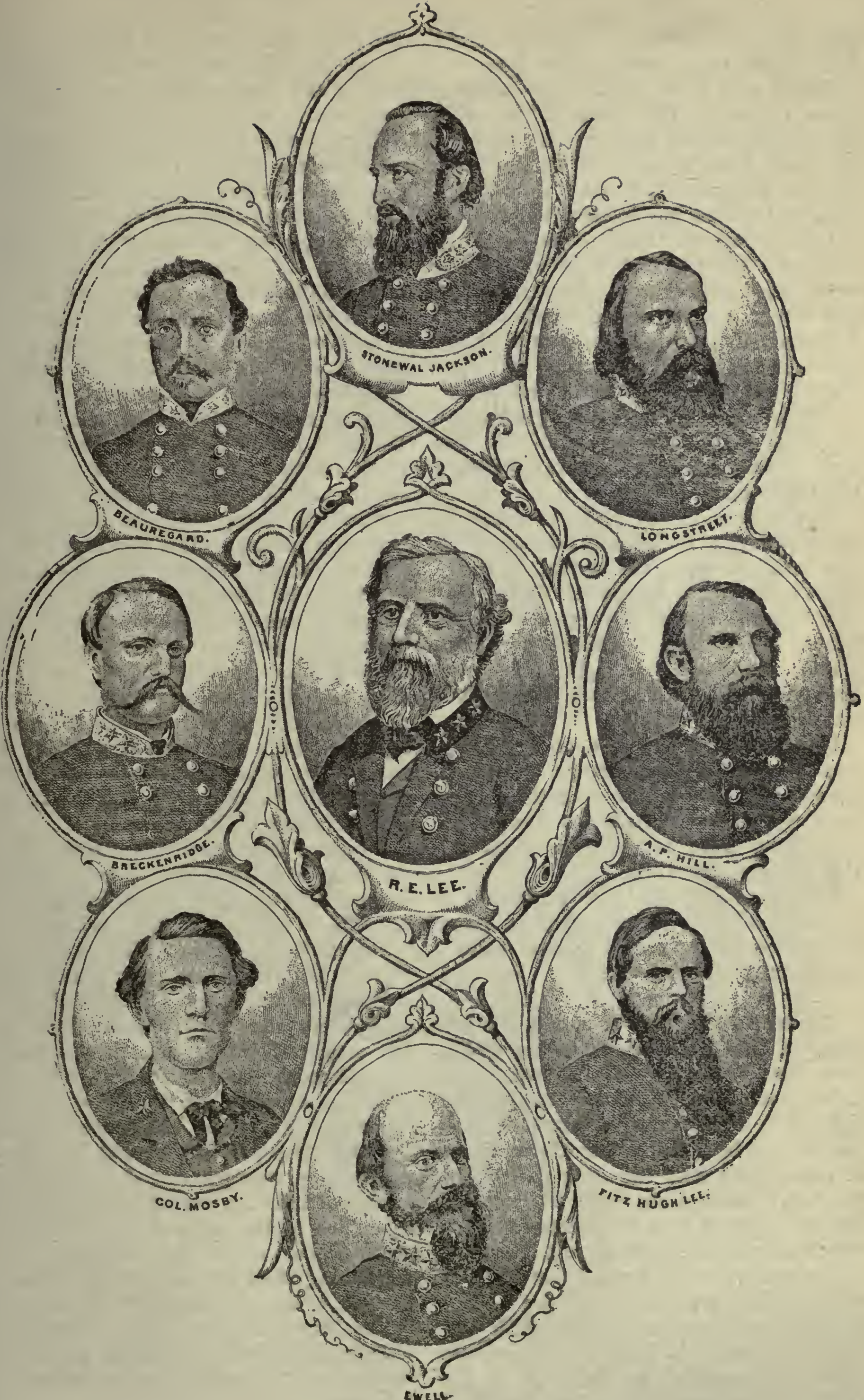
Johnson's division was late in arriving and when it came, it was further delayed by a false report that the enemy was advancing on the York road, so that it became dark in the meantime, and the effort to get possession of the wooded hill was postponed until morning, by which time it had been occupied and fortified by the enemy. My division went into this action about three o'clock P. M. and at the close of the day a brilliant victory had been achieved, between six and seven thousand prisoners and two pieces of artillery falling into our hands, a considerable portion of which had been captured by Rodes' division.

Perhaps that victory might have been made decisive, so far as Gettysburg was concerned, by a prompt advance of all the troops that had been engaged on our side against the hill upon and behind which the enemy had taken refuge, but a common superior did not happen to be present, and the opportunity was lost. The only troops engaged on our side were Hill's two divisions and Ewell's two divisions, the rest of the army not being up.

* * *

Late in the evening, when it had become too dark to do anything further, General Lee came to General Ewell's headquarters, and after conferring with General Ewell, General Rodes and myself, we were given to understand that, if the rest of the troops could be got up, there would be an attack very early in the morning on the enemy's left flank, and also on the right, at the wooded hill before named.

During the night, Hays' brigade was moved to the left into the open ground on


STONEWAL JACKSON.
BEAUREGARD.
LONGSTREET.
BRECKENRIDGE.
R. E. LEE.
A. P. HILL.
COL. MOSBY.
FITZ HUGH LEE.
EWELL.

A GROUP OF SOUTHERN GENERALS

that side, and placed in front of the left end of the town, under cover from the artillery and in a position to advance upon Cemetery Hill when a favorable opportunity should offer, his line connecting with Avery's right. In this position the two brigades were behind a low ridge close to the base of Cemetery Hill.

Gordon was still retained on the York road with his own and Smith's brigades, as constant rumors were reaching us that the enemy was advancing on that road. Johnson's division had been moved to the left and posted in the valley of Rock Creek, confronting the wooded hill.

During the night a large portion of Meade's army came up and the rest arrived in the course of the next day before the battle opened.

The general attack was not made in the morning of the second because there was great delay in the arrival of Longstreet's corps, and on the left Rodes' and my divisions remained in position until late in the afternoon, waiting for the preparations on the right. Johnson, however, had some heavy skirmishing during the day.

During the morning General Ewell and myself rode to a ridge in rear of Johnson's position for the purpose of posting some artillery, and several batteries were placed in position there to fire upon Cemetery Hill and the wooded hill.

I made an attempt to get possession of the wooded hill in the morning, but found it occupied by the enemy in force behind breastworks of felled trees.

* * *

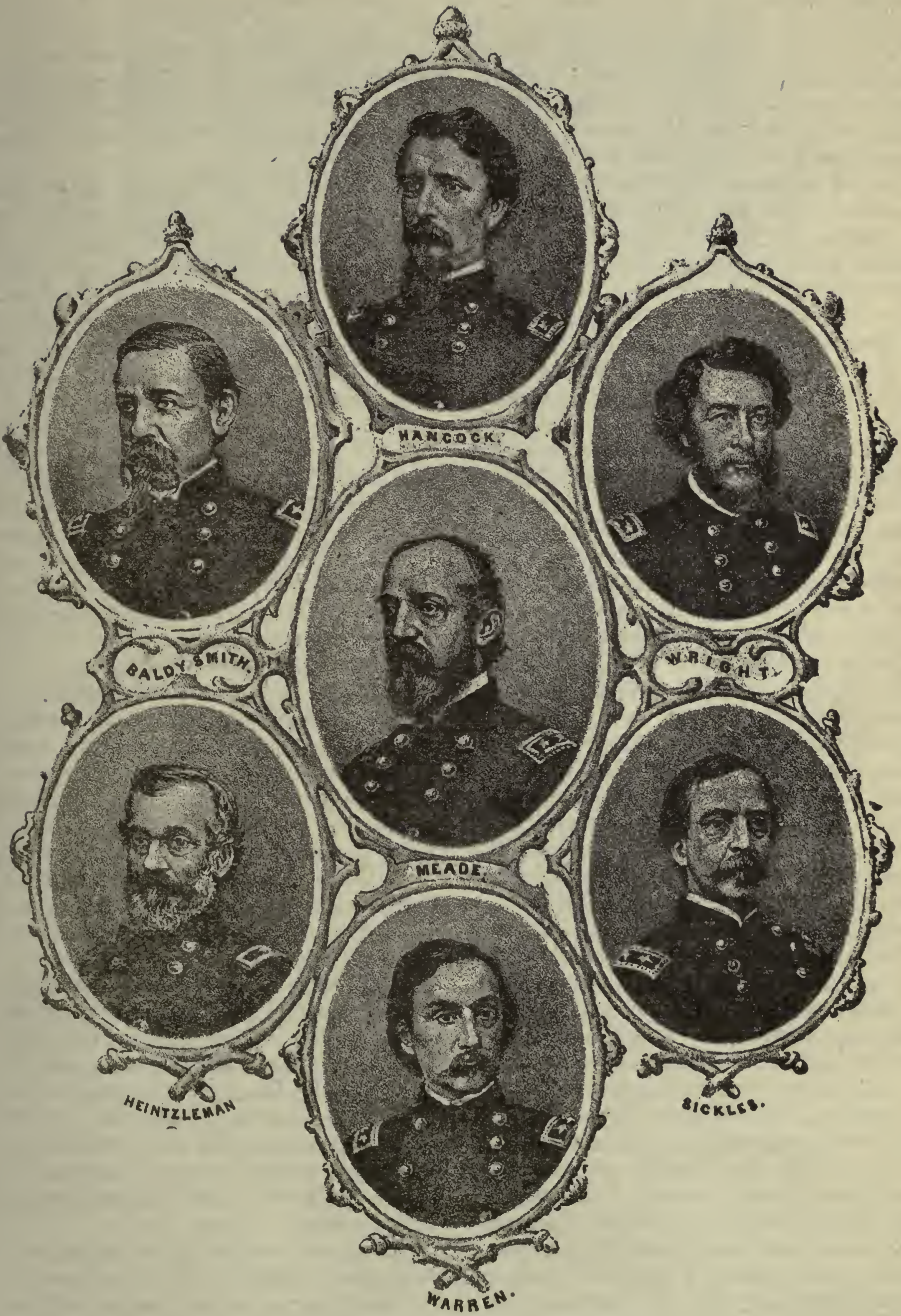
The enemy's position consisted of a low range of hills extending off to the southwest from Cemetery Hill to what was called Round Top Mountain, and on the right of it, confronting Johnson's division and my two brigades, was an elbow almost at right angles with the other part of the line, and terminating with the wooded hill or range of hills in Johnson's front, which extended beyond his left, the town of Gettysburg being located just in front of the salient angle at the elbow.

For some distance on the right of Gettysburg the ground in front of the line was open and ascended to the crest of the ridge by a gradual slope. On the left of the town, the ascent was very steep and rough, and this was much the strongest part of the line and the most difficult to approach.

The enemy had during the previous night and the fore part of this day strengthened their position by entrenchments.

Having been informed that the attack would begin on the enemy's left at four o'clock P. M., I directed General Gordon to move his brigade to the railroad on the left of the town, and take position on it in rear of Hays and Avery, Smith's brigade being left with General Stuart's cavalry to guard the York road. At or a little after four o'clock P. M., our guns on the right opened on the enemy's left, and those on the ridge in rear of Johnson's division opened on that part of the line confronting them, and a very heavy cannonading ensued. After this cannonading had continued for some time, the attack was begun by Longstreet on the right, two of whose divisions had only arrived, and during its progress I was ordered by General Ewell, a little before sunset, to advance to the assault of the hills in front of me as soon as Johnson should become engaged on my left, being informed at the same time that the attack would be general, Rodes advancing on my right and Hill's division on his right.

I ordered Hays and Avery to advance, as soon as Johnson was heard engaged, immediately up the hill in their front, and Gordon to advance to the position then occupied by them in order to support them. Before Johnson was heard fairly engaged it was after sunset, and Hays and Avery then moved forward on the low ridge in their front and across a hollow beyond to the base of the hill, while exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's batteries. They then commenced ascending the steep side of the hill in gallant style, going over fences and encountering bodies of infantry posted in front of the main line of the slope of the hill behind stone fences which they dislodged, and continuing their advance to the crest of the hill, when by a dash upon the enemy's works Hays' brigade and a portion of Hoke's succeeded in entering them and compelling the enemy to abandon his batteries.


HANCOCK.
BALDY SMITH.
WRIGHT.
MEADE.
HEINTZLEMAN
SICKLES.
WARREN.

A GROUP OF NORTHERN GENERALS

In the meantime Johnson was heavily engaged on the left, but no fire was heard on the right, Rodes' division had not advanced nor had the left division of Hill. Colonel Avery, commanding Hoke's brigade, had fallen mortally wounded near the crest of the hill, and the portion of the force that had engaged the enemy's works found itself unsupported, and paused for a moment, it being now nearly dark.

During the attack on the left of the enemy's line, a portion of his troops had been withdrawn from this part of the line, but that attack had now ceased and in a few minutes a heavy force in several lines was concentrated on Hays' brigade, and that part of Hoke's which had entered the enemy's works, and finding themselves unsupported and about to be overwhelmed by numbers, they were compelled to retire, which they did with comparatively slight loss, considered the nature of the ground, and the difficulties by which they were surrounded. Hoke's brigade fell back to the position from which it had advanced to bring off its wounded commander, and was then re-formed by Colonel Godwin of the Fifty-seventh North Carolina. Hays' brigade fell back to a position on the slope of the hill, where it remained for some time awaiting a further advance, and was then drawn back, bringing off four battle flags captured on Cemetery Hill. Gordon's brigade had advanced to the position from which the two brigades had moved, for the purpose of following up their attack when the divisions on the right moved, but finding that they did not advance, it was not ordered forward, as it would have been a useless sacrifice, but was retained as a support for the other brigades to fall back upon.

During the advance of my two brigades I had ascertained that Rodes was not advancing, and I rode to urge him forward. I found him getting his brigades into position so as to be ready to advance, but he informed me that there was no preparation to move on his right, and that General Lane, in command of Pender's division, on his immediate right, had sent him word that he had no orders to advance, which had delayed his own movement. He, however, expressed a readiness to go forward if I thought it proper, but by this time I had been informed that my two brigades were retiring, and I told him it was then too late. He did not advance, and the fighting for the day closed—Johnson's attack on the left having been ended by the darkness, leaving him in possession of part of the enemy's works in the woods.

Before light next morning Hays and Godwin, who had taken position on Gordon's left and right, respectively, were withdrawn to the rear and subsequently formed in line on the street first occupied by Hays, Gordon being left to hold the position in front. During the night, by directions of General Ewell, Smith was ordered to report by daylight next day to General Johnson on the left and did so. Longstreet, supported by a part of the right of Hill's corps, had been very heavily engaged with the enemy's left, in the afternoon of the second, gaining some advantages, and driving a part of the enemy's force from an advanced line, but at the close of the fight the enemy retained his main positions.

* * *

On the morning of the third, the enemy made an attack on Johnson to dislodge him from that part of the works which he had gained the morning before, and very heavy fighting ensued, continuing at intervals throughout the day, in which Smith's three regiments were engaged under General Johnson's orders, the enemy finally regaining his works. The rest of my command did not become at all engaged on this day.

On the right, Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps having arrived, the attack on the enemy was renewed in the afternoon after a very heavy cannonading of all parts of his line, and a very sanguinary fight ensued during which the enemy's line was penetrated by Pickett's division, but it was finally repulsed, as were the supporting forces, with very heavy loss on both sides.

This closed the fighting at the battle of Gettysburg. Meade retained his position on the heights, and our army held the position it had assumed for the attack, while both armies had sustained very heavy losses in killed and wounded, as well as prisoners.

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYDROBWYLLYNANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH
A small village near the Menai Straits, once a stronghold of the Druids

The Welsh in Two Worlds

by T. Owen Charles

THE remarkable career of David Lloyd-George in the affairs of Great Britain has revived a world-wide interest in the history of the Welsh people. Among America's adopted citizens no class has contributed more to the substantial development of the country than the sturdy men of Wales. The passing centuries have not changed the characteristics of the gallant race which was never conquered by any military power save the immortal Caesar, or by any religious power save the influence of St. Paul himself. The Eistedffod to be held in the United States, when a hundred thousand Welsh people will gather together, is the continuance of a similar gathering held in Britain by the Welsh people one thousand years before the birth of Christ, under the auspices of King of Briton Prydain Ab Aedd Mawr, and the same language will be spoken at the great musical festival at Pittsburgh as that of the ancient Druids. The traditions and language of the wilds of Briton ten centuries before the Christian era, preserved in modern America in the twentieth century, is an event that makes one feel additional reverence for the Welsh people and provides an event of modern times, through direct racial ascent which is not afforded by any other people of the earth.

Centuries ago it was predicted that Welsh would soon be a dead language, but today it is spoken by more people than at any time in its history, and during the past thirty years more Welsh literature has been published than in all the previous centuries. Holding tenaciously to their language and customs, this remarkable people previous to the time of Caesar held sway over all the British Isles. Their religion was Druidism, and they deified the sun, moon, stars, rivers and streams.

In the year 50 A.D. the Romans subdued the Welsh, and their king, Caradoc, was taken captive to Rome. Among those also taken before the Roman Emperor was a Welsh girl named Gwladys Gruffydd, who is referred to by Saint Paul in his first epistle to Timothy, 4 Chapter, 21 verse . . . as Claudia, the Latin for Gwladys, and who was the mother of Linus, the successor of Saint Peter as first Pope of Rome. At this time Saint Paul met and converted these Welsh captives and accompanied them to the British Isles, where he planted the early seed of Christianity.

Little Wales has proved the most warlike country of her size in the history of the world. Even the Romans were compelled to build walled towns and cities to protect their colonies from the onslaught of the unarmored Welsh, whose spearmen and archers flung themselves like lions on the legions of Rome and later on the steel-clad Norman cavalry. Many of these walled cities stand today just as completed by the Romans two thousand years ago, the most perfect being the ancient city of Chester, where hundreds walk daily around the entire city on the Roman walls, with the turrets and towers as they existed in the days of Julius Caesar.

CARNARVON CASTLE
Where the first Prince of Wales was born

The Romans withdrew A.D. 409, and from this time Britain was constantly at war with the Picts, Saxons, Danes and other invaders. Cunedda, their first king, after the withdrawal of the Romans, was harassed by internecine strife among the petty princes, which weakened the nation. In 601 the Welsh people revolted from the Church of Rome. The struggle continued until the reign of Henry VIII, when the Protestant religion was adopted. Later Wales forsook the established Church of England and became the bulwark of the Non-conformist sects.

PASS OF LLANBERIS
Where Owen Glendower routed the Saxon forces

In 779 the Saxons drove the Welsh into the mountainous regions of Wales, and a large dyke was built as the boundary of Wales, over which no Welshman was to pass under penalty of death, but the little country was constantly at war, either among its own tribes or arrayed together against a common enemy.

The Welsh were foremost in securing the Magna Charta, and Clause 56 reads as follows:

1. All Welshmen who have been dispossessed of their lands or liberties illegally are to be immediately reinstated. If any disputes arise regarding estates they shall be decided by march law in the marches, by English law in the English territory, and by Welsh law on Welsh soil.

2. Those who were dispossessed by the former Kings Henry II and Richard are to receive justice.

3. Llywelyn's son and all hostages from Wales are to be restored immediately and all charters are to be made secure.

After a lifelong struggle with the Welsh, Edward I of England sought to ascertain the cause of their constant rebellion and was informed that they would never be content until they had a prince of their own. The wily old monarch asked them if a prince born in Wales who could not speak a word of English would be satisfactory, and they received the offer with great enthusiasm, presuming that the king meant one of their own flesh and blood. His queen, about to give birth to a child, was hurried to the famous Caernarvon Castle, where six hundred years ago Edward II, the first Prince of Wales, was born. Thereupon King Edward, carrying the newly-born babe on the ramparts of the castle, announced to the multitude, "Here is your Prince, born in your own country, who knows no word of English, and who, I promise you, shall be reared by a Welsh foster-mother and shall learn your language. Accept you him as your Prince?"

A WELSH BEAUTY
Showing the type of costume worn on Sundays

In all the six centuries intervening the eldest son of the King of England has been invested and known as the Prince of Wales. Two years ago the present Prince of Wales and the future King of England was invested on the same spot as his predecessor six hundred years ago.

Thus England gained dominion over the Welsh warriors, not on the battlefield, but by policy and tact. The pacification, however, was not permanent, as the greatest warrior and probably the greatest statesman in the history of the race, Owen Glendower, in 1400, began the most formidable rebellion which Britain ever witnessed. Glendower and his fierce hosts ravaged and plundered the English borders, inflicting severe losses on the King's forces, terrorizing the entire country and paralyzing the monarchy. As a result, all Welshmen were banished from English soil and all trade between England and Wales was stopped by royal edict, the intention being to starve the Welsh into submission, since they could not be

A WELSH COTTAGE
For many centuries a slate roof was unknown in Wales

defeated on the battlefield. Glendower ruled the country, and Welsh customs and laws held sway. He was proclaimed as the Prince of Wales at a national assembly of the people, but his death ended the last rebellion of the Welsh, and the King caused the following laws to be published among the Welsh people in 1416:

1. They were forbidden to buy land near any town on the borders and could not be Burgesses. Towns therefore remain English. Further legislation prevented Welshmen from holding fairs or markets.

2. No Welshman could hold any office nor carry arms.

3. In suits between English and Welsh, the judge and jury were to be English.

A prophecy was made years ago that the crown of Great Britain would again revert to Wales, and this was fulfilled in a remarkable manner.

The Tudor dynasty began with Owen Tudor, Prince of North Wales. During the cruel and bitter War of the Roses he was the first to lay down his life for the Lancastrians. After being taken prisoner by the Yorkists, he was taken to Hereford to be executed. He could not believe that he would be put to death until he saw the axe and block, but when he found there was no pardon, he bravely bared his head for the executioner. His head was struck off and afterwards placed on the market cross. A mad woman combed his hair and washed away the blood from his face; then she brought one hundred lighted candles and set them above him in mockery.

Owen Tudor belonged to a noble family of North Wales and had sought his fortune on the battlefields of France. His grace and charm at court as well as valiant prowess in war had won him the love of Queen Catharine, the widow of King Henry IV. Owen and Catharine had a son, Edmond Tudor, who married the heiress of the Lancastrian kings. Henry Tudor, afterwards Henry IV, the first of the Tudor monarchs, was the son of this Edmond and was born in Pembroke, Wales. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the ancient bards that a Welsh Prince would, some day, sit on the throne of England. During his reign many of the old laws so unjust to Wales were abolished, among them the law that no Welshman was to speak in his own native language nor could hold any office in England or Wales unless he gave up his language and spoke the English tongue.

ABERYSTWYTH CASTLE
One of the Welsh fortresses rapidly falling into decay

Queen Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, repealed the last of these unjust laws, and ordered the Bible to be translated into Welsh so that the people might be able to worship in their own tongue.

Wales has furnished her religious martyrs. John Penry was arrested for preaching in Welsh and summoned to appear before Archbishop Whitgift and the Court of High Commission, when he refused to discontinue preaching in Welsh. He was beheaded in 1593, although only thirty-four years of age; his dying plea being that the gospel might be preached to his countrymen in their native tongue.

Until the last few decades Saxon tyranny was still felt in Wales. English judges, English parsons, English excise officers, English superintendents and English bosses filled every position of authority, and a Welshman was regarded as an inferior being. The Nationalist movement, however, resulted in a change at once revolutionary and startling. Where, forty years ago, no educational facilities were granted, there is now the best system of elementary education in the world; intermediate schools which cannot be surpassed, and three university colleges which are among the most renowned and most perfectly equipped in the educational world. This national movement is the result of the uprising of the people, and one of the results of this "New Wales" movement is the host of patriots of whom the Right Honorable David Lloyd George is the apostle.

Where Welshmen were rarely found in any position of honor or responsibility forty years ago, they now adorn the pulpit, the bar, the bench, the professions and are found among the captains of industry not only in Great Britain but in each of the five continents of the world. The soul of the "New Wales" movement is "Education," and it is splendidly exemplified in the following excerpt from an address on Welsh education by Mr. Lloyd George:

> "Every child will be taught at the outset of its career; it will have it engraved upon its young heart so deeply that the impression will not be worn away until it crumbles in the dust, this great lesson of the Master, that man shall not live by bread alone. We shall teach the children that there are principles eternal, outside, beyond, above the limited atmosphere of their daily lives, like a firmament to which they must lift their eyes if they would not be as the beasts in the field."

When the contest is over, Wales will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that she has been in the forefront of the peoples that have established forever in the British Constitution the principle that no man on British soil shall suffer any proscription at the hands of the State for any belief he honestly holds as to matters that pertain to his own conscience and salvation.

Thirty centuries and a great ocean intervene between the first great song-fest of the Welsh people of which we have record, and the great Eistedffod at Pittsburgh, a tie that also binds two worlds in tuneful sympathy. But Welsh patriotism has not failed to look beyond the grave, for when an English king was laying Wales waste with fire and sword he was one day talking with an ancient Welshman, who in calm and courteous tones said in effect: "Sire, the Welsh have been overcome by numbers many times . . . but I believe that at the last great day, when the quick and the dead are summoned before the judgment seat, that those then living in this land will answer to their names in the Welsh tongue"; and so it seems likely to be.

❧

MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD

The winsome little Star who toured the country for three seasons as "The Spring Maid," and is now making a success of her new play "Sweethearts"

An Intermission with Christie MacDonald

Behind the Scenes with "Sweethearts"

by Ann Randolph

IT is now several seasons since your town began to welcome Miss Christie MacDonald with the coming of spring. And why should they not, since she is the original "Spring Maid" herself? This year spring was merging into summer when the winsome little prima donna came for her annual visit, and "The Spring Maid" had been succeeded by her new play "Sweethearts"—a title appropriate for balmy June. The music for "Sweethearts" was written by Mr. Victor Herbert, and as someone has said, there is only one thing better than Victor Herbert's music—and that is the same when rendered by Christie MacDonald. Besides its musical beauty, "Sweethearts" has a prettily turned plot, presenting many interesting developments before the denouement. It is all about "Mother Goose" and her family of seven goslings, who answer to the rhythmic names of Lizette, Clairette, Babette, Jeanette, Toinette, Nanette—and Sylvia. Sylvia, be it known, is an adopted daughter—is in fact a real Princess in disguise—though she knows nothing of this, and works amiably enough every day beside her supposed sisters in Mother Goose's "Laundry of the White Geese."

During the first act Miss MacDonald, as Sylvia, is so busy on the stage that visitors hoping to have a word with her in the wings or anywhere in the back-stage are rewarded with only an occasional glimpse of her petticoat ruffles as she whisks back and forth between her songs and the conduct of her laundry duties. When the intermission comes, however, all roads lead to the star's dressing room, and even an interviewer cannot dull the spirit of good cheer, or scare away the army of friends and relatives (relatives is used advisedly, as will be divulged later) who follow in the train of Miss MacDonald. One is no sooner seated on the chintz-covered divan and basking in the sun of the charming lady's infectious smile, than insistent rappings begin to disturb the peace. The visitor proves to be a very delightful woman friend of Miss MacDonald's, who is cordially invited to come in. Miss MacDonald from her seat at the dressing-table proceeds to change her gown, arrange her hair, direct her maid and manage to be a polite hostess all at the same time. Then there is a broken ankle that has to be rested. Of course it seems impossible, but Miss MacDonald is really playing her part, with an ankle that is really broken. There is no doubt of the latter fact, though the owner of the ankle refused to believe it until after an X-ray examination. "I thought it was only a sprain," she laughed. "I don't suppose I ever should have walked on it had I realized it was *broken*. Doesn't that show what we can do when we don't know things?"

"Of course," she added, "it's been awfully hard to have to play with all my dances taken out, because they added so much to the part." And not a word about the pain of the broken ankle!

The subject of ankles naturally drifted into a discussion of feet and then of shoes, when the sound of footsteps in the corridor and a man-size knock announced another intruder—two, in fact. Perhaps it is hardly fair to suggest intrusion when referring to one whose photograph on the dressing-table gave him a sort of preeminence in the room. His identity was guessed before Miss MacDonald modestly introduced the fair-haired, blue-eyed young man as her husband. (Now in truth can the title "Behind the Scenes with Sweethearts" be defended!) With a friend, he had been watching the performance from the front of the house, and in the intermission came back to explain to his wife an undiscovered phase of their new automobile; to inquire how the troublesome ankle had stood the first act, which he heartily declared "never went better!" and presumably to have a few minutes' uninterrupted chat. However, both he and Miss MacDonald accepted conditions nobly, and the lead on shoes was merrily taken up by the gentlemen. They advanced several original and illuminating ideas on the subject, and everyone laughed so much that Miss MacDonald's trained ear was the only one to catch the signal—the second act was on!

Insisting that no one should lose the "men's chorus" which opens the scene and is her special delight, Miss MacDonald ushered the party out to the wings. The interviewer was the only favored one who remained in whispered conversation while she waited for her cue. What were the whisperings? "Do you believe in woman's suffrage?"—"Can actresses be happy though married?"—"Do you prefer English or American audiences?"—"How did you happen to go on the stage?" Oh, no, no, no, no! Who could have the heart to force a cross-question interview upon this captivating young person? Anyway, the subjects touched upon were far more momentous and varied in scope. Magazines, automobiles, babies, Europe, a common friend, a new play, luck—yes, it was luck that came up for a good word when ill-luck swooped down and bore away the smiling little lady in blue.

While the interviewer was carefully dodging around the scenery on the way out, the voice of Sylvia could be heard warbling the strains of "In the Convent They Never Taught Me That." Christie MacDonald's intermission was over.

A blessing on her and her winsome smile! And oh, that some of our cynics and pessimists might have a glimpse "behind the scenes with 'Sweethearts.' "

IN LOVERS LANE

By A. W. PEACH

THE crimson glow of eve drifts through the trees
  And low winds stir from sleep the dreaming pines;
A fairy way the valley brooklet seems,
  And sunset splendor dims where day declines.

Here is a seat beneath the favored tree
  Where through the long years loving hearts have spun
Out of the golden thread of dreams the days
  That were to be ere life and love were done.

What tales the old gray seat could tell of love,
  Of shy swift words, of meeting lips, of tears,
Of all the dreams and hopes of dauntless youth,
  Its brave defiance of the ruthless years.

But where are they who loved this twilight place—
  Their feet press not the winding grass-grown way,
Nor voices low tell o'er the story old,
  For lover's lane ends in life's common day.

Still winds move softly as in days gone by,
  And gray-shooned shadows gently group around;
The stars, the angels' ships, stream down the skies
  Upon their ancient, goalless journey bound.

Here someone may return in after years
  And dreaming think again he hears Her call,
And then remembering the change, reflect
  How soon on life the evening shadows fall.

The Life Memorial of J. Pierpont Morgan

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE most impressive monument to the memory of the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the world's master of finance, is engrossed in his testimony at the Pujo hearing. His last words to the public, given at this hearing, will immortalize him in the realm of business even as the Gettysburg address immortalized Lincoln in the hearts of his countrymen. When summing up a life-work unequalled in the history of finance, he established *character* as the basis of all credit, declaring: "The first thing is character—before money or anything else—for money cannot buy it." Even the matchless art collection which he gathered, like Napoleon, from all parts of the world—save that the Morgan treasures were not soiled with the bloody taint of Napoleon's trophies—is far transcended in value by the philosophy of the great leader as revealed at the Pujo hearing.

In the passing of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, a towering figure was removed from the activities of a notable business age. A leader in world affairs, without official status, appointive or elective, he retained a confidence held more firmly and longer than any man in public service.

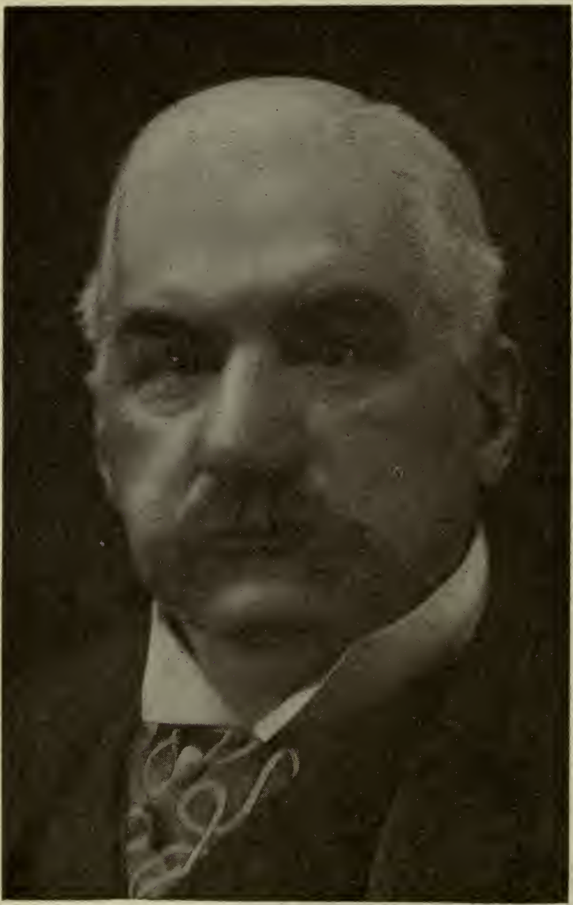
When Mr. Morgan brusquely stated during the hearing that he had loaned a million dollars to men who were not worth a cent because he had *faith in them*, and *knew they would pay it*, the business world awakened to a new comprehension of the value of character as a basis of business confidence and financial responsibility.

This was the basic motif of J. Pierpont Morgan's illustrious career. "Character," declared the great financier, "is the only gauge of a man in business; physical assets are of secondary importance." Toward the close of the second day on the witness stand, Mr. Morgan clearly presented a philosophy of business that fascinated his auditors by the very human manner in which he passed from the light to the serious elements in life. Mr. Morgan insisted that he did not know how a monopoly of money could be possible unless one man possessed all the confidence of all the people, and all the money all at one time. The frankness with which he told of his consolidation of wasteful competing lines, and of help given in time of financial distress, reflected his keen sense of patriotism. He had also a sensitive nature, and although a hard fighter with big men and big issues, yet he was deeply hurt when his high-minded motives were impugned in sneering attack and abuse.

The testimony throughout revealed how men act with subconscious judgment, and when at the various times the witness assured the quizzing attorney that he was keeping back nothing, and was ready to talk frankly of his life activities, those present realized why Mr. Morgan enjoyed such a far-reaching influence in the financial world. He was a man accustomed to handling millions the same as others handle dollars. Manipulation, he insisted, was always bad, and he said he never to his knowledge had sold "short" in his life, and did not approve of it. His business motto was vindicated when he said he would rather have combination than wasteful competition. He confessed to favoring legitimate competition, but believed co-operation essential and insisted that concentrated control was necessary before doing things; and that "without control you can do nothing."

The questions intimating that the financial power he wielded was absolute were met with an emphatic "No." When asked if he realized it, he responded with another "No," and insisted that when a man abuses his power with money or the control of money, he loses it. "All the money in Christendom," he declared, "and all the banks in Christendom could not control money if there was not confidence in individuals back of it all."

Although at that time nearly seventy-six years of age, Mr. Morgan remained for five hours on the witness stand, and apparently enjoyed the good-natured sallies as he elaborated his simple answers in the negative or affirmative. He did not face the ordeal with dread. At the beginning of the testimony he tossed his cane, coat and hat aside and took his place in a swivel chair, with two of his partners in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, Henry P. Davison and Thomas W. Lamont, near at hand. As they frequently leaned over to consult with him, one could imagine that the scene had shifted to No. 23 Wall Street, in a familiar conference behind the glass partition. Mr. Morgan's daughter, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, and his son, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., sat behind him. In the party also were former Ambassador to Great Britain, Honorable Joseph H. Choate, and former Senator John C. Spooner. Mr. Morgan moved his chair closer to the rostrum, insisting that his hearing was not as good as it used to be, and he wanted to assist in making the examination as thorough as possible. In some way he foresaw that in this testimony he was giving his "last testament" to the people.



THE LATE J. PIERPONT MORGAN

Portions of this testimony will remain a historic document in the records at Washington. The simplicity and directness of his answers sum up the story of an age of the greatest financial and industrial development the country has ever known.

The following excerpt outlines his conception of business credit:

"Is not credit based upon money?" asked the commission's attorney.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Morgan.

"It has no relation?"

"No, sir."

Then came this enlightening colloquy:

Q. So the banks of New York City would have the same credit, and, if you owned them, would have the same control of credit as if you had the money?

A. I know lots of men, business men, too, who can borrow any amount, whose credit is unquestioned.

Q. Is that not because it is believed they have the money back of them?

A. No, sir. It is because people believe in the man.

Q. And it is regardless of whether he has any financial backing at all?

A. He might not have anything. A man came into my office and I gave him a check for a million dollars, and I knew that he had not a cent in the world.

Q. There are not many of them?

A. Yes, a good many.

Q. That is not business?

A. Yes, unfortunately, it is. I do not think it good business, though.

Q. Commercial credits are based upon the possession of money or property?

A. No, sir. The first thing is character.

Q. Before money or property?

A. Before money or anything else. Money cannot buy it.

Q. So that a man with character, without anything at all behind it, can get all the credit he wants, and a man with the property cannot get it?

A. That is often the case.

Q. But that is the rule of business?

A. That is the rule of business, sir.

Q. If that is the rule of business, Mr. Morgan, why do the banks demand, the first thing they ask, a statement of what the man has got before they extend him credit?

A. That is a question which they go into, but the first thing they ask is, "I want to see your record."

Q. Yes, and if his record is a blank, the next thing is how much has he got?

A. People do not care, then.

Q. For instance, if he has government bonds or railroad bonds, and goes in to get credit, he gets it, and on the security of these bonds, does he not?

A. Yes.

Q. He does not get it on the face of his character, does he?

A. Yes, he gets it on his character.

Q. I see; then he might as well take the bonds home, had he not?

A. Because a man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom.

Q. That is the rule all over the world?

A. I think that is the fundamental basis of business.

The discussion of the so-called "money trust" was another interesting phase of the hearing.

Mr. H. P. Davison, who is a member of Mr. Morgan's firm, testified as to certain elaborate tables prepared by the committee, to show that a "group" of one hundred and eighty directors "controls" the assets of corporations, whose aggregate resources are twenty-five billions of dollars. Mr. Davison's statement indicated that no such "control" exists. No such deduction could be made even from the tables prepared, from the fact that of the total number of directorates in these particular corporations, this "group" represents only about one-quarter; and further that these men in order to exercise "control" must act and vote in every instance as a unit, although they come from different parts of the country and represent diverse and frequently conflicting interests. The assumption that outside of this group, the directors must be mere "dummies" with no voice or opinion of their own, and that they could be easily overruled by a minority, would not apply in any business. The sum of twenty-five billion dollars capital was not actual cash or liquid assets susceptible of manipulation or misuse by the directors. The great bulk of this enormous sum is not in streams of gold, but is irrevocably invested in the form of rights of way, rails, ties, equipment, factories, plants, tools, manufactured goods and other forms of corporate property necessary for carrying on the railroad

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Jr.
The son of the late king of finance

and industrial business of the country. The impression that these great resources are at the beck and call of a small group of men and that corporations are controlled by a minority of their various boards, Mr. Davison declared inconsistent with logical facts and conditions.

The fact that New York is the chief center of money and credit in this country, just as London is in England, and Paris in France, was pointed out, but it was also shown that the financial growth of New York could not possibly be due to any well-laid plans of any set of men. The accumulation of money is due purely to economic conditions, and to an imperfect system of banking, which has been known about for many years. Interior banks carry millions of dollars in deposit in New York, through the operation of the law in relation to cash reserves and secondary reserve, which is loaned on telegraphic demand in the form of call loans, amounting to millions. If this country possessed a scientific banking system like that of other civilized nations, interior banks would no longer be obliged to concentrate their "reserves" in New York but could loan the money at home. In 1900, New York City banks represented twenty-three per cent of the banking resources of the United States, but today they represent only a little more than eighteen per cent.

MR. THOMAS W. LAMONT
Another partner of the late Mr. Morgan

The consolidation of banking institutions in New York has been no less marked than in Boston, Chicago and other large cities and has taken place largely since the disastrous panic of 1907, when the weak features of the banking system were accentuated. The tremendous development of the country has increased financial units, and New York has adjusted itself to conditions the same as other localities. This consolidation, however, has not been so marked in America as in Europe. In Great Britain, including England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, there remain only one hundred and sixteen institutions; in all Germany less than five hundred; in France, according to the most complete record, only twenty-seven; while in the United States, notwithstanding these world-wide conditions of consolidation, there are more than twenty-five thousand distinct banking institutions. This of itself does not look like a money trust, and Mr. Morgan's last testimony clarified the situation. In London there are ten banks with resources in excess of two hundred million dollars each, in Paris four, in Berlin five, while in New York there are at present only three banking institutions of like proportions. The annual requirements of the railroads alone call for $2,500,000,000, and the important thing as outlined by Mr. Davison is to keep this country in the front rank among the nations of the world, with conditions adjusted to the tendency of co-operation among financial institutions, as in Germany, France and England.

Again and again through the testimony, the danger to business through financial ills and disturbances was pointed out by these experts of finance, and a more scientific banking and currency system urged. Co-operation with Congress, with the banks and business men, the people as depositors and all concerned, in perfecting some system that would obviate the possibility of panic and encourage a larger degree of confidence, was the one great dream of the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

The question of stock exchange speculation was of intense interest and will be dealt with separately, but the testimony of Mr. Morgan concerning the financiering of his various railroad enterprises was a subject on which Mr. Morgan testified with great clearness. His statements were especially interesting in the light of official reports from the western section of the French state railways, revealing a deficit of fourteen million dollars for the last fiscal year. Four years has shown an increase of three and one-half per cent in earnings and an increase in gross revenue of twenty-six million francs, but expenditure has increased more than seventy-two million, making an increase in deficit of more than fifty millions. It is not assumed that this is altogether due to government ownership, but it is surely due to some ownership or some management that is not as competent as that which preceded it, and the fallacy of mixing railroad operations and politics was shown by the way that people have made use of ballot manipulation in railway legislation. The railroad employees in France seem to have been running the government railroads to suit themselves, with dummy official managers to do their bidding. No one could conceive of the late J. P. Morgan at the head of any combination or organization permitting such proceedings to continue and remaining merely a dummy, because of shifting political winds.

MR. H. P. DAVISON
A member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company

As pointed out in a letter to the committee by Mr. Davison at the end of the hearing, the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company did all in their power to further the inquiry by Congress and took pains to furnish intimate details, placing at the disposal of the Pujo Committee all available information. This letter verified Mr.

Morgan's personal testimony on the witness stand, that the only permanent influence of financial leaders is due to the confidence of the public in their character and ability.

There is an old saying, "it is always darkest under the candlestick," and while the real significance of Mr. Morgan's testimony may not have been fully realized the country's widespread interest in his words forces the conclusion that another man of equal force and wealth put into his place could not maintain himself without the trust which for more than half a century was placed in J. Pierpont Morgan. This parallels the statement of Mr. George F. Baker, that prosperity could be maintained only by preserving good will.

The hearing cast aside the veil and satisfied the curiosity of those people who wanted to know who had stock here, there and everywhere. And now that the government and the people really know all about finance "on the inside," the revelations are not causing any great astonishment. The whole hearing remained only as a nine days' wonder, for as they say in England, no excitement ever lasts more than nine days in the United States.

But it was fortunate that at this hearing the facts were told by Mr. Morgan himself and his partners. Their frank and businesslike treatment of the matter gives at least the feeling that the country is progressing toward a better adjustment of affairs in the economic world. Amidst the sharp thrusts of newspaper criticism and grilling investigation, Mr. Morgan looked fearlessly into the future in his last days, with a supreme, optimistic faith in his country. A patriot to the last he stood ready and eager to assist Congress in its efforts to eliminate any impending danger and preserve the splendid achievements of the past. He sought to restore his health in travel but died among friends and relatives in a foreign land in the historic city by the Tiber. His life reflected the glory and permanence of the institutions of his native land, and he proved the breadth and scope of citizenship in a modern republic. The life career of J. P. Morgan stands out pre-eminent as the business genius of a great commercial era. Here was a man who rendered a service that may never be necessary again—a service that may always remain unique.

Aside from the gigantic force of his business genius, those who met him in person had a glimpse of J. Pierpont Morgan, the man. There was a tenderness and a lofty patriotism in his strong nature that his diffidence and brusqueness could not submerge. When Senator Mark Hanna died at the Arlington Hotel in Washington, Mr. Morgan came in to pay the last tribute of respect to his illustrious friend, as I was looking for the last time upon the face of the man to whom I owed so much. The fragrance of the great floral tributes filled the darkened room, and it seemed as if the silent lips must speak. Amid my tears I looked across the casket, and saw Mr. Morgan, his own eyes filled, as he reached out his hand to the still form, and said in broken tones, "Good-by, old man, good-bye. You've fought a hard fight." As we walked away, Mr. Morgan put his hand on my shoulder and said, "My boy, your friend and my friend—he was everybody's friend—was one of the great men of his time. He understood all kinds of human nature."

When I saw Mr. Morgan again it was behind the glass partition of his Wall Street office. He had just had a conference with Mr. James J. Hill, and they were joking about exchanging hats, the square-top, derby style that Mr. Morgan wore.

When his guest had gone, Mr. Morgan turned in his chair and looked out of the window on Broad Street at the throng passing by. He lit a big cigar and sat for some minutes reflecting. He had grappled with great problems that day, and it seemed as if the brief moments of meditation were given to that silent, unvoiced prayer that oftentimes passes through the busy office and workaday world, more devout and more truly spoken to the Creator than many repeated in church and sanctuary. There was a brief chat, then the strong, firm, business jaw came back into place as other visitors entered from behind the railing in the corner.

The opening lines of his will, in its simple confession of faith in Christ, is a revelation of the devout side of a character of which the world knew little, but a glimpse of which flashed upon those who met him.

THE GATUN Y. M. C. A. BASKET BALL TEAM

Peter's First Panama Letter

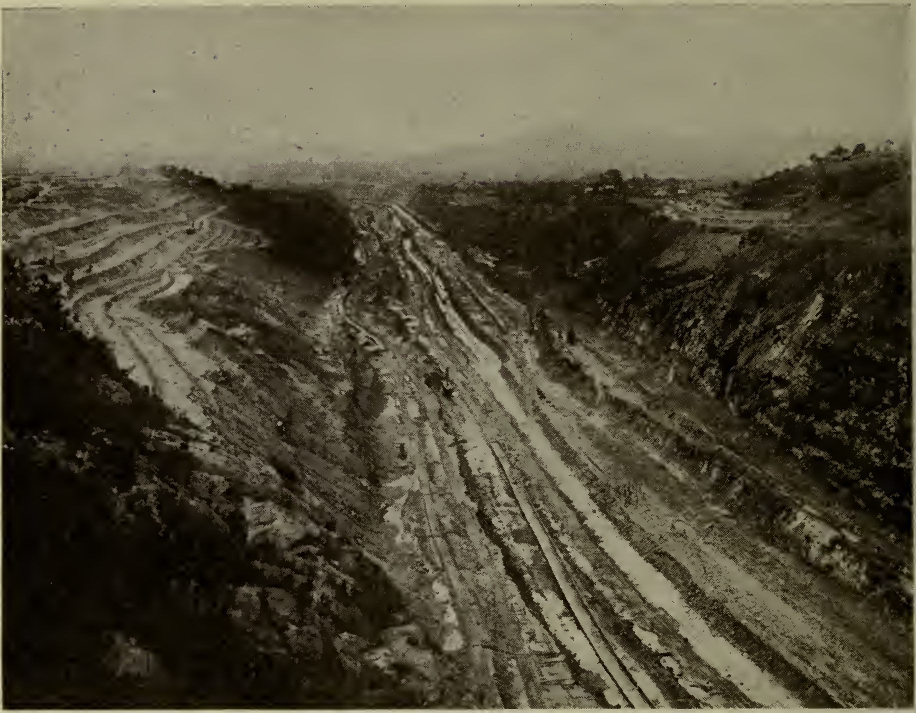
Being Impressions of Peter MacQueen after Ten Days in the Canal Zone

NOTE.—Mr. Peter MacQueen, known the world over as a famous globe-trotter, lecturer and traveler, will contribute a series of eight articles to the NATIONAL on South American countries. He recently arrived at Panama, and his first letter is a fitting overture to his series of articles; in fact, it is a "curtain raiser" of more than ordinary interest. The photographs which he secured and the letter which he wrote while under the spell of the great Canal project are published as an indication of what is to follow in a close, first-hand view of the transformation which this hemisphere is to experience upon the opening of the Canal.

HERE on the Zone I have been for ten days, going over the Canal from end to end. I have been at Christobal, the Atlantic entrance; at Gatun, the place of the great locks; in the jungle lands between; at Culebra Cut; at the Pacific end, the Miraflores and Miguel Locks, and Balboa-on-the-Sea.

The Canal Zone is the one big wonder of the world. There are not seven wonders in the world. There is only *one*. It is like a vast big workshop, fifty miles long, with fifty thousand horse and foot, all working like a clock. I talked with Goethals and Bishop (the latter Secretary of the Commission). No frills; all real; no phantasy, phantasmagoria or pipe dreams. Deadly real, all big broad gauge men of the daylight. There's no nonsense on this canal.

The big "Cucaracha slide" in Culebra in May could not be foreseen by any human ingenuity. All the world engineers believed it had stopped and then it started. Goethals is like the hero in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea"—he is fighting the abyss. Gigantic, mysterious unknown forces push against him. He struggles Finite against the Infinite; with bare hands, to finish the Canal, he must scale Olympus and wrench fire from Jove and the ancient secrets from the universe. No ordinary mind could grasp the Culebra Cut. For the first time since man has kept a record of events, man mingles with easy



CULEBRA CUT, SHOWING AT THE LEFT THE START OF THE CUCARACHA SLIDE OF MAY, 1913
Which ultimately was two million cubic yards of earth, and will delay opening of Canal from October 5, 1913, to December 31, 1913. Colonel Goethals told Mr. MacQueen that no human ingenuity or science could have foreseen this last slide, but that he was in no way disturbed by it and would have it under control by the end of May, 1913

familiarity on terms of intimacy with the Creator and becomes a geological agent. He hammers down the hills, lifts up the valleys and says to the sea: "Thus far." Oh, my soul, how I watch those dredges and steam shovels and crushers and plows and trains, and alembics and furnaces. This goes beyond Arabian nights.

Nor is man's power all that fascinates and awes the beholder here. For look at the Jungle and the big rains. Look at flowers on every side. See Nature in a summer that knows no decay of frost, work at her central laboratory and bring out forms that daze the traveler from the north, and make our northern forests a sterile desert by comparison. Ceiba trees, royal palms, arbol de fuego (fire trees), flowers brilliant and bizarre and every kind of blue and mottled splendor in the eternal springtime of the tropics. Butterflies eight inches from wing tip to wing tip. Grasshoppers as big as sparrows, hawks, buzzards, kites and the condor undazzled and sharing his empire with the sun and the air! Coiled in the grass the deadly serpent, couched in the forest the fierce puma and jaguar! This is a lost world fermenting. A steaming pot of primordial creation, gnarred and roasted and bent and twisted; a fecund garden wasted since the foundation of the world.

Hither comes the jaunty, undismayed, regardless American, incomparable mind of adaptability, and amid reeking shambles and death houses, in the midst of despairing fever and despoiling plague, lo, he builds him palaces, cools them with snow as of the Arctic, cleanses Nature's stables of Augea, swats fever, tramples plague, defies lightnings, earthquakes, volcanoes and devouring tides, and builds his Panama Canal in a Canal Zone more healthful than any city of his native land.

Here the tender and delicate American woman adapts herself to climatic conditions in a few years better than the Spanish senoras did in four hundred. Three

Y.M.C
BULLETI

A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE Y. M. C. A., GATUN, CANAL ZONE, AT NOON HOUR
In this group were steam shovelmen, locomotive engineers, structural iron workers, machinists, carpenters, civil engineers, sanitary inspectors, clerks, accountants, concrete foremen, etc.

thousand American women, fifteen hundred American children, and six thousand American men meet here and fraternize and build homes and bring up families, all as if it happened in Massachusetts or Iowa. I am more interested in human nature at the Zone than in the Gatun Locks. Two thousand young men are in the Y. M. C. A. Liquor will be banished out of the Zone July 1, 1913. Society here seems clean and fine, mixed with the sordid only so far as the sordid is in everything human. The Canal is the one imperishable monument of American genius.

"THIS, TOO, WILL PASS"

"THIS, too, will pass!" the Arab king
Engraved upon his signet ring;
And thus, through grief and joy, his heart
Dwelt, in eternal peace, apart.

—*Edna Dean Proctor*

In The FINANCIAL WATCH-TOWER

by

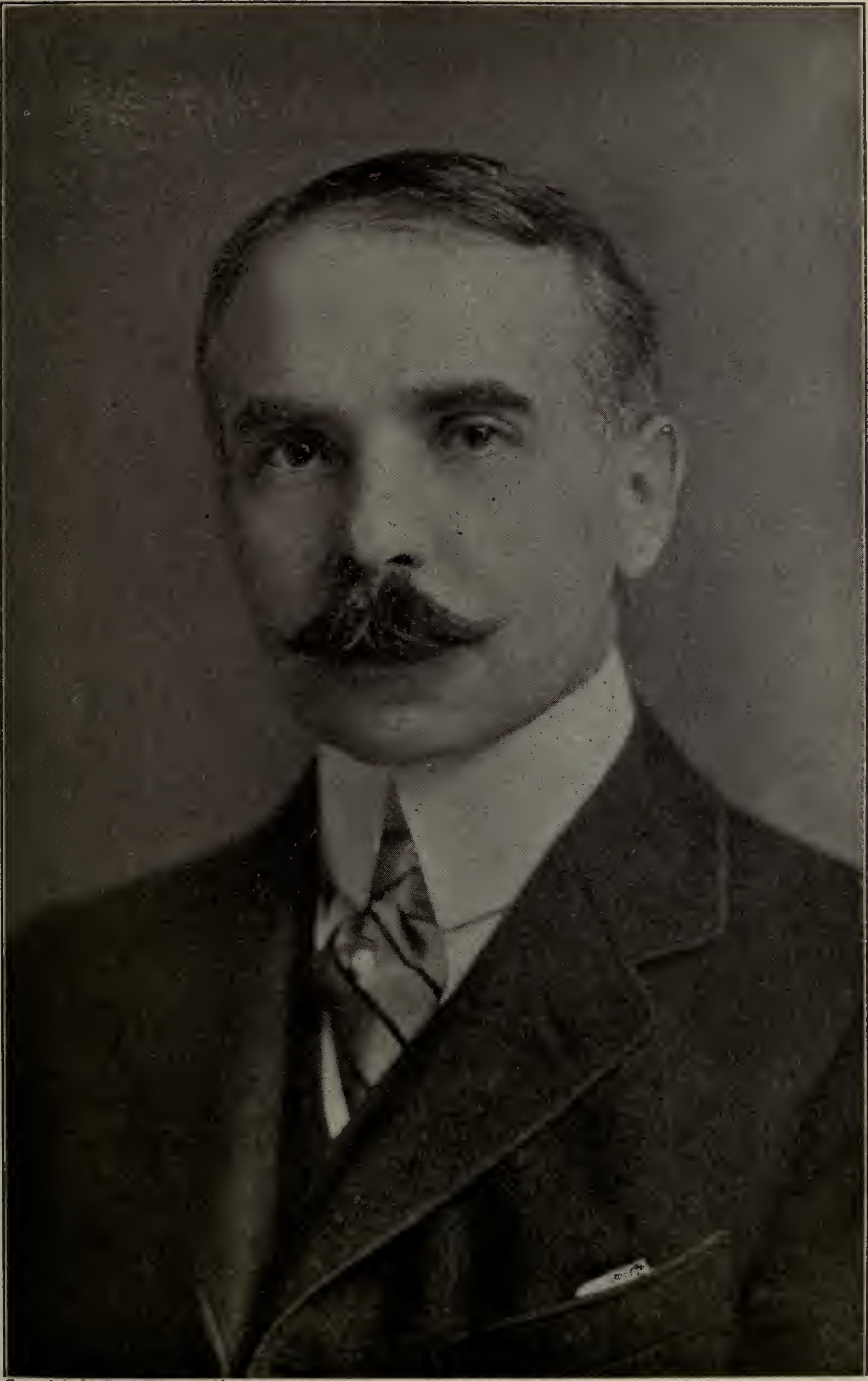
Bennett Chapple

THE world will probably never again see a single individual so powerful in the money market as the late J. Pierpont Morgan. In finance, as in politics and all else, the trend is toward a broadening field. The single leader is a thing of the past. Keeping step with the progress of the world, the financial phalanx moves forward captained by new groups of young leaders but generaled by only one—no longer an individual, but rather that indefinite, intangible, though all-powerful master of free institutions—public sentiment. The "good will" of finance is the good will of the people, and this important phase of industrial life has never been so broadly recognized as today.

Among this group of young leaders Mr. Otto Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company is one of the most widely known American financiers in Europe today. Although still in the "sunny forties," Mr. Kahn has established his standing as a patron of art and music in both continents, and has brought to his high position a quiet poise and simplicity that is the counterpart of a charming personality.

Comparatively little has been written concerning his rise in the field of finance. A member of a well-known family of bankers in Mannheim, Germany, he came to America in his young manhood and entered the employ of Speyer & Company, where he learned the rudiments of American banking methods. Later he married the daughter of Mr. Wolfe, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and soon after became a member of the firm. Old enough to have played a prominent part in the vast commercial reorganization of American institutions during the past decade, he is just on the threshold of his ultimate career. No phase of industrial life in America has escaped his wide experience. His visits to the West and South in the interests of the railroads with which his firm has been prominently connected have given him an intimate acquaintance with every section.

For years he represented his firm abroad and during his stay in England he was urged to stand for Parliament, but declined. He believes in the United States, and foresees the same wonderful development of the future to which J. Pierpont Morgan pinned his unalterable faith. While of widely different temperament from that of the late leader in finance because of his associations, Mr. Otto Kahn is carrying forward projects of national and international scope. There is no hurry or bustle or "lost motion," but as quietly and graciously as if only the simple courtesies of the day had been passed, men come and go with the feeling that they have conferred with one who has for many years been on the watch towers of



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MR. OTTO KAHN

With neither cynicism, bluster nor pretence, in an environment and with a temperament revealing strength combined with gentleness, Mr. Otto Kahn is every day making his position in the financial world more enduring and pronounced finance. A few minutes in his office make it difficult to realize that one is in the very center of what is pictured as the whirling maelstrom of the Wall Street district. While studying any proposition, he embodies one's idea of earnest concentration, but now and then a twinkle in the dark eyes indicates the "saving sense of humor." There is a democratic simplicity in the very atmosphere of his office that compels confidence, that one word which has meant so much in financial leadership. With neither cynicism, bluster nor pretence, in an environment and with a temperament revealing strength combined with gentleness, Mr. Otto Kahn is every day making his position in the financial world more enduring and pronounced.

SOME DAY

By WALTER G. DOTY

SOME day, when all my debts are paid,
When there is naught to worry me;
Some day when all the plans I've laid
So well turn out successfully;
Some day, some day I'll quit the strife
And rest and take some good of life.

That painting? Ay, 'tis passing fair;
Just now I've time for but a glance.
Ah, yes, 'tis good, the summer air;
I'd breathe it deep had I the chance.
Right well I'd love one day to waste,
But business calls, and I must haste."

* * * * *

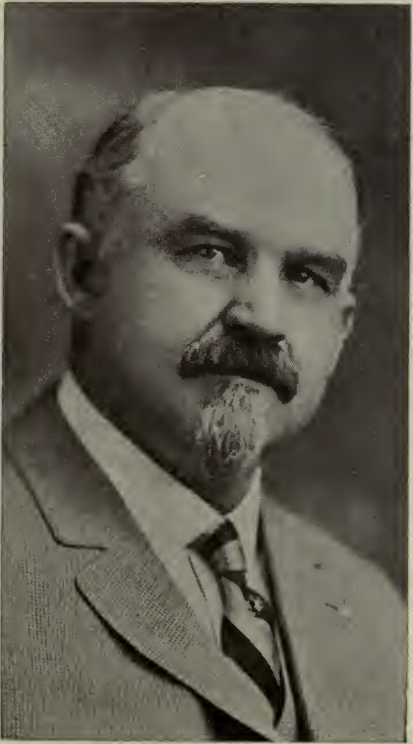
At last the well-made plans matured.
" 'Tis well," said he, "the time's at hand."
But lo, the scene that once allured
Was now to him but desert land,
And all the sunset's glowing dyes
Were dull to his unpracticed eyes.

"Deck all the house tonight," he said,
"And bid a merry party in.
Let laughter ring and dancers tread
Till all the walls resound the din.
Let every room be opened wide.
We'll play," he said—and, saying, died!

FLASHLIGHT of GLIMPSES CONGRESSMEN

by THE EDITOR

ONE of the few remaining Republicans in the Sixty-third Congress is Aaron Shenk Kreider of Annville, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Kreider has a Rooseveltian family of ten children, seven boys and three girls. He is one of the prominent shoe manufacturers of Pennsylvania, operating plants at Annville, Palmyra, Elizabethtown and Middletown. Widely known in the shoe trade, having been treasurer and now president of the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association of the United States, he is recognized among his colleagues as the beau ideal of an aggressive business man in Congress. He was educated in the public schools, and took a course in the Allentown Business College, which did much to develop the strong, practical personality of the man selected by his constituents to represent them in Congress. As a member and vice-president of the board of trustees of Lebanon Valley College, Mr. Kreider takes a keen interest in educational matters, which is quite natural to a fond father of ten bright children, and a Congressman who does things.



HON. A. S. KRIEDER
Congressman from the Eighteenth District, Pennsylvania. An all around business man of the practical type; the father of an admirable family of ten; a leader in educational improvements and industrial reform

It seems unfortunate that business men of the type of Mr. Kreider are not more in evidence and present in larger numbers in our halls of national legislation at a time when vital business matters are being settled with the framing of the new tariff bill. A man who can create a business and meet a payroll for twenty-five years or more is certainly qualified with the knowledge of what tends to business and industrial development, and these propositions still remain an important and interesting phase of national legislation.

BORN on a Michigan farm, William Henry Hinebaugh represents the Twelfth District of Illinois. He attended the Ypsilanti Normal School and then, like the President of the United States, he "taught school for several years." And these school-teaching years are all important in measuring up a public career. Admitted to the bar in Illinois, he was later elected County Judge for La Salle County, and was president of the State Association of County Judges for two years. He was formerly active as chairman of the Republican County Central Committee, but later joined the Progressive party and was nominated and elected to Congress. He is recognized by his constituents and associates as a clean-cut, courageous, high-minded man. Mr. Hinebaugh is a resident of Ottawa, Illinois, and a member of the law firm of Johnson & Hinebaugh. The judge is known as a regular "joiner," being a member of the Masons, Knights of Pythias, the I. O. O. F., and the Hamilton Club of Chicago and anything good that comes along. If there is anything that Judge Hinebaugh loves, next to campaigning, it is boating and automobiling.

HON. W. H. HINEBAUGH
Congressman from the Twelfth District of Illinois. Like the President, he "taught school for several years." A lawyer and a judge, but withal a "joiner"—in everything good that comes along

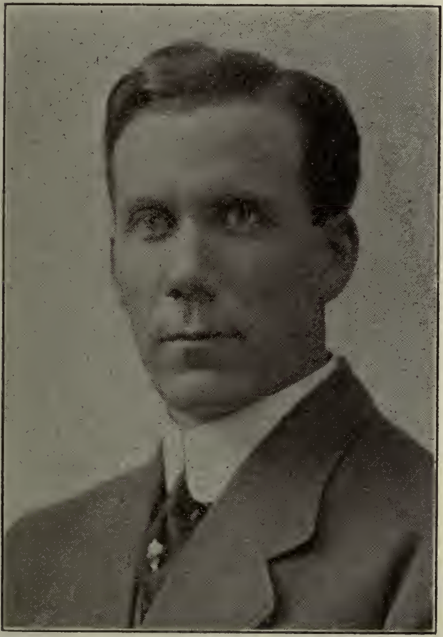
* * *

THE successor of Cyrus A. Sulloway, for many years the tallest man in Congress, is Eugene Elliot Reed, of Manchester, New Hampshire. He is a Democrat of long standing, having worked ardently and enthusiastically for the party in times of defeat, as well as of victory. He was born in Manchester and was for some years engaged in business with his brothers in one of the oldest contracting firms in that city. Later he served in the traffic department of the Boston & Maine Railroad as a dispatcher. His political career began in a modest way as alderman from Ward 10, but in 1902 he was elected mayor of the city and was re-elected four times, covering a period of eight years, notwithstanding the fact that the city was strongly Republican during all that time.

He is at present National Committeeman from New Hampshire, also National Congressional committeeman, and took an active part as delegate-at-large in the national Democratic conventions at Baltimore and Denver. He first sought the congressional election in 1910, when he opposed Hon. Cyrus A. Sulloway, who for sixteen years had represented the district in Congress, and although defeated in the first run, won handsomely in the second. Mr. Reed is very popular personally in his district, and his varied experience will serve him well in representing the Granite State.

* * *

AT the early age of seven, Robert Crosser, Congressman-at-large for Ohio, emigrated from Holytown, Lanarkshire, Scotland, to become an American citizen in the year 1881. He graduated from the Salineville High School in 1893 and later from Kenyon College. Like many other members of Congress he at first engaged in newspaper work, later graduating from the Cincinnati Law School with the degree of LL.B. He was a delegate to the Fourth Constitutional Convention of Ohio in 1912. He served one term in the Ohio legislature and became an enthusiastic supporter of Progressive principles and was elected Congressman-at-large on the Democratic ticket last June. He served as chairman of the Initiative and Referendum Committee in the Ohio Constitutional Convention, and is author of the initiative amendment to the state constitution. "Bob" Crosser is known as a man of thorough honesty of purpose and imbued with all the earnestness of his Scotch ancestors. He hits straight from the shoulder; direct legislation is his hobby; he was a close and active supporter of the late Tom Johnson in his memorable municipal campaign in Cleveland; and his work in Ohio has served him well in fitting him for his work in Congress.



HON. ROBERT CROSSER
Congressman-at-large from Ohio. He served in turn as newspaper man, lawyer and legislator. One of the late Tom Johnson's disciples

* * *

THRASHING a college professor may not help a young man running for Congress, but it did not keep him out in one instance, as the experience of Congressman Frank T. O'Hair, who succeeded "Uncle Joe" Cannon fully demonstrates. Almost twenty years ago O'Hair whipped an instructor in DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana, with neatness and despatch. As far as he can ascertain, the act never lost him any votes.

The trouble between O'Hair and the professor arose, of course, over a girl. She was a brilliant student who had won several prizes, but in the final examination of her senior year she became "stumped" on a question. Then the gallant congressman-to-be came to her rescue. The professor saw the note pass between them, reported the incident, and both lost their diplomas.

HON. EUGENE E. REED
Representative from the First District, New Hampshire. A Manchester business man who was mayor of his city for eight years. In the recent Congressional campaign he had the honor of defeating the picturesque "Cy" Sulloway

The girl wept, and, while her brother stood by and cheered, O'Hair pummeled the professor. Later the girl and O'Hair told the trustees, convened in their annual meeting, what they thought of the management of the school, spurned the proffered diplomas, and left the building.

The incident typifies O'Hair. When he

thinks he is right—he fights, if necessary. He is slow to anger, but when started fights to a finish. So he has proved at the bar and in his campaign.

Friends put O'Hair in the race against former Speaker Cannon, and Clint C. Tilton, editor of the *Danville Press Democrat,* published O'Hair's announcement without his consent. He protested vigorously and tried to withdraw. Then it was urged he should let his name stand for the party's sake.

HON. FRANK O'HAIR
Representing the Eighteenth District, Illinois. The successor of Uncle Joe Cannon. A fighter when stirred to action, otherwise peaceable and popular with the home-folks. A lawyer by profession; a good roads enthusiast

"Very well, it shall stand," he replied. "But don't expect me to go around making speeches and asking for an office."

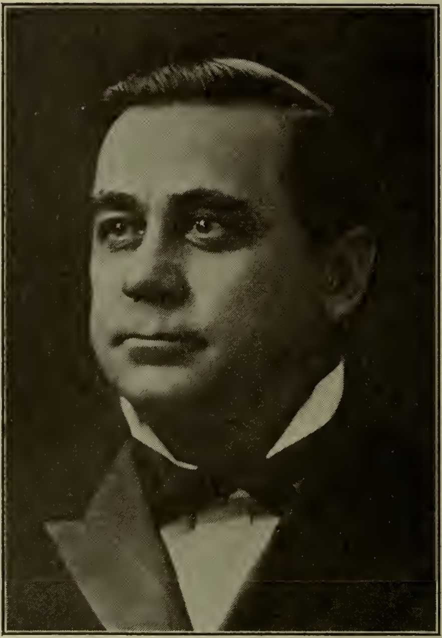
He left for New England on an automobile trip to study good roads and rest. What the Democrats back home said about him would have stirred a wooden Indian to action.

"We are sold out!" they wailed. "What a shame that man of ours is afraid to make a race against Cannon."

When O'Hair heard this, his Irish blood was aroused and returning home he set out on a six weeks' campaign that made a new page in the history of Illinois politics.

Democrats in his district were without funds, and in many places without organization. The feeling against them was bitter in some sections. At Catlin, Illinois, the village band, which was hired to play at an O'Hair meeting, "struck" because his political beliefs did not harmonize. Most of the meetings were held outdoors. O'Hair spoke and Tilton passed out campaign cards.

No promises were made. O'Hair said he was a progressive Democrat and would do his best if elected. That was all. He did not mention his opponent's name throughout the campaign, but this was not due to any personal feeling.



HON. DANIEL E. GARRETT
Congressman-at-large from Texas. A Tennessee man whose abilities were quickly appreciated when he migrated to Texas in 1905. A successful lawyer, an experienced legislator, a man with a strong personal following

O'Hair is six feet in height and weighs more than two hundred pounds; he is forty-three years old. He studied law for seven years before that rough and tumble episode with the professor. After that he returned to Paris, his native city, and began to practise law. Good roads are his hobby and fox hunting his recreation. He owns several horses and a pack of hounds, but is not the fox-killing kind of a hunter. The love of the chase attracts him to the sport, and he finds the office-seeker's chase an exhilarating diversion of Congressional life.

* * *

TEXAS is not only a great state, but the men of Texas are playing an important part in the present administration, because the Postmaster-General comes from that state, and through this department every town, village and hamlet in the country is affected. Houston is a great Texas city, and from Houston hails Daniel E. Garrett, Congressman.

HON. W. R. OGLESBY
Congressman from the Twenty-fourth District, New York. A Kentuckian by birth and education; a lawyer; a veteran of the Spanish-American War.

Born in 1869 in Robertson County, Tennessee, Congressman Garrett is a product of her public schools and a successful lawyer. His first political successes landed him in the legislature of Tennessee, where he served in both the Upper and Lower House. He removed to Texas in 1905, and was elected to the Sixty-third Congress from the state of Texas at large last November. Few Congressmen come to Washington with a wider range of state legislative experience. His friends insist that the very fact that he registes froom Houston is enough to indicate that he has the aggressive and progressive spirit of that pushing metropolis of the Gulf States.

HON. FRANK L. DERSHEM
Representing the Seventeenth District, Pennsylvania. A "Knight of the Grip" whose career as a Congressman will be watched by a legion of his brethren from coast to coast

* * *

KENTUCKY, the grand old state of blue grass, gallant men, pretty girls, blooded horses, and old Bourbon, furnishes Westchester County, New York, with her present Congressman. The district of Hon. W. R. Oglesby includes Yonkers and Mount Vernon. Like many of his colleagues in fulfilling historic qualifications as a Congressman, Mr. Oglesby is a lawyer. He attended the Kentucky Wesleyan College and the Illinois Wesleyan University. He lives at Mohegan Heights, Yonkers, on the historic Hudson. As a private in the Seventy-first regiment New York Volunteers throughout the Spanish-American War in 1898, he has a war record, which is becoming a rare distinction among Congressmen of the present time as the soldiers of the Civil War pass into retirement. Like many other members of the present Congress, he also won his first political spurs as a member of the State Legislature of the Empire State. He succeeds Hon. John E. Andrews.

HON. WARREN WORTH BAILEY
Representing the Nineteenth District, Pennsylvania. A Single Tax enthusiast; an active associate of the late Father McGlynn and Tom L. Johnson. A versatile writer who knows the newspaper business from beginning to end

* * *

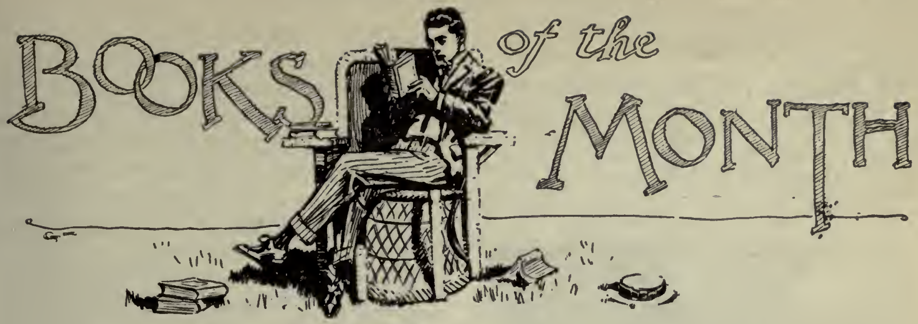
ONE of the few commercial traveling men elected to Congress is Frank L. Dershem of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. He was born in White Deer township, Union County, Pennsylvania, and educated in common schools; but a course in a business college in Philadelphia he counts as one of the important preparatory incidents of his career. He knows what it is to work on a farm, to clerk in a general store and talk politics to the customers as they come in, and how to get right at the original American thought at first hand. In 1888 he was postmaster at Kelly Point, Pennsylvania, and was manager of a general store for three years. As traveling salesman in the wholesale hardware business, he has a wide range of acquaintances, and even if he did sell hammers, he does not "knock." Mr. Dershem is a trustee of Albright College, Myerstown, Pennsylvania, and began his political career as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. He lives in one of the beautiful old towns of Pennsylvania, is a "hail fellow well met" Knight of the Grip, and has more than a passing acquaintance with his neighbors and constituents far and wide.

* * *

ONE of the veterans of the Single Tax movement in Congress is Warren Worth Bailey of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. His work in the cause of the Single Tax dates back to Henry George himself, and he was actively interested with the late Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, Thomas G. Shearman, Tom L. Johnson and many others.

For five years he was president of the Single Tax Club in Chicago. He published the first regular newspaper in the world devoted to Single Tax at Vincennes, Indiana, and has never lost enthusiasm in fighting the cause along the same line ever since. He is enthusiastic in his belief that the success of the Single Tax regime is on its way and is almost here.

He has been intimately associated with Mr. Joseph Fels and other leaders in the movement, and is bringing to his work in Congress the same earnest enthusiasm and devotion to his work that has characterized his career in years past. A thorough student, versatile writer and ready speaker, he will see to it that the cause of Single Tax has some representation in the Congressional Record—one more newspaper man on the roll call.



BOOKS of the MONTH

ONCE in a while one comes upon a character in the flood-tide of modern novels which brings before the mind that depth of girlish beauty, love, purity and natural grace which once charmed us in Undine's Virginia, Browning's Pippa, and a very few like characters, who could learn to feel and return love's passion without being artificial, exacting, or foolishly jealous.

When we find such a maiden

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet."

we realize once more that

"God is in heaven
All's right with the world."

Such a character is Joyful Heatherby in Payne Erskine's latest story, *the orphaned granddaughter of a dear, kindly New England couple who have grown old in love together and found the joy, aid and comfort of their last years together in their granddaughter's cheery companionship and loving ministrations.

For neighbors they have old Somers, a cankered miserly farmer, his eldest son Nathaniel and a younger son Jack, who wastes his money, abilities and time at college until he is expelled, and comes home for a few days before going to sea. He is in love with Joyful, who cares for both of the brothers as dear friends, but will not be betrothed to Jack.

Mark Thorn, an artist with original genius, is engaged to Louise Parsons, a Boston precieuse, whose fads were ever changing, but whose real desires were for wealth, position and fashionable display. Stung by her reproaches, Thorn leaves for his summer vacation without any definite destination, and gets off his train near the little hamlet and haven where he meets Joyful Heatherby and her relatives and neighbors.

Charmed by her purity, grace, simplicity and strangely wise comments on life and literature, and without making love to her, he incites Jack Somers' jealousy to such an extent that he is murderously assaulted and left for dead.

Nursed back to life and strength, and with many charming sketches for future studio work, he returns to Boston, to find immediate success, but to lose his betrothed to a millionaire, who knows no limit to his desires if able to gratify them.

Joyful loses her protectors and comes to the city to earn a living. Here she falls into the clutches of a wicked woman, but is fortunately rescued by Thorn, who places Joyful in the care of a good woman, but evil gossip and mistrust of Thorn cause still further unhappiness until at last the sky is cleared, and all ends as it should do.

THE LADY DOC *

The prominent though undesirable character who gives the title to a new and clever novel by Caroline Lockhart

* * *

AN ancient belief in the "wraith," "Sinlaeca," or "Astral Body" is by no means extinct at the present day, and has to some extent figured in the machinery of modern plays and novels.

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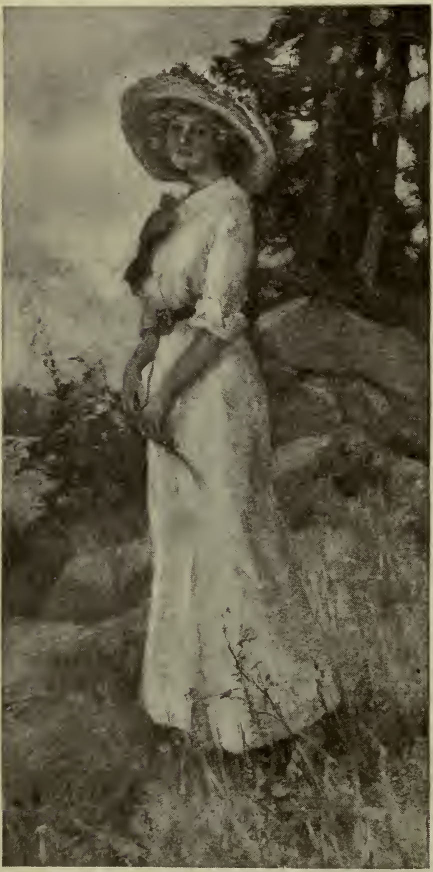
* "Joyful Heatherby." By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.35 net.

* "The Lady Doc." By Caroline Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

In "The Maiden Manifest"* Della Campbell MacLeod tells of Billy Rutledge striding homeward after a night of watching an exhausting bicycle contest at Madison Square Gardens, and being suddenly attracted by the dainty fluffiness of a gown of blue silk and lace hanging in the show window of a dimly-lighted dye-house.



THE MAIDEN MANIFEST
The winsome but mysterious young person who brings romance and adventure into the life of Mr. Billy Rutledge, the hero of Della Campbell MacLeod's new story.

It appears to sway toward him as he inspects it and as he continues his walk, strangely seems to have escaped from the window and to precede him some fifty feet in advance and now induing the body of a fair girl with bronze ringlets and little pink sea-shells of ears, whose face, however, he can never see, gaze as he will until just before he reaches his apartments the vision or waking dream vanishes.

The next day its memory still lingers, and when next evening he passes the show window suggestions of the individuality of the wearer seem to endow it with a strange charm. Tiny feet in dainty suede slippers with rhinestone buckles, and a scanty display of silk-covered, well-turned ankles seem too real to be fancies, but are as fleeting as a sick man's visions. He reaches home, but later sees standing by the open fireplace the blue dress and its apparently living occupant, "The Lady of His Dreams."

The story of the strange interview, in which all the conversation is on the part of "Billy," is well told, as is that of a second appearance in a quiet nook of his club parlors, but he learns nothing of the name, nationality or residence of his strange visitant, and goes South on a visit to his brother on the old home plantation, where he arrives to find that a fellow traveler, somewhat suggesting the girl of the blue dress, is a friend of his brother's wife, a Miss Cissy Dalrymple, and a most charming personage. After some degree of friendship and companionship has been attained, however, Miss Dalrymple becomes engaged to the Governor of the state.

Billy, although still devoted to his shadowy visitant, is strangely sick at heart and is booked to go West at once, when Cissy Dalrymple descends the great staircase clad in the very blue dress that he had seen in New York. He believes her to be still only a vision, but finds her not only a living reality, but also very much in love with him.

With only two hours to spare, Billy procures a marriage license, arranges for an express train to stop at the humble way station, is married by the bishop, and is off on his headlong drive to the train that is to bear them to their home in the great West. The story is sympathetically and effectively told and illustrated.

* * *

MULTITUDINOUS as have been the stories about the Civil War, comparatively few have dealt with the section of Maryland in which four men out of five at the beginning of the struggle were for the Confederacy, and the remaining twenty per cent were Unionists or noncombatants suspected and parried by both factions.

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* "The Maiden Manifest." By Della Campbell MacLeod. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.30 net.

John Luther Long, author of "Madame Butterfly," "The Fox-Woman," etc., in his latest novel "War,"* tells the tale of an honest farmer, a widower with two splendid sons, Jonathan and David, who for a long time attempted to keep out of the struggle, a very difficult matter especially for David, who was studying at William and Mary College at Lexington, Virginia, where the Vonners for several generations had sent such of their boys as had chosen learning instead of farming the old homestead.

Henry Vonner, an uncle married to a widowed lady with one daughter in Virginia, had been killed in South Carolina, and the death of his wife left Evelyn, his step-daughter, no choice except the ready hospitality of the Vonners. Southern in every sense of the word, full of that supreme devotion to the Lost Cause which actuated so many of the Southern women with an impulse never before exceeded by any people, unless one credits the accounts given of the spirit of Spartan women—the beautiful Evelyn brought into the Vonner family the two-edged sword of a lovely person and a very frenzy of desire to avenge her stepfather and save the Confederacy.

Before David's return she attracts the love of Jonathan and plots with a Confederate rebel under the name of Lucas Mallory signalling by lights and cryptogram messages. Jonathan falls deeply in love with her, but when Dave, fleeing for his life, returns home, Evelyn falls in love with him at first sight, and tries to retire from her awkward position as a spy, but in vain. Jonathan and his father enlist in the Union army; Evelyn, wounded by the latter while disguised in a Southern uniform, confesses her troubles to Jonathan and is overheard by David, who disappears that night to join the Southern army under the name of Lucas Mallory, the spy. The father loses an arm at Chancellorsville and returns home. Jonathan on his way North to join Meade at Gettysburg is attacked by a body of cavalry under the command of David Vonner, who is defeated and unhorsed, but kills Jonathan in the hour of victory. David disappears again, overcome with grief and horror, and the father and Evelyn live to old age, waiting in vain for David to return home.

MR. JOHN LUTHER LONG
The author of "War" a novel dealing with the Civil War and the struggle in Maryland

THE immense changes in the distribution of wealth and the concentrated control of finance, business and manufactures with the immense and unchecked immigration of a much more illiterate and undesirable class of potential citizens from Southern Europe and Asia Minor cannot but awaken serious apprehension as to the continuance of that virile, independent, intelligent popular sentiment which founded and preserved the republic.

In his "Coup D'Etat"* Jacques L. Morgan chronicles the success of two western prospectors, who discover the Oxshoe gold mine and accumulated millions, until the profit of Messrs. Wharton and Holladay attracted the hostile attention of certain prominent and avaricious citizens, first of whom in wealth and influence was President Hardacre of the Consolidated Cement Company, whose purpose it had become to avert the impending danger of a legal prosecution of his monopoly by a well-laid plot to kidnap the newly-elected Democratic president, declare his office vacant, secure passage of a bill by Congress extending the term of the presidency for life, and using millions of money to secure its satisfaction by the states, establish a new ruler, who should be in effect a king.

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* "War." By John Luther Long. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.30 net.

* "The Coup D'Etat." By Jacques L. Morgan. Illustrated by H. L. Grout. New York City: R. F. Fenno & Co. Price, net, $1.25.

The plot succeeds well at first. President Farlow is kidnapped and imprisoned in a wilderness section of Arkansas; the Oxshoe mine is attached through the courts, and shut down. Congress passes the life-term bill as proposed; a business depression was ordered and retrenchments were the order of the day. The panic was increased until the people in most of the cities feared actual starvation; martial law was proclaimed, the Democratic vice-president resigned his position as successor to the abducted Farlow, and the great plot to change the republic to a monarchial form of government needed only the ratification of two-thirds of the states.

MR. WILL IRWIN
The versatile author and newspaper man whose novel "The Red Button"* was as remarkable for its character drawing as for its power as a detective story. Mr. Irwin is the brother of Mr. Wallace Irwin, also a successful author

The election was held and bribery and corruption did their work, but the needed two-thirds' vote failed to materialize.

Meanwhile Holladay, the senior partner of the Oxshoe mine, had found and rescued President Farlow, got him secretly into Washington, and of course utterly defeated the "Coup D'Etat." A love story runs like a thread of gold through the main record of financial and political intrigue, but the real story ends as Joel Hardacre, the richest plutocrat of his day, says to his trusted lieutenant:

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* "The Red Button." By Will Irwin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price, $1.30.

"It seems that the movement was started too soon, David, too soon."

"But the time will come, Joel," replied Montgomery.

"Yes," agreed the old man. "The time will come. We may not live to see it, but the time will come."

* * *

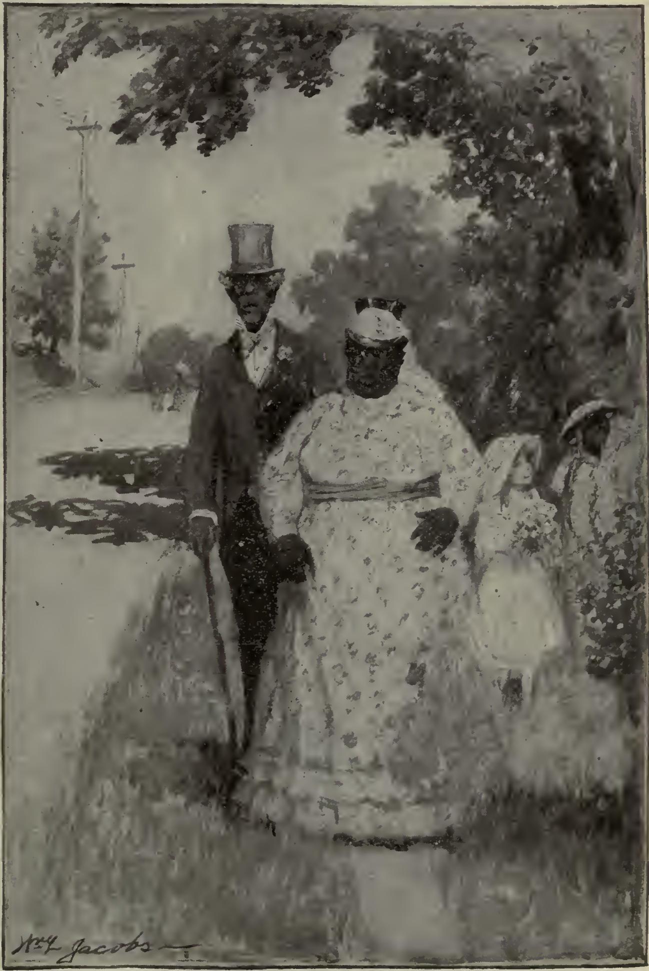
MODERN conditions of law and love making and devious ways of people of different types furnish the basis of "The Parasite,"* a novel which is unique in more than one respect.

The action surrounds the family of Judge Randall, who is divorced, but retains control of his boy. An aunt in whose care the little fellow is placed desires the judge to marry a coquette who is described as "a splendid animal," but a poor young woman who has a real affection for the child wins the respect of the father, and he proposes to her. He wants a "wife in name only," but after many intricacies and difficulties and the death of the first Mrs. Randall, the couple find that they are mutually and happily married, and in love with each other.

* * *

A SCHOONER, the Nancy Hanks, is cursed with some mysterious thing aboard which causes two crews—and almost a third—to disappear as though into thin air. About this situation is woven "The Face of Air."*

The Aurora, a sailing ship with contraband bound for Venezuela, puts a prize crew in the Nancy Hanks from which the original navigators have vanished. They in turn drop mysteriously out of existence, and finally a third party is sent aboard in which are two who insist on seeing the mystery through.



OLD PLANTATION DAYS

A scene from "Mis' Beauty"† a charming and simple story of Southern life by Miss Helen S. Woodruff, herself a daughter of the plantation

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* "The Parasite." By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

* "The Face of Air." By George L. Knapp. New York: John Lane Company. Price, $1.00.

† "Mis' Beauty." By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price, $1.00 net.

The author wastes no time in digression, and the action is unusually rapid throughout. However the ending is somewhat weak, the writer having forced a somewhat vague and apparently improbable scientific fact which does not quite carry conviction.

* * *

THE ten sea stories in Mr. Barry's "Sea Yarns"* carry the reader anywhere from Australia to the North Atlantic, east and west. The sea will forever furnish the stage setting for most strange and pulse-jumping episodes, and the lover of salt water is doubly fortunate on this account if at the same time he enjoys a tale of hair-lifting mystery and quick action.

Among "Sea Yarns" is a story of a young gold miner in Australia being marooned in the shaft by his partner without means of escape while the latter made off with the fruits of their joint labor to parts unknown. After a few days of torture he is released by a passing caravan and at once sets out to hunt up his late partner, but his search is fruitless and many hard years pass without opportunity of vengeance. At last, however, he finds his man and is planning on a suitable revenge when the elements take a hand and settle the matter. The book is a fitting addition to Lippincott's excellent library of marine subjects.

* * *

THE moral and civic lessons embodied in the plot of Mr. Charles M. Sheldon's "A Builder of Ships"† add to its interest as a work of fiction, and are evidently founded largely on actual and recent tragedies and instances of modern life. The honesty and sterling courage with which Brander Cushing, the great naval contractor, honestly confesses himself guilty of criminal negligence for not providing fire escapes within the time allowed by law, and the manly way in which he takes his punishment, works out his ambition and redeems his character among men will prove an inspiration to every reader of true manliness and womanhood.

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* "Sea Yarns." By J. A. Barry. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

† "A Builder of Ships." By Charles M. Sheldon. New York: The George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.20.

* * *

CORAH'S School Chums"* is another of the school of English stories for boys and girls which are coming into the American market under our enlarged copyright laws. It is the story of two English young men who start a sheep farm in South Africa, and of two pretty schoolgirls who also come out from England to live and learn in the new African dominion.

It will introduce American boys and girls into a new field of experience and adventure, and is very attractive in its buff and blue illuminated dress.

* * *

A NICE little book for boys interested in the American navy is William G. Steven's "'Pewee' Clinton Plebe."† It is the story of an undersized and rather overpetted boy, who goes to the Annapolis Academy and finds that he must bear much horseplay and practical joking as well as severe discipline and exacting tutelage. Little Clinton stands the test, and comes out of the ordeal a favorite in his class and with his preceptors.

* * *

HOW some English boys organized "The Toolhouse Club,"‡ got together, repaired and sharpened tools, procured materials and turned the gardener's tool-shed into a tasteful den and busy work-room, in which they practiced modeling, carving, making electrical apparatus, making a phantascope, and building a big canoe, were successively taken up, enjoyed, and creditably accomplished, making up a good boy's book, by Jacques Reindorp, illustrated by J. P. Rodney.

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* "Corah's School Chums." By May Baldwin. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

† " 'Pewee' Clinton Plebe." By William C. Stevens. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

‡ "The Toolhouse Club." By Jacques Reindorp. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.50 net.

New Blood

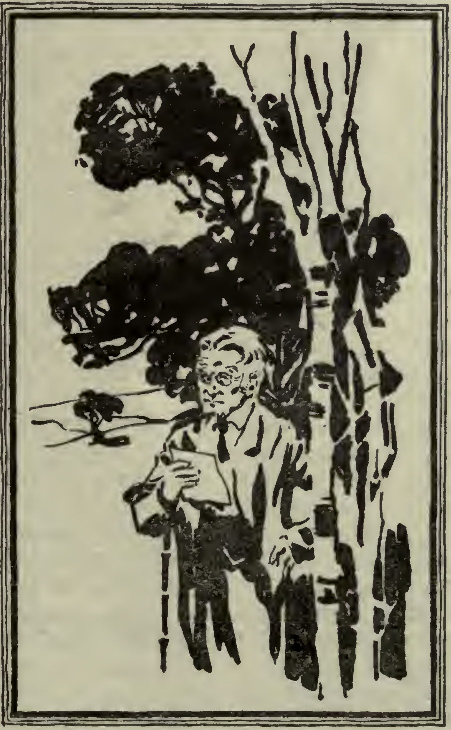
Letters of a Man Growing Old

by Norton Campbell

CHICAGO, June 8, 1907.

Dear Jim: I resolved on my way home, Jim, that I would write you as soon as I got here. But you know I am seldom away from the office, and I can't leave—even for a day—that they don't stop everything (I verily believe they do!) and wait for me to come back. Anyway, the work was waiting for me—stacked mountain high—and I have been at it, like a dog gnawing a bone, ever since.

But I don't mind. That day with you was well bought at a year's hard labor. I'm glad you're going to be at the Home; we can see each other oftener. You spoke, you remember, of my coming there to live. Please don't think I took the suggestion unkindly. I didn't, and I didn't mean to cut you short, either. The truth is you took me by surprise, and I was afraid of offending you. You know Jim, you and I are different. You are happy at the Home, perfectly happy and contented—I could see that. But I am sure that I never could be happy there. It's a difference in temperaments. You were always for the cloister, and I for the crowd.



You were always for the cloister and I for the crowd

I love the crowd. It's a rabble, I know, a vulgar, selfish rabble; but it's a mighty thing, and it fascinates me. I couldn't quit work if I wanted to. I feel sometimes as if this business were mine. I sickened of it once, eight or ten years ago, and started out for myself—you remember that. Let's see, how long did it last? Three months, wasn't it? Well, it cured me anyway. Since then this has been my business.

That makes me think; did I tell you, Jim, that I have a little interest in the business now? I bought a dozen shares from Mr. Strong this spring. It should be a fairly good investment, the business is growing so. The fact is, Jim, things are getting to a point where Mr. Strong needs me badly, needs my experience, I mean. We're beginning to reach out for business like a real octopus. Oh, you need not smile at this. I'm alive yet, alive and chock full of day's works. You should see me—at sixty-three, mind you—treading on the heels of these young sprouts we're putting on.

After all this turmoil, shouldn't I be lonesome in that peaceful old city of yours? Should I ever, I wonder, get accustomed to the unearthly quiet of the place? I enjoyed my visit with you, Jim, every minute of it; but, upon my soul, the rest of it depressed me a little. Do you remember the little procession that went over the hill just at evening? And the hymn they sang as they laid him away—do you remember that? I do. Not the words, but the tune—it was the same my mother used to sing to the words of Tom Moore's "Come Rest In This Bosom." I hadn't heard it in years. Don't laugh, Jim; that sort of thing would use me up in a little while.

But don't worry about me; I'm going to be taken care of. Mr. Strong is working on some kind of a pension scheme for the benefit of employees. I don't know the details, only that, if it goes through, I shall be eligible for retirement in another year or so. But I sha'n't retire. I shall keep right on. I'm a poor mechanic; I believe in running a machine full speed till it stops, till it just won't run any longer—this machine, anyway.

Your comrade,
John Winter.

P. S.—I want you to run up and visit us before long. Elsie keeps the old house running beautifully—I don't see how the child does it. I think I told you she is to be married at Christmas time.

September 12, 1908.

Dear Jim: This is the first time in months that I have been able to spare time from my work to write a letter. The reason I want to tell you right now. We've been "absorbed." Yes, sir; swallowed by the octopus, scalp, hide and tail. I'd had a notion for a long time that it was coming. The International is picking up all the little concerns here in the yards, one after another. Mr. Strong was dickering with them all last fall, and on the first of the year we went over. And, say, it seemed as if from the very first day business began to pick up. Sales, profits, everything went sky-rocketing. I'm beginning to think it isn't such a bad thing after all, this being the octopus.

I wish you could drop in here for a moment. You wouldn't know it for the same place. Your old cronies, Wilson, Weatherbee, Lee, are all gone. No more checker playing at noon. I'm about the last of the pioneers, I and old Meeker. Of course Mr. Strong is here, but I seldom see anything of him any more. He's still president, but he's changed lately. He isn't the same jolly, off-hand fellow he used to be, by a good deal. We've got a new office manager, too; a young fellow named Finch, sent over by the International to reorganize us. A curious chap, he is; I can't quite get him sized up. But, on the whole, I think he's sound at bottom. And work—he throws off work like a steam shovel.

One thing we're doing is getting in a lot of green college boys. That's an idea of Finch's. "Getting in new blood," he calls it. They're a great lot, clean, clear-headed fellows that sop up new ideas like milk. Of course they're cocky and impudent, but, as Finch said the other day, in business nowadays the big-head is a positive advantage. I like the boys. I like to work with them. One can just see them grow from day to day. They're crude, and they blunder ridiculously at times, but, say—there's no use talking—they have force, overwhelming force. It's in their "new blood" that Finch talks so much about. They get the choicest of the opportunities; that's right, too, I suppose—the best grain to the growing colts.

There's a good deal of complaining, especially among the older men. And it does hit pretty hard at times—I don't deny. But pshaw! What's the use? Why be jealous of these boys? We all had youth in our day, and now that it must go, I say make it a joyous leave-taking. That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to play this new game in the new way just as long as I can. When I'm done, why, I'm done, that's all.

But, say, Jim, what wouldn't you give to be forty years younger, eh? There are big things to do today. By the way, a week from today is the anniversary of Chickamauga. And, when you stop to think of it, we did some big things in our day, when our blood was new, some pretty big things, didn't we, Jim? There's Chickamauga—they can't take that away from us.

Elsie is married—it'll be a year at Christmas time. They're living in a little suburb on the west side. They asked me to go with them, but I didn't; I wanted them to be alone, for a while anyway. And besides, I couldn't bear to think of giving up the old house where Maria and I lived so long and so happily, and where Elsie was born. So I still live there, and take my meals at a boarding house nearby.

I am beginning to think you're never going to pay me that visit.

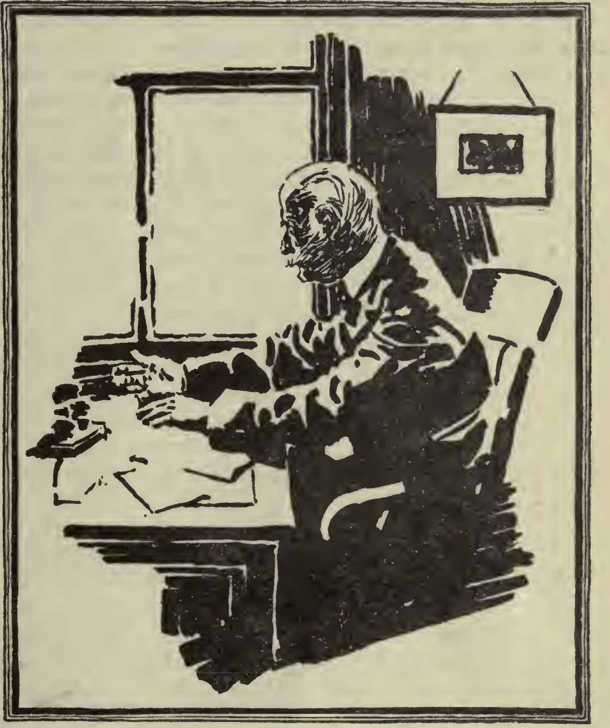
J. W.

May 21, 1910.

Dear Jim: When I write to you I like to write as I feel. This is a gloomy morning with me, one of those mornings when a man feels a strange tightening of things about the heart, when he goes about his business all day with a vague feeling of apprehension and dread. I don't know why this should be. Things with me are just about as they have been for months past, only—and, after all, I suspect that this is all there is to it—only that each day I have seen myself drift a little further from the swift current, a little nearer to quiet waters.

I haven't done a thing the whole morning long. There is nothing for me to do. Taking it all around, the business has become incomprehensible to me. A year ago we had twelve men on the books; every one busy as a bee. Now we have a room full of machinery, and no end of "system." And somehow—I can't for the life of me understand it—four little girls keep the whole thing running.

Finch did it. First he put in a young woman with an adding machine, and the things that little woman and that machine could do were amazing. Four men were out of a job in less than a week. Then came a hundred other "short cuts," as Finch calls them. The latest is some kind of an electric accounting machine. It's complicated; I can't understand it, much less explain it. There are thousands of little cards with little holes punched in them, and it seems that these little holes are capable of telling us everything about the business that we shall ever want to know. Anyway, seven of the old men are gone, and three girls are in their places, and Finch tells me it was nothing under the sun but the little holes that did it.


They'll be talking over my case some of these days. I don't want to wait for that. I'm eligible for a pension from the company

I hear nothing from morning till night now but "efficiency," "economy," "results," "the constructive faculty." Finch is continually lecturing me about the "scientific" way of doing this or that. Sometimes I wonder if it isn't all nonsense; if it isn't just a matter of giving a big name to a perfectly simple thing. But then I think of the little holes.

I've about made up my mind I ought to quit. I'm past sixty-five, too old to make a new start, even, or not quite even, with younger men. These boys are hard competitors. Of the old crowd, I'm the only one that's left now. It's a month today that Meeker left. Poor Meeker; he was about used up. I went to Finch and tried to say a good word for the old fellow. No use. More talk about "new blood," more about "maintaining the efficiency of the personnel." So Meeker went.

They'll be talking over my case some of these days. I don't want to wait for that. I'm eligible now for a pension from the company. The dividends on my stock will add a little to that. Then I might rent the house; it's a good deal run down, but it could be fixed up. Putting all these trifles together, I should be able to manage respectably, and perhaps I could get a little something to do outside. I'm thinking pretty seriously about this.

Elsie and George still live out of town. They were in last Sunday and took dinner with me at my boarding house. I don't think Elsie liked it very well. She didn't say anything, but she spent the remainder of the day urging me to come and live with them. I don't see what's the matter with Elsie. She's as cheerful as ever, and she's happy—I know that. But she doesn't look at all well. I'm worried about her.

J. W.

October 30, 1910.

Dear Jim: Here I have been sitting again, for a whole day, with nothing to do but wait on Finch. I sit out in his anteroom. I've no regular position now. I'm on "special work." That means I sit here and work myself up into such a state of nervousness that when Finch rings the buzzer it sounds like a Gatling gun salute. "Here, check that footing," or "figure those percentages. Right away, please; I'm going at four o'clock." That's an average day's work with me. You know, Jim, that can't last long. I can see that I come pretty near to being superfluous. According to Finch's system of terminology, I'm "dead wood."

And the thing of it is—there is work to be done—plenty of it. Go out into the main office and watch the men. They work as if a seven-year famine were imminent. I sit and wonder, sometimes, what has come over them all. They are under a spell. There is a kind of desperation in their method, a kind of tormented look in every eye. They are fear-stricken. Don't ask me whom they fear. It isn't Finch. It isn't Mr. Strong. Indeed, it seems, sometimes, as if they, too, were a little touched by the fear. What is it? I don't know, but I'm beginning to doubt if this octopus is altogether a fabulous monster.

I would have quit before this, but my affairs didn't straighten out as I had expected. A few weeks ago I made some inquiries about my stock; I wanted to know what I could depend on. I hadn't paid much attention to it. That was careless of me, of course, but I didn't think anything *could* happen to it. Well, it seems that when the International took us over, something did happen. I don't know what; something about financing the "parent" corporation. But, whatever it was, it knocked the bottom out of our stock. Today, my little holdings are worth less than half what I paid Mr. Strong for them. And I'm the only one who was caught. Everyone else quietly sold out before he went over, even Mr. Strong. I spoke to him about it. He seemed mighty sorry about my case. "Why, yes," said he, "I sold. No particular reason, except that the effect of these consolidations is always uncertain. I had a good offer and I let it go." Oh, what's the use of talking about it? I lost; that's all. It was my own fault. I was speculating.

Had another little set-back, too. Do you remember the time twelve years ago when I broke away from Mr. Strong and went to buying here in the Yards for myself? I had almost forgotten it. The pension clerk tells me that constitutes a "break in the continuity of service." The twenty-seven years of service before that don't count now. So goes my pension. It seems too bad. I was away in all just three months; I looked it up in my diary

I'm ashamed to keep hanging on here They would be glad to be decently rid of me, and—Heaven knows—the time's come when I want to go. I've stayed on too long even now. I have become embittered: I feel it, and I'm ashamed of it. But I can't help it. "Youth must be served"; that's the law, that's fundamental in God's economy. Just the same, it seems to me wantonly, damnably unjust.

J. W

P. S.—There is but one bit of good news. I'm to have a grandchild.

December 1, 1910.

Jim: Don't send any more letters to the International. At last I'm out; just a word to let you know. I quit last week. We're all back in the old home, Elsie, George and I. I think we're going to manage pretty well. Elsie is a wonder at getting along. She's rented the front chamber to a couple of nice young men for six dollars a week. They're first-rate company. I'm up on the third floor where Elsie used to have her play-room. Some of her little trinkets are around there yet.

I walked over through the Yards yesterday, past the International. It made me lonesome, lonesome for a job. That isn't like me, is it? J. W.

March 2, 1911.

Dear Jim: Jim, I'm coming with you. I must. Elsie's baby has come, and poor Elsie is just up after a long illness. They've had to let the young men go, and they've had to hire a maid. Elsie is very kind, and her husband is very patient, but I can see plainly that I am a burden to them.

Tell me what I must do to get in down there. Don't worry, now. I'm not going to be a kill-joy. I haven't lost courage or confidence. I'm an optimist at bottom, you know. I believe as truly as ever that the "judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

It was a good deal of a struggle for me—to give up. I guess I didn't play the man. They took my bone away from me before I'd finished, and I guess I growled a good deal. But now I am myself again. Now I am ready to go on, in the ways of peace and quiet, to be sure, but blithely, until the end, until I shall hear "Come Rest In This Bosom" blown over the hills to me.

J. W.

LOCUST BLOSSOM TIME

IN locust blossom time the birds
Forget the narrow bounds of day,
And link their songs to whispered words
Beneath the shimmering milky way.
And all the air is honey-sweet,
And the morn of love is in her prime,
The glad hours speed on shining feet
In locust blossom time.

In locust blossom time, the bees
Go drunk with nectar all day long,
And those prim quakeresses, the trees,
Are brave with bridal wreath and song.
The clover and the bluegrass kiss,
And Summer weaves a golden rhyme,
Ah! Just to be alive is bliss
In locust blossom time.

Sweetheart, upon the city street,
The southern wind shall plead for me,
And waken memories old and sweet
Mid alien lights that shine on thee,
Love is of Life the better part,
And Love and Life are at their prime,
Come back, come back to me, sweetheart,
In locust blossom time.

—*Eleanor Duncan Wood.*

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By George Ethelbert Walsh

(*Continued*)

SYNOPSIS—James Everard, an eccentric old man living alone, is found dead in bed after the visit of a one-armed stranger. Suspicion of foul play is not proved, and it is supposed he died of fright. His nephew, Allen Halliwell, attends the funeral. At the cemetery four evil-looking men, under the pretext of friendship for the deceased, attempt to search the coffin. That night in the house a beautiful woman burglar is caught ransacking the old man's desk. Halliwell, struck by her beauty, lets her have the papers she is looking for. In his city home Halliwell is attacked by the four men at midnight, and but for the timely appearance of the woman again he would have been killed. She refuses to disclose her identity, but gives her name as Una Ruthven. Halliwell's valet is attacked. In the confusion Miss Ruthven disappears. She later sends word to Halliwell asking him to go on a long voyage to help her. He meets her at the pier and is rowed out to a yacht in the river, and they sail away. Halliwell finds that the crew consists of the four men. His presence aboard is unknown to them, and he occupies half the cabin with Una Ruthven, who now tells him her story. Her real name is Patricia Shelton, and her father and James Everard had been rivals for her mother's hand. After a fight on an uncharted island, where they had gone to seek treasure, Everard stole Una—or Patricia—then an infant, and marooned her parents. He was overtaken by shipwreck and the crew dispersed. None had a chart of the island save Everard, who dropped completely out of sight until found by Blacky at the opening of the story. Thus Una obtained the chart from Halliwell in order to find her parents on the island, while Blacky and his crew are seeking the treasure. Halliwell's presence on board the yacht is not discovered until Blacky attempts to make love to Patricia. The men fight until both are exhausted.

CHAPTER XVII

HALLIWELL slowly regained his wasted strength and clearness of vision. The terrific combat with the giant leader of the expedition had strained him to the point of complete physical and mental exhaustion.

It had been a fair fight with all the odds against him. Heavier by a hundred pounds than Halliwell, and possessed of enormous strength and girth of arms and body, Blacky was a man to be feared among a million. With his fist he could stun an ox at a single blow, or with his great muscular hands crush out the life of a wild animal.

In his quick rush to Patricia's assistance, when her cry for help had reached his ears, Halliwell had given no thought of the one-sidedness of the battle. He might have felled the giant from behind with a weapon and saved himself all the fearful struggle; but he had not thought of that. His one mad desire was to get hold of the man who was threatening the woman he loved. The pent-up emotions of the past few hours were given a natural channel to express themselves.

He now looked around at the evidences of the conflict—broken furniture, torn draperies, scratched woodwork, and various small articles scattered about the floor. Patricia, with a face as white as marble, was gathering up the dismantled furniture. He watched her mechanically as one in a dream.

Suddenly outside there was a moan and a slight disturbance. Blacky was recovering from the effect of the blow on his head. Patricia stopped and listened, her eyes strained and wide open.

A few moments later they could hear Blacky stagger to his feet. A round of terrible curses escaped his lips. Like a maddened bull he hurled himself against the cabin door and beat a series of violent blows on it with his fists and feet; but the door was of solid hardwood, and reinforced by the inside barricade, it easily resisted the attacks.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Patricia, terrified.

"If he breaks through, he'll get this," replied Halliwell, coolly picking up his pistol.

Copyright by George Ethelbert Walsh

"But the others will help him."

"Then we'll welcome them with a gun fire that will make them open their eyes."

The girl seemed unconvinced, and still shuddered at the demonstration outside. Other voices and footsteps could be heard, which added to the confusion on the other side of the door.

Halliwell armed himself with two weapons, and stationing himself a few feet back of the door he began a rapid fire at the panels. The steel-jacketed bullets tore their way through the panels and sent the men scurrying back. Some of them found lodgement in the wood and others pricked the assailants enough to warn them that they were seriously imperilling their lives.

Then came a responsive fusillade. Halliwell withdrew from the direct range of the bullets and pulled Patricia with him. The stout panels of the door, however, were too thick to permit of any effective gun fire.

The men withdrew after a short time and held a consultation on deck. For the present they were balked. They were clearly at a disadvantage in the fight so long as Halliwell was well armed and had several inches of solid wall to protect him.

"What will they do now?" Patricia asked.

"Try to starve us out, I suppose."

Patricia instinctively examined their small store of food. There was barely enough in the cabin to keep them for twenty-four hours.

"They'll attempt to cut our water off first," Halliwell surmised. "Suppose we anticipate them by laying in a supply."

The running water in the cabin was furnished by gravity from a water tank above. Halliwell proceeded to fill pitchers, bowls, cups and pans to overflowing with the precious liquid.

"There," he exulted, "I think that will prepare us for a ten days' siege. Now if we had plenty of food we could defy them. I don't think they can break in here for some time. Besides they won't risk their precious lives even if they could batter down the door. I could pick them off singly in the narrow space."

Slowly Patricia began to regain her self-control under the inspiration of his words and actions. She busied herself in storing the water away and then took account of their food supply.

"Barely enough for two good dinners," she said finally with a smile.

"That means four dinners on half rations."

"But there's breakfast and supper to consider."

"We'll cut out the supper. Two meals a day is healthier than three, the physicians tell us, and some recommend one meal a day. I've always wanted to try it. I think I'll begin now."

"If Mango had only—" Then she stopped and added, "Where is Mango? What will become of him?"

Halliwell shook his head.

"They won't kill or seriously injure him," he replied. "They will need his services as cook. Mango is really not so badly off as we are."

"Poor Mango! If there was any way of smuggling food to us he would do it."

"Yes, but Mango couldn't do that without risking his life. I don't suppose we can expect any help from that quarter. No, we must work out our own problem."

Halliwell felt far less hopeful over their prospects than his words indicated, but he did not want to alarm Patricia. The food supply worried him. Without provisions they could not keep up the siege indefinitely. He was sure that the men realized it, and had abandoned their attempt to break into the cabin on this account. There was no reason for hurrying; the prisoners could not escape, and eventually they would have to emerge from their prison or die of starvation.

Even Blacky's rage at his defeat must have been cooled by this thought, for he no longer threatened them from without. A guard was placed at the door to see that Halliwell did not attempt to escape, but otherwise everything was as normal, apparently, as before the disturbance.

There was still a possibility that the men were planning some coup which would take them by surprise. To guard against this Halliwell made a careful examination of every part of the two rooms. He found no weak points except the door and the windows. The latter were too small for any man to crawl through.

The door was barricaded with all the loose articles they could find, and when finished, it would take a battering ram to break through the obstructions and while the men were doing that Halliwell felt he could pick them off easily.

He watched the windows carefully. While no one could enter by them, it would be easy for an outsider to shoot through, although to do this the shooter would have to expose his face or body to the guns of the prisoners.

"No, I don't think they will risk that," Halliwell reflected. "Still, we must prepare for anything."

With thick pieces of boards taken from two chair bottoms he made shields in front of the windows so that any stray bullet might be caught.

"It won't be safe to have a light at night," he added. "That would place us at a disadvantage."

"I'm afraid we couldn't afford to burn a light many nights," Patricia responded. "Our supply of oil is low, too."

She smiled as she said it. She was recovering her spirits and was entering into the adventure with her old-time bravery.

"No great loss, then," agreed Halliwell. "It's too hot for lights, anyway. We have a bright moon, and that will serve us."

She looked at him quizzically.

"Either you are very confident," she said, "or you're trying to make me think there's little danger."

"I am both, Patricia," he replied seriously. "I think we can defeat them yet, and I don't want to alarm you needlessly. Wait until danger actually threatens us before worrying."

"I—I think you're very brave," she said simply.

"I have reasons to be brave, Patricia—I have you to protect. What man wouldn't be brave under the circumstances?"

For reply she looked thoughtfully at the barricaded door and murmured:

"I wonder if Blacky wouldn't compromise."

Halliwell sprang to her side and seized her hand.

"Compromise," he said forcibly, "is out of the question. You could not trust him under oath. Yes, he would offer to compromise until he got us in his power, and then he would do as he pleased. Patricia, haven't you found out yet how worthless his promises are?"

She started from her reverie by his sudden earnestness.

"Yes, yes," she murmured. "He broke his word to me. Still—"

There were still lingering doubts in her mind. Exasperated by this, Halliwell asked sharply:

"What compact did you make with Blacky? Were you to marry him at the end of this expedition if he saved Mango and your parents—and me?"

She did not reply, but turned her head away.

"Patricia," he continued, "if he had kept his word do you suppose I would have permitted it?"

Then, as she still kept silent; "I should have broken up the arrangement by killing him the first chance I got."

"Oh, no, you would not do that—not after I had promised."

"You can make all the promises you please for yourself," Halliwell said firmly, "but you can't make them for me. You shall never marry that scoundrel so long as I live. I know you loathe—hate that man, and I—well, I may be able to settle scores with him yet. You saved his life once, but the next time it is his life or mine."

"Please don't talk of killing," she protested. "It's terrible!"

"Yes, it's terrible to talk of it or do it, but there are times when murder is excusable."

She turned from him and began dividing up the food in portions.

"Half rations for me," said Halliwell, "and one meal a day."

"We shall share evenly," she replied. "I can't take more than my share."

"But I'm not a bit hungry. You see," he smiled, "I don't get much exercise in the cabin, and my appetite is suffering."

"I should think you'd had exercise enough lately," said Patricia. "It was terrible to see him strangling you so, and I couldn't help you. I'm ashamed of myself, but I seemed to lose all power to act or speak. I don't think I'm very brave."

"How about shooting Mango down when they'd strung him up? I thought that a pretty plucky act."

"I was in no danger then. I knew the men wouldn't hurt me. It was Mango who was in danger."

Halliwell surveyed her with a whimsical smile. She was, indeed, a combination of weakness and feminine bravery, and her modesty was a commendable virtue.

"And it took no courage to face Blacky and make him promise to save all your friends at a price that—"

She stopped him with a wave of the hand.

"Well, I won't speak of it again, but, Patricia, I heard all the conversation in the cabin between you before I tried to kill the scoundrel. You knew that?"

She nodded and flushed.

"Then we understand each other. Now we want to work together. They're against us, and we're against them. It's a life for a life, and the best man wins. Patricia, you can shoot. I know you can from what Mango said. Then I want you to go armed, and the first head, face or arm that shows at the window you must fire at. I'll do the same. We must let them know we're alive and wide-awake, night and day. We can take turns watching, for we can't both remain on duty all the time. We need rest and sleep as well as food."

He handed her a loaded pistol and laid the other on the table within easy reaching distance.

"That's our emergency battery," he explained jocularly.

Suddenly a shadow darkened the window. One of the crew was reconnoitering. Quick as a wink Halliwell jerked out his pistol and sent a bullet crashing through the opening.

There was a quick retreat of the shadow. Halliwell crept to the window. He had barely placed his face to the window when a bullet flattened itself against the metal frame. A second grazed his face, carrying away a strip of skin from his ear. He ducked back quickly.

"A mighty close shave!" he exclaimed, turning to Patricia. "Our friends are pretty good shots. We'll have to avoid taking any sun baths for the present."

Patricia looked at him in alarm, and was startled by his injury. When he dismissed it as of no consequence, however, she sighed with relief and spread the table. There were crackers, canned tongue, a few cakes, and several jars of jam, not very hearty fare, and when it was gone, they would either have to starve or surrender.

There was a little tea in the cabin, and Patricia brewed a cup for each, boiling the water over a small alcohol stove. Halliwell turned on the water to get a drink, but found it dry.

"Our friends have cut off the water," he exclaimed, "but they were not quick enough. No danger of a water famine with all those pans and pitchers full. Well, I drink to the health of Blacky & Company."

Catching his spirit the girl dipped her cup in the pan and drank with him. Over the rims of the cups their eyes met and they smiled back assurances that all was well.

When night approached and darkness cast shadows across the sea they talked over the situation in low tones. The moon spread its white light through the windows and dispelled the gloom of the unlighted interior. All was quiet outside. The throb of the engine continued, and the yacht plowed its way steadily forward.

The men were evidently playing a waiting game. Blacky was sure that eventually he would tire or starve them into submission. This fear haunted the minds of both, but each tried to keep it from the other.

Chapter XVIII

The succeeding days and nights were filled with dread. Each moment Halliwell and Patricia expected some demonstration, some attack on their door or elsewhere. Under the stress of the situation their sleep was light and often feverish. The fear of a secret attack at night was the most alarming.

They had to take turns watching and waiting, with their weapons loaded and ready for quick action. Under the strain Patricia showed greater staying powers than Halliwell. He grew nervous and irritable through the long, inactive hours of the days and nights. And always there was the spectre of their vanishing food supply! Their meals had become a mere farce.

They forced themselves into a gay mood which neither felt; but this acting lasted only so long as they faced each other. Alone for a moment they grew despondent and gloomy. They knew that the end was inevitable.

There was no foraging for food. Their captors knew this, and quietly waited until hunger and weakness drove their prisoners to desperation. Halliwell paced the floor in feverish anxiety or tossed on his cot in restless slumber, revolving over and over some scheme by which he could replenish their storehouse. He had hoped against hope that something would happen to bring them relief.

He could make a rush upon the deck and end matters in a few minutes. But what could he gain by sacrificing his life? He would leave Patricia a helpless victim in the hands of Blacky.

Rather than that he preferred to wait. If they would only make an attack, he could die fighting for her, and the two could then find release from all their sufferings. Death for her would be preferable to existence in the toils of Blacky.

* * *

Willingly Halliwell would have offered himself up as a sacrifice if Patricia could have been saved. But there was no way open for him. The thought of her possible future tormented him day and night. He slept with it, dreamed of it, and faced it in his waking moments as a hideous nightmare.

Each day they looked for some sign of land. If the yacht reached the island a possible chance of escape might be offered them. The men, in their lust for the treasure, would not all remain on the yacht, and the weakening of the guard might give them a chance to make a break for liberty.

But the yacht continued to plow its way through endless reaches of water. The sea reached up to meet the horizon, and no smudge on the skyline could be likened to the appearance of land. Slowly and silently fate was drawing about them the bonds of an inexorable climax. They could not escape; they could not break through; they could only watch and wait—for the end.

When the last crumb of food had been eaten and washed down liberally with water, they faced each other across the table and smiled. They were brave, these two, even in the face of disaster.

"Dr. Tanner fasted forty days and lived," Halliwell remarked. "I wonder if we can do as well."

"I suppose we will have to test it whether we like it or not," she answered bravely.

"Thank heaven, we have water in abundance! Man may live without food, but not without water."

"I have a little tea left. We can drink that, too, and try to imagine it a rich, nourishing broth."

"My imagination balks at that. If it were coffee, now, I might do it. I wonder what a strong cup of hot coffee would taste like!"

She laughed smoothly.

"Or a steak with mushrooms."

"I'd be satisfied with plain pork and beans. When I think of the food that Williams has wasted it makes me angry. If I get out of this I'll never waste food again. I'll give thanks for every mouthful I eat."

"Necessity, I suppose, always makes us humble and grateful. I remember as a child, when I had the fever, I thought a glass of ice-cold lemonade was the most priceless thing in the world. I would have given my best dolly for that lemonade. But when I got well I didn't even like lemonade."

In trying to make light of their difficulties, they became better acquainted with that reserve force of their natures, which in some individuals is sufficient to carry them triumphantly through excruciating torment.

Hourly Halliwell saw his companion cheerfully meet the situation with a smile on her lips. She was not hungry, she declared, she did not need food; she was perfectly nourished. But there were little lines appearing on the forehead, and the blue veins were showing through the transparent whiteness of the skin—tokens of approaching starvation and weakness that belied her words.

Halliwell felt the physical strain first through a restlessness which made it difficult for him to remain quiet for long at a time. He constantly busied himself examining the barricaded door or trying to draw their fire at the open window. This latter process gave him an infinite amount of boyish delight. Each time he succeeded in drawing a volley of shots at the mannikin he rigged up, he laughed like a child.

"They ought to have killed me a dozen times according to their reckoning," he remarked. "I wonder that they don't try to get in now, since I'm legally dead."

But no such effort was made to relieve the tension of the situation. Outside of the barricaded door all was quiet as if the guard had been withdrawn.

Then suddenly one night, when they had fasted for three days, and the gloom of weakness and despondency was heavy upon their minds, Halliwell was awakened from a feverish sleep by a peculiar rasping noise that at first seemed a part of his fitful dreams.

Patricia had taken the early watch of the night, and from sheer exhaustion Halliwell had fallen asleep on his cot. He had slept longer than he intended. He rose quickly and walked into the other room.

"Patricia!" he called gently. There was no response. Then he stumbled around in the darkness until his hand touched her forehead. She was lying on her cot in profound slumber. Weakness and exhaustion had overcome her in the middle of her watch. As Halliwell stood over her she awakened and sat upright.

"Don't wake up, Patricia," said Halliwell gently. "It's my watch now." She shook herself and staggered to her feet.

"Did I sleep on duty? Oh, what must you think of me! I just dropped down here for a moment, and then—you appeared. I don't think I was asleep. What time is it?"

"About midnight," he answered smiling, "I'll see."

He struck a match to glance at his watch.

Suddenly her hand touched his and gripped it for a moment.

"What is that noise?" she whispered.

"That's what I came in here to investigate. I heard it, and supposed you were making it."

"There it is again. It sounds like a rat gnawing at wood. Do you suppose the rats are starved, too, and have come to keep us compnay?"

"Their instinct would warn them away from this place," he said grimly. "No, it can't be that the rats have lost their senses."

"Then what is it?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to investigate."

They followed the intermittent sounds of the gnawing, and after making a round of the cabin they were led back into Halliwell's sleeping room. Here it was so distinct that they both listened breathlessly.

"It's in the galley," Patricia suddenly whispered. "It is right back of this partition. Somebody is working there."

"Sharpening a knife or sawing wood? But why should they be doing it at this time of the night?"

"Poor Mango! They're probably making him work all the time for them. I wish he was here."

"Listen!"

Halliwell had applied his ear to the partition. For a few moments he was very quiet, and then he turned and whispered:

"Somebody is sawing against this partition."

"Why would they do that?"

Halliwell debated a moment and glanced up and down the wall of the room. It was all solid oak and mahogany, an inch or more thick.

"I think," he said slowly, "that they're trying to saw through the panel. It's to be a rear attack. They hope to weaken a panel, and then rush through it while our attention is directed to a feint in front."

The rasping noise continued, stopping at intervals as if some one on the other side was listening, and then beginning again.

"Draw the curtain over the window, Patricia," directed Halliwell, "and I will strike a match. We'll locate the point of attack."

The window was entirely darkened and Halliwell held the flaming match close to the wall. Both he and the girl gave a little start or exclamation.

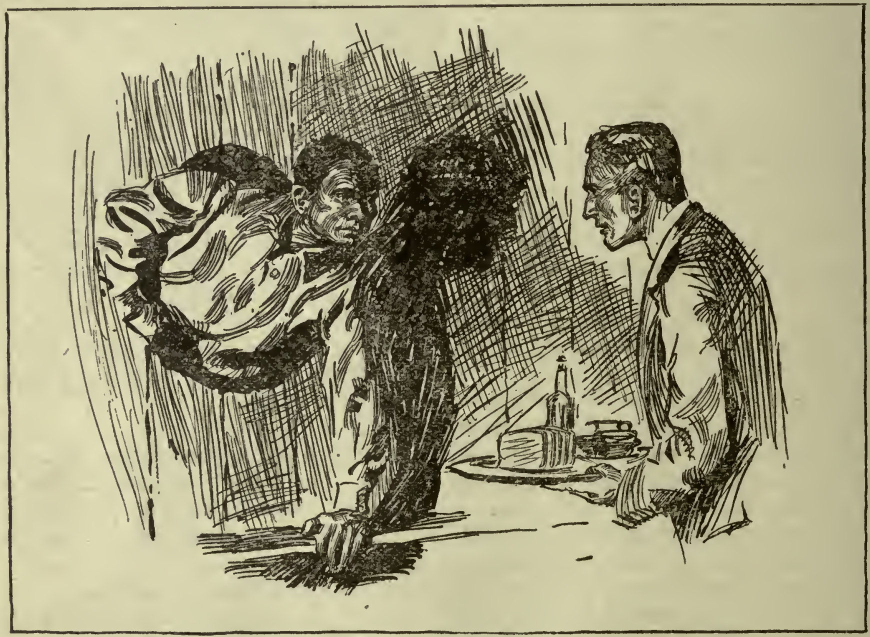
A thin-bladed saw protruded about three inches from the wall, but it was not so much this as the thin line of saw-dust that startled their eyes. This described almost the complete arc of a circle nearly two feet in diameter.

The circular piece of panel had been cut so far that a slight pressure from without would force it inward. The hole thus cut would permit the body of a man to crawl through without much difficulty. Halliwell blew out the match. There was no movable article in the room heavy enough to block the entrance to the hole.

Even while they debated what to do the circular piece of panel began to tremble and creak. The sawing was instantly stopped.

"I don't think it will be finished tonight," Halliwell whispered, "not unless they begin an attack on the door. That will be necessary to divert our attention from the hole. We can easily shoot down any one who attempts to crawl through here. It would be like cold-blooded murder to shoot one so helpless, but I am afraid it will be part of the game."

Again the sawing was renewed, now slowly and softly. Halliwell stood at one side with his pistol ready. He dared not light a match again for fear of attracting attention. He motioned Patricia to remove the curtain from the window. By aid of the bright moonlight he could now make out the circular line cut in the panel. He could even see the thin blade of the saw flashing in the light.



"Golly," he panted, "it's a tight fit, but I'm glad I'm here"

Finally the panel began to tremble. The saw had nearly completed the circle, and the block of wood was held by a thin strip. It began to bulge inward at the top. Then fingers could be seen through the crack pulling gently on the circular piece.

Halliwell leaned nearer, his gun within a few inches of the hole, waiting for the first sign of a face. He would shoot to kill.

Patricia crouched close to the wall. With the sawn circle protruding a few inches inward there was a moment of breathless suspense. The intruder held it as if waiting for a signal.

Then came a soft whistle through the

hole, at first so indistinct that Halliwell was not sure it was made by the man in the hole. It was the signal that everything was ready for the attack.

"I'm going to shoot," he whispered desperately to Patricia.

She nodded mutely. In a moment a louder whistle greeted their ears. Somehow the signal did not work. There seemed to be a delay.

"Well," Halliwell thought, "I'll begin the battle now."

But before he could explode his gun point blank into the slowly widening crack, he felt Patricia's hand on his arm.

"Wait! Wait!" she cried, "I know that whistle. It—it—is Mango's."

For an instant both were too dumbfounded to speak. Then the girl called softly:

"Mango!"

Instantly from the other side of the hole came the sound of a voice which neither could mistake.

"I'm here, missus. Golly! I'se here with lots to eat. Ain't you hungry?"

For reply both impulsively stretched forth their hands and grasped the tray which Mango was trying to force through the hole. Then he wriggled through the opening himself.

"Golly," he panted, "it's a tight fit, but I'm glad I'm here."

"Mango, you—you—"

Between hysterical sobs, Patricia clasped her arms about his neck and actually kissed his black cheeks, much to the darky's embarrassment. Halliwell expressed his gratitude by clapping the negro on the back, as he said:

"Mango, you're certainly a brick! If I ever have a fortune I'll give you a big slice of it."

Mango grinned and first rubbed his cheek and then his back.

Chapter XIX

They ate heartily of the food thus miraculously provided for them by Mango. They even forgot to ask if this was to be their last. In the darkness Mango could only grin in silence, sure that he had never before served a more appreciative couple. When they had satisfied their appetites Halliwell asked:

"How did you do it, Mango?"

"I sawed through the wood," he beamed.

"Yes, but how could you do that without being discovered?"

"I sleeps in the galley now. They got to abusin' me so that I took my cot and set it up in the galley. I felt mighty lonesome without missus, an' that was the nearest place to her."

"But if they should come into the galley and discover this hole?"

"They couldn't find it. It's back of the locker. I had to crawl in the locker and saw out the back of it."

"Then the hole doesn't open directly into the galley?"

Mango grinned and shook his head.

"I keeps the locker closed, and I carries the key."

"Why, Mango, you're a genius," cried Halliwell. "Who'd ever have thought of that? Then you can slip us in food at night and not be discovered?"

"Yes, mister, but I'm goin' to slip in a lot tonight so if I don't get a chance right away again you and missus won't starve."

"A brilliant idea, Mango. Stock us up for weeks. Then we can hold out indefinitely."

Thus fortified they fell to eating again with little thought of the danger ahead. It was a gay midnight party. Mango standing by their side tried to conduct himself like a regulation waiter, his face beaming with delight. Outside, the swish of the waves and the steady roll of the yacht sounded distant and far away, until Halliwell roused himself.

"What are the men doing, Mango?" he asked. "Have you heard them discuss their plans?"

"They was goin' to starve you out," answered the negro, "that's what put the idea in my head. I couldn't nohow let missus starve to death when there was plenty to eat so near. Every time I watched 'em eat I wanted to crack 'em over the head an' tell 'em they was nothin' but bloody murderers, and—"

"Have you heard when they expect to reach the island?" Halliwell interrupted.

"They'se lookin' for it now. Every day they says we ought to be near it, an' they'se so disappointed when they don't see it that they take another drink."

"Do they abuse you much, Mango?" anxiously inquired Patricia.

"Not more'n usual. But that ain't nuffin'. I kin stand it. I hollers a lot, an' they thinks I'se terribly hurt. They don't like it when I don't holler. So I holler as if it hurt me like death. Then they laugh an' let me alone until the next time."

Mango's philosophy had certainly been born of experience, and it had worked like a charm.

"Are you armed?" Halliwell asked.

"No, mister, I ain't. They took my pistol away, an' I ain't got nuffin' but that razor."

"Then put this in your locker and keep it ready for an emergency. Don't show it, but if you ever have to use it shoot to kill."

"Sure, I'll shoot to kill," grinned Mango. "I won't be caught waitin' for 'em to plug me with holes. If I'se got to die some of 'em has got to go with me. I ain't perticular which one of 'em it is, but I thinks I'd like to take the captain."

"No, not him," said Halliwell with a grim smile. "He's my particular game. Mango, you must leave him for me. I want to settle old scores with him."

Meantime Patricia began to clear the table, carefully placing the remaining food in her locker, despite protests from Mango.

"Mango," she said seriously, "if you had starved as we have for the past few days, you'd never waste a crumb again. I can't bear to see even a crust of bread wasted."

"But, missus, I'se got lots of things for you in that hole—lots an' lots."

And to prove his words, the loyal negro crawled back through the hole, and a few minutes later thrust samples of what he had in reserve. Freshly baked bread and biscuit, butter, canned chicken, tongue, canned milk, tea, coffee and crackers.

"Enough, Mango!" Halliwell whispered, chuckling. "You'll starve the crew and fatten us up so we can never get out of here alive."

"There's plenty left—whole boxes full," declared Mango, as he crawled back to their cabin. Then with a twinkle in his eye he said to Halliwell, "Missus laid in enough to provide a crew twice as big as we got."

"She certainly was a liberal provider," agreed Halliwell, while Patricia affected to pout. "Now, Mango, we must agree upon some code of signals. It may be risky for you to crawl through here often. Suppose someone should come into the galley and find you gone?"

"Then they'd have to come here for me. I'd never go back."

"We'd never let you," said Patricia decidedly. "They'd kill you."

"When you come to the hole," suggested Halliwell, "you must signal to us. We'll know then that it is you, and not one of Blacky's men. Now three taps and then two short ones a moment later—that will be our signal. I'm going to replace that piece of wood and stand some furniture against it. Nobody can enter it without my permission. If they do—look out for this!"

The darky rolled his eyes and looked with awe upon the weapon.

"I'll sure remember the signal," he said.

"And now, Mango, for your own safety you'd better return," said Halliwell. "I'm afraid some of the men may get suspicious."

"Yes, I'll go," sighed the darky. "I ain't sure but they'll get hungry in the middle of the night an' call me up. They do it sometimes. They're terrible eaters an' drinkers."

"Then do go at once, Mango!" urged Patricia.

The darky worked his way through the hole carefully, Halliwell watching. In the darkness he could see nothing through the aperture. Suddenly a small ray of light appeared. Mango had opened the locker and stepped out into the galley. The two in the cabin breathed easier.

"A way of escape for us, Patricia, in an emergency," remarked Halliwell with a smile. "We could make a flank attack upon them in that way. If they attempt now to batter down that door they'll find their prison empty."

Besides the new courage given to them by the first good meal they had enjoyed for days, this prospect of a possible exit from their prison brought hope and joy. It was not exactly a pardon, but it was a reprieve that meant much. Refreshed and strengthened, Halliwell resumed his watch and ordered Patricia to take her rest. But she refused.

"I don't really feel the need of sleep or rest," she said. "It was faintness that made me so weak. I think I'll sit up with you. This moonlight on the water is beautiful."

"Yes, the moon and the water are perfect."

A silence fell between them. For a long time they sat there together, while the witchery of the moon on the waves worked strange fancies upon their overwrought minds. Once the girl sighed and moved a hand. Halliwell attempted to clasp it with his own, but she rose, saying gently:

"I—I—think I am tired now. I will rest."

CHAPTER XX

There was no longer any dreary waiting for the time when human nature, starved into submission, should force them either to yield to their captors or lie down and die from sheer hunger. The morning light brought them a new tenure of life. They were strong and happy, with new things to occupy their minds. Patricia with her alcohol lamp began experimenting in cookery.

She was a resourceful cook, and planned meals and dishes that whetted her companion's appetite. From their period of starvation they went to the other extreme, though they were prodigal with their supplies, never wasting a crumb.

Perhaps some inkling of the truth, or some suspicion caused by their laughter, reached their captors, for they were more frequently disturbed by outside interruptions. Several times during the day a bullet whizzed through one of the windows and embedded itself in the wooden protection. Late in the afternoon they heard a noise outside the barricaded door. Someone was trying it, working softly and gently, but with great force. Halliwell sent a few bullets into the door to warn the intruders away.

The truth of the matter was that Blacky was getting suspicious. At first it seemed feasible enough to starve them into submission, but on later thought he began to wonder if they had not provided beforehand for just such a siege. If they had stocked the cabin with food, they could laugh at his vain attempts to torture them by slow starvation.

When this idea had filtered thoroughly into his brain, he began to curse himself for an idiot. He raved and tore his beard, vowing eternal vengeance upon the man who had knocked him into insensibility and robbed him of the woman he desired.

His passion increased until it was at a white heat. In this condition of mind he determined to make a grand assault upon the door and break it down. He had fought and triumphed too many times with the riffraff of the South Seas to hesitate now where his desires were concerned.

After all, five men should be able to break down a cabin door, no matter how well barricaded. It was the deadly gunfire back of it that really mattered. This might prove disastrous if the attacking party was not protected.

Blacky did not intend to invite death needlessly, and his crew were equally devoid of any rash desire to court danger of an unnecessary nature. So they conceived the idea of making shields for their heads and bodies until they could rush the fortress in the open.

When the attack began in good earnest, Halliwell realized that this was no feint. The men were battering on the door with heavy axes, and its stout timbers were soon rent and splintered in a dozen pieces. The first appearance of daylight through the door was the signal for a fusillade of bullets.

Halliwell shot rapidly and recklessly at first, hoping to frighten the men, but when they did not retreat but continued to ply their axes he grew more cautious and economical of his ammunition. He shot only when an arm, head or shoulder appeared through the breaks in the door.

The barricade was still holding, but with the door once destroyed it was only a question of time before the rest of the obstacles would be removed. The men worked continually under cover. They did not so much as attempt to return the fire. If they had only fought in the open, or attempted to shoot him through any one of the numerous holes made in the door, there would have been some satisfaction.

But this shooting at an invisible target was a bit irritating. Halliwell was wasting his ammunition in filling the door and barricade with lead. He waited grimly for a time, hoping that his silence would induce one of the men to show a head. Intently watching every aperture made in the door, both he and Patricia stood with their weapons ready for a quick shot.

But they had no chance. Even when the door was splintered to pieces the men were concealed behind shields made of boards, covered with sheet iron that had been torn from the floor of the engine room.

Halliwell turned a trifle pale at this sight. The men did not intend to give him a fair fight. They would close in upon him, protected by their self-made shields, and make short work of the battle. Exposed in the opening to their bullets he had no more show than a naked savage facing a regiment armed with modern rifles.

"Patricia, we must retreat to the galley," he whispered when he fully realized the situation facing them. "Go and crawl through the hole. I will keep them busy until you're safe."

"But—you?" she stammered. "Are you coming, too?"

"Yes, if they will let me. I'll make it as difficult as I can for them to break through that barricade. Then I'll make a run for it. It's our only chance."

"Come with me, now," she pleaded.

"No, not yet—not until you're through. If Mango is there tell him to whistle when you're safe."

She still hesitated and clung to his arm. A heavy rattle of axes on the barricade alarmed them. Halliwell gently pushed her toward the door.

"Go," he commanded brokenly, "before it's too late! I'm coming directly."

The girl looked at him and silently obeyed. Halliwell dared not watch her as she went. The barricade was already trembling under the impact of the men. In another moment it would topple over and he would be cornered like a rat.

Again and again he shot at the hands or arms that showed for a brief instant. Once he knew that he had hit the mark, for there was a curse and a blood-curdling yell. He smiled grimly.

Now two bullets whistled close to his head. Some of the crew had found a vantage point from which they could draw a line on him. Still he could not retreat until he was assured of Patricia's safety. Another bullet hit him in the shoulder. He winced, but returned the fire, which brought forth a groan from behind the barricade.

Then softly and welcomingly Mango's whistle sounded behind him.

"Coming!" he called back.

As the last of the barricade began to topple over he dodged into his room, closed the door behind and bolted it. He waited long enough to move his cot against it. Then just as the barricade outside went down with a crash, and the crew rushed into the cabin with a yell of defiance, he started to work his way through the hole into the galley.

He heard the crash of bodies and weapons against the inner door. It would be merely a matter of seconds before they would break through that door of pine. Still Halliwell made no haste. He took time to fit the circular piece of wood in place and when in position attempted to brace it there. He wished to make his method of retreat as mysterious as possible. The men would eventually discover the hole, but time was precious.

He felt a tug on his legs, and Mango whispered behind him:

"Quick, mister! I got to fill up the hole!"

Halliwell permitted himself to be half pulled through, and the next moment crawled into the locker and from there into the galley. He was no sooner through than Mango pushed past and temporarily stopped up the entrance with a heavy keg that he had prepared for the emergency. Then turning the key in the locker he grinned happily.

"They's got to work some to get through there. Ain't much room to smash around with axes."

Patricia was there, white of lip but firm of eye, a weapon in either hand. They were all well armed, but they had to get their men out in the open to make the combat anywhere near equal.

"We can't stay here," Halliwell said, after a hasty examination of the galley. "We're no better off than in the cabin.

Not so well, I imagine. They can pick us off from three sides down here."

"Gollies! they's got to get a taste of this if they do," said Mango, patting his weapon and flirting it around his head.

Halliwell was trying to take in the situation as a whole. There was need for hasty action. They could not stay in the galley and expect to escape with their lives.

"Mango," he said sharply, "are all the men in the cabin?"

"Yes, sir, all of 'em except Stumpy, an' he's steering for'ard."

"No one on the after deck?" he asked.

"No, sir, they's all for'ard."

"Then we're going to take possession of that part of the yacht. If they attack us we'll have them in the open."

Halliwell was unfamiliar with the yacht's design and construction, but his general knowledge of such boats induced him to think they had a possible chance of holding off the enemy by hiding behind the main cabin or possibly the hatch cover. Once there they would have protection from the bullets of the men, who to reach them would have to rush out in the open.

"We must get aft," he said decidedly, with his plan of action carefully mapped out in his mind.

There was a wild yell, followed by a series of curses from the cabin. The men had broken into the inner room and found their prey gone. They were now engaged in tearing up any possible refuge that could conceal a person, pulling open lockers, and knocking down partitions.

"Now's our chance," Halliwell whispered. "If we get cornered there we can at least drop into the sea. That's preferable to falling in their hands."

"Gollies, there's sharks in the water!" replied Mango, rolling his eyes.

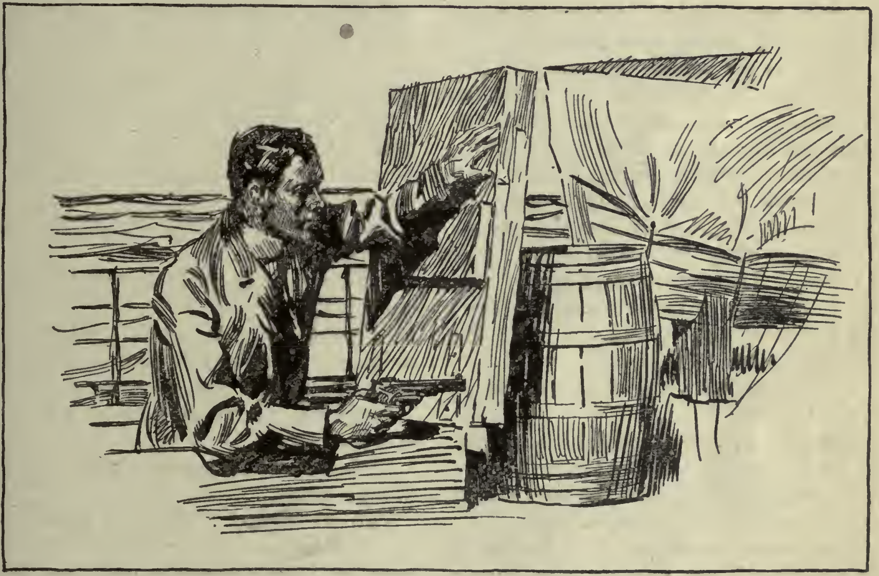
"Yes, and there are human sharks in the cabin. Of the two I prefer the sharks of the sea."

Patricia shuddered and nodded. She, too, preferred to take her chances with the finny man-eaters of the deep.

"Bring all your guns and cartridges, Mango."

"Yes, and something to eat," Patricia chimed in. She caught up a few boxes and packages, remembering their recent period of semi-starvation.

They presented a queer spectacle as they emerged from the galley and stole along the deck to the after cabin. With arms full of miscellaneous packages, they gave the appearance of a party of sneak



"The next one will clip an arm, Blacky," Halliwell called out

thieves loaded down with their pilfered booty.

They found everything quiet and deserted on the deck and in the main cabin, as they had expected. All the crew, except Stumpy, had been requisitioned for the attack on the cabin. Stumpy was forward steering, and his eyes were looking straight ahead, with an occasional glance down at the cabin from which the noise proceeded.

Halliwell was disappointed by the arrangement of the main cabin. The windows were on all sides, and those opening aft offered them no protection. The men could shoot at them through the glass and quickly rout them.

"We must get behind the hatch cover," he said quickly, taking in the situation. "Patricia, you can find shelter down the hatch, and Mango and I can guard it."

The hatch cover was raised so as to form a solid shield of wood through which no bullet could pass. With this breastwork for defence, they felt reasonably secure for a time. The crew to reach them would have to rush across twenty feet of exposed deck with nothing to shield them from the storm of bullets.

"I think we can hold this fort for a time."

"Yes, mister, this is a mighty safe place. We ain't got to feed sharks yet awhile."

"No, Mango, we'll give the land sharks a few lessons in shooting first."

Patricia had descended into the hatch. She came up a few seconds later with a smiling face.

"There's water down here," she whispered, "and food."

They remained quiet for a long time, enjoying the mystification of their pursuers. Suddenly they heard shouts and loud laughter.

"Found the hole, I guess," remarked Halliwell. "Well, now find us."

This was true. Blacky had stumbled upon the circle cut through the wall, and his rage was unbounded. One of his men crawled through it, but found the obstructing keg. Sandy and Red hurried around to the galley to watch that end.

"No, don't shoot yet," Halliwell whispered as Mango raised a pistol. "Let them hunt for us. When they find our hiding place we will have time enough to use up our cartridges. Time is everything in a battle like this. Who knows but we may reach land yet in time for us to escape."

The men remained in the galley for some time. Ensconced securely behind the hatch cover, the three could hear muffled curses from below, accompanied by the ripping and tearing of wood. Misled by the idea that their victims were hiding somewhere in the walls between the forward cabin and the galley, the men were frantically tearing away all obstructions.

Meanwhile, the yacht was bowling along smoothly under the guidance of Stumpy, who began to show impatience at the outcome of the attack. He offered a fair target to the hiders. On the raised deck ahead his figure stood out in sharp relief.

"We could pick him off easily," Halliwell once remarked, "but I don't think we need to. We don't want to hold up the yacht."

Patricia scanned the horizon in every direction.

"If we could only reach the island," she murmured.

"I wonder how far off it is. If we could sight it, I think I'd take a chance in swimming under the cover of darkness."

"And be marooned there for the rest of your days?"

"I'd take the chances—with you and Mango along."

Patricia sighed. She was thinking of another scene of marooning which had been indelibly impressed upon her mind. Would she ever live to know the result of that long-ago tragedy?

"Listen! Here they come!"

Halliwell ducked down behind his fortification. The men, led by Blacky, were rushing pellmell from the galley, murder in their eyes and loud oaths on their lips. Before they reached the entrance to the after cabin, Halliwell raised a hand and took aim. It was a fair shot, and Blacky bulked large on his horizon; but even then he hesitated. He could not kill in cold blood when his victim had no chance. He lowered his weapon, and then a puff of smoke and flame shot forth from the muzzle.

Blacky fell with a groan, and his men pulled up short in consternation. Halliwell had aimed for the leg instead of the body, and the giant leader dragged one foot limply as he tried to rise.

"That's to show you where the line is, Blacky," Halliwell called out quietly. "Don't attempt to cross it! We've decided to take possession of this part of the yacht."

There was a moment of silence and surprise among the crew. To be held up in this ridiculous way by one who, by all the laws of the sea, should long since have been in their power, was exasperating. Nothing but the spectacle of their leader down with a bullet embedded in his leg could convince them that it was not a mere joke.

Blacky's wound served to aggravate his passion. Dragging his wounded leg behind, he rushed forward like an enraged bull, shouting fearfully:

"Kill the devil! Kill him! You—you—"

Further words were interrupted by another crack of Halliwell's gun. This time Blacky was placed beyond the power of assaulting the fortress. The bullet struck the ankle of his good leg, and he dropped on his knees, cursing and bellowing like a giant bear.

The others had not been so eager to invite injury, and stood back in respectful silence.

"The next one will clip an arm, Blacky," Halliwell called out.

"Why don't you kill him, you cowardly curs? Shoot him!" cried the wounded giant.

Turning upon his men with a face of rage, the leader swore and cursed them for possessing all the cowardly sins that he could invent. Halliwell listened to the impotent ragings of the man, and then retorted:

"They have more sense than you, Blacky. I wonder now if—"

He did not finish the sentence. In his interest in the fallen leader he forgot the very caution which he was attributing to the rest of the crew. His head and shoulders were exposed a bit too recklessly. Sandy and Red with the quickness of expert marksmen raised their weapons and fired.

Halliwell felt one bullet whistle close to his right ear, and then experienced a sharp pain in his chest. One of them had struck him squarely so that he reeled backward. But as he swayed he pumped desperately with his automatic, and sent a stream of leaden missiles in the direction of the group.

Almost simultaneously shooting seemed to break out all around him. Vaguely he wondered what had happened. Had some of the crew stolen around in the rear? Or were they—

Then he seemed to see red, and the sky and water assumed a great flaming path of crimson that obscured his vision.

(To be continued)

LOVE'S GUEST

YOU, who in Love's halls have wandered,
  Viewed her treasures, touched her wine,
Heard the music of her sighing
  As her eyes fell soft on thine,

You must know the glory hidden
  From the stranger at the gate,
Who for just one glimpse within it
  Long hath waited—long may wait!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

At Gettysburg

NOW fields are fair with ripening grain
As they were fifty years ago
When on the hill-slope, on the plain
Wild storm of battle burst amain
With cannon's thunder, shrapnel's rain
And smoke beclouding summer's glow.

These fields were then wide threshing-floor
Whereon was winnowed chaff from grain;
Deep-bedded straw was trampled o'er
By mustering troops of army corps,
Was matted with thick-clotted gore
Shed faster than dry earth could drain.

As on Pharsalia's fatal field
Rome's standards were once firmly set,
When Roman hands were strong to wield
A Roman sword 'gainst Roman shield.
So here were kindred armies steeled
To fiercest fight—in conflict met.

What pulse on Marston Moor was stilled
Beat strong at Gettysburg once more,
For battle hostile ranks were drilled,
With zeal the patriot soul was filled,
Hearts were with lofty courage thrilled
As they had never felt before.

It was the Roundhead's lineal son
Matched with brave son of Cavalier;
With Cromwell's Ironsides the one
Could claim proud share in victory won,
And one could claim was duty done
To rightful King, with conscience clear.

As billows rising from the sea
Roll in and dash against the rock
With no effect, then sullenly
Are swept by undertow to be
Reformed, so Pickett's infantry
Charged to the ineffectual shock.

These slopes of fresh, green grassy sod
On that bright, pleasant July day
Were washed and drenched with red, warm blood
Poured out with life as in a flood,
Wet soil was trampled into mud
By shattered regiments of gray.

Around God's acre on the height,
A place to slumber dedicate,
Long time and fiercely raged the fight,
From early dawn until the night
Shut out the ghastly scene from sight
Death wrought, grim harvester to Fate.

Thick-sown as stars are on the sky
Are graves found on this field today,
Unnamed are these to passers-by,
Comrades along with foemen lie,
God knows which—souls that glorify
The Union blue, Confederate gray.

—*Isaac Bassett Choate.*

THE BOOK OF GLADYS

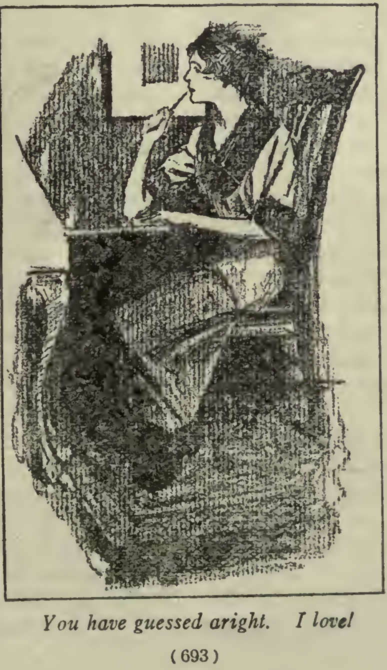
by

Laura L. Hinkley

MAY 1: I am fourteen. Almost everybody, however, would take me to be fifteen or even sixteen. I would not have made the above sad confession of my age, except that I have determined to tell everything, no matter how painful it is, like Marie Bashkirtseff or Mary MacLane. I have read those books, at least the interesting parts, for a great deal of them is not interesting, but some of it is. This book is to resemble the interesting parts, only it will be about me instead of them.

I will begin first by describing myself. I am petite in figure, and even my enemies cannot deny that I am beautiful. I have a mass of fluffy, blonde hair, large gray eyes with long lashes set in an exquisite girlish face, and a small, piquant, mocking mouth. I have a very slim waist and the daintiest foot and ankle. I wear lacy, fluffy gowns made with short sleeves revealing a lovely bare arm (oh, I wish they were not so thin!) and a skirt of modish cut. To see me dressed for one of our school dances—we have them every Friday night—is indeed a charming sight. Yet I live in terror on that account. Papa and mamma say they will not let me go if my grades fall below eighty per cent, and Miss Dunham is so hateful about marking me down for every little thing. Anastatia Wetheral is another of my worries, which are almost worse than our deep sorrows. She is my cousin and lives with us and gives music lessons; but she hasn't any sense at all of her dependent position, as she ought to have, and, though she pretends to be very friendly and is too crafty to say anything, I feel that she is an influence against me. Because when I was getting my lavender crepe mamma asked her if she didn't think it was too grown-up for me, and she said it went beautifully with my complexion, and I suppose she thought I didn't see that she was just turning it off. But people cannot deceive me. I have the fatal gift of insight.

Two terrible griefs are eating out my young heart. The first is that I have to live in this wretched little town far removed from all that makes life pleasant, or even endurable. Oh, the cities of my dreams! Paris, how often have I trod thy streets in fancy! Or, if not Paris, then New York! Oh. to be seen and known and admired as I deserve to be! I have only one consolation, and that is the source of my other sorrow. If I were there, I should be parted from—*one* who is here. This is my secret sorrow. I sometimes talk about the other, but never this, not even to Ethel



You have guessed aright. I love!

Williams, my dearest friend. Yes! You have guessed aright. I love!

He is as handsome as a Greek god (though not at all like them in the pictures in the Classical Dictionary). He is very dark, and very tall, and very broad-shouldered, and dresses exquisitely. He usually wears a gray suit. In rainy weather he wears a raincoat that makes me perfectly insane. And his gloves are heavenly. It seems so marvelous that he should be so dark and I so fair, and that he should be so tall and I so little, and—perhaps most marvelous of all—that he should be a man and I a girl! His name is Walter McLaughlin, and he is the cashier of papa's bank, so, you see, it is very suitable. But, oh, the terrible, racking uncertainty I have to endure about his feelings! Usually something tells me that he adores me the way I do him. But, of course, he dare not betray it on account of my youth. That is one of the agonies of being young.

MAY 2.—I tried an experiment today. I read something like it in a book. It was warm and the windows were open, and I sat in the parlor and listened to the footsteps going by. Pretty soon one came up the walk, and I didn't look, and the blood sort of buzzed in all my veins, and my heart cried out that it was he. It wasn't, though; it was Jimmy Tredick, come to ask me where the Cicero lesson was.

MAY 3.—Today I read some of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." I supposed from things I had heard about this play that it would be interesting, but it isn't at all. I told Miss Dunham in class that I thought Shakespeare a greatly overrated author; and she said in that nasty, sarcastic way of hers: "Miss Pulver will explain to us why she thinks Shakespeare over-rated." So I said I thought his love scenes were not natural; and everybody laughed, and Miss Dunham smiled her hateful, sarcastic smile.

I made up a balcony scene from a play this afternoon that is much nicer than the one in "Romeo and Juliet." Only the balcony is the little one on the front of our house, and I was the girl and *he* was the lover.

MAY 4.—I have told Ethel all. I did not feel it right to keep anything from her faithful heart. And I have read her most of this book. She thinks it is perfectly wonderful. I did intend that no human eye should dwell on it till after my death—and her *eye* didn't because I read it to her.

Yesterday was Friday, and we had a lovely dance. I wish he could have seen me, but he doesn't go to "kid" dances. I danced most with Jimmy Tredick and Tom Bruce. I was very brilliant and coquettish and alluring.

MAY 8.—Something happened today. He called. I chatted gracefully and carelessly for awhile, and then I slipped out and left him with Anastatia. A light went out of his face as I disappeared. He stayed an awful long time, though. I went up on the balcony (that's what I went out for) and waited, and waited, and *waited.* At last, when he did come I let a flower fall at his feet. That's the way my balcony scene begins. I had to take a tulip because the roses ar'n't out yet. He looked up and saw me and laughed, and then he picked up the tulip and stuck it in his buttonhole, and went away very fast. Maybe he was afraid he would say too much if he stayed; his feelings would run away with him.

MAY 10.—Tried the balcony scene today with Jimmy Tredick. I used a big lilac blossom, and I had on my white organdie with the blue ribbons. Jimmy stopped and talked a long time; but it wasn't really satisfactory because he talked just like *Jimmy.* I wonder what Tom Bruce would do.

MAY 13.—Ethel told me today that Clara Snyder said that Gladys Pulver didn't do a thing but sit on their upstairs porch and throw flowers down at the boys! The *hateful thing!* Well, I guess she needn't talk! *Everybody* knows she just worked her head off to get Jimmy Tredick to go with her this spring. Of course, I just *scorn* her and everything she says. I wouldn't *lower* myself to pay the least attention to her. I just *laugh* at her jealous insinuations.

Ethel and I are going to get up a sorority. It's going to be awfully secret, and nobody will even know that it exists except those we take in. I'm so mad about Clara Snyder I can hardly think of anything else. You bet she don't get in!

JUNE 12.—I haven't had time lately to write in this book. I've been so busy with the sorority. All the girls are crazy to join, and the boys are just wild to go with sorority girls. Tom Bruce says they're going to get up a boys' fraternity and have it regularly affiliated. Maybe the Alpha Omegas will affiliate, too, when I find out how it's done. The superintendent made a speech about us in school this morning, full of mean things, though they haven't a particle of evidence. He said the board of education had made a ruling against all secret societies. I don't care what the board does because papa is president of it. We've initiated fourteen girls already—I tell you, they did some stunts, too, for initiation!—and the others are just frantic. The way we do, when someone who isn't in comes around and goes to hinting about it, or asks us right out, we smile sweetly and say we can't say anything about it, or we pretend we don't know what they're talking about, and then we go off with someone that is in, and talk and laugh together *secretly*, and it makes them simply *wild*. We're going to initiate Clara Snyder tonight. I decided to because Ethel thought she'd just be mean enough to get up a sorority of her own if we didn't. And then I thought of the things we could do to her initiating her.

I had a narrow escape with papa last week. Luckily, when we found out how mean the board and the teachers were going to be, we made a rule that if anyone asked you whether you belonged to the sorority you could say you didn't. That question dissolved your connection for the time being. So when papa called me into the library and asked me if I belonged to that secret society, I told him I didn't—now. Then he asked if I had and what I knew about it, and I said I couldn't tell on the other girls; so he said, very well, that would do. I must stop writing now, and think up some more initiation stunts for Clara.

EVENING.—Oh! oh! oh! The most wonderful, wonderful thing has happened! I am trembling so with ecstasy and excitement that I can scarcely hold the pen. *He adores me!* I have heard him say so. But wait, wait! I have only a little time to tell it before that old initiation.

When I came in this afternoon, he was in the parlor talking to Anastatia. I thought he didn't seem particularly glad to see me and wanted to go on talking to Anastatia alone, but it just shows how you can misinterpret a person. Of course, when I thought that, I *wouldn't* go away. So pretty soon he went, and when he started he said something very low to Anastatia, and she went out on the walk with him, and they walked up and down in the garden talking confidentially.

Do you know the pangs of jealousy, dear reader? But of course you do, because I am only writing for that kind of readers. No one who has not experienced that fatal passion in its most terrible form, and few indeed of those who have, can understand the tortures of those agonizing moments. But pride upheld me to the last. I went to the piano and played a mad little waltz very loud, and the windows were all open, so they couldn't help hearing how much I cared. Then I took my Cicero, in case anyone should come in, and sat down and tried to think up some way to pay back Anastatia.

Pretty soon I heard their voices outside the window. The blind was pretty well down and the woodbine outside covered the rest, and the couch is just under the window inside. So I went over very softly and lay down on the couch, and pulled pillows under my head till my ear was level with the sill, and I could hear everything they said just as plain. Anastatia was talking, but I was so excited I couldn't understand what she said, but I could tell from the tones of their voices that it was something dreadfully confidential and kind of full of feelings. The first thing I heard him say was:

"Then you think there's some chance for me?" with a little sort of laugh.

I nearly shrieked. I thought he was proposing to Anastatia. I peeked through the creeper with one eye. They were standing quite close to the house, and he was pulling leaves off the climbing rose and breaking thorns off the rose-stems with his thumb without looking at Anastatia.

She answered, very soft and sympathetic, that she should think there might be a chance for him, but it wasn't for any third person to say. At that "third person" my heart beat once more.

"She's seemed so much absorbed in other things lately," he said.

"Her school duties, you know," said Anastatia.

I almost shrieked again. I clutched Cicero with a tense and trembling hand.

"She lays so much stress," he went on—"I know she does—on this nonsensical disparity in our ages."

I stuffed the pillow in my mouth to keep from shrieking. I kicked my feet up and down on the bottom of the couch and dug my toes in. I couldn't help it.

"Of course, it's nonsense," he said.

"Of course it is," Anastatia answered.

"You know her so well," he continued. "I rely tremendously on your judgment, Anastatia. You've been awfully good to me. A fellow has to talk to somebody once in a while when he doesn't dare to speak out."

Then they began to walk away and I couldn't hear any more. Just then the gong rang for supper. I had to go to the table with the shock of this overwhelming revelation upon me, and the frightful revulsions of feeling I had been through. Such is my marvelous power of concealing my feelings, however, that no one noticed anything different about me. And now, I've *got* to stop and go to that initiation.

Midnight.—It really isn't nine yet, but midnight looks better; and besides enough has happened to make it the middle of next week. We should count time by heart-throbs, and my sakes! I guess mine has throbbed some since I stopped writing! A bewildering succession of the most amazing, exciting and puzzling things has transpired. But let me collect myself, and calmly narrate the events of this astonishing evening.

I'm going to skip the initiation, because if I don't I'll never get to the most exciting part. We had it in Ethel's barn-loft. I have to tell you that because you couldn't understand without. We've been having them—initiations—around in different places where we wouldn't get caught, because the enemy have been hot upon our trail. Well, we had Clara blindfolded, standing in the midst, and we were just going to apply the test of fire and sword (I made that up) when Jane Lewis, our sentinel, rushed in among us, pale as death and gasping that we were discovered, that someone was coming up the stairs. And sure enough, as soon as we kept still we heard the stairs creak and a kind of shuffling noise outside. Somebody blew out the light, and we all made a dash to get away. There's another way out of Ethel's barn, where they put the hay down for the horses. A lot of us tumbled down there. And, oh! there was someone there, too! Some men or boys! They caught the first girl that got out. I heard her squeal. I was the next. I dropped down in the manger and crawled along under the horses' noses. Pretty soon I came to a wall that wouldn't let me go any farther. I peeped cautiously over the manger. It was all dark, and I thought even if there was anyone in that part of the barn, they wouldn't see me. I heard trampling sounds overhead and a voice that I'm sure was Mr. Carley, the science teacher's. That made me mad to get away without being caught. With the calm courage of desperation I climbed out of the manger and stole noiselessly across the barn. As I whipped out of the door, I heard someone near the corner of the barn say, "There's one!" and run after me as I darted up the alley. Oh, how I ran!

I slipped and fell once in a horrid muddy place where a hydrant had been leaking. That shook me up and got me all muddy and pretty soon I got a dreadful stitch in my side, and had to gasp for breath so I thought the whole town could hear me. I saw a place under Mr. Simpkins' grape arbor just big enough for a small girl to crouch into and be half covered with leaves. I hid myself there, and my pursuer went by without seeing me. I knew him; it was a senior boy, one of Miss Dunham's pets. I heard him run to the end of the alley and down the street a little way, and then turn and come back slower. I couldn't run back, for I heard voices that way. I was caught in a trap!

That awful moment I saw *him*. He was sitting beside a table, writing in a book, in Mrs. Simpkins' back parlor. The blind was up, and I could see him just as plain by the lamplight. It came to me like a flash that he roomed there, and I'd heard he had two rooms on the groundfloor. And I knew there was a door opening into that room under a peach-tree in the back yard. I didn't hesitate an instant. I couldn't on account of the fellow that was coming back down the alley. I went right up to that door, opened it and stepped inside. As I closed the door behind me, I put out my hand and pulled down the window blind.

He looked up. The thing he said was strange. I suppose it was the surprise of seeing me there like an apparition of his heart's dearest desire—he said: "What in—thunder!"

I didn't feel a bit frightened—just keen and excited and all nervy, you know. I said quickly: "Mr. McLaughlin, let me stay here a little while, and then take me home. Afterward we can talk about other things."

Something impelled me to say just that. I have thought since I've been writing that it might have been better just to have been mysterious and elusive and fascinating and arch like Robert W. Chambers' heroines. My not doing it shows how quick-witted I am, because it wouldn't have done on account of the mud I got on me when I fell down by the hydrant. My taking that tone with him prevented him from showing his feelings. He said rather drily:

"Hum! Yes, I begin to see. But suppose your papa wants to put in a word or two about those other things?"

Then I saw he had been dreading papa's opposition. I said coyly: "Oh, I think I can manage papa!"

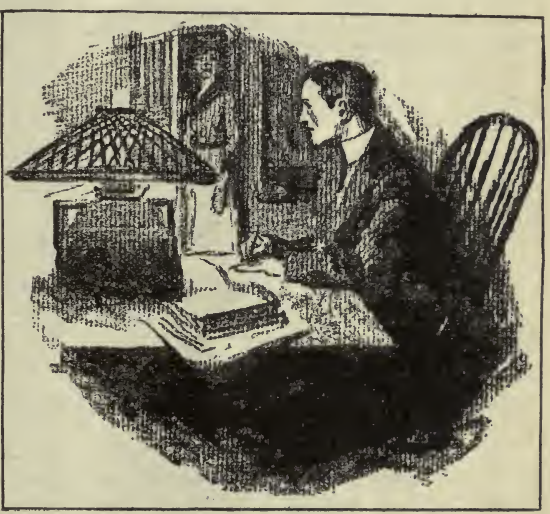
"Um!" he said in rather an odd tone. "Perhaps you can. Well, I won't ask any indiscreet questions. Suppose you come over here and let me scrape some of the mud off you."

I went over and stood on the rug, and he scraped the mud off with a paper knife and put it in the waste-basket. There he was actually kneeling at my feet, and I knew he adored me, but it wasn't a bit like anything I had ever dreamed. I didn't say anything because I just couldn't think of anything to say, and that was odd for me. I observed all the details of his room with my swift glance: but I will not stop to describe it now. Somehow the situation wasn't romantic like you would have thought. It was all the fault of that old mud.

Pretty soon he said, "You're putting me in rather an awkward position, Miss Gladys. I can hold my tongue about this business, but suppose I'm asked—by your father, for instance?"

I said very intensely, "Don't you think you ought to *lie* to shield a lady's reputation?"

And then the most bewildering thing of this bewildering night happened. He laid the paper-knife down on the rug, and *laughed*, not loud, but in a sort of muffled way, getting red in the face. Then he said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Gladys. It hadn't struck me in just that light. Now, if the infuriated populace have subsided sufficiently let's slip out of the front door and go home."



"*What in—Thunder*"

"Wouldn't it be safer," I asked, "to wait a little longer?"

"It might," said he in a solemn, intense way, with a queer look in his eyes; "but then, you see, I have a lady's reputation to consider."

We went. Nobody was watching. We walked along under the stars, and the mud on my dress didn't show, and I took his arm and felt romantic again. I felt that then was the time for us to say what was in our hearts. So I said softly, "Don't worry about papa."

"Oh!" he said, as if he had been thinking about something else. "No, I won't."

"Everything will be all right," I said, still more softly.

"Well," he said, "I hope so; but I wouldn't rely on it too much, if I were you, Miss Gladys. This has been a regular raid."

"Oh!" I exclaimed pettishly, "as if I cared about that!" But I saw we were talking at cross purposes, so I tried another way. I said archly:

"Do you think it was dreadful and bold of me to go into your room?"

"Oh, that's all right," he said; "I understand there was considerable outside pressure."

Well, that wasn't any better, so I tried another way. I said with a kind of tender seriousness: "I never can thank you enough! Some day I'll try to thank you—properly."

He said something quick and impatient—I think it was, "Oh, shucks!" and I saw that his noble soul revolted from thanks, and also that he thought it would not be honorable to speak frankly under the circumstances.

We were home by this time. The front door was open and the light turned on in the hall and nobody was about. He stopped on the sidewalk and said,

"All serene! You'd better make your get-away quick."

Our hands met in a swift, passionate pressure that told all—at least, the palm of mine and the back of his did, for he didn't seem to be expecting it—and I had fled.

I'm actually getting sleepy; I thought I never should want to sleep again; and it's terribly late, so I'll go to bed.

JUNE 13.—Everything is discovered! All is known! I don't mean about me and Walter, I mean about the sorority. They caught a lot of the girls and they told all they knew, "implicating me," as papa says. And they found a list of members and stunts in my handwriting. It all seems so childish and distant to me now. But of course, I couldn't explain that to papa. The really important thing is this: Papa is going to send me to a convent.

Of course I cried quarts. Papa said such horrid things. Oh, he is frightfully mad. I never knew papa to be so unreasonable; but I think I made him sorry at last, for he called me "little girl"; but he said, "That goes about the convent, though!" so I know it does. Of course I made him think I hated it like everything; but really I think it will be interesting. You see, the girls in a convent school will be from rich and stylish families, and they will probably have lovers, and a convent is so romantic anyway. I have begun to plan my clothes already. Papa heard me and mamma talking about it, and said the sisters would require everything perfectly simple, but mamma said, "Of course, she must have something decent, Horace," so I know I can have what I want.

I wonder what Walter will do when he finds out I am to be sent away! I shouldn't be surprised if he wanted us to be married right off! If papa objects—and of course, he will, he is acting so mean—maybe Walter will want to elope! It gives me delicious little shivers all over to think of it.

JUNE 14.—Hah! What mocking words are these that glare up at me as I open once more this Book of my Heart? I have been through the depths! Young as I am, I have sounded the uttermost reaches of anguish. I have read the falsity of man's heart, and I turn away with a hollow laugh from the allurements of love. Oh, I know what men are! They deceive us! They pursue us! They fling us aside! The brutes! But, I forgot, dear Reader, you cannot possibly understand the reasons for this bitter, bitter misanthropy. I will explain it.

The thunderbolt fell at dinner today out of a clear sky. Papa was talking about something, and he said all at once:

"By the way, Walter is engaged."

You can inagine how I felt!

"Mercy!" said mamma, "Who to?"

"I fancy Anastatia knows something about it," said papa. Anastatia smiled a prim little smile with her lips shut.

"They've kept it pretty quiet," papa continued. "The lady has been coy, and I believe it was only settled last night. I've a notion that her difficulties this year helped to settle it. When a woman gets into trouble she realizes the advantage of having a man to take the brunt of things. Walter expects to be married this summer."

"Goodness, Horace," cried mamma, "aren't you going to tell us who to?"

"Why, to Miss Dunham, of course," said papa.

Then he happened to look at me, "What are you staring at, Gladys?" he said. "Better let bygones be bygones, and wish her joy."

I rushed out of the room. Just before I slammed the door I heard mamma say, "Horace, you mustn't tease the child!"

I have cried and cried until I can't cry any more. Of course, they all think it's about going to the convent; but I'm *glad* I'm going there. It's the only thing I want to do now. To hide my bruised heart in the cloistered shades, to stray, a pale and pensive presence, among the veiled and silent nuns; to be a living, breathing monument of a mysterious perpetual sorrow—that is my only desire now. I shall probably take the veil.

I had a note from Jimmy Tredick today. He said he had heard that at convents they read all the letters you wrote or received, and he proposed to write to me in a little fine hand and sign a girl's name and write just like a girl; only fix up a secret code so that some words in the letter would say what he meant. I got quite interested in that for a little while, till I remembered that all is vanity.

My plans for my clothes are coming on pretty well. I'm going to have some things that will make the girls in that school sit up and take notice. I don't care who they are. Probably some of them will invite me to visit them in the East, and when I come back the bride of some handsome young millionaire, I shall nod and smile scornfully at *Miss Dunham's husband.*

I wish I didn't have to wait so long to go to the convent. I bet there won't be another girl there as passion-torn as I am.

THE BEACH FLOWER

By ROBERT W. NEAL

SANDS stretching bright and burning;
Sun beating fiercely down;
A simmering swell, low churning,
A beach all parched and brown;—

A desolate, bald shingle;
No blade of grass; no bloom;
As bare as plains where mingle
The dead in their drear doom.

But see! A-sudden springing
A flower—a beam of cheer—
Life, color, beauty bringing!
The summer-girl is here!

The Making of the Nation's Capital

by Mitchell Mannering

FOR centuries men said "All roads lead to Rome," and they were not only often the grand military roads of the Empire and their lesser branches, but the desires, ambitions, good and evil, of all who longed to look upon and dwell within the imperial city.

Other cities have at one time and another attained this sovereignty and charm, and today Washington is yearly becoming one of the great cities which millions of people in all parts of the world plan to visit at some time. The once "City of Magnificent Distances" has become the Magnificent City to whose majesty, beauty and attractions all highways and seaways are annually bearing an increasing multitude of pilgrims, and yearly the Capital is becoming more worthy of its traditions of the past and splendid endowments of the present. When the history of the creation and enrichment of Washington is rewritten, it will record a splendid, purposeful accomplishment of great things under the handicap of a conflicting and shifting authority, largely due to changes in senatorial and congressional elections and party administration.

At the farewell dinner tendered William Howard Taft by Washingtonians upon his retirement from the presidency, the history of the government of the District of Columbia was reviewed by Mr. Theodore N. Noyes, editor of the *Washington Star*. The District formerly had a common council, and it was the custom to pass a resolution of thanks to retiring presidents. This was always done, except in one instance, when the resolution was vetoed by the mayor, because he did not feel that President Martin Van Buren had done anything for the Nation's capital that deserved local appreciation. Today the new members of Congress are rising above the bickerings and jealousy of the past in recognizing that the residents of the city of Washington are a part of their constituency and as much a part of their district as those living in their home town, for Washington is "the district at large." Even a Congressman having only a temporary residence in Washington can find no reason or excuse for looking upon the citizens of Washington as mendicants or thieves, because of an earnest interest in building up their home city in the same local spirit that a congressman would manifest in his own home district. In meeting Washington business and professional men, no open-minded observer can fail to endorse the sentiments expressed by President Taft in his farewell speech to the citizens.

"I have been here for the last nine years continuously," the President said, "and I believe I have been in such position as to know if graft or undue gain at the expense of the public were rife or had any substantial existence.

"I do not mean to say that every man in Washington in business or in banking is as pure and as disinterested as a saint, but I do mean to say that, as cities go, there is no city in the country where there is less graft, where there is less food for scandal, where there is less manipulation for the private exploitation of individuals at the expense of the public than in Washington. The District must acquire from Virginia that land which was formerly in its possession, in order that it may have room to grow."

* * *

After reviewing the work accomplished by Washington citizens and the members of the Senate and House who have had an appreciation of the responsibility resting on them as national legislators, it seems unfair that any citizen of Washington who has been foremost in planning and accomplishing things should be the target of congressional criticism from members in far-off states, whose constituents as citizens of the United States would certainly resent anything that would tend to detract or retard the development of

Washington. It is not so much the opposition as the indifference of Congress that has injured Washington city. In combatting this lassitude Washington citizens have been subjected to unjust attacks. Washington of today concedes that Mr. Charles C. Glover, known and respected by everyone, has been a great personal factor in the progress of the nation's capital. With business foresight he has saved the government many thousands of dollars in obtaining from the property owners options which have been made over directly to the government for land needed for public improvements.

The enmity of some congressmen toward the District of Columbia has aroused the indignation of the people of all parts of the country, and no less a person than Thomas Nelson Page, the author, calls the situation tragic, because legislators have created an impression that the residents of the city are rich, while the facts are that as a city Washington with no manufactures or commerce, is comparatively a poor man's city, with its large clerical population. The plans of L'Enfant would never have been realized had it not been for the self-sacrificing and energetic citizens of Washington who have steadily and persistently pushed forward the needs and necessities of the capital. There are men living in Washington today, and chief among them Mr. Glover, who are entitled to more credit for the Washington of today than many others glorified in the pages of history. Every foot of land held in the district traces its original title back to the Federal government, and the Federal government has always had absolute rule over the district and the people. While other territories have delegates in Congress, the people of the District of Columbia must rely on every congressman doing his share to give them fair representation, having no voice in the selection of the men who govern them. The old part of the district in Virginia should be again receded, to give Washington at least a fair opportunity to grow and expand in some orderly and artistic manner beyond her old boundaries as other cities are privileged to do. The erroneous assumption that the city is composed of wealthy residents has done the District a great deal of damage, and all that the people of Washington ask is that the city should be treated as other cities on the same footing throughout the country.

The history of the city of Washington today would never be complete without the names of certain citizens who moved by patriotic zeal, have exerted every effort to make the nation's capital a city worthy of the distinction bestowed upon it by the Father of His Country—such men as Mr. Charles C. Glover, who has been a resident of the city from his early boyhood.

* * *

Year after year Mr. Glover has worked incessantly with this object in view, absorbed in projects for the making of the Washington of today, and providing for the necessities of the Washington of the future. The origin of the reclamation of the Potomac marshes and the Corcoran Art Gallery were all matters to him of vital concern, and especially the inception of that queen of municipal glory, Rock Creek Park, an incomparable park project, which was due to the foresight of this patriotic citizen of Washington and crowned him with an achievement lasting and enduring.

Well do I remember the day on which Mr. Glover gave up his business and other affairs to go to the capital to try and induce Congress to take action in a matter which he knew would mean saving a great deal of money to the government, and to follow out plans for a hundred-acre addition to Rock Creek Park. The price in the appropriation bill was $423,000, and the options on the property were made out for the Government park purposes alone. Mr. Glover's whole heart and soul had been concentrated in the project, on which he worked early and late. It is charged the measure was adroitly killed at the critical moment by unfair and covert charges and insinuations. Later developments show that if the bill had not been defeated, the government would now possess, according to the statement of some of the opponents, property worth from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000, preserving all its natural beauties, including Connecticut Avenue bridge and the Massachusetts Avenue causeway which together cost the District of Columbia $1,250,000. It would have been made the beginning of a great park connection which must eventually be made with the Potomac Park on the south.

* * *

The project had been thoroughly investigated and approved by the commissioners of the District of Columbia, and by the committee of the Senate and the House, and there seemed to be little doubt up to the last moment that the bill would pass, and to parade as glory the defeat of the bill which lost to the government the most picturesque portion of Rock Creek Park seems like praising New York aldermen if they had neglected to buy Central Park at the right time, for now this ravine and notable park of a hundred acres that Mr. Glover worked so hard to secure is gone forever, and is turned over to residential purposes.

As visitors ride among the glories of Rock Creek Park during the hot days of summer sessions, the initiated keenly appreciate the work of Mr. Glover. The letter of the late Congressman Hemphill tells the story:

> *My dear Mr. Glover:* The bill to establish Rock Creek Park, which passed Congress only after the most strenuous efforts, has been approved by the President and is now a law. As it was at your request that the bill was introduced, setting aside this beautiful section of the country as a park for all time, I desire to congratulate you on the final approval of the measure, and to say that without your earnest, intelligent, and untiring efforts during the entire contest, it would, in my judgment, have failed to become a law. Your valuable work in behalf of this great pleasure ground at the National Capital ought to be known and long remembered by the many thousands who shall hereafter enjoy it.
>
> Yours most sincerely,
>
> JOHN J. HEMPHILL.

In addition to this Mr. Glover received the plaudits of all the newspapers, even those not personally friendly, giving full credit to his public-spirited efforts. He labored with the same zeal in the case of the Potomac Flats Park improvement and the new Corcoran Art Gallery. On the borders of Rock Creek Park he offered to let the government have land purchased long after the park was established for exactly what he paid for it, although the price had then greatly advanced. There was talk at the time of changing the title from Rock Creek Park to Glover Park in recognition of the service which Mr. Glover had rendered in furnishing Washington with a park so unequalled, and in replacing the mud bars on the Potomac with a beautiful stretch of green.

* * *

It is to be remembered, however, that many senators and congressmen, as well as public men generally, have had a vision of the true proportions of the national capital city. Recent evidence of this is given in the provision for the parkway connecting Rock Creek and Potomac Park to beautify that stretch between Washington and Georgetown, which has always been an eyesore. In the parkway will be located the new Botanical Gardens. This bill was passed through the efforts of former Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island, who was ever tireless in the interests of the National capital in connection with the legion of patriotic citizens who feel that the nation's capital should be set in order in pursuance of the progressive spirit of the nation.

The frank and exhaustive detailed statement presented by Mr. Glover was a summary not only of the splendid work he has done, but unfolded future plans which no one could read without feeling that the nation itself, to say nothing of the city of Washington, owed him special recognition for patriotic services. Despite all opposition his work elicited praise and appreciation from people from all parts of the country when they visit Rock Creek Park and drive over the boulevards of Washington. Future generations will have reason to be grateful for the persistent work which for forty years has devoted most of his time and energy in a public service that will endure after those attacking him have passed into oblivion. The District of Columbia and the nation represented in the House and Senate are realizing the importance of co-operation in efforts so clearly and manifestly for the benefit of the country at large, and the chill of congressional indifference to the nation's capital is passing under the glow of the enthusiasm of the people to whom Washington as a city has become their pride and glory.

Deferring Old Age

A CRITICISM

by

HALLAM WINTER

SINCE the days of Cicero and his celebrated essay "De Senectute," comparatively little of moment has been written for the lay reader on the subject of old age; its contributing causes, its effects on mind and body and the best means of minimizing and deferring its ravages, and their final consummation in death.

Dr. Arnold Lorand, well known to the frequenters of the baths of Carlsbad, Germany, and to European physiologists, has in his book "Old Age Deferred," lately published by F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia, given to the world an immense amount of information, deduction and advice on this interesting subject. The results of years of research, observation, medical practice and individual experience are given, which in the language of a Berlin medical journal, "is meeting in a happy way the newly-awakened tendencies to prolonging human life by scientific hygiene."

Dr. Lorand utterly disagrees with Professor Osler as to the possibilities of vigor and effectiveness long after the conventional limit of "threescore years and ten" has been attained, and recites many instances of long life and continued mental and physical activity.

Among these are named Thomas Parr who died at London, England, in his 153d year, who was married at 130, and was declared by the celebrated Dr. Harvey, who performed an autopsy, to show no such hardening of the cartilages, etc., as is common in old men. Drakenberg, a Dane, lived to be 146 years old, was married at 111 years of age to a woman of sixty, and when she died fell in love in his 130th year, but was unable to secure another wife, partially owing to his frequent spells of intoxication, but principally owing to his refusal to take any but a young wife. Peter Albrecht, a German, married in his eighty-fifth year, had five children and lived to be 123 years old. Gurgen Douglas, of Sweden, died in his 121st year, had last married in his eighty-fifth year and had eight children, the last born in his 103d year. Baron Baravicino de Capellis, an Italian nobleman, died at Meran, Austria, in his 107th year. He had married four times between his seventeenth and eighty-fifth years, and had seven children. John Bagley of Northampton, England, attained 130 years; Petraz Czarteu, a Hungarian, died at Kopros, near Temesvar, aged 185 years, leaving a son ninety-five years old; one of "Old Paris'" female descendants died in Cork, Ireland, aged 103. Joseph Surrington died in 1797 near Bergen, Germany, in his 160th year, leaving a young widow and a boy of nine, and an eldest son of ninety-five; Maria Williamson, of a Finnish village near St. Petersburg, lived to be 115 (1692-1807). Her brother died in 1767 aged 108 years; Jean Thuret, a French soldier wounded in many battles, died at 104; his mother lived to be 118, and his uncle, 130 years old. H. Jenkins of Yorkshire, England, appeared as a witness concerning happenings and conditions that he had remembered 140 years previous. Two sons accompanied him, one was 100 and the other 102 years old.

Goethe founded the opera of "Faust" in his eighty-third year. Ninon d'Enclos at ninety still inspired the admiration of the young men of her day. In Bulgaria, which has astonished Europe by her victories over the Turks, it is said that there are more than 3,800 persons who have lived over a century, out of a population of only seven millions, while Germany with its 71,000,000 inhabitants had only seventy-one centenarians. It is claimed that the health and vitality of the Bulgars is largely due to their daily consumption of "jogurth," a fermented milk product, which it is claimed eliminates the cause of auto-intoxication.

* * *

The rapid advance of old age is attributed by Dr. Lorand to the insufficiency of the ductless glands. He favors the use of the active principle of several of these in medicine, and especially of the thyroid gland, whose healthy condition he considers of the first consequence to good health.

Of course he advocates the usual hygienic methods of increasing and sustaining the bodily health, advocates marriage as conducive to long life and deprecates single blessedness, although himself a bachelor; prescribes moderation in food, drink and exercise, and yet condemns the extremists in these regards; and commends the good effects of religious belief and mental suggestion, even as remedial and preservative agencies.

The free use of pure milk as food is highly recommended, the use of tobacco is condemned as hastening that hardening of the arteries and veins which ends in apoplexies and paralysis. Spinach, carrots, green beans, boiled lettuce, cabbage, graham and brown bread and fruits are advised to keep the system healthy, and spinach, asparagus, strawberries, cabbage and cherries are commended as the best way of supplying iron to the blood. The doctor disagrees with Moses on the subject of using animal blood as food, and advocates eating blood puddings or sausages as a means of strengthening anemic and exhausted systems. It appears that in Europe, and especially in Denmark and Norway, physicians frequently prescribe such foods to chlorotic and other anemic patients. In Switzerland this class of patients often go to the slaughter houses and drink the fresh, warm blood which is described as tasting much like salted rich milk, and has given wonderful results in some cases.

Regular times for eating Dr. Lorand says should not be rigidly observed, unless one is also hungry, although the appetite may return if some relish or simple food is taken before the regular meal. When there is an abnormal lack of appetite, however, food must be taken to maintain vitality. It is more important than medicine.

The question of proper clothing, housewarming and ventilation; the prevention of improper marriages, the care of the hair and skin and many other matters affecting the health and the prolongation of life, are taken up in detail and carefully elucidated. As a popular work for the use of laymen, it uses the jargon of the schools and non-English quotations too freely, but a lexicon at the back of the book enables the reader to understand the medical terms, although some of the definitions are decidedly open to the same criticism.

These, however, are but "spots on the sun," for the book is worthy of all praise. An increase of the term of useful life by the means recommended by Dr. Lorand must be a benefit to the race because it must be bought and paid for by a life that is cleanly temperate, moral, loving, cheerful and religious.

THE MEN OF THE WEST

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

IN the great alchemy of life
Wedding their tenderness and strength
God shaped them fit for love and strife,
And gave them brawn and nerve and strength.
Teuton and Celt and rugged Norse,
Briton and Russ and sturdy Dane,
Fate made them for the plow, the horse,
The men of mountain and of plain.

The waste place and the desert sand
They made to blossom as the rose.
They touched the rock as if with wand,
And swift came largess of the snows.
Their feet struck fire from out the earth
But this was but the lesser gain—
They gave the land their lives of worth—
The men of mountain and of plain.

Not as the tribes of marsh and moor
In blindness asked but roof and food;
They toiled with purpose clear and sure,
They wrought the larger, wider good.
Their herds upon a thousand hills,
Their cities and their fruits and grain,
Lo, this the wonder of their wills—
The men of mountain and of plain.

Where nature is both broad and wide
They grew in stature with their skies.
Their souls enlarged with spacious pride
Swept to the giant's girth and size.
Their heritage is not of dust
But splendid heart and soul and brain:
Kings of the open, staunch and just—
Hail, men of mountain and of plain!

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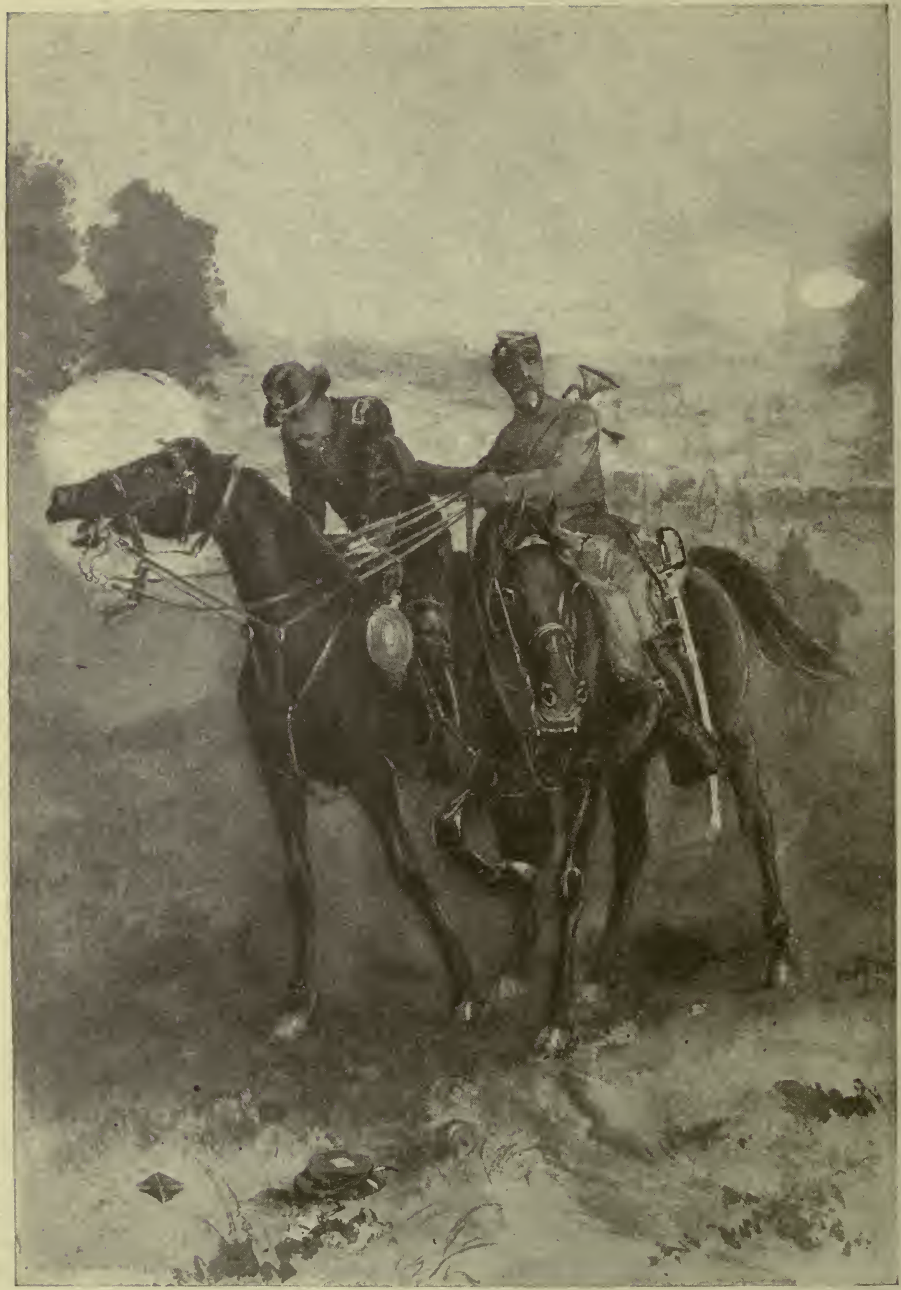
Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-sixth day of June, 1913. Lawrence S. Bearse, *Notary Public.*
(Seal) (My commission expires September 7 ,1914



CAPTAIN BIGELOW (WOUNDED) OF THE SACRIFICED NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, SAVED UNDER FIRE AT GETTYSBURG BY BUGLER CHARLES W. REED

The Battle of July 2d at Gettysburg

by A Veteran

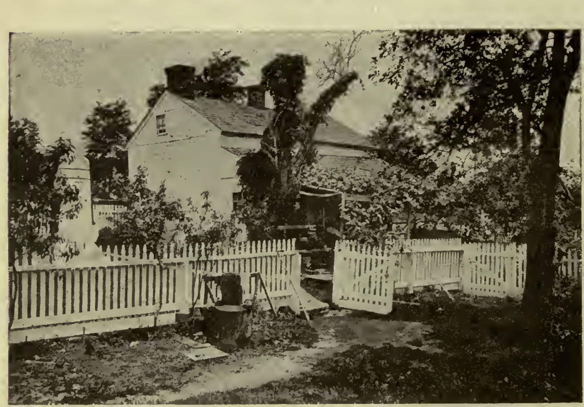
ON the morning of July 2d, 1863, the Union Army at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, extended in a line from the front of Little Round Top along the base of the elevated ground and ridge to the north at Cemetery Hill, and thence in an elbow to the east at Culps Hill. It was about three miles in length. The Third Corps under the command of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles extending the line in the direction of Round Top with its left resting near Little Round Top was the extreme left of the Union line of battle. The second Corps under the command of Major General Winfield S. Hancock was immediately on the north on the line toward Cemetery Hill. In front of these Corps and to the west were two of the three Corps of General Lee's army, that under the command of Major General James Longstreet (Pickett's Division being absent) at the extreme right and joining it on the left and north the Corps commanded by Major-General A. P. Hill, while the Corps under Lieutenant-General Ewell confronted on the north and northeast the Union line from Cemetery Hill to Culps Hill.

While entirely unexpected by both Generals Lee and Meade, the battle of July 1st had been very severe, and with great losses to both sides had ended in a crushing defeat of the 1st and 11th Corps of the Union Army. Major General John F. Reynolds, in command of the 1st Corps, was among the killed in this battle. There was so much uncertainty in the whole situation and lack of information that the battle was not continued after the repulse of the Union troops, but the battle of July 1st had determined that there was to be more fighting and that Gettysburg and its vicinity was to be the battlefield.

At this time all the Confederate forces were not on hand, and there were still many of the Union troops on the march to Gettysburg, arriving at various hours—from midnight of July 1st until noon of July 2d. On the morning of that day, however, most of both armies were present and had been placed in position.

Every moment since early morning the Union lines expected to be attacked at some point, though no one knew where. About nine o'clock the Confederate skirmishers were seen to the west and northwest of the town about a mile and a half away, and they kept extending their line further toward their right and the Union left until opposite to the extreme left of the Third Corps. About noon the Signal Corps from the top of Little Round Top and the cavalry on the Union extreme left reported the Confederates in heavy force, making dispositions of battle to the west of Round Top and opposite the left of the Third Corps. All of these were closely watched, and all information relating thereto was hurried to the commander of the army. The hours wore away and still no attack was made by either army.

The position of the Third Corps upon the low ground at the foot of Little Round Top was felt by General Sickles to be unfavorable for a successful defense against the attack which he expected the enemy would soon make upon him. Hancock had particularly pointed out that the left of the line was the weak part and liable to be turned by the enemy. Meade was early informed that Sickles was in trouble about his position and that the left of the line was not fixed and in readiness for battle. Sickles was very anxious, as the ground from Cemetery Ridge to Little Round Top was low and marshy and commanded by the ground in front of it, while to the left were woods and rocks, the possession of which would be a great advantage to the enemy. As yet no preparation to meet the expected assault had been made and no orders had been received from General Meade, but he had sent Brigadier General Hunt, chief of artillery, to General Sickles and directed him to inspect the ground at Peach Orchard with Sickles. This was about half a mile to the front and on the Emmettsburg Road and was the highest ground between the armies, commanding Cemetery Hill and especially Sickles' position in the line of battle and the ground occupied by the Second Corps. General Lee had ordered General Longstreet to occupy it first of all, as it afforded a splendid position for the Confederate artillery. Sickles' skirmishers had been posted there on the night of July 1st and were still in possession, and on the morning of the 2d two of his brigades which had been delayed marched down the Emmettsburg road to that point and from there marched to join in the line at the foot of Little Round Top. Learning from his skirmishers, who were beyond the Emmettsburg road, that the enemy was massing upon his left, without waiting any longer, he moved his corps forward to the Peach Orchard, but so much time had elapsed that no opportunity was afforded him for creating defenses. In answer to a summons by General Meade, he had gone to a council of officers, but just as he was about to dismount, the roar of cannon announced the opening of the battle, and General Meade ordered him at once to return to his command.


MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS, GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863
From which General Meade was driven by Alexander's artillery storm

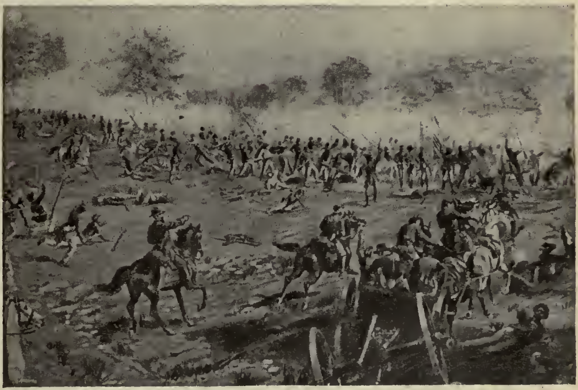
* * *

Then began the battle of July 2d, 1863, at Gettysburg. It lasted from about four o'clock in the afternoon until almost nine o'clock at night. On the side of the Confederates were the whole of Longstreet's Corps, except Pickett's division; and Anderson's five brigades of Hill's Corps, while on the Union side were Sickles' Corps of ten thousand men with the first division of the Second Corps and the Fifth Corps. The attack was begun on the left flank of Sickles' Corps between the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, by Hood's Division of Longstreet's Corps in an endeavor to turn the Union left. Fifty-four guns were in action during that attack. In front, at the Peach Orchard, General McLaws with his division and Anderson's five brigades of Hill's Corps, all under the personal supervision of General Longstreet, made the assault on the Third Corps. In opening the attack by his flank movement and supporting it as he did, Longstreet was aiming to capture Little Round Top and the rough and wooded ground in its immediate front, but the offensive and aggressive movement of Sickles to the Peach Orchard seriously interfered with any flanking movement that might be attempted. Bates, the Pennsylvania historian, says of this movement to the Peach Orchard that had not Longstreet been attacked and arrested by the timely offensive of Sickles he would doubtless have taken Little Round Top, and the battle would have been fought on other ground. The artillery reserve and supplies of the Union Army were in the rear of the Round Tops, and a successful flanking movement would not only have exposed them to capture but must have resulted in the retreat, if not the flight of the Union Army. General McLaws of the Confederate Army received reports from his scouts that no troops were there to oppose such a movement and that they were undefended. General Warren, who was sent by General Meade to examine reaching the top of Little Round Top just before four o'clock in the afternoon, found it undefended and easy to be taken by the Confederates.

The enemy opened slowly at first and from long range, but he was square up on Sickles' left flank. As he opened upon Sickles with his batteries, some five or six in all, Sickles, with as many, replied and with much more spirit. It was not long before the cannonade ceased, the enemy retiring out of range. It was now about five o'clock. The enemy seemed to be opening again and Confederate batteries were advancing. In the intervals between his batteries, far to Sickles' left, appeared the long lines and columns of the Confederate infantry moving out to the attack. As the enemy were advancing on Sickles' flank he commenced a change of front by throwing back his left and forward his right, but before this was executed, new Confederate batteries opened upon his right flank, his former front, and in the same quarter also appeared the infantry of the enemy. Giving Sickles fierce battle, they tried to gain the left of the Third Corps and moved into the woods at the west of Round Top. Here the Fifth Corps and the first division of the Second promptly engaged him and the roar of battle became twice what it was before. The Third Corps had been pressed back considerably, but the battle there still went on with no considerable abatement on our part.

Lieutenant Frank Haskell in his description of the battle written shortly after the event says:

"During all the morning, and the night too, the skirmishers of the enemy had been confronting those of the Eleventh, First and Twelfth Corps. About nine o'clock in the morning, I should think, our glasses began to reveal them at the west and northwest of the town, a mile and a half away from our lines. They were moving toward our left. They kept extending farther and farther to their right toward our left and continued to do so until their right was opposite the extreme left of the Third Corps. About noon the signal corps from the top of Little Round Top and the cavalry at our extreme left began to report the enemy in heavy force, making dispositions of battle to the west of Round Top and opposite to the left of the Third Corps. We watched all of this posting of forces as closely as possible and all information relating to it was hurried to the Commander of the Army. Longstreet's Corps was upon their right, Hill's at the center. These two corps occupied the second or inferior ridge to the west of our position. When I have said ours was a good defensive position this is equivalent to saying that that of the enemy was not a good offensive one. Somewhat after one o'clock P. M. the skirmish firing had nearly ceased. A movement of the Third Corps occurred, which I will describe. I cannot conjecture the reason of this movement. From the position of the Third Corps to the second ridge west the distance is about a thousand yards and there the Emmettsburg Road runs near the crest of the ridge. General Sickles commenced to advance his whole corps from the general line straight to the front with a view to occupy this second ridge along and near the roads. From our position we could see it all. Sickles pushed forward his skirmishers who drove back those of the enemy across the Emmettsburg road and thus cleared the way for the main body. The enemy opened slowly at first and from long range but he was square up on Sickles' left flank. As the enemy opened upon Sickles with his batteries, some five or six in all, firing


PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863
The culmination of the great massacre

slowly, Sickles, with as many, replied and with much more spirit. It was not long before the cannonade ceased altogether, the enemy having retired out of range, and Sickles moved forward again to the position he desired, or nearly that. It was now about five o'clock. The enemy seems to be opening again, and as we watched the rebel batteries seemed to be advancing there. The enemy seems to be fearfully in earnest this time, and what is more ominous than the thunder or the shot of his advancing guns, this time in the intervals between his batteries, then far to Sickles' left, appear the long lines and the columns of the infantry now moving out to the attack. As the enemy were advancing upon Sickles' flank he commenced a change of front by swinging back his left and throwing forward his right; but this movement was not completely executed before the new rebel batteries opened upon Sickles' right flank, his former front, and in the same quarter appeared the rebel infantry also. The enemy is still giving Sickles fierce battle and tries to gain the left of the Third Corps and for this purpose is now moving into the woods at the west of Round Top and the roar of the conflict was heard there also. The Fifth Corps and the first division of the Second promptly engaged him and the roar of battle became twice the volume that it was before. The Third Corps has been pressed back considerably but still the battle there goes on with no considerable abatement on our part. Fresh bodies of the rebels continued to advance out of the woods to the front of the position of the Third Corps and to swell the numbers of the assailants of this already hard-pressed command. The men there begin to show signs of exhaustion, their ammunition must be nearly expended, they have now been fighting more than an hour and against greatly superior numbers. The Third Corps is being overpowered. The enemy are close upon them and among them and after a heroic but unfortunate fight is being literally swept from the field."

HIGH WATER MARK AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863
Here General Armistead broke through the Union lines with a few brave followers

Then came a change. The cry of the enemy ceased, and the men of the Union began to shout and their lines to advance. The great assault, the greatest ever made upon this continent, had been made and signally repulsed, and upon this part of the field the fight of the second of July was soon over.

Pursuit was made as rapidly and as far as was practicable, but owing to the proximity of night and the long distance which would have to be gone over before any of the enemy could be overtaken, further success was not obtainable today. A large number of prisoners were captured, almost all their dead and such of their wounded as could not themselves get to the rear that were within our lines, several of their flags were gathered up, a good many thousand muskets, nine or ten guns and some caissons lost by the Third Corps and three of Brown's batteries were all safe now with us, the enemy having had no time to take them off.

Five or six hundred yards from where the Third Corps was making its last opposition, Generals Hancock and Gibbon rode along the lines of their troops and at once cheer after cheer rang out along the line for Hancock and Gibbon and our Generals. Such fighting as this cannot last long. It is now near sundown and the battle has gone on wonderfully long already, but a change has occurred. The rebel cry has ceased and the men of the Union begin to shout and their lines to advance. The rebels are breaking: they are in a confusion in all our front. The Confederate assault, the greatest ever made upon this continent, has been made and signally repulsed and upon this part of the field the fight of today is now soon over. Pursuit was made as rapidly and as far as was practicable, but owing to the proximity of night and the long distance which would have to be gone over before any of the enemy could be overtaken, further success was not obtainable today. A large number of prisoners were captured, almost all their dead and such of their wounded as could not themselves get to the rear that were within our lines, several of their flags were gathered up, a good many thousand muskets, nine or ten guns and some caissons lost by the Third Corps and three of Brown's batteries were all safe now with us, the enemy having had no time to take them off. These guns were silenced in about twenty minutes. Soon the brigades of Hayes and Hoke, led by the famous Louisianan Tigers, came in view and the guns of our batteries opened upon them. When they came within musket range they were swept down by the fire of Howard's Infantry, but they pressed on and were about to capture the batteries. Just then Carroll's brigade came to the rescue and the enemy retreated. Thus ended the greatest charge of Early's Division headed by Louisianan Tigers who boasted that they had never before been repulsed in a charge.

While this desperate struggle was being fought for the possession of Cemetery Hill a more formidable force was beating in upon them. This was Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps led by the old Stonewall brigade. Johnson was supported by the Division of Rodes. They were met by Green's brigade and Wadsworth's Division, but they soon discovered that the defences to Green's right were vacant. Rogers' and Geary's Divisions had been withdrawn to reinforce Sickles. Lee made a most gallant defense and saved his left flank from disaster. Darkness now came on and this ended the battle in that quarter, to be renewed early on the morning of the third.

The policy of both Generals Lee and Meade was to compel the opposing General to make the attack upon ground chosen by the one to be attacked. The battle of July 1 defeated Lee's plan and compelled him to be the attacking party on July 2 upon ground of Meade's choosing, unless by flank movements Meade should be obliged to abandon his position and follow him. This was urged by Longstreet strenuously, but Lee insisted upon a direct and frontal attack at Gettysburg. There remained still the opportunity to flank Meade's Army lying in a long line by moving around its left wing and through the depression between the Round Tops or around Round Top. This was what Longstreet wished and was prepared to do and what Major General McLaws, C. S. A., who examined the position just before the battle, urged. General McLaws says: "If there had been previously any question in regard to the policy of a front attack there now remained not a shadow of doubt that our point of approach was Round Top. I communicated this to General Hood and pointed out the ease with which a movement by the right flank might be made. He said that his orders were to attack in front as soon as the left of the Corps could get into position. I therefore entered a formal protest against a direct attack on the grounds following:

SPANGLER'S SPRING AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 1863
Here, after the first day's fighting, men of both armies met to draw water

1. That the great natural strength of the enemy's position in our front rendered the result of a direct assault extremely uncertain.

2. That even if successful the victory would be purchased at too great a sacrifice of life and our troops would be in no condition to improve it.

3. That a front attack was unnecessary—the occupation of Round Top during the night by moving upon it from the south and the extension of our right wing from that point across the enemy's left and rear being not only practicable but easy.

4. That such a movement would compel a change of front on the part of the enemy, the abandonment of his strong position on the heights and force him to attack us in position. In reply to this protest which was made to General Longstreet, Longstreet's orders were that you begin at once. *Just here the battle of Gettysburg was lost to the Confederate armies.* General Lee failed at Gettysburg on the second and third of July because he made his attack precisely where his enemy wanted him to make it and was most fully prepared to receive it.

LEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 1–4, 1863

The two armies being face to face on the second of July General Lee's alternative of a direct attack was a movement by his right flank to the Federal left and rear. This direct attack promised nothing but desperate fighting, heavy loss and probable failure. The second promised nothing worse with the probability all in favor of a "fair field and free fight," which was all his army asked.

What Longstreet thought of Sickles' movement is expressed in the following letter:

WASHINGTON, September 19, 1902.

GENERAL D. E. SICKLES,
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

MY DEAR GENERAL SICKLES: My plan and desire was to meet you at Gettysburg on the interesting ceremony attending the unveiling of the Slocum monument; but today I find myself in no condition to keep the promise made you when last we were together. I am quite disabled from a severe hurt in one of my feet, so that I am unable to stand more than a minute or two at a time. Please express my sincere regrets to the noble Army of the Potomac, and to accept them especially for yourself.

On that field you made your mark that will place you prominently before the world as one of the leading figures of the most important battle of the Civil War. As a Northern veteran once remarked to me: "General Sickles can well afford to leave a leg on that field."

I believe that it is now conceded that the advanced position at the Peach Orchard, taken by your corps and under your orders, saved that battlefield to the Union cause. It was the sorest and saddest reflection of my life for many years; but, today, I can say, with sincerest emotion, that it was and is the best that could have come to us all, North and South; and I hope that the nation, reunited, may always enjoy the honor and glory brought to it by that grand work.

Please offer my kindest salutations to your Governor and your fellow-comrades of the Army of the Potomac.

Always yours sincerely,
(Signed) JAMES LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant-General Confederate Army.

General J. B. Kershaw, Major General C. S. A., says of General Sickles' position at the peach orchard, "After General Longstreet and General McLaws had reconnoitered and some more time had elapsed, Longstreet commanded me to advance with my brigade and attack the enemy at the peach orchard, directing me to turn the flank of that position. At 3 P. M. the head of my column came into the open field where we were in full view of the federal position. An advanced line occupied the peach orchard heavily supported by artillery and extended from that point along the Emmettsburg road toward our left. *The position just here seemed almost impregnable. I examined the position of the Federals with some care.* I found them in superior force and strongly posted in the peach orchard with the main line of battle in their rear opportunely intrenched and extending to, if not upon, Little Round Top far beyond the point at which their left was supposed to rest. Six of their batteries were in position, three at the Orchard near the crest of the hill and the others about two hundred yards in the rear in the direction of Little Round Top. That night we occupied the ground over which we had fought at Peach Orchard on the hill and gathered the dead and wounded, a long list of brave and efficient officers and men. Captain Cunningham's Company of the Second South Carolina Regiment was reported to have gone into action with forty men, of whom but four remained unhurt to bury their fallen comrades."

General E. Porter Alexander, C. S. A., commanding the artillery in that fight, says of it, "It was explained to me that our corps (Longstreet's) was to assault the enemy's left flank and I was directed to reconnoiter. In about three hours I had a good idea of all the ground and after we had waited for the infantry, about four o'clock the word was given for Hood's Division to move out and endeavor to turn the enemy's left, while McLaws awaited the development of Hood's attack ready to assault the Peach Orchard. The Federal artillery was ready for us and in full force and good practise. We had fifty-four guns in action and I hoped they would crush that part of the enemy's line in short time, but the fight was longer and hotter than I expected."

The opinion of General O. O. Howard, commanding the Eleventh Corps, was quite as strongly and characteristically expressed in an article in the *Atlantic:*

"But to my mind there is a remarkable providence in the fact so much complained of that General Sickles had taken up an advanced position, for thus he caused delay of Longstreet and enabled Meade to put General Sykes, then commanding the Fifth Corps into position to save the extreme left (the Round Tops), which was the high ground that Lee made his main attack to secure."

In the year 1880 General Sheridan, while in Boston, after stating that he and General Forsyth had been to Gettysburg to study the battlefield, was asked by Lieutenant Jenkins, formerly First Lieutenant of the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, who had served in the Third Corps if he had formed an opinion of General Sickles' forward movement to the Peach Orchard position on July 2, 1863, and if so that he would like to know his views about that movement from a strictly military point of view. Sheridan replied very freely and forcibly, "I examined that portion of the battlefield very carefully, and I have no hesitancy whatever in saying that under the circumstances in which General Sickles found himself on that occasion he could have done nothing else but to move out as he did to meet General Longstreet's threatening advance, and if he had not done so there would have been no third day at Gettysburg, and General Meade would have been forced off his position on his left flank and would have had to withdraw the Army to his Pipe Creek position, where he first planned to fight the impending battle."

DEVIL'S DEN, GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863
Held alternately by Union and Confederate riflemen

On the other hand the movement of

General Sickles with the Third Corps from the line of battle where it was stationed at the foot of Little Round Top, to the Peach Orchard has been severely criticised and much has been said and written against it.

Lieutenant Frank A. Haskell of General Gibbon's staff of the Second Corps in his famous letter of July 16, 1863, from which we have already quoted, says of it: "What his purpose could have been is past conjecture. It was not ordered by General Meade as I heard him say. General Hancock and Gibbon as they saw the move in progress criticized its propriety sharply, as I know, and foretold quite accurately what would be the result. I suppose the truth probably is, General Sickles supposed he was doing for the best, but he was neither born nor bred a soldier but this move of the Third Corps was an important one—*it developed the battle.*"

But General Sickles, who the day before had gone to Gettysburg at the sound of the cannon without orders, because he knew that where battle was going on was his place, even if he was a volunteer officer, knew the weakness of the line where he was stationed, saw the strength of the position at the Peach Orchard, how completely it commanded the Union line, and with his Corps of ten thousand men moved out and occupied it confronted as it was by about twenty-five thousand Confederate veterans under Longstreet. It was a most daring and courageous movement. No doubt Sickles felt,

> "He who dallies is a dastard
> He who doubts is damned."

As yet no flanking attack had been made and no longer was it feasible for Longstreet to march from Seminary Hill to the Round Top without firing a shot and thus flank the Union army out of its position, compel it to attack Lee on ground of his own choosing, nearer to Washington and the Potomac. In a speech in the Boston Music Hall in 1886 Sickles said of his movement:

"It may have been imprudent to advance and hold Longstreet at whatever sacrifice, but wasn't it worth a sacrifice to hold the key of the position? What were we there for, were we there to count the cost in blood and men when the key to the position at Gettysburg was within the enemy's grasp? What little I know of conduct on a battlefield I learned from Hooker and Kearney. What would Hooker or Kearney have done, finding themselves in an assailable, untenable position without orders from headquarters as to their disposition for battle when they saw masses of the enemy marching to siege a vital point? Would they have hesitated? Would they have sent couriers to headquarters to find out what to do? Never! Never! Well, I learned war from them, and I didn't send any. I simply advanced onto the battlefield, and seized Longstreet by the throat and held him there."

The misapprehensions that have existed against General Sickles because of this movement will cease, and the future historians will give him full credit for saving the second day's fight at Gettysburg by his wise foresight, matchless courage and daring bravery.

CULP'S HILL, GETTYSBURG, JULY 1-4, 1863
Partly occupied by General Ewell July 1, but re-occupied next day

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

AN EVENT characteristic of the wholesome old-time sentiment of New England village life occurred in Dalton, Massachusetts, when Senator Winthrop Murray Crane returned home. It was strictly a gathering of home folks. No invitations were sent to state or national celebrities. The picturesque village amid the Berkshires was gayly decorated, and the presentation of a loving cup was something more than an empty formality, for Senator Crane is very close to the hearts of the people of his home town as a neighbor and friend. While this esteem and liking extend far beyond the boundaries of the Berkshire Hills, making him a national leader, this little gathering, restricted to no class or party, in which everyone heartily joined, reflected the broad civic spirit of the citizens of Dalton.

Senator Crane was most deeply impressed by the sincere tributes so spontaneously and eagerly tendered by his old friends, who may well be proud of the Dalton boy reared among them, who today maintains a leadership and influence upon public affairs scarcely second to that of any other single citizen of the country.

* * *

THE retirement of Colonel Sidney M. Hedges from active participation in the life assurance business in Boston recalls his prominence in the most interesting epoch of insurance development in national history. In 1869 Colonel Hedges formed his first connection with this important interest, associating himself with the Connecticut Mutual. He remained with this company until the Centennial year of 1876, when he was appointed General Agent with the Aetna of New York City. Four years later he came to Boston and soon became one of the prominent figures in civic and public activities of the Hub.

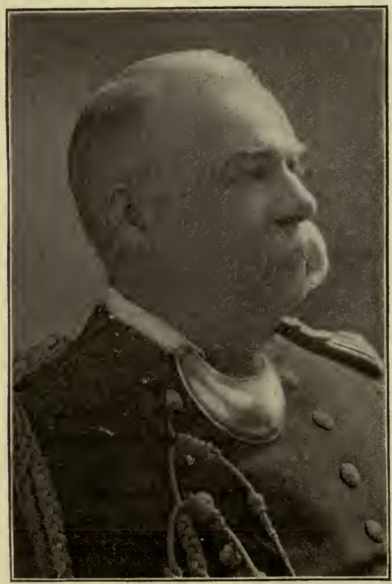
A man of fine presence, receptive mind and generous heart, he has served his company faithfully and well and made a record that stands out pre-eminent in insurance annals, and there is universal regret at his now voluntary retirement from the managerial cares and responsibilities which he has so long and effectively dealt with. He is the oldest general agent of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, and a letter addressed to policy-holders in eastern Massachusetts by the president of the company, Hon. Frederick Frelinghuysen, which follows, is an unusually warm-hearted and appreciative tribute:

To our policyholders in eastern Massachusetts:

Colonel Sidney M. Hedges, for thirty-four years the Company's General Agent at Boston, has voluntarily resigned, preferring to be relieved from the managerial duties of a General Agent. We sever this tie with the greatest reluctance and our best wishes will follow Colonel Hedges throughout his life, which we trust will be long and full of joy. He has lived nobly, and earned the leisure he seeks. Yours very truly,

FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN,
President.

It is not only in business activities that Colonel Hedges has established a national reputation, In early life he was in the railroad business in Chicago and had then as now the gentle art of making friends which few men possess. He has been an active member and twice commander of the historic Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, the historic organization established in 1638, which has always enjoyed the distinction of having Faneuil Hall for its armory home. Two tours were made to England by this historic and distinguished corps, largely under the enthusiastic leadership of Colonel Hedges, each time being graciously received by the Queen and later the King of England. When the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London were entertained in the United States, Colonel Hedges was again commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery and foremost in making the tour of the London Artillery a pronounced and memorable success. The banquet at Symphony Hall, tendered the noted visitors, was pronounced one of the most notable and brilliant dinners ever given in Boston, and an event of international scope and import. The china service used was made and specially decorated for the occasion and furnished unique souvenirs. The following verses written on the occasion of the first visit of the Ancients of Boston town to London, tells the story of Colonel Hedges. Wherever he has been there is always a radiant good-fellowship in his greeting that has enlarged his circle of friends day by day and year by year, and in the comradeship of his fellow-man is the ideal that has inspired his life.



COLONEL SIDNEY M. HEDGES
Who commanded the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts on their notable tour to London and afterwards entertained the London Ancients in Boston

HEDGES UNDISMAYED*

By Morton B. Birge

Poor old "Lunnon"! Just imagine. She is trying to dismay
Colonel Hedges of our Ancients with imperial display;
Trotting out her bravest soldiers, in a glittering review,
Thinking she will dazzle Sidney, show him something really new.

They have taken him to Windsor, to a garden party fair,
Royalty in all its glory, gorgeously arrayed, was there;
Edward VII, peers and princes, belted earls in colors bright
Made a gaudy, giddy pageant, just to dazzle Sidney's sight.

And the Mayor gave a luncheon, lacking naught of lordly state,
Tried to paralyze our Sidney with a ton of massive plate;
All these things they did for Sidney, thinking they could guarantee
That such royal, regal splendor Sidney ne'er before did see.

Futile effort. Poor old "Lunnon"! Think how small it all must be
To a man who led the Ancients in their rainbow panoply;
One who's used, as Gallant Hedges, to that blazing, blinding bright
Aggregation of apparel, can't be jarred by any sight.

Just imagine how our Sidney must be smiling up his sleeve,
Saying to himself, "Now really, these good people can't believe
That all England's court and army, in its very best arrayed,
Can approach the awful splendor of my Ancients on parade."

* * *

WITH his characteristic foresight and energy, Mr. Dan R. Hanna, proprietor of the Cleveland *Leader and News*, has announced his intention of endowing

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*Colonel Sidney M. Hedges of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston is being lavishly entertained in London. He has been received by the King, attended an imposing review of Aldershot and one of the Lord Mayor's luncheon.

MR. DAN R. HANNA
The son of the late Senator Mark Hanna. Mr. Hanna is one of the most successful newspaper men in the West, and has recently announced his intention of endowing a new school of journalism

a school of journalism. The new school will be thoroughly practical, dealing with every detail of newspaper work, and giving special attention to reportorial and editorial training. Mr. Hanna is the son of the late Senator Mark Hanna, and has made a marvelous success of the Cleveland newspapers under his charge.

The requirement for admission to the proposed school will be as high as those in other professional schools of the university. Both men and women will be admitted to the classes. Mr. Hanna's active and widely varied business experience has inspired him in an enthusiastic determination to give the young people of the present day in Cleveland and Ohio every advantage in this special line of study that can be afforded elsewhere. The Western Reserve University has made marked advances in recent years, and with the co-operation of such public-spirited gentlemen as Mr. D. R. Hanna, it will certainly attain great prominence among world universities for a widely varied and practical curriculum.

* * *

IN a back room at No. 71 Broadway, with a few tables and camp chairs roped off from any spectators that might drop in, sat the United States government through Judge Dickinson, ex-Attorney-General, questioning the head of the United States Steel Corporation. Only the clang of fire engines which went whirling down the side street broke in upon a scene and stage setting that suggested district court day in a frontier town. Squarely across the room, a serried line of reporters sat writing and tearing off pages of copy for the waiting messenger boys, who made up most of the audience. It was only another one of those government hearings that seems to have fastened itself upon our legislative life.

Altogether the government hearing of the United States Steel Corporation has brought many surprises, not the least of which was the wealth of detail and information that lay at the finger tips of President James A. Farrell. Under the cross-fire of questions from the ex-attorney general, Mr. Farrell amazed his hearers by his ability to answer offhand even the minutest inquiry dealing with steel manufacture or trade in any part of the world. Speaking of the advantages of foreign manufacturers over the Steel Corporation, with which he had to contend, Mr. Farrell said:

"German manufacturers can ship to Antwerp and Bremen about three hundred miles, for sixty cents a ton. From Pittsburgh to New York, four hundred and eighty miles, the rate is $2.05 a ton in general, and $1.75 a ton on rails.

"The new plant at Sini, near Calcutta, can make pig iron at $5.40 a ton. The men working at the blast furnaces get three cents a day wages. It costs forty-eight cents a ton to get it to Calcutta. There it can be put on a sailing vessel and sent to San Francisco for $5.50 a ton. The duty under the new tariff bill would be eleven cents, so that the pig iron could be laid down in San Francisco at about $11.50. The first cargo from India is now on its way to the Pacific Coast.

"In China there is a plant near Hankow, where the workmen average sixteen cents a day. Pig iron can be made there for $6.20 a ton and transported to San Francisco for $3.60. Tariff and all, it can be laid down for about $10.78. The market price for American pig iron at San Francisco is $21.50."

Again, in reciting the self-imposed obligations of his company at times to continue the manufacture of unprofitable commodities in order that the people should not suffer, he gave as an illustration the manufacture of cotton ties.

"There is no profit on cotton ties and the business is not attractive. Our competitors have abandoned their manufacture, so it has devolved on us to meet the demand. Last year we furnished the compress men in the South with 1,900,000 bundles at eighty-five cents a bundle. If we should follow the example of our competitors and stop making them, the cotton crop would lie on the ground.

"At the time of the recent floods, the Government needed steel piling to strengthen the levees on the lower Mississippi. We got a rush order for 515 tons, and although we were filled up with regular orders, we delivered them in New Orleans five days later, eighty-six hours before the high waters arrived. We always give the preference to Government work."

Patiently Mr. Farrell traced the steel corporation export business from less than three thousand tons the first year to three and a half millions in 1912, representing a valuation approaching one hundred millions of dollars. Aggressive efforts to push this foreign trade have been continuous and indefatigable, and as Mr. Farrell declared, ninety per cent of the foreign trade is handled by his company, which he insisted never operated under any pool or agreement with foreign manufacturers, either as to price or location. He also showed that the corporation did not sell its products lower abroad than in this country; in fact, he reviewed the situation as it existed before the Steel Corporation was organized, when seven different companies were competing for foreign business. After they were united in one office and the work systematized, the United States Steel Products Company forged ahead tremendously in this conquest of foreign trade. The investigation of foreign markets, in order that business might be done according to the requirements of each particular market, was a study in itself, and in this work Mr. Farrell was one of the initiative forces. Mr. Farrell spoke from personal knowledge of selling wire fencing in South Africa, telling how it had been necessary even to charter ships to carry steel to points seldom reached by regular steamship routes.

The development of this foreign trade, as Mr. Farrell plainly showed, has been accomplished in the face of bitter financial opposition in Europe by hostile tariffs and prejudices. Sometimes a lower bid was rejected in order to favor English mills but there was something that thrilled an American's blood when Mr. Farrell related on the witness stand how he had sold structural steel against French, German and English companies in their home land, thus bringing every dollar's worth of business he could to the United States for American workingmen, more than fifteen thousand of whom are now employed exclusively in manufacturing for the export trade alone.

GOVERNOR FOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS AND HIS EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Under Mr. Farrell's administration, efficiency and loyalty among the steel workers has become a noted condition in the industrial world. The earnest appreciation of good workers as the most vital asset of his corporation is the dominant note of his success. Mr. Farrell has given unflagging attention early and late to the interests of his co-workers in the steel corporation, and the confidence reposed in his plans is best evidenced by its results.

The improvements in the home life of the workers in the steel mills, and the hundreds of provisions that have been made to better conditions and eliminate the terror of old age and want through the operation of the pension fund, is a great work in itself.

Few men in business life are more thoroughly informed on world events. Hour after hour Mr. Farrell continued his testimony, having at his tongue's end a wealth of detail that indicated how thoroughly he had mastered the subject. The story of his rise from a common laborer in the steel mill, at the age of fifteen, to the executive head of the greatest industry in the world at fifty, is sensational in itself, but after his evidence on the witness stand, it is easy to explain the events that led to his selection. In James A. Farrell was found a man who in himself best typified the triumph of the American workingman, in helping to win the markets of the world against handicaps that would have daunted any man who did not have in his very veins the steel of determination.

* * *

WITHIN the past decade the grass carpet industry developed in Wisconsin and Minnesota has revolutionized trade in modern floor coverings. A little more than ten years ago Mr. E. H. Steiger, a young man born in Waupaca County, Wisconsin, on the banks of the Wolf River, came to Oshkosh full of enthusiasm concerning the production of grass and rugs made from wire grass. He then clearly saw the change to be wrought in the use of wire grass, and his enthusiasm was unbounded. One of the first men he interested was Mr. Leander Choate, a pioneer of that thriving city, a man who had in his long and active lifetime helped many individuals to success and developed many important industries in Wisconsin. For two years Mr. Steiger talked the subject with all the earnestness and stick-to-itiveness inherited from Swiss ancestors. Then a factory was put in operation, and Mr. Steiger took charge of the field work in looking after the grass, because he felt that the fabric was of primary importance, and he was determined to master the new production in every detail.

Having lived on a farm until 1891 and operated a threshing machine, he was in close touch with the products of the soil. His success in later life in dealing with men indicates that he had acquired a basic knowledge of human nature, as well as of nature in the fields. Attending the Oshkosh Business College in 1889, he first launched in business with the F. B. Sumner cheese factory. Later he managed a saw mill, lumber business and sold threshing machines under the firm name of Steiger Brothers. He continued in the threshing business and real estate until 1899, when the call for the State Legislature came, and it came in no uncertain way, when he was elected from the First Assembly District in 1899 and re-elected two years later with a handsome majority. In the Legislature he proved a "live wire," and was chairman of many important committees, and whatever he undertook was given that enthusiastic concentrated effort which brings results.

The first wire grass ever harvested in the State of Wisconsin was contracted for by Mr. Steiger, and every year since he has been cutting thousands of tons of this fibre on the meadows which he has been acquiring, becoming thoroughly familiar with the wire grass industry, not only from a practical but from a scientific standpoint. He observed closely in his study the nature, growth and development of wire grass, and is today acknowledged as one of the greatest experts in the country, having inspected wire grass meadows wherever they exist, from the Gulf to the Lakes, and on to the limited area of territory in Manitoba.

He was associated with the original patentees of straight grass twine machines. There were twelve or fifteen machines originally built which occasioned an outlay of more than $25,000, and this Mr. Steiger made a personal investment. After the machines were perfected, a partnership was formed, consisting of Mr. Leander Choate and others, with a capital of $25,000. The Oshkosh Grass Matting Company was organized later with a capital stock of $100,000, and a year later Mr. Steiger was elected secretary and treasurer. He is now president of the concern, which does a business of more than one million dollars per year, and has held every position in the company, from foreman in the grass fields to the presidency. The days, months and years of perfecting these machines point by point, as well as the product, became with Mr. Steiger the one absorbing purpose of his life, and he is recognized as the authority on grass products. In fact, he has been the soul and spirit of his business, from its inception and growth of the productions from a modest beginning to the tremendous proportions of the present time.

The product of his factory was christened "Deltox Grass Rugs." No one knows just why, but "Deltox" just seems to be the name, and the trade-mark "Deltox" has become a standard in the rug market in all parts of this country, and in South America, Panama and Europe. The development of the business in the matter of providing artistic carpet and rug designs brought grass matting to a close relationship to the Oriental rug in furnishing a home or office, for winter and summer, and has been an interesting trade evolution.

In talking of the development of the grass rug and matting business, Mr. Steiger is always insistent in his appreciation of the man who virtually made the development of the grass rug and matting possible—Mr. Leander Choate, the sturdy son of Maine, who pioneered to Wisconsin and loved to see things grow and develop. When Mr. Choate died, his widow, Mrs. Adaline P. Choate, succeeded to the presidency of the company, and has always taken an active and personal interest in its affairs. Knowing as she did the faith and confidence of her husband in the business and Mr. Steiger, she insisted upon continuing affairs just as when her husband lived, believing that this policy would result in the same success that had attended his projects while living. The rapid advancement of Mr. Steiger, the farmer boy of Wisconsin, to a position of eminence in the carpet and rug trade, is the concrete evidence of the ability, common-sense, cool-headed judgment of the young man who knew when to sieze opportunities and when to work hard and to obtain results. He has been especially prominent in the development and exploitation of grass rug and matting trade, and wherever he goes there is an exploitation of grass rugs that serves as a trade wake for salesmen to follow.

In the civic and public affairs of his city Mr. Steiger has been active. When Colonel Roosevelt visited Oshkosh he was the guest of Mr. Steiger, who provided an auditorium in his new warehouse, where eleven thousand people greeted the former President. Aside from his activities in connection with the Grass Matting Company, Mr. Steiger is also president of the Oshkosh Pure Ice Company; president of the Shawano Lumber Company of Shawano, Wisconsin; president of the Davis-Hansen Company, manufacturers of pumps; president of the Phillips Sprinkler Company, of Oshkosh, contractors for the installation of automatic sprinkler systems; treasurer of the Oshkosh Steamboat Company; treasurer of the Little Wolf Power Company, and manager of the Wegner Fuel and Coal Company. As a result of his close business association with Mr. Choate and of his familiarity with local conditions, Mr. Steiger has had charge and managed the Leander Choate estate. His management of the estate is in keeping with the success of the various enterprises with which he has been associated. Mr. Steiger has again proven the old axiom that "a man whose purpose is right and who knows his business finds the way to success." The companies with which he is associated have enjoyed the advantage of the same clear-headed vision that inspired the young farmer boy to believe in wire grass as a commercial commodity, and that the market for the goods was unlimited.

He was the first to manufacture grass rugs from straight grass twine without twisting the grass so as to make them more serviceable and make greater variety of patterns and obtain a softness in a grass rug that approximates the quality of the best rugs. From a hygienic standpoint he has studied the question from all angles.

Think of taking out a rug, turning on the hose and washing it every week and oftener and bringing back to the room the cool cleanliness of Nature itself. In the tropics and in Panama, and as far north as Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, I have seen the welcome roll of grass rugs unfolded, which indicates the wide range of a market only in its infancy. The time is coming when a house would not be considered completely furnished without grass rugs and mattings. As the volume of the trade has developed on such a gigantic scale, Mr. Steiger has given his attention to looking close to the supply of wire grass, which thus far has been discovered in only two states of the Union—Wisconsin and Minnesota—and in Manitoba. While some of the fields have been cut year after year for twelve years, they are now allowed to fallow for a year or so, so as to improve quality. Mr. Steiger's ambition is to weave into the grass rug and matting a quality that will stand wear and tear of the activity of the average American.

At the semi-annual carpet sales in New York, Mr. Steiger has been a conspicuous figure for some years and is one of the two life members of the Carpet Club, of New York City, with rooms and headquarters adjoining the famous Hoffman House. His business interests cover a wide range of activities, emphasizing again that the basis of modern business operations is about the same in every line of trade and industry. The increasing popularity of grass rugs and mattings has been anticipated in the enlargement of the factory at Oshkosh from year to year until it now covers an area of four or five acres. The factory is operated all the year round and is visited by many interested purchasers from all over the world. Once in the factory you

Photo by Marceau, N.Y.

MR. E. H. STEIGER

A young western business man who has revolutionized the rug and matting industry feel the very atmosphere and fragrance of the fields, as the grass is gathered in the storehouse in the autumn, calling to mind the old scenes in the hay mow, or jumping into the haystack on the farm, a sort of rejuvenation of youth istelf. By careful preparation and curing, the rugs are shipped odorless, but with all the refreshing qualities of an article that comes close from Nature to the service of mankind, and meets the modern demand for simplicity and the most urgent sanitary requirements.

* * *

DURING the early morning hours the lobby of the New Willard Hotel at Washington is thronged with business men, cigars atilt and expressions eager, awaiting the hour of "tariff hearing." This gathering of prominent manufacturers, business men and wage-earners, and the evidence accumulated at the tariff hearings afford an interesting study of present-day economics. Through personal contact new ideas are often evolved. In the lobby one morning I came across the committee appointed by the National Association of Shoe Manufacturers, National Shoe Wholesalers' Association, National Shoe Retailers' Association and New England Shoe and Leather Association to prepare their brief. Among the group was Mr. Elmer J. Bliss, of Regal Shoe fame, the young man who evolved the idea of branch retail shoe stores in all parts of the country, and in discussion with him were Mr. J. Franklin McElwain, the head of the large McElwain Shoe Company of Boston; Mr. H. M. Slayton, Charles H. Jones, of the Commonwealth Shoe Company; Mr. T. F. Anderson of the Shoe and Leather Association, Boston; Mr. Craddock of Lynchburg, Virginia, and Mr. Rand of St. Louis. This committee had been selected by Mr. Bliss to prepare for the hearing on Schedule N before the tariff committee. At short notice a series of colored charts had been prepared, showing graphically a comparison of wages and presenting every phase and every angle of the questions at stake, so that each could be grasped at a glance.

The brief supporting the retention of the present tariff was reached after a scientific examination of the facts, and when it had been proved that the tariff was necessary to the protection of a great American industry, national in extent, in which competition is more keen than in almost any other branch of trade. Working on a small and decreasing margin of profit, in which pools and trust combinations are unknown, the shoe makers of America declared through their committee that the present tariff was a necessary protection to skilled and well-paid American workmen. A reduction of ten per cent in the present tariff on shoes, they brought out in the hearing, would not concretely benefit the customer, but reduce wages. The difference in the wages paid the workmen in this country and those oversea was an interesting phase of the testimony. In the average shoe factory in Great Britain the workmen receive only 55 per cent of the wages paid to Americans making a similar line of goods, and in German factories they receive less than half as much. The total cost of labor on a pair of shoes abroad is 60 per cent less than in America. In this country there are also high overhead charges, and for handling and selling the goods, and under these conditions the present tariff is very low, and a further reduction could not be made without affecting American labor.

The bulk of boots and shoes exported from American factories are sent to Mexico and the Latin-American countries, and when our manufacturers come in direct competition with British products, and have to fight a difference in labor cost alone of about 45 per cent, or 25 cents per pair of shoes, they work under a handicap that would become an impassable barrier if the tariff were reduced. These facts were revealed in the testimony of the shoe manufacturers' committee, as details were given showing the cost of every part of a shoe, down even to the shoe strings and eyelets.

Out of all the chaotic evidence deduced from the tariff hearings, interesting "inside" business history has been revealed. In the case of the shoe manufacturers, every phase of the trade was represented from manufacturer to consumer. On a notice of only a few hours, shoe manufacturers representing every branch of the shoe trade in every part of the country were summoned to Washington, and stood ready to prove that the recently reduced compensatory tariff rate of 10 per cent should not be eliminated. The situation was discussed by manufacturers from north, east, south and west, virtually boxing the compass. The charts were carefully analyzed and figures officially verified. The case was presented with business-like celerity, showing conditions as they stood in reference to workmen's wages—and wages are an important concern, especially as a matter of legislative consideration. Even the most hardened free trader was impressed. The whole proposition was expressed in one word, "wages." If wages were equal and other conditions the same, then there would be no necessity for a protective tariff, but with the fact staring manufacturers in the face that wages in Europe and in America are far from being equal, the deduction is inevitable that if the compensatory tariff is not maintained, it must come directly out of the wages of the workingman. Then as the living conditions of the European wage-worker would never be tolerated in the United States, the question widens and becomes still more vital.

TWO COY INDIAN GIRLS
Photographed by Mr. W. D. Boyce on his way through Peru

The shoe manufacturers who gave testimony at the hearing were thoroughly in earnest, and the alluring smile and adroit questioning of Chairman Oscar W. Underwood did not stir them from keeping to the facts at issue. There were no sensational revelations. The shoe men were thoroughly primed and loaded, and the reporters who were looking for "scare heads" and yellow headlines were obliged to suffer disappointment. The Committee on Ways and Means also found that there was no use in trying to "rattle" the witnesses, and they finally concluded to turn the whole matter over to their successors in the Sixty-third Congress.

Thus the hearing was closed for the time without any definite result, but the evidence accumulated would make a worthy showing for historical archives. Many interesting "side issues" in shoe manufacture were discussed, and the question of publicity was covered in different phases. The possibility of reaching people in all parts of the country through every package of shoes, with a direct message to ninety millions of people, furnishes one enginery of publicity that has been overlooked in the past. The evolution of parcel post and package advertising will bring manufacturers and consumers in closer contact as the years advance, and the great voice of the package, which has been so long quiescent, is beginning to be heard as manufacturers realize that here is a way of sending the people a message, not only on the quality of their goods, but on the vital public questions of the day. Fancy for a moment that every manufacturer could tell his story direct from package to consumer. The retail stores today stand as sentinels on the consumers' highway, and retail merchants and manufacturers are beginning to realize the close relations and identity of interest that exist between the factory and the delivered parcel or letter.

An illustration of the effectiveness of cohesive action was shown at the time of the San Francisco fire. Mr. Bliss was in Los Angeles, and in looking over the relief work he discovered that nothing definite had been done for the children. He presented the case to the Executive Committee of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and through the generosity of the Associated Press wires and the telephone companies, necessities were provided for the little ones. More than one hundred and fourteen children's relief bureaus were instantaneously established at his own branch stores, and within twenty-four hours forty carloads of goods were on their way from the Atlantic to the Pacific to be distributed to the children alone. This not only demonstrates the homogeneity of American humanity, but also the cohesiveness of American business interests.

One cannot suffer or be attacked without others being injured. Every piece of goods manufactured and labeled has reached a circulation of proportions that make the largest periodical or newspaper pale into insignificance. It is only one form of publicity, and through this same medium the people are kept informed.

They demand to know the evidence from all sides and angles, and experts, with their mysterious, coddled knowledge as capital, must show the reasons for their arguments as well as the business interests they attack. After all, the people today rule as they have always ruled, and the interest and rights of the wage-earners and the ultimate consumer, who represent the bulk of the people, are paramount. With this assured, capital gains confidence and continues to expand and develop.

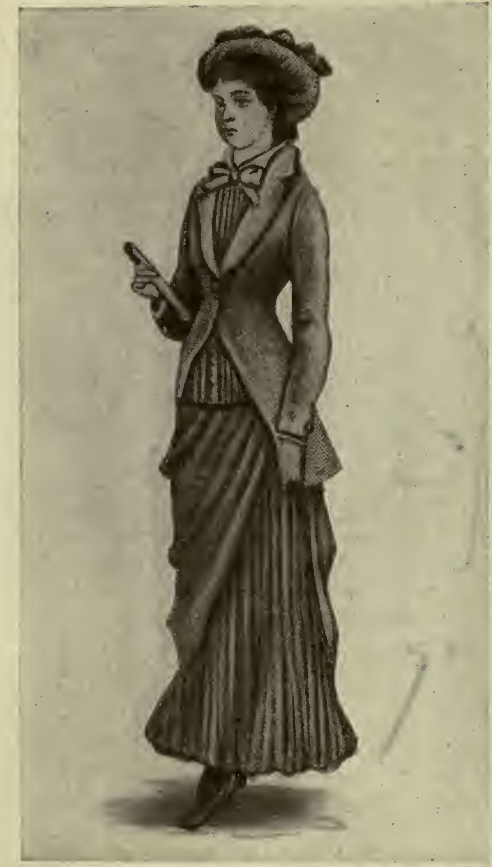
The new committee on Ways and Means have a gigantic task before them in regulating the tariff, and the swiftly changing and improving industrial conditions of the country will have to be taken into account before the wages of any branch of workers can be imperilled or the great rivers of revenue as now represented by American payrolls be wastefully directed to foreign channels. To survey the whole situation without envy, without class, sectional or racial discrimination from the rostrum of the Committee Room is a legislative function of pre-eminent importance.

* * *

AFTER a busy sight-seeing day, one could not think of leaving Washington without a visit to Chase's Theater any more than forgetting to glance at the Washington Monument. The new Chase Theater, on Fifteenth Street, opposite the Treasury Building, is claimed to be the handsomest theater in America, but "Chase's" was an institution long before this building was constructed. The story of the establishment and early years of this popular vaudeville house in Washington is intensely interesting, for it was only thirty years ago that Mr. B. F. Keith, the originator of modern vaudeville, opened his theater in Boston in a room 15 x 35. It required courage in those days to persist in the face of disappointment, but there is a hopeful answer in Mr. Chase's handsome new playhouse, which maintains the same high standard of entertainment in which the owner, his manager, Miss H. Winnifred deWitt, and his son and secretary, Mr. H. Beverley Chase, always believed. Their well-balanced, bright, clean, entertaining and varied vaudeville bill is a popular diversion in Washington, and staid supreme court judges, congressmen, diplomats—all official Washington, in fact—would think a week dull indeed without dropping into Chase's.

The taste and discrimination of the owner and manager have evidenced a careful study of the peculiar requirements of the stream of tourists and the shifting personnel of official life. Theatrical success lies with the audience, and the stream of Washington public that have the "Chase habit" has created a typical Chase audience. It has been grimly said that when Mr. P. B. Chase came to Washington from Ohio and bought the old Albaugh Theater, he faced Jeremiah and an Anvil Chorus of Knockers. He established a record for rigid propriety on his stage, and insisted on courtesy in the auditorium, with his own employes setting the example. He supervised the bills with microscopic care, until "Chase's Polite Vaudeville"—

with emphasis on "Polite"—has won for Mr. Chase a patronage among all classes of people, from the most exclusive circles to the great transient public. Plimpton B. Chase has made the word "polite" a positive and attractive qualification of theatrical production.



DRAPINGS AND PLEATINGS OF 1879

From an old fashion plate brought to light by Mr. S. Wilbur Corman of Philadelphia, showing the revival of drapings and pleatings in milady's wardrobe. Up-to-date tailors point also to the similarity in coat styles—the cutaway front, sewed-in sleeve and long reverred collar—pictured in the fashions of thirty-five years ago, and reflected in the jaunty suit-coats of the spring and summer

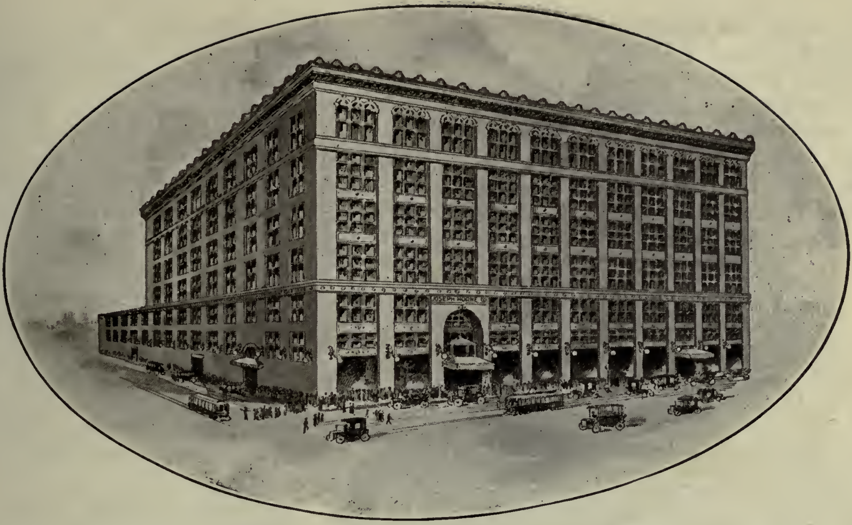
* * *

IN a New England bakery a placard bears the legend: "Bread, ¼ loaf, 8 oz., 5 cents; ¾ loaf, 24 oz., 10 cents," a significant hint to the purchasers that the days in which a pound loaf of bread could be bought for five cents has long since departed. Fifteen years ago millions of bushels of wheat were fed to swine and poultry, because only in that way could the farmer get back his money and wages; but today the poor man who buys his bread is paying even higher prices for "the staff of life" than for meat, all things considered. As good flour takes up a large quantity of water, much of which is retained in the bread, it is evident that a barrel of flour is almost as profitable a thing to make in to bread and sell as a barrel of whisky.

Fortunate, indeed is the householder who in these days of high prices sees the white hands and arms of a loving, cheery housewife kneading the dough, and placing in the oven the loaves which are, indeed, the "staff of life," the bread which is the indispensable item of every meal. The girls who can make bread could prove real breadwinners at home these days.

* * *

IN West Virginia there has never been a political cyclone or turmoil that has disturbed the popularity of Stuart F. Reed, who was elected Secretary of State by a rousing majority. He is one of those stalwart country lads from Tyggart's Valley, whom everyone seems to know, and to feel that whoever else may fail on election day, Stuart F. Reed must have a rousing vote. Born in West Virginia just after the Civil War, Mr. Reid was reared in the early days of reconstruction. He attended the University of West Virginia, from which he received his LL.B. From his college days he has been actively interested in journalism, and edited the *Clarksburg Telegram* for eight years after his graduation. He has been vice-president of the National Republican Editorial Association of the United States and president of the West Virginia Editorial Association, even during his busiest years in public life. Throughout the State, in every glen, mountain range and dale, to the majestic reaches of the Ohio, men love to recall how the clarion voice of Stuart F. Reed was always heard to purpose in the campaign, and rings true to promise and good faith.



Evolution of the Department Store

by Marion Brunot Haymaker

DURING the last few years corporations of both greater and lesser magnitude all over the United States have been brought into the dragnet of popular dissension. The old scriptural question "Am I my brother's keeper?" has taken on the positive attitude, and both men and women who never gave the under person a thought have suddenly been forced to realize that each individual no matter how insignificant, counts in some way either for good or ill. In the last months much has been said about the department store, and the all too meager wages for woman. The question "Has the employer a moral responsibility for those who come under his regime?" has been asked again and again. In answer have developed in detail accounts that have shocked the senses.

It should not be imagined that every department store is conducted upon a plan which is totally devoid of concern for the moral welfare of the employes; indeed many institutions of this nature endeavor, so far as competition in trade will permit, to give a good remuneration for services and to make surroundings so pleasant that there can be no real occasion for any honorable girl to stray from the virtuous path.

The history of a department store that has been in existence for nearly sixty-five years may be used as an illustration of honorable treatment of employes and fair dealings with the public.

It was in 1849 that Joseph Horne first opened his little department store at 79 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. At this time the Mexican War had been history for but a few months. James K. Polk was President of the United States. Queen Victoria had reigned but ten years of her long and meritorious rule in Great Britain. It was but five years after Morse had sent his first message over the telegraph, and only some six years before Charles Bourseul had advanced the theory that speech might be transmitted by means of electricity.

Today, going the length and breadth of the states, it is impossible to find a home of merchandise which has so steadily grown, so methodically developed, until it covers an entire square in the best business section of the Smoky City—a drygoods' house that has so surely implanted itself in the hearts and minds of the best of Pennsylvania's people.

MR. JOSEPH HORNE
The founder of Joseph Horne & Co.

In sixty-four years a business of high-class merchandising has been established so accurately, a philanthropy of kindness and justice has been so formulated, a sense of such keen integrity and genuine sympathy has been noted by all patrons that it seems more than well to take a peep behind the curtain and ascertain the reasons for such phenomenal success.

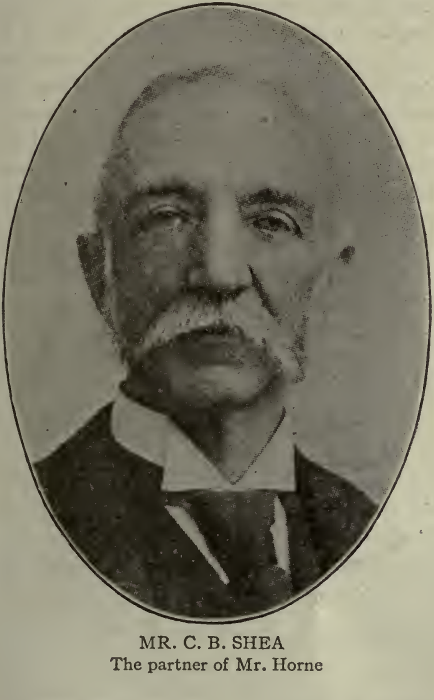
The romance of the department store is clearly depicted from the very beginning of Joseph Horne's Market Street rooms. The same romance can be traced when the adjoining building was added. And again when moving to Library Hall, and still on to Penn Avenue and Fifth Street, where today the immense emporium impresses strangers as a place of quiet superiority in all things in dress and domesticity, and is known to customers as the ideal store of modern merchandise.

What is the spirit dominant here? What has made this store succeed against both flood and fire? What has caused this emporium of merchandise to expand no matter what the opposition, or whither the trend of times?

We can truthfully answer as the man is, so is his business, and as a man lives so shall the generations that follow him prosper. Joseph Horne exemplified this theory. He went back and forth in Pittsburgh for a long stretch of years, until his death in 1892. He built, step by step, a reputation for truthfulness, foresight, goodness, righteousness, and benevolence. He was a leading citizen in all ideal progress, a clear thinking inhabitant of a growing manufacturing center, and a regular church-goer; best of all, he carried all this form of living consistently with him into his business—he formulated as his slogan: "Integrity," so truly implanted that it has weathered the winters of all the ensuing years.

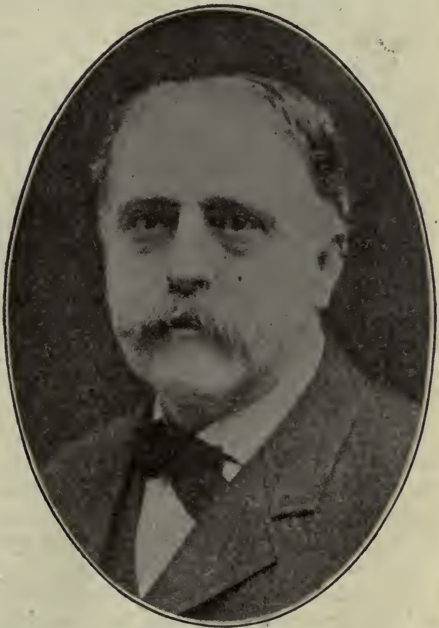
He lived for the day conscientiously, and in so living engraved the outline of a great trust to posterity. In his meager Market Street store, in which were made small sales, in which could be seen austere window decorations, into which went few customers, and which were served by four or five clerks, were established the inviolable principles which are the essential qualifications for all continued success, no matter whether statesmancraft, army discipline, or the slow, sure grind of the great wheels of civilization's commerce.

In the early days of merchandising there was an incessant warfare of wits between buyer and seller, and sharpness was the means by which the bargain usually was sealed. The price of an article could be so changed by the cunning of those interested that there could be no standard for either—the purchaser or the one from whom the purchase was made. This was unfair to both the merchant and the public. It meant that one person might pay an exaggerated price while another would buy much below actual worth. Mr. Horne was one of the first to acknowledge this to be an abuse to be remedied. He marked goods on the one-price system, from which has evolved the more or less standard conception of values, and also the spring and winter bargain seasons. This method, too, has done away with the pedlar instinct in the clerk, and today the man or woman behind the counter is as [free from the necessity of subterfuge as are those employed in any line of trade.



MR. C. B. SHEA
The partner of Mr. Horne

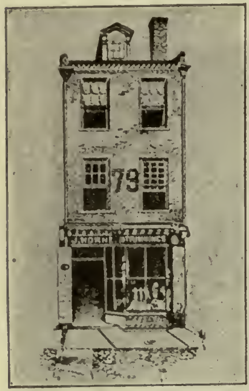
Mr. Horne was the first to establish the three-month credit system, from which has come the thirty-day account. He was the first Pittsburgh merchant to realize the value of creating a home atmosphere in the aisles of his store. Even in the early days he insisted upon the nearest approach of daylight for purchases. He saw that the true aristocracy of a nation born of war for freedom and brotherhood is the noble intent to serve well, and to grow slowly, positively, legitimately.



MR. A. P. BURCHFIELD
The partner of Mr. Horne

From less than ten clerks in a small two-story brick structure, and on a side street, to a building taking up an entire square and employing 2,000 people is the fairylike tale of the Joseph Horne institution. This is a story as picturesque as the one related in nurseries of Dick Whittington. It is as sentiment-ladened as that of Benjamin Franklin when he first set foot in Philadelphia with his entire fortune done up in a small package under his arm. It is the story of the one-man influence which evolves until a whole community can be reckoned with for good, the one-man business which grows and grows until sons and sons' sons are taken into the firm.

Some years after Mr. Horne had been prosperously carrying on the drygoods' business, Mr. C. B. Shea and Mr. A. P. Burchfield became partners with him; both men of the same sterling qualities of character. Today Mr. Durbin Horne, a son of Mr. Joseph Horne, is president of the corporation; Mr. J. B. Shea, son of Mr. C. B. Shea, is vice-president; while the two sons of Mr. A. P. Burchfield, Mr. A. H. Burchfield and Mr. W. H. Burchfield, are secretary and merchandise chief, and assistant treasurer. These men continue in precisely the same path as was originally laid out for them with the exception that they have enlarged every part of their business. These men have decidedly quick perceptions and prophetic intuitions of what will constitute advanced merchandizing.



THE BEGINNING OF THE JOSEPH HORNE DEPARTMENT STORE

To make a huge store a unit in order and satisfaction, the wheels in every department must be well oiled. To make this a surety every head of every department and every employe must work in co-operation. The spirit must be friendly, the interest must be that of a whole divided but for a time into parts. To do this satisfactorily there must be a clear comprehension of justice in reward. The Joseph Horne Company has understood this from the beginning. Employees have been promoted from time to time, cash girls becoming heads of department as they exhibited ability and special initiative. The salaries are based entirely upon sales, and salary adjustments made twice a year. Thus a girl who works diligently and has a large balance to her credit at the end of the week is recognized accordingly over and above her usual wage. It has also been observed that all work and no play make both Jack and Jill dull, so a week's vacation with full salary is allowed each year. In case of sickness the half-wage system always has been used, and full pay is given when death occurs in the home o any employe.

This consideration to those under supervision has caused a genuine brotherhood and sisterhood to obtain from basement to the sixth floor of the big department store. The fact that the same faces may be seen for twenty or thirty years and in the same departments, and that these faces never show depression, has imbued all with a sentiment of loyalty and devotion which is worth seeing, in a time when so much stress is being laid upon the cruelty of "the man higher up."

Joseph Horne's store was the first in Pittsburgh to establish the half-holiday on Saturday during the months of July and August. It was the first to provide a hospital equipped with nurses for the employes who should be taken ill on the premises. When the girls are unable for any length of time to attend to business on account of illness, they are visited by the house physician. The nurse also looks after the welfare of each girl, and, if thought expedient, she investigates the home conditions.

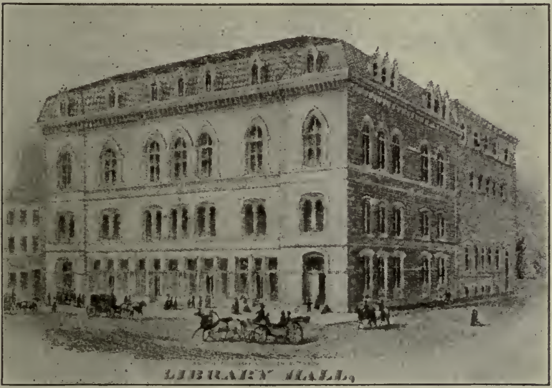
About fourteen years ago the older employes, in appreciation of the younger people of the concern, started the half-holiday outing in the country. This was in the form of a picnic on the first Saturday the store was closed in July. The number of employes who became interested was so great that about six years ago the idea was formulated to give the young people a week's vacation in the country where tired eyes could gaze upon brooks and trees and flowers, and tired minds could be refreshed with pure air and the chirp of birds.

WHOLESALE ROOMS.
77
79
JOSEPH HORNE & CO.

THE NEXT STEP IN DEVELOPMENT CAME WHEN JOSEPH HORNE & CO. TOOK IN THE ADJOINING BUILDING

This meant an organization that must be thoroughly enthused in the work, and the means for providing for its maintenance. From the executive committee in charge of the former picnics the new organization was derived. Eight people were selected. They decided to establish a camp in an attractive section of nearby open territory, one where food, tents, in fact every plain living necessity could be provided. From the former outings money had accrued to such an amount that when the camp was ready to be opened a sufficient balance for a permanent fund was on hand.

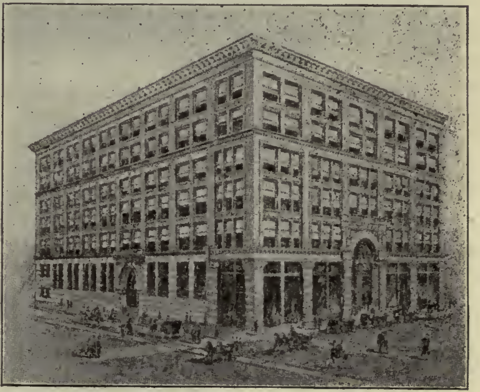
A dancing pavilion, a mess tent, water, and, last but not least, a competent number of cooks to prepare delicious food are special features of this charity. The junior employes of the firm are thus taken care of, and during a season two hundred young people will enjoy the week free of charge. This has served to impress them with the fact that their services are appreciated by the older employes, as well as the firm, and has a tendency to make them better pleased with their start in life, and better equipped to go on with existence in a cheerful, honest way.


LIBRARY HALL.

THE LIBRARY HALL STORE OF JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY

Hundreds of older people go down to Camp Horne to participate in the games and entertainments. A large farm was leased for a number of years to test the plan thoroughly before entering into any permanent arrangement. This summer it is thought that a site positively the Horne employes' own will be an investment, one that will be a monument to the co-operation, sympathy and interest of the older workers with those who will succeed them.

All this is more than inspiring. It comes like a refreshing breeze in this day of so many cases of under-pay, of unrest among women workers, of bitterness at lack of proper sustenance, at thought of no kindness, no consideration from those who employ them.



FIRST STORE OF JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY ON PRESENT SITE
The store as it stands today is pictured at the head of this article

The drygoods' store of America's big cities no longer caters only to the buyer. The day of the clerk being indifferent to the casual onlooker is past. It has gone its way with the inferior bargain, the fitter who let seams be too narrow and arm-holes too big. The visitor—the purchaser of tomorrow—must be considered. Courtesy to the visitor, even at the expense of energy and apparent wasted time, must be the motto. So come the wonderful window panoramas, where the latest fads from Paris, the finest color schemes, the most recherche apparel that may find its way to any of the summer colonies scattered all through the northern states, are exhibited. With the demand for this interior decoration the Joseph Horne Company store has again been quick to grasp the trend of the times. And at all seasons of the

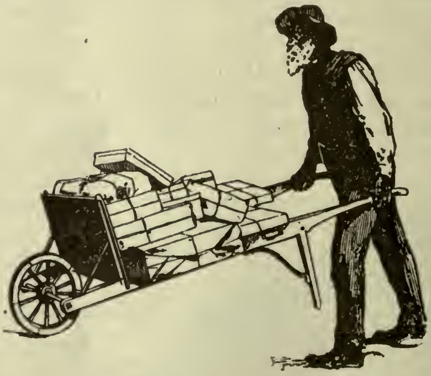
FLEET OF AUTOMOBILES WHICH FORM PART OF THE

year the head window trimmer is working his imagination overtime to find the latest shades and tints, the most artistic fabrics in all lines of wear and adornment.

The rest room of the modern department store is something else that pleases the visitor and the purchaser. Here are desks at which letters may be written, telephone booths in which social or business conversations may be conducted. Here are rockers in which the mother may sit and allow her mind to drift away from household cares. Here are prettily contrasting tables and rugs and wall embellishments on which the eye may gaze with admiration and interest.

The Horne art department was the first in the field of Pittsburgh. A drygoods' store is no longer only a place for buying materials and household furnishings that are necessary. It also consults the needs of the artist, and canvases in oil, water colors, pastels, and proof prints are displayed in great variety. You are invited to come and look at such art treasures. You are not asked to purchase until you show a willingness to do so.

The Herter tapestries before they were placed in the foyer of the Hotel McAlpin, in New York City, were brought to Pittsburgh at no small inconvenience and expense, and displayed on Horne's fifth floor, along with Mr. Herter's rare Persian pottery. Hundreds of people visited these collections, and learned something new, something to improve both the mind and the soul.



THE ORIGINAL DELIVERY

Psychology tells us there is the same advancement in nations that there is in the individual. We can say truly the age of having to touch everything is past, and we are in an era of the supremacy of sight. The eyes are over-strained with the trans cendent views seen and recalled at a moment's thought. The moving pictures, the stage productions given us by such masters as David Belasco and Klaw & Erlanger, the many ways in which the large land-owner arranges his grounds, following Italian models, the forests of Ardennes, or something nearer our own doors, the incessant demand for the kodak and the camera, Yellowstone Park, the varying beauty of tropical California, the heights of the Victoria Falls in Africa, the grandeur of the pagodas in the Far East, are all known to us not because we have their likeness in words but in actual flat reproduction. So, the artist, angered at such rivalry, promotes ideas new and strange, and sees landscapes, ocean scenes and peoples not as did Raphael and Michael Angelo. He gives us depicted sunlight. He shows us the lights and shades of the spectrum. He goes over to the geometric formation of figures and perspective. We stand aghast at his results, and yet withal we are pleased, for we now are children of the eye instead of the finger tips.

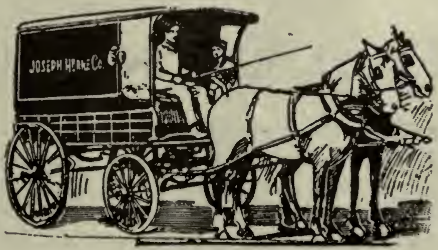
The department stores, never a second behind, recognize as never before the necessity of making pictures of their wares.

UP-TO-DATE DELIVERY SYSTEM OF JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY

JOSEPH HORNE & Co
FANCY DRY GOODS
TRIMMINGS, HOSIERY,
NOTIONS &C.
Wholesale
Jos. HORNE & Co

SECOND DELIVERY SYSTEM

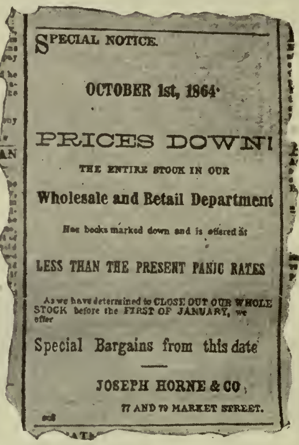
So we have the French rooms, cool, fresh, restful, and here and there a dainty piece of headgear. More and more French rooms pass before us, and here are noted lingerie and negligee such as years ago the Priscillas and Marthas may have dreamed of as they sat in their gardens of poppies and stately peonies. There is the darker finished background for the Daghestan rugs, the domestic carpets, the wood furnishings. There are the newest materials ravishingly draped, the softly planned silks, the more severely tucked up winter fabrics. There are waxen models dressed in evening finery, afternoon frippery, or street array. Surely these wax figures will move, or at least an inspired sculptor could awaken such Galateas.


JOSEPH HORNE Co.

THIRD DELIVERY SYSTEM

To have all these kaleidoscopic effects as they should be much depends upon the lighting system. Long ago tallow candles and oil lamps passed into history. The shaded lamp globe is no more. Instead the Edison-Mazda lamps and Holophane shades, the latest electrical lighting devices, are employed in various combinations. For the main floor, the Joseph Horne Company use the single unit lighting system—one lamp for each outlet, which usually consists of five hundred-watt or less. On the furniture floor, four-unit, or four-light fixtures are thought advisable. In the rug and wall paper departments, the chain festoon lighting system prevails. Electricity is generated on the premises by means of gas-driven and steam-driven generators. The stores in Pittsburgh have different lighting systems from those used in any other city, this on account of the peculiar atmospheric conditions and the scarcity of sunlight.

In finally summing up the evolution of the department store in America, fancy the two-story building in Market Street over against the six-story, entire-block edifice on Penn Avenue. Picture the errand boy as the only means of speeding a message as compared to the installation of an operating telephone switchboard of the latest and most effective patterns. With this it is possible to distribute the calls among the different operators, which relieves congestion at busy times. This, by means of a cross connecting frame work, by which calls can be so distributed that all operators can carry an equal share of the pressure. Changes from operator to operator are made in a second's time. In use there are forty trunk lines connecting private branches with the central telephone office; also private wires direct to the warehouse, manufacturing and other buildings located away from the main store. Some 160 interior telephones, also direct long distance service for customer's use, are noticed. The telephone order board—the first to be put in use in Pittsburgh—was constructed especially for the Joseph Horne Company store. It is an 8-position board, with twenty lines connecting with the central office.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

OCTOBER 1st, 1864.

PRICES DOWN!

THE ENTIRE STOCK IN OUR

Wholesale and Retail Department

Has been marked down and is offered at

LESS THAN THE PRESENT PANIC RATES

As we have determined to CLOSE OUT OUR WHOLE STOCK before the FIRST OF JANUARY, we offer

Special Bargains from this date

JOSEPH HORNE & CO.,
77 AND 79 MARKET STREET.

THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENT

The delivery system sixty-four years ago consisted of the wheelbarrow. Today there are twenty-two gasoline trucks and forty delivery wagons which are always on the go.

Stairs were the only means by which customers went from the first to second floors sixty-four years ago. Today there are seventeen elevators and one lowerator in use, the latter exclusively for taking merchandise from the different floors to the shipping department.

The advertising department, which used to depend on the cleverness of some head floorman, or the owner of the store, has now developed into a huge and fully equipped department with an expert manager and assistants, artists and stenographers. The advertising policy is not so much a basis of immediate sale as an effort to disseminate information about the store, its absolute guarantee of merchandise and prices which shall secure and increase public confidence and attention.

By this time the reader appreciates that the motives behind the big and really prospering department stores in the United States are the same as those that should be behind railroads, mills and factories. Unless the men at the helm have foresight, consistency, philanthropy and a thorough understanding and enjoyment of their work, they cannot go onward and upward. It is essential that at all times they be ready and eager to let the onlooker glance on the other side of the curtain and criticize—adversely or admiringly.

Integrity and justice—such should be the watchwords. The integrity and justice that have gone unerringly through sixty-four years of competition and advancement is the record of this big Pittsburgh merchandising institution.

THE ROSE-BUSH IN AUTUMN

I KNOW, and the sunset-angel knows,
Painter nor palette could paint the rose,
The bush that tall by the border grows
And waves in the wind today!—
Ruby and brown where the green has fled,
Bronzed, and brightened with gold and red,
Purple and amber, so lit and wed
By the sun in the soft blue overhead
And the light wind's careless sway,
That the perfect bloom of its summer flowers
Is poor to the wealth of these autumn hours,
And the richest jewels of Asia's mines
Are pale to the hues of its pendent vines
And the tints of its topmost spray!

—*Edna Dean Proctor*

GET READY FOR THE ANNUAL EXCURSION

We will take the readers of
the NATIONAL MAGAZINE through

The Green Mountain State

in the September issue

VERMONT is to be the interesting subject of a big special number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for September, with a Vermont cover in three colors and special artists and writers to cover every phase of the state's bid for greatness—historical, industrial and vacational. Everybody who has lived in Vermont will want this number as a souvenir. Everybody who has not before known the beauties of the state will want to visit it. Don't miss this number. Advance orders received for any number of copies. **Price, 15c** Per Copy

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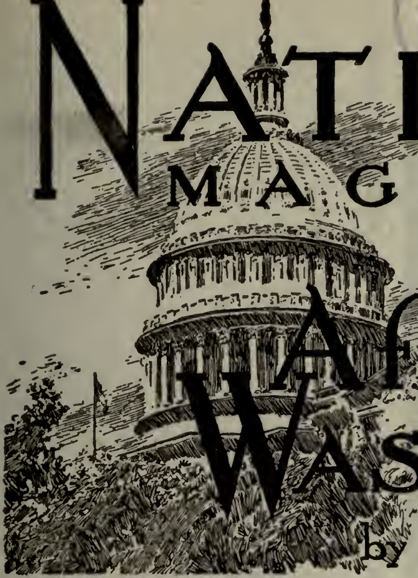
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1913



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

ARRAYED in mid-summer glories, Washington finds Congress still in session for a second torrid August. Up and down the seething avenue the weary Congressmen whir in automobiles, or more slowly in street cars, or on foot seek the cool of the midsummer night after a dreary sweltering day in the Senate Chamber or the crowded House. There is a languid air about the House and Senate office buildings and committee rooms, for with Congress nominally in session none of the activities of the winter time are apparent. The pace is slower, and tempers climb higher with the temperature, and a general longing for shade.

The tariff bill has been talked over all summer. The Senate has once again met the insidious lobby, mustered "horse, foot and artillery," but despite all efforts public interest will not be diverted from baseball games and the rush for outings during the dog days. The President decided that the currency bill should be brought forth and had outlined a busy summer. The respite of the Fourth of July at "Harlakenden," his summer home, left Washington to celebrate the Fourth in its own way with the flag lowered at the White House, indicating the President's absence.

For finales in tariff legislation, August is an all-important month. It was in August that the Payne Bill was signed, and the torrid days of midsummer hurried things up, for mirrored in the hearts of the Congressmen and Senators alike is the vision of recreation days when the corn tops ripen and the cool waves call to yachtsman, fishermen and crowds of jolly bathers.

* * * * *

THE summer social season at Washington was launched with a reception at the home of the Secretary of State. Secretary and Mrs. Bryan have become social favorites in Washington and functions at their home are always events of special interest. The garden parties at the White House and the afternoon concerts of the Marine Band indicate the general tendencies of official Washington society under this administration. The first ball at the White House was an event looked forward to with much interest, and as the

HARRIS & EWING
WASHINGTON, D.C.

HON. WALTER HINES PAGE
The American Ambassador to Great Britain

ban had been placed by Mrs. Wilson on "Turkey Trots," all "zoological wiggles" were eliminated from the terpsichorean programs. As Washington automobiles are now stopped by law fifteen feet from the street cars, so dancers at Washington functions must keep themselves six inches apart and maintain the dignity of the stately minuet of Colonial times at the White House.

Even during the hot days there is an attraction about Washington. There are beautiful drives on Potomac Park and into the leafy natural woods of Rock Creek Park—and then it is always cool in the evenings.

This indicates that it is not so much a question of latitude in the summer time as it is "who's there," when the activities of social life are determined. The weather man made a careful investigation and found it was no hotter in Washington, D. C., than in Cornish, N. H., the summer home of the President. But whether the temperature varies or not, it will be a welcome relief to the President to get away among the hills of old New Hampshire, and move amidst the scenes where Winston Churchill wrote "Coniston" and other political works.

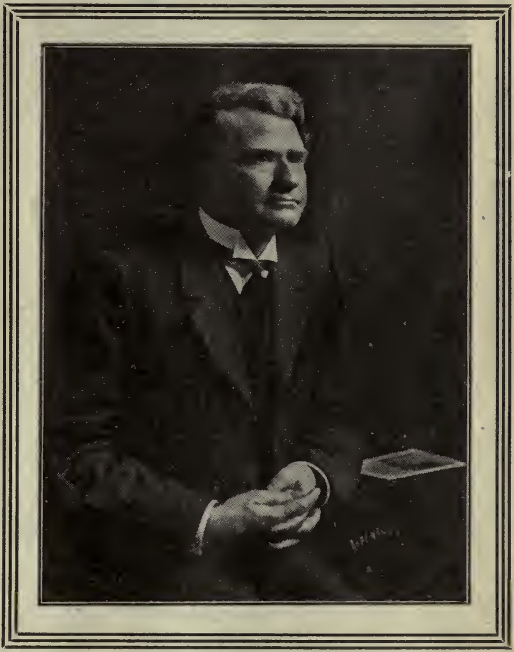
* * * * *

THE appointment of Mr. Walter Hines Page as ambassador to the court of St. James was gratifying to his old newspaper and magazine associates. Mr. Page has been interested in editorial work ever since leaving his home in North Carolina to seek his fortune, and build up a career in the North. He edited the *Atlantic Monthly* before he became editor of *The World's Work*, and the earnest well wishes of his editorial associates were fittingly expressed in the farewell banquet given him by the Periodical Publishers Club in New York.

Mr. Page is now in London making his quarters at a hotel, and tactfully declining to answer whether or not the United States should furnish a residence for its foreign representatives. As to wearing a court costume, Mr. Page declared that "what was good enough for my worthy predecessors, Lowell, Choate and Reid, ought to be good enough for me." He was not in London for entertainment, he insisted, for he was a true Democrat and would follow the precedents established by his predecessors as far as possible, and eliminate knickerbockers except for the golf field.

Mr. Walter H. Page will be an American ambassador in the fullest and best sense of the word, maintaining the friendly relations which have so long existed between the United States and Great Britain. His appointment followed out the long established tradition of keeping a man of literary tastes at the Court of St. James. Mr. Page has been a close and intimate friend of President Wilson and was the publisher of his book entitled "New Freedom," which first appeared under Mr. Page's editorial direction.

In the full vigor and prime of life, an ardent admirer of England's eminent authors and a close student of the literature of economics, his friends feel that he is especially fitted for the multifarious duties and exactions of his post. While he may not give brilliant entertainments at Dorchester House, his friends feel that there will be no emergency or occasion when the United States will fail to be properly and creditably represented by the erstwhile editor, and now distinguished ambassador to the Court of St. James.



JUDGE S. F. PROUTY

The Congressman from Iowa, and one of the leading Republican members of the House. He is an Ohioan by birth, but was reared and educated in the state he now represents in Congress. He is among the professors in the House, having taught Latin for four years at the Central University in Iowa. He became a celebrity during his service as district judge of Des Moines, and is an expert on monetary matters. His article, "Creating an Emergency Currency," appears on Page 848.

* * *

HE is the same James Hamilton Lewis known to his intimates as "Jim Ham" —for a short breakfast greeting —the same courteous and chivalrous gentleman who first came to Congress wearing a gorgeous full-blown necktie of the Persian shawl pattern, bushy auburn beard and that high collar that gives him as marked a distinction as side whiskers gave to Senator Depew. He had just been in to visit President Wilson, talking over matters of patronage, and in his easy gracious way was relating to the newspaper correspondents a good story. The rough places had been made smooth, but there was a little wrinkle on his contemplative brow.

During the Baltimore Convention, Senator Lewis was in the chair on the flying bridge at one time battling to preserve order in the great auditorium. He has always been identified with the Democrats, but has never failed in exercising an innate courtesy with everyone whom he meets. Senator Lewis (that doesn't sound half as distinctive as J. Hamilton Lewis) always has in store a fund of inimitable stories and whether he is walking in the Capitol grounds or on the Avenue, outside or inside, however honored or busy, he is always the same imperturbable J. Hamilton Lewis who started out from his Virginia home years ago to make his way in the wild and woolly West. Since he served as Congressman from the State of Washington he has never been long outside the breastworks of public office. A man of wide and varied experience, he has made a political record that reads like the exploits of Wallingford. In returning to Illinois he hung out his shingle and won his way to the United States Senate in short order against tremendous odds. Senator Lewis knows when he has the people with him, and just smiles blandly as opponents thunder at him with all the heavy and light artillery of modern political warfare.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS IRAS HAWLEY

The popular young daughter of the Oregon Congressman. She has not yet made her bow to society, but is a favorite in the younger Congressional set

* * *

DEPARTMENTS with their new heads are well under way, with all the enthusiasm and zest of the change in administration and an unwonted exhilaration in departmental work. In the Indian Department, Judge Cato Sells was soon at home even under the avalanche of accumulated work, finding in the Indian Bureau one of the most important departments of the government. Six thousand employees are on the payroll of this department alone, caring for the interests of three hundred thousand Indians. It was interesting to learn while visiting the bureau that the wealthiest people in the world today per capita are the Osage Indians in Oklahoma, owing to the discovery of oil on their property. The Indian Department is now located in the Census Building and occupies more than one-half of the first floor, where the Inaugural Balls were held in the good old days.

Judge Sells, the new "Indian Chief," was one of the original Wilson men and helped to swing Texas into line with forty solid votes for Wilson which presented a solid front, and formed the "flying wedge" at the Baltimore Convention. His nomination was confirmed by the poll on the floor of the Senate and has met with the hearty endorsement not only of his own party but of all who know him, as a high-minded, hard-working, level-headed executive. The head of the Indian bureau has been one of the trying appointments of President Wilson, as it required first of all a man of unimpeachable integrity, for the insidious breath of scandal is always likely to hang over any department dealing with the Indians.

New appointments will continue to be important items of interest in Washington news for August and September, and when once the tariff and currency bills are out of the way, it is predicted that the flood gates of change in federal offices will be open.

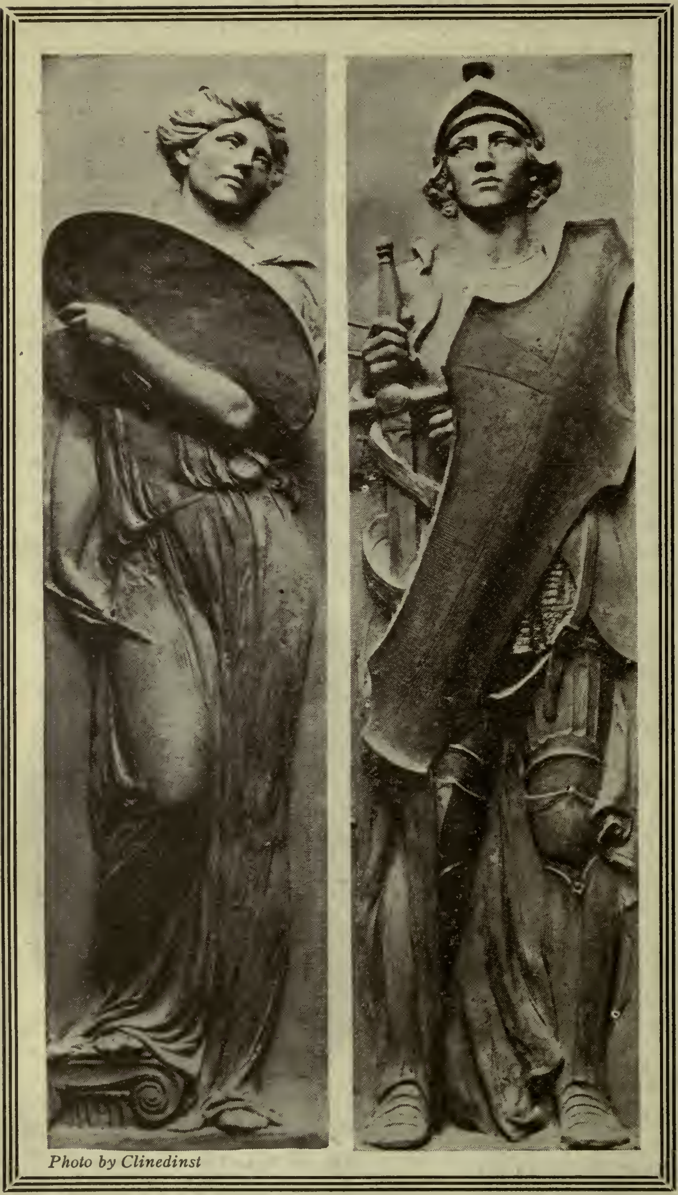
* * * * *

AT the close of a busy and wearisome warm day I found Secretary Daniels writing in his own hand a long, personal letter. He turned in his chair with a kindly glance toward the intruder and explained that it was a letter to his mother in North Carolina. Nearly every day the Secretary of the Navy may be found inditing the familiar address and enclosing a friendly cartoon in a newspaper, a menu card from some banquet, or some of the little things a mother loves to know about. This is a touch of the beautiful home life of Secretary Daniels and shows how distinguished officials at Washington do not outgrow the affectionate old home ties.

To see Secretary Daniels sit at his desk, reading and signing letters, carrying on an intelligent conversation with persons in his office at the same time shows what training will do. With the unerring eye of one who for years was accustomed to proofreading, no error escapes him, yet not a word of conversation is missed. His is a mind that flashes. Newspaper training has enabled him to read a page at a glance and after reading and signing the letter his mind comes back on the instant to the conversation going on.

However much his Thomas Edisonian signature may convey in official matters, there is no document which Secretary Daniels signs that carries with it more of the soul and spirit of the man than the simple, home-like letters written to his mother, who he feels prefers them to typewritten letters, which might not tell her just what she wants to know from Josephus—in his own way. So the official whose work is largely conveyed through the click of typewriters bows in deference to the mother who wants to hear from her boy direct without the intermediary of a machine or third person. Often I wonder if some of the letters which pass back and forth from eminent officials to the old home would not make good collections for the "Heart Letter" book now being prepared by the readers of the NATIONAL.

MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON
The popular Hoosier novelist, who has been mentioned in connection with the ambassadorship of France



THE BUTT-MILLET MEMORIAL DESIGN
For the stone fountain to be erected just south of the White House grounds in memory of the late Francis D. Millet and Major Archibald W. Butt, victims of the Titanic disaster. The bas-relief of fine arts represents Mr. Millet, that of the knight in armor represents Major Butt

THE flowing side whiskers and stately bearing of Honorable J. W. Foster, former Secretary of State, on the Avenue recall the activities of American diplomacy thirty or forty years ago.

Few public men have written more instructively and entertainingly on the subject of diplomacy than Secretary Foster, and today he is sought by diplomats and congressmen for advice and information on all kinds of subjects. His knowledge of Mexico is especially valuable, and he recently called attention to the fact that during the first fifty years of its existence as a republic, Mexico experienced one continuous series of revolutions and disorder. He quotes a Mexican historian as saying: "Every year a new ruler, every month a revolt," as the record of the times, and not until the advent of General Diaz in 1876 was there anything that looked like peaceful conditions. With this overthrow, by revolutionary methods, the present state of disorder and anarchy was inaugurated. Ever since the Buchanan administration, American citizens to Mexico have suffered loss of life and property except while Diaz was incumbent.

Many of the various treaties on this subject, says Mr. Foster, have been almost a "dead letter." For years an American could not visit Mexico on lawful business without danger. In 1858 President Buchanan urged hostilities, and insisted it was impossible to maintain friendly relations with a government where revolutionaries usurped authority over night and were constantly promising but never redressing wrong. These facts remind us that up to this time the Huerta government in Mexico has not been recognized at Washington. The new Chinese republic has been welcomed to the family of nations, while the history of Mexico is being studied. History is repeating itself.

The judgment of Congress in 1860 in refusing to interfere between warring factions in Mexico and await an international adjustment of affairs was entirely vindicated, according to Mr. Foster, by subsequent events. The losses of the American citizens during the disturbance were adjusted and paid by Mexico when a permanent government was established. A large list of claims again awaits the Mexican government whenever it becomes re-established, for the losses incurred by American citizens in Mexico. The situation is being thoroughly investigated, and the approaching completion of the Panama Canal, it is felt, makes it imperative that before long some strong government be established and recognized in Mexico. The envious gaze of European nations on Mexico, Brazil, Argentine and other South American republics grows more and more intense, and a reiteration of the Monroe doctrine may be necessary at the psychological moment. The situation furnishes a theme that makes the blood of Americans tingle in harking back to the famous declaration of President Monroe.

HON. J. W. FOSTER
The Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet, and a diplomat of rare genius. He is consulted by government officials on public matters, regardless of party or administration

* * *

UTILITY is the watchword of the hour alike in federal, state and municipal legislation. Even the uselessness of fountains impressed itself on Pat Moriarty, who, as the story goes, was at one time a state senator in the far West. One evening the council discussed a proposition to ornament a small park by the addition of a fountain, and a young member of the aristocratic section made a motion to purchase the fountain, following it with a display of oratory, scholarship and antiquarian and artistic lore. His argument seemed unanswerable to all but Moriarty, who nothing abashed delivered himself as follows:—

"Oi woud loike to amind the gintleman's motion by substitootin' the word 'wather' for that of 'fountain.' If we musht spind the public money for wather to shquir-rt anny place, let us shquir-rt it where it will do some good an' not washte it t'roo the mejum of a dinky ould fountain whin the dusht is a foot t'ick all over the city."

Sprinkling the streets with water today has been eliminated by the use of oil, and Pat's proposition was followed by an amendment of the resolution so as to furnish water for the fountain and oil for the street on which Pat lived. It was another case of pouring oil on troubled waters.

HARRIS&EWING
WASHINGTON, D.C. ©

MRS. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE
The gracious and brilliant lady who presides over the household of Senator LaFollette. She is an able campaigner, knows the ins and outs of politics, leads the suffrage movement in her state, and is above all a successful wife and mother

* * *

THERE is a tinge of continuous aggressive political campaigning in the speeches of Secretary Bryan, who recently reiterated the impression instilled at Chicago that no more big national political conventions will be held, because presidential primaries will become so general that candidates will be selected by direct vote. Mr. Bryan has spoken definitely on the platform pledge, insisting that "A man who violates a party platform is a criminal worse than the man who embezzles money."

In Baltimore at the last convention, the platform was adopted before the nomination was made, reversing the usual order—but Mr. Bryan says the platform must be carried out, notwithstanding. The Progressives, says Mr. Bryan further, have nothing to do now but to join the Democratic party, if they stand for principle. He calls attention to the fact that long years ago the Democrats made their fight for progressive measures in which they were later joined by former Republicans. Now the question is, what will be counted Progressive in the two parties two years hence, with the "outs in" and the "ins out" of office?

Consular and diplomatic appointments will continue to magnetize interest at the State Department but aside from this Mr. Bryan remains the popular personage sought by the Democratic faithful when they come to Washington "just to see the sights" and incidentally to look after the appointment of a friend or to oust a political antagonist.

* * * * *

WITH his coat off, and hard at work on a mass of papers, I found Congressman J. J. Esch of Wisconsin at the House office building. John Esch is a worker, and in years past has framed much important legislation that has gone to the credit of others. This suggests the idea of preparing a congressional copyright bill so that credit may be properly given to the man who framed a bill and not have it lifted word for word by some later leader.

There is one distinction, however, that Congressman Esch bears undivided, although he modestly disclaims it—he proposed the construction of a lighthouse on the tropical Island of Navassa, which was occupied by Baltimore men some thirty years ago for the development of the guano industry. On this islet, which lies between Jamaica and Colon, right on the pathway to Panama and in a dangerous location, the Lighthouse Board has now located a government lighthouse.

While Mr. Esch was on a Panama trip with the Inter-state and Foreign Commerce Committee, the story goes, the night before Christmas rolled around and a regular old-fashioned dinner was planned. There was speech-making and rhetorical fireworks, and during the dinner Congressman Esch read a poem on the Island of Navassa. The Captain of the Steamer *Cristobal* had been telling about the island, and the Western Congressman proceeded to indulge himself in poesy with all the fervor of his sophomore days. Whether the verse was written in blank verse or Alexandrines has not been revealed, but somehow the matter came to the attention of the Lighthouse Board and plans were made for the lighthouse. In a surprisingly short time, the appropriation was secured and Navassa was made an American possession, and the site of a much-needed and important beacon.

This instance has suggested to the American settlers on the Isle of Pines something that the Lighthouse Board neglected:

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. MYRON T. HERRICK
The wife of the American Ambassador to France

their method of conquest when the treaty of Paris was signed, giving to the United States all the possessions in the West Indies except Cuba. The Isle of Pines was then placed on the map as part of the American possessions, but later changed. In the meantime, the Americans there proceeded to plant grapefruit and other plantations, and lived in hope of some time having the island under the American flag. The fact, however, that in years past there was considerable trade and communications between the Isle of Pines and Cuba naturally led the Cubans to claim the island as a part of the domain of Cuba.

N. DINGT
ASHINGTON

MISS SHIRLEY CURRY
The pretty grand-daughter of Senator Bacon of Georgia, who spent the season in Washington and made many friends

* * *

DURING the tariff discussion, telegrams came thick and fast to the office buildings on both the House and Senate side. Congressman Everis A. Hayes of California was a busy man, making a fight for the citrus interests of the Golden State. The proposed reduction on lemons wipes out the small producers and the competition which California is compelled to meet is revealed in the fact that Italian and foreign fruits can be landed on the Atlantic coast for twenty-five cents and thirty-five cents per hundred pounds, while the entire citrus products from California pay the overland railroads twice that amount. The tariff on lemons developed large orchards in California without making essentially any tax on consumers, for the moment the tariff is reduced, the price of lemons abroad goes up.

All this comes at a time when California is facing Japanese complications and preparing for the great Panama-Pacific Exposition, and it seems as if in the new tariff bill California has been hit the hardest of all.

The telegrams sent to Congressman Hayes ring with a protest that shows how the tariff problem may involve self-preservation to various sections. The following reveals the spirit of the heroic fight being waged by Californians against the inroads of powerful importing interests:—

Honorable Everis A. Hayes,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

The Citrus Protective League, representing an investment of two hundred million dollars depends upon our Representatives to see that the future of industry is not jeopardized by passage of items in bill before Congress. The present rates represent the difference in cost of production without protecting the producer's profit or equalizing the difference in freight rates. The rates in present bill would give importers larger profits without affecting price to consumer. This industry, which has made California famous the world over, must not be sacrificed at the demands of the importing interests.

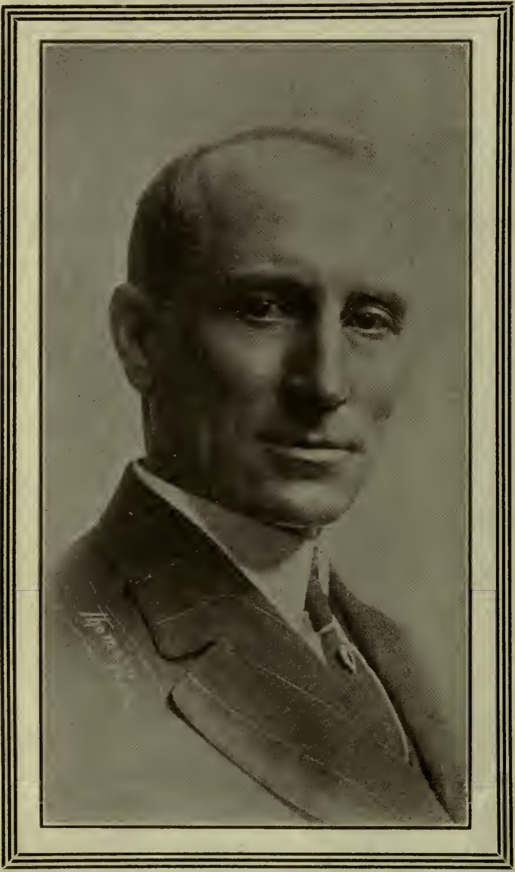
CITRUS PROTECTIVE LEAGUE,
F. Q. Story, *President.*

During his career as Congressman, Mr. Hayes has proven an aggressive force in national legislation, and although he is one of the original Republican progressives or insurgents, yet he has never relinquished an earnest advocacy of protection as essential to the development of American interests.

TYPE OF CEMENT COTTAGE IN IRELAND
Built by the English government for laborers. The success of the plan has awakened a great deal of interest among corporations in America

YOU can see by the stripes on his coat as well as by the smile on his face that Governor George H. Hodges of Kansas is a good fellow. He was successful in a hard fought campaign, and it is counted a strong Democrat that can carry political honors in "bleeding Kansas" into the Democratic column. Mr. Hodges is a prominent member of the famous order of "Hoo-Hoo," and from Hoo-Hoodom he now steps into the legislative "Who's Who," taking quick steps to fame as Governor of Kansas.

George H. Hodges was born in Wisconsin, but at the tender age of three years moved to Olathe, Johnson County, Kansas, via the "Prairie Schooner Limited." He became a typical Kansas boy and started his business career as the herder of the town cows. Later he took up the carpenter's trade and today hundreds of residents in Johnson County boast of the fact that their homes were lathed by the present Governor of Kansas. When he started business on his own account, he bought a lumber yard at Olathe, which he still has, then to restore impaired health he spent several years as a traveling salesman.



GOVERNOR GEORGE H. HODGES
The Kansas chief executive, who is called by sociologists a "typical American" and by his friends the prince of good fellows

Governor Hodges is essentially a self-made man in every way. He is a keen student of modern authors, is well traveled, and a splendid conversationalist, with a keen perception of public questions. He served in the State Senate and was identified with many popular reform and progressive measures. The distinction of being the first Democratic Governor elected in thirty years does not dim his lustre among his fellow-townsmen, where he is known as the "prince of good fellows"—a man who in his active life has always been ready to help along the other fellow.

* * *

WALKING along at a rapid pace in front of the Capitol, absorbed in thought, Congressman James R. Mann, leader of the Republicans, stopped for a moment to look upon the beauty of the Capitol grounds. On the floor of the House the previous day he had conducted a hard fight on the tariff bill, but the more his colleagues came to know James R. Mann, the more they respect and admire him. His sense of justice and fairness and capacity for hard work have logically made him the leader of the minority party. He was the original pure food advocate, serving on the committee that later brought about the framing of the pure food bill. While colleagues were shining at social functions, he was hard at work on an exhaustive investigation of food, pure and impure, and this characterizes his entire public career.

Mr. Mann is an ardent admirer of Colonel Goethals, and feels that the honor of full generalship in the army should be bestowed upon him. This honor is held by only four men of the nation. It was first conferred on Washington, later on General Grant, then upon Sherman and Sheridan. The precedent for Colonel Goethals' case, says Mr. Mann, was in the action taken creating Admiral Dewey as admiral for life, not subject to retirement for any cause. Mr. Mann feels that the work of army officers should be recognized in peace as well as in war, thus giving the army the distinction that is enjoyed by the navy. Aside from being an army officer, Colonel Goethals has proved himself one of the great engineers of his time.

Congressman Mann also pays hearty tribute to Colonel Gaillard, Colonel Hodges, Colonel Seibert and Commander Rousseau of the navy, and he feels that the present Democratic Congress, appreciating what the Panama Canal means for southern states, should take the initiative and bestow on those associated with the canal work a proper and adequate official recognition.

MRS. J. A. ELLERBE

The wife of former Congressman Ellerbe of South Carolina, and a favorite in Washington during her husband's term as Representative. She is now gracing Southern society at Marion, the Ellerbe home

* * *

IN the Zoo at Washington a crowd was observing the movements of a turtle. This brought to mind the fact that Dr. Friedmann's cure for tuberculosis is serum prepared from a turtle—used by the Chinese for more than two thousand years. A turtle dealer who supplies one of the prominent hotels in New York learned that it was a common practice for Chinese medicine men to administer turtle soup for all forms of tuberculosis, stomach and kidney trouble. The Chinese consider the American turtle far superior for medicinal purposes to any Oriental species and import them. The exact method of preparation has been kept a close secret by the Chinese for many centuries, but it is known that herbs are used in brewing the concoction.

The authorities at Washington were rather slow and cautious in endorsing the rather sensational claim made by Doctor Friedmann for his cures. In the meantime, other investigations into new treatments of the dread white plague have been prosecuted with, however, no noteworthy results as yet, and the doctor has returned to Germany, very much disgusted with medical ethics and American inquisitiveness.

A SENATOR was making frantic efforts to think of a new negro story that would incorporate the rich African dialect on which he prided himself.

"Up and down, down and up the business world shoots day after day, in the New York skyscrapers," he began, while he racked his brain. "Everybody has a round trip ticket on the elevator, and the sad-faced boy in uniform 'stands by' his lever with an occasional 'good morning' for the especially favored and in the evening a farewell 'good night.' " (This is the prologue.)

"My friend, Sambo," continued the Senator, "had the misfortune to stutter and when he started to take a trip in the Woolworth Building was especially afflicted. Sambo was telling me the story and he told it with scarcely a ripple.

" 'Yas sa-ah, ah was in a lil' h-hurry de od-der d-day an' ah w-was gwine tuh M-Mars G-Green's office on de s-sixth f-flo' ob de Woolworth b-b-buildin'. So ah j-jumps into de elevator an' ah s-says when ah gets to de f-fourth f-flo', "s-s-s-s-." "Hyar yo' am—sebenth," says dat elevator boy. "Ah d-d-didn't s-say s-s-seben," ah says. "A-all r-right, ah'l catch it g-g-goin' down. H-hyar yo' am, s-s-second." "Ah d-don't want de s-second," ah says. "All r-right, f-fust f-flo', all out. Now w-we'll c-c-catch it g-g-gwin' up. W-what f-flo now?"

" 'Now ah was bound to g-get it r-right an' ah s-said s-slowly, "th-the s-s-sixth. You g-go to H-H-Halifax," fo' y-you see, sah, he was at de t-top f-f-flo' again.'

"Sambo says it is always that way when you are in a hurry. Now he carries a calendar with him and just points out the figure representing his floor to the elevator man when he starts up."

MISS LOUISE FLETCHER
The daughter of Senator Fletcher of Florida, and another of the Southern belles beloved by Washington society

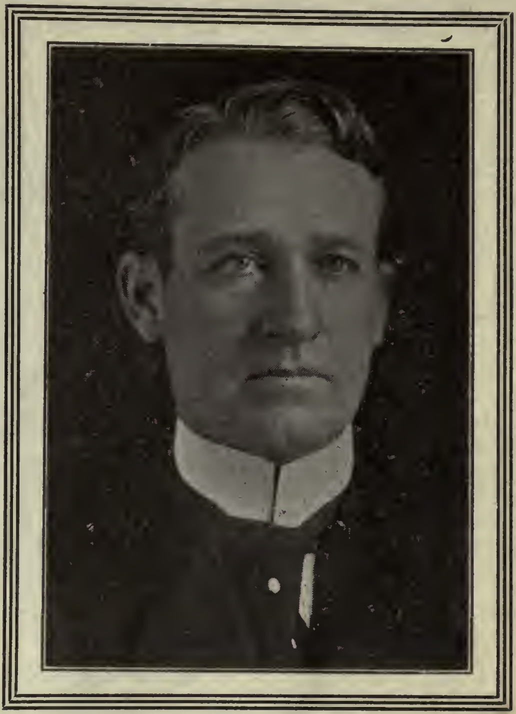
* * *

INVESTIGATIONS recently made have disclosed the fact that Diane de Poitiers, the famous beauty who was the envy of Catherine de Medici, used nothing more than rain water to preserve her youthful beauty well into the seventies. This secret was wrested from Oudard, her apothecary, surgeon and perfumer. A bath in those days was considered a luxury, and all the recipes for beauty lotions handed down generation after generation resolved in the last analysis to the use of soft rain water. The stories of Adalina Patti's milk baths and white of chicken diet, and other prima donnas' famous recipes and compounds show that the secrets of beauty remain as fascinating and quite as mysterious as ever. In Washington society the preservation of beauty is a topic of never-ending discussion, and in the present rain water renaissance the old oaken bucket may not expect poetic reverence unless it is hung over a cistern where rain water is stored.

* * *

INTERESTING glimpses of the progress of world-wide peace were furnished at the opening session of the International Arbitration Tribunal at Washington. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the new British Ambassador, and John Bassett Moore, counselor of the State Department, represented their respective governments for the arbitration of outstanding pecuniary claims between the United States and Great Britain.

After the members of the court had paid their respects to President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, Henri A. Fromageot of France, president of the tribunal, made a brief opening address. More than a year of working days will be required to clean the slate, as there are some three hundred cases which the governments have agreed to submit to this tribunal. Only one case can be conveniently settled in a day, and as the work proceeds other cases are added. It looks as though there will be a steady grist for the International Arbitration Tribunal for some years to come, but its results are very much better for all concerned than to throw the ardent appeals to tricky diplomacy on the keen edge of the sword.



GOVERNOR HERBERT S. HADLEY
The Missouri statesman who was prominent at the Republican Convention in 1912 and who is enthusiastically mentioned by his friends as candidate for the presidency in 1916

* * * * *

AS the Commissioner of Corporations is a most important bureau chief in the department of Commerce, Mr. Joseph E. Davies of Wisconsin, secretary of the Democratic National Committee, has already been counted one of the star appointments of the present administration. The young man declined the appointment as ambassador to Italy and as governor-general of the Philippines, preferring not to leave home for any extended period, but to keep in close touch with American affairs, as was his custom before and during the last campaign. The position for which Mr. Davies was chosen is most important, requiring great technical knowledge of trade affairs and acquaintance with the laws governing industrial and financial operations; and in these regards everyone admits that Joe Davies is "of cabinet size."

He succeeded Luther Conant, Jr., who has filled the office since the resignation of Herbert Knox Smith. Mr. Davies is thirty-six years old, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and one of the most popular young political leaders in the West. He had a large law practice in Madison, but felt that an experience in federal affairs at Washington would further widen his field of influences. He is son-in-law of the late Colonel J. H. Knight, a prominent Democratic leader in Wisconsin during the Cleveland administration. Colonel Knight was associated with the late Senator William F. Vilas, postmaster general in the Cleveland cabinet. Thus young Mrs. Davies is a real addition to Washington society, for her family has always been in the public eye, and she knows the duties that devolve upon the wife of a rising young official. One of her personal friends is Miss Margaret Wilson, the daughter of the President, who was a guest at the Madison home of the Davies' during the summer and also visited Judge J. W. Cochran's famous lodge "Nik-I-Shin" on the Brule River.

In his new post Mr. Davies insists that he has the co-operation and services of the most energetic and capable young men in public life. His genius in organization as demonstrated in the recent campaign, indicates that he knows how to select good men and push for results. His office in the Willard Building is already counted one of the busiest departments in the capital. Early and late he is on hand pushing the work of his department and keeping his doors wide open for information and suggestions—for Joe Davies has a way of making a record in everything that he undertakes.

* * * * *

WHILE marking time on the tariff and with important currency legislation waiting for the Committee wheels to move a cog or two, the Senate has some leisure for diversion. During the early summer the Senators convened at two o'clock on Tuesdays, adjourning at six, and again met at two o'clock on Fridays, to adjourn at six the same day. The main subject of interest among the more sedate is the baseball record.

Senator Jones of Washington wanted an additional clerk, but the Senate decided not to let him have one because he occupies the back row of senatorial filibusters, and, horrible to relate, he has violated senatorial tradition by having his hair cut, and coming earlier to work than his colleagues. Now he is reaping the dire results of his unorthodox innovations and certain invidious objections. Senator Williams was trying to provide for a lobby investigation, but Jones objected. Senator Williams said in explanation: "This is a resolution to pay the expenses of the committee that is trying to find a lobby. Think of that!" He described how in the days of British oppression, when the American soldier in full panoply of war was fighting for liberty, one John Hook went through the American army, howling until he was hoarse for "Beef! Beef! Beef!" "So, today," he exclaimed, "when the member from Missouri comes into the Senate Chamber and tries to fix the annual relations between us and the only American now in this country, to get a hearing for the Indian appropriation bill—then comes an objection to everything. Somebody asks 'Why?' and echo answers: 'Jones wants a clerk; Jones wants a clerk; Jones wants a clerk.' "

The playful badinage exchanged across the aisle during the hot summer days furnishes the most interesting reading in the Senate records and sometimes reaches an almost classic interchange of witty thrusts and humorous parries and repartees, which leave no sting behind.

FILIPINOS IN OUR ARMY—MACCABEBE SCOUTS WHO CAPTURED AGUINALDO

Shall We Abandon the Philippines?

by Charles Winslow Hall

THE perennial problem at Washington in recent years has been whether or not we should abandon the Philippines. Ever since the treaty was signed at Paris, it has been the subject of national party platforms and of public discussion. After reading fragmentary reports from the Orient it is refreshing to find a writer who has given the Philippine problem serious thought and thorough personal investigation. The book recently written by Mr. Frederick Chamberlin on "The Philippine Problem" is in every way one of the most entertaining and comprehensive accounts on the Philippine situation that has been written since American occupation. It sparkles with the colloquial interest of personal investigation and tells of the work of education and various improvements since 1898. The author also gives the cost of maintaining the Philippines, and best of all does not shirk the question as to whether or not we should abandon our responsibilities and great interests in the far East.

FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN
Author of "The Philippine Problem"

As a matter of benefit to ourselves it is doubtless true that if we could at once and forever simply "let go" of the islands and their people, never hereafter to "intervene," "protect" or ally ourselves with their interests and without incurring any naval or moral responsibility for whatever may hereafter occur as a result of said "independence," it would be a "consummation devoutly to be wished" and a release from an onerous burden which has cost in American lives and American money a hundred times what it has been worth to us in glory or profit.

But the 3,141 islands of this archipelago, having an area larger than all New England and the state of New York combined, contain a population of somewhere about eight millions, some seven millions of whom are of the so-called "Christian tribes" and of those the Tagalogs, some 1,500,000 in number, located chiefly within a radius of one hundred and twenty-five miles from the heart of the city of Manila, constitute only about twenty per cent of the whole population. These, however, are the class who demand "independence" and will be the dominant race if Aguinaldo and his associates secure control of the government.

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GOVERNOR-GENERAL W. CAMERON FORBES

The present condition of most of the Central American republics, including Mexico, and the records of most of the South American states during their long enjoyment of self-government, with our recent experiences of the attempts of the Cubans to enjoy the peace and prosperity which has cost them and the United States so many lives and millions of loss and expenditure, should make us hesitate to abandon a duty which we have voluntarily assumed by handing over to one-fifth of its inhabitants a supreme power and authority which they are certainly not yet fitted to exercise.

When Dewey occupied Manila harbor in 1898, about 1,100,000 Tagalogs lived within seventy-five miles of Manila and about 165,000 of these in the capital city itself, and here if anywhere the superior class of Philippine society was to be found. Here in 1898 and for four or five years thereafter three-fifths of the Tagalogs lived in bamboo huts thatched with palm leaves and raised on posts from two to four feet above the ground, or the shallow waters over which they were frequently erected. When dry, the basement was usually the shelter of the owner's livestock, to which through a hole in the floor the garbage and dirt was easily distributed among the cattle and poultry. There were no lavatory or other sanitary conveniences such as decency and health demand in civilized countries, and when constructed over water everything was thrown into the stream or lake which constituted this common sewer as well as water supply, bathing place and the rendezvous of the washerwomen of the city. In 1902, Major L. M. Maus, Deputy-Surgeon General United States Army, estimated that there were ten thousand such shelters in Manila. This estimate was a third too small, but in itself presented a terrible picture of poverty, ignorance and mortality, unutterably offensive to civilized eyes and nostrils at the best. These conditions became simply horrible when torrential rains flooded the shallow drains and muck-pits and spread the pestilential contents over the streets, squares and vacant lands of the capital. Of two thousand such homes only five had anything like a decent sanitary convenience in 1902.

In 1902–1903 the cholera attacked one hundred and sixty-five thousand natives of Luzon, and of these one hundred thousand perished; eighty-two per cent of the natives, and fifty per cent of the Americans attacked died. Three-fifths of the children born in Manila died off in infancy during their first year. These Augean stables were attacked by the American Hercules; the crowded shelters burned with fire, the sewers dredged out and disinfected, the ancient stone vaults of the better class of mansions closed up, and an adequate supply of pure water introduced; not without considerable opposition on the part of the admirers of the "good old way."

THE MANILA OF 1898—COMMON SCENE IN NATIVE QUARTER

Most of the Tagalogs were densely ignorant, although nearly half of those living in Manila could read and write in their native tongue, and a few had learned Spanish and had a broader choice of literature.

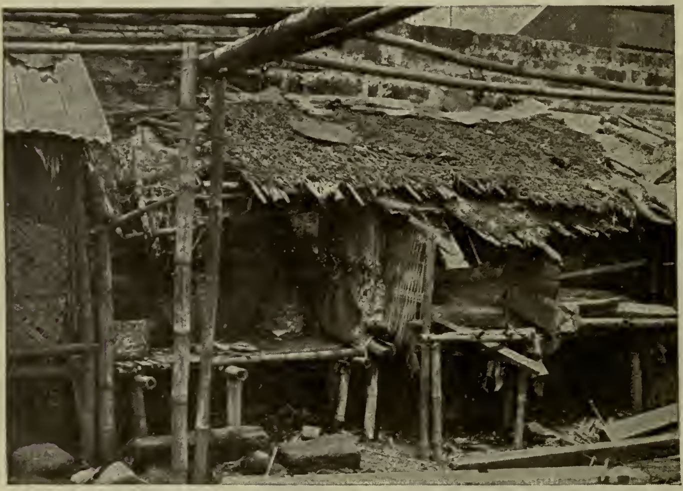
* * *

Of 2,850 Philippine publications chronicled by Tavera, a leading authority, only 161 volumes prior to 1898 were published in the Tagalog tongue. Of these ninety-one were religious, fifty books of verse, and twenty educational, including two grammars, one manual of conversation, one each on arithmetic, cock-fighting and good manners; a drama, two comedies, a life of

Dr. Rizal the martyr, his two novels and two political leaflets, four manuals on agriculture, a book of travels by a Spanish friar published in 1610, and two or three minor brochures made up the beggarly account. About seven per cent of all the people of the islands ten years old and upwards could read and write Spanish in 1908, according to the census then taken, and of these the Tagalog tribe furnished the great majority. Such a paucity of literature and general information certainly narrowed their views of life, responsibility and statesmanship to the lowest common denominator.

The women were especially illiterate and among the lower class unmoral, for a woman can scarcely be said to be "immoral" where mothers and fathers were accustomed to sell their daughters for mistresses to wealthy men and white residents; and such employment seemed to be anything but a bar to a later marriage among her own people.

Superstitious to the core, believing in demons and ghosts of terrible and demoniac appearance and powers, imprudent, uncontrolled in anger and passion, lazy fatalists in disaster and misfortune, given to petty thieving and little tyrannies and utterly impractical, illogical and inconsistent, the average Tagalog seems to be about as capable of self-government as a white boy of eight or nine years old.


THE MANILA OF 1898—NIPA HOUSES OF POORER CLASS

On the other hand he reverences the aged, is hospitable to prodigality, is respectful, courteous, genial and social in manners, and habitually merry and patient under hard masters. Given to lying and deceit, and cruelty to a captive or fallen foe, such traits make up the picture of the average Filipino as he is, drawn by Mr. Chamberlin; in other words the "half devil and half child" of Kipling's epigrammatic muse.

Among these myriads were to be found in any city of any size some ten or twelve families of wealth, position and a certain degree of education, known as the "*gente illustrada*" ("the illustrious class") keenly ambitious and accustomed except for Spanish domination to rule their humbler brethren with a rod of iron.

These families were accustomed to hold in peonage such of their debtors as could not pay; who were expected to obey without question any command of the creditor, even although it were an order to commit a murder or other crime. The control of this class in 1898 over the lives and actions of their poorer tribesmen was complete almost beyond belief. Such are the masses of the most enlightened tribe of the Filipinos, and such are the "*gente illustrada*" who wish to secure an "independence" which will give them control of the lives and fortunes of eight millions of people and the destinies of a great Archipelago.

It is true that many of this class under the government of the United States have of late had a liberal and presumably beneficent tutelage, for today the Filipinos have a larger measure of self-government than the people of any state in the Union, except that the ballot is not so largely conferred, and for war purposes the United States controls the troops and constabulary.

The Philippine government owns all the public property and domain conveyed to us by Spain; issues its own currency, controls its own postal service, levies its own tariffs and had in 1903 16,717 native officials to 1,898 American office holders, 3,500 native to 1,000 English-speaking teachers, and 17,000 natives in the municipal police and Philippine constabulary, against 345 American officers. Besides these the Philippine Scouts of 5,000 natives, officered by Americans, the municipal employees and other officials and laborers made a total of 40,480 employees, 37,257 of whom were natives and 3,243 Americans.

At the present date there are 9,086 teachers employed in the Archipelago with 4,800 schools, and 610,000 pupils, at a cost in 1911 of $3,128,831. The study of the English language has rapidly replaced that of the once dominant Spanish tongue. Manual training has been made a part of the curriculum in the primary schools, and gardens are provided in which the scholars learn intensive gardening. In 1911 a quarter of a million people worked at hand-weaving, and over a hundred thousand at gardening, and nearly as many more at embroidery, sewing, lace-making, while over one hundred and thirty-six thousand were employed in pottery and poultry raising, with about one thousand working in wood and metal. The girls of the higher primaries and upper grades are taught how to keep house and cook, and a wonderful change has resulted in many villages.

The introduction of the American game of baseball awakened such enthusiasm that the championship of the Philippines in 1911 required over 1,200 games between 482 teams to decide it. The "rooting" is always in English, as the terms of the game have no synonyms in the Malayan dialects. The girls have taken up basketball with equal spirit and skill.

MANILA—AFTER A RAIN

But when all is said and much more is recorded of the building of good roads and bridges, the extension of railway mileage and telegraph and telephone service, the success of certain English and American planters in making industrious and peaceful workmen out of lazy and even barbarous tribesmen, and the curbing of the savage Moros, whom Spain failed to conquer or placate in four centuries, and the Filipinos could not hold in check for a day, Mr. Chamberlin points out that the *gente illustrada* want an independence protected and guaranteed by the diplomacy and arms of the United States.

PRESENT TYPE OF LARGER CONCRETE SCHOOLHOUSE

He reminds the reader that the further islands of the group are only thirty miles from Japanese Formosa, whose ports are only one day's swift steaming from Manila; that Japanese spies and emissaries have already surveyed the conditions and sowed dissension and discontent among the Filipinos, and that Manila, the only Asiatic port of that part of the continent having a splendid harbor and thirty feet of water beside its docks, is as a naval and commercial metropolis a prize not lightly to be considered by the statesmen of any "world power."

PRESENT TYPE OF SMALLER CONCRETE SCHOOLHOUSE

Given a treaty between the world powers, "neutralizing" the Philippines, and that is what the modest Filipinos demand; handing over to them fort and arsenal, light, house and all the machinery of a modern government, returning the Tagalog "*gente illustrada*" to power and prestige infinitely greater than that which it has so long and so greatly abused, and how long would it be before an alleged break of the amity of nations, or some foolish act of bad faith or dishonesty would lay the Filipino aristocracy open to the assaults of these warlike neighbors?

Then again Uncle Sam would be adjured by all that is holy and righteous to come to the aid of the big boy who considered himself fully competent to govern all five other boys, and without credit, army, navy or skill in war hold his own against the most powerful and experienced of neighbors, wily, brave, rich and determined on greater territory and a larger commerce.

* * *

How can any advocate of true freedom wish to hand over to "the illustrious class" a complete control of the people that for generations their fathers have holden in a peonage and servitude which was so utterly debasing that conscience and chastity were subverted at the will of the master; and assassination and torture, inflicted at his will, and as fully warranted thereby?

Steadily the number of American officials, teachers and soldiery have been diminished and replaced by Filipinos, just as the real powers of government have been conferred one by one, only retaining the control of those matters which secure revision by the United States Supreme Court and Congress of such matters as may require a reversal of mischievous legislation and individual injustice. The aegis of the republic and her justice and beneficent rule made the Tagalogs free, restored commerce, law, peace and safety to millions who had never known either, taught them decencies and sanitary conditions which have rescued them from horrible pestilences, and the dangers of unrestrained leprosies, smallpox and other contagious diseases; and in every other respect has steadily kept in view not the plunder and profits of a satrapy like Korea, Manchuria, Burmah or British India, but the elevation of a people to their fitting place among free peoples.

Doubtless the Filipino will never be wholly rid of his oriental nature, or get rid of the idea that an intellectual and moneyed aristocracy has of right the first place even in a republic; and indeed some of the most active American advocates of Philippine independence hold practically the same gospel and not wholly without successful exploitation of the same. Nevertheless at the present stage of the game, it is just as well to "go slow" and to hold possession of Manila until at least the prows of our westward going warships can emerge from the Pacific embouchure of the Panama Canal to protect our western seaboard, and our interests in the Pacific.

"The Philippine Problem," by Frederick Chamberlin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.50 net.
Illustrations in above article from the book, and used through courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

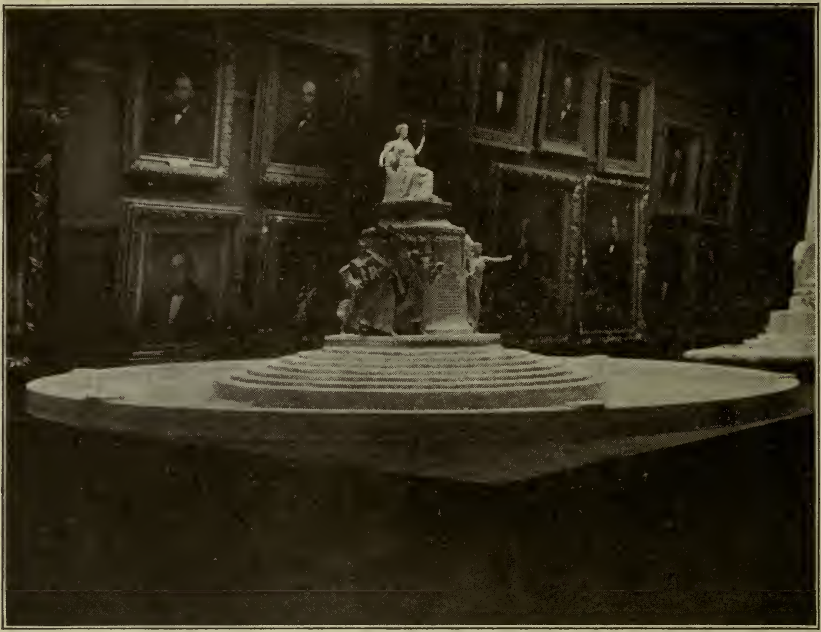
THE MAN THAT IS TO BE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

NAY, weep not for the darling
That fades so swift away.
The rosy beam of morning
Must lose itself in day.
O mother, glad and downcast,
O heart of gloom and glee,
Think of the glorious noontide—
The man that is to be!

Not long thine arms of loving
With tender, loving care
May fold the gift of heaven
In their embraces fair.
But mother, proud and humble,
The stream must seek the sea:
Think of the splendid future—
The man that is to be!

For him the Lord's anointed
The suns and stars shall shine.
For him shall largess be outpoured
Of radiant fire divine.
For him shall robes of purple
Be spun of destiny.
Mother, you clasp the whole world's hope—
The man that is to be!



MODEL OF THE ALLISON MEMORIAL

The Memorial to Senator Allison

by Mitchell Mannering

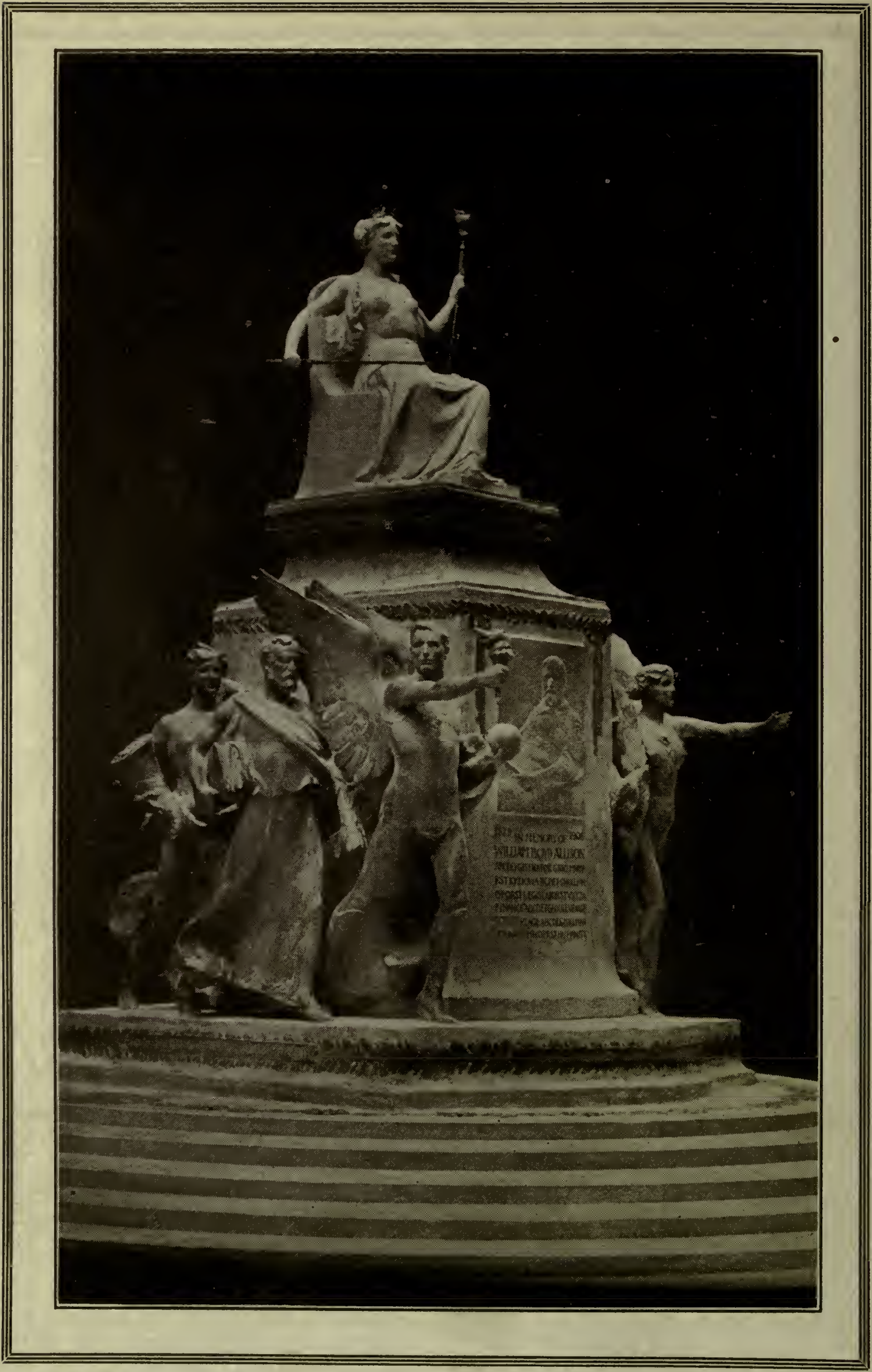
AMONG the stalwart statesmen of the past half century, the name and fame like the manly form of William Boyd Allison of Iowa stand out in bold relief. Known for many years from his long service in public life as "the grand old man of Iowa"—a leader of his party; and as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the United States Senate, handling billions of dollars; the trusted and loved adviser of McKinley and intimate friend of the leading men of his time, and at one time a candidate for President who would have been nominated except for his own patriotic and self-denying impulses, it is fitting that the State of Iowa is at last, in honor of William Boyd Allison, to erect his statue in its capital city. The movement was inaugurated by his old friend, General Grenville M. Dodge, the only living Army Commander of the Western Armies of the Civil War. Through his earnest work and appreciation of an old friend, the people are to present to the state a monument that will for all time to come be an inspiration to the young and preserve in lasting marble and bronze the familiar form and figure of "Iowa's grand old man," who gave to his country the best part of his threescore years and ten.

As a chronicler of his life and achievements, no man could be more worthy than his old friend General Dodge, who knew

MISS EVELYN LONGMAN, THE SCULPTRESS OF THE ALLISON MONUMENT

him from the days of their young manhood when both were pioneers in the development of the Great West. At the last annual meeting of the Iowa Society of New York, General Dodge gave an impassioned tribute to the life and work of his old friend, whose name and memory Iowa will ever hold in grateful remembrance. General Dodge, himself "the grand old soldier of the nation," was introduced by Mr. W. C. Brown, President of the New York Central Lines and also presiding officer of the Iowa Society.

"We are honored tonight," said Mr. Brown, "by having with us a man who has, in my opinion, reflected more honor on the State of Iowa than any other citizen who has ever lived in that State. A gallant


IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BOYD ALLISON

THE MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL WITH ACCESSORY FOUNTAIN EFFECT, ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE SENATOR WILLIAM BOYD ALLISON OF IOWA ON THE STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS, DES MOINES, IOWA soldier, a most distinguished engineer and railroad builder; nominated and elected to Congress from the State of Iowa by a large majority in 1866, although he was not in his Congressional District during the campaign; and later was tendered a unanimous renomination but declined.

"He had almost sole charge of the construction of that first great Trans-Continental highway, the Union Pacific Railroad, and was one of the men who swung the maul in driving the last spike at Promontory Point in 1869.

"An intimate friend of each member of that great triumvirate of the Civil War—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—he is today the last surviving Army Commander (on either side) of the War of the Rebellion."

In response to this introduction, General Dodge gave reminiscences of his early life which were replete with incidents of Iowan history. He also related some of the stirring experiences of the famous Vicksburg campaign of fifty years ago, in which the Iowa soldiers took so prominent a part. Those pioneer experiences fell upon the ear like a dream. It did not seem possible that it was only the story of a not remote period coming from the lips of one who had participated in these stirring events. In his speech General Dodge referred feelingly to the new Allison monument.

Photographs of the design were shown, and the work was announced as ready to proceed. It was another chapter added to the laurels of Iowa's grand old soldier—this tribute by General Dodge to the life-work of his old friend, William Boyd Allison—whose name and memory Iowa will ever hold in grateful remembrance. A description of the new monument is especially interesting at this time, and it is hoped that a fitting and appropriate site will be secured in the grounds south of the Capitol at Des Moines, where future generations of the citizens of Iowa and other States may look upon it and be reminded of the sturdy virtues and faithful labors of a man who was so long a national leader and was so prominently identified with the development and prosperity of the Middle West.

As Senator Allison was essentially a national character representing the highest civic ideals, the sculptor's design has aimed to give full expression to this. His portrait, however, forms the keynote of the whole conception.

This appears on the front of the pedestal in bas-relief, flanked on either side by the Victory of Knowledge and the Victory of Peace, the great actuating ideals of his life. Above, upon the pedestal, is a statue of the Republic, laurel-crowned, and holding in her left hand a staff surmounted by the American eagle, and in her right hand a sheathed sword. Knowledge carries aloft in one hand a torch, in the other the sphere, a symbol of the universe; on his breast are entwined the serpents of Wisdom. This figure is followed by Legislation and Financial Prosperity, the former carrying the books of the law and the fasces, symbolic of power, and the latter holding a horn of plenty filled with coins. On the other side, Peace with her symbol, the palm, leads forward Humanity, represented by the mother and child, and the laborer carrying a sheaf of wheat and a scythe. The wheat is also the symbol of plenty, and is used again in the ornamental border around the top of the pedestal. Above the plinth which supports the Republic is a conventional laurel design, symbolic of achievement. About the base of the pedestal is a design of oak and laurel symbolizing strength and success, and on it, in front, appears the inscription "Good Citizenship is the foundation of a nation." At the side, below the group led by Knowledge, is the motto, "Knowledge is the fountain of lasting prosperity," and on the other side, below the group representing Peace, is the quotation, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

The text of the dedicatory inscription below the portrait tablet has been left to the discretion of the Monument Committee.

The monument is designed with a water setting. The pedestal rests upon a flight of steps, in the top one of which is a bronze inlay of water flowers, from the center of which the water is designed to bubble quietly and flow down the steps into the basin below. While the running water adds a touch of beauty, it may, if desired, be used only on festive occasions or to refill the basin, its omission not impairing the general beauty of design as in the case where water jets are used and form an important part of the composition.

The figure of the Republic sits about eight feet (if standing it would be about ten and one half feet) and is to be in "Tennessee" marble with wreath, staff and sword of gilded bronze. The other six figures stand about eight feet eight inches, and are to be in bronze as is also all the inlaid ornament. The pedestal and base are to be in rubbed "Stony Creek Granite." The steps and curb of the basin are to be of "Fox Island Granite" and the basin itself granolithic. The total height of the monument is about thirty feet and the diameter of the basin (outside of curb) sixty-nine feet.

Miss Evelyn Longman, the sculptress to whom has been entrusted the great work of the Allison Memorial, has her charming studio in the old Biograph Studio Building at 11 East 14th Street, New York City—an interesting structure of ancient architecture, still unchanged by modern elevators—its center is a magnificent air chamber surrounded with brass-lined steps leading to the upper floors.

Studio No. 17 was three flights up—with no way to go but climb. Certainly Miss Longman was a long way up! When I rapped on the door, one, two, three, it was answered from within by slowly descending heels on a resounding bare floor. The door was opened by a man in the working dress of a busy sculptor. I made known my desire to see Miss Longman. With all the mystery of a secret society, I was told to wait until my request had been conveyed, and "her answer returned." Then the lock clicked, shutting out my glimpse of the fascinating workshop wherein plaster and clay hung heavy over everything within it.

The stillness was broken from below by a sound, half whistle, half call, accompanied by a motion which indicated that if I wished to see Miss Longman I must begin one story lower down. There a young lady with a tan-colored sculptor's apron over her dress, welcomed me at the door. Miss Longman has very dark eyes, and a wealth of dusky hair which falls down on both sides of her forehead, like that of the Sistine Madonna. In the plain draping of the sculptor's apron, she looked very like one of her own busts mounted on a pedestal.

I confessed to a limited knowledge of sculpture. She confessed to a dislike of interviewers, "buzzing round, buzzing round," and so being quits, we sat on the big broad settee and looked at photographs of her work, which included the library doors at Wellesley College, the doors to the chapel at the Annapolis Naval Academy and the Tablet to General Corbin on Governor's Island, New York. All of which means that the dark-eyed, dark-haired young sculptress has had wonderful success in her chosen field.

Evelyn Longman was born in Ohio, in a little old log cabin. A painting done by her father, from whom she inherits her remarkable talent, depicts the old home in detail, even to the crack in the broad brick chimney. At fourteen years of age Miss Longman began her life work and her first studies were made at the Chicago Art Institute. For the past seven or eight years she has conducted her own studio, and has carried off many prizes in the highest branches of her profession. The most important work of her career is likely to be the handsome memorial to Senator Allison.

What is it we call great? What lifts and thrills
The soul of him who tells it o'er and o'er?
Is it not something that brave heart began
Wherein success had seem'd unlikeliest?

—*Goethe.*

His Sentimental Highness

by

Horace Hazeltine

Author of "The Sable Lorcha," etc., etc.

I

FROM the complexity of his emotions, astonishment emerged in first place. Indignation, anger, resentment, not forgetting a certain grudging but insistent admiration, were all a jumble there together, inextricably commingled; but astonishment rose untrammeled in the forefront of Carter's emotional consciousness, directly he felt his shoulders pressing hard against mother earth.

The experience of which this abrupt overthrow was the amazing climax had occupied exceeding brief compass. It was, indeed, a case of one, two, three, and down you go. At one he had been rudely jostled as he was peacefully, light-heartedly in fact, pursuing his way to the Kursaal through the Kursaal gardens; at two he had uttered a word of resentful protest which was lost ere it echoed, in an insulting retort in choice German; whereupon, at three, he had aimed a swift blow, well directed and as cleverly dodged, to find himself in an instant, gripped, tripped and thrown hard to the ground, by one to whom the art of wrestling was apparently the merest child's play.

It was deep dusk at this particular point of the path by which he had chosen to make a short cut, and hard upon his astonishment followed a conviction that, from jostle to assault, the encounter had been planned with predatory purpose. Had he not with rare presence of mind and considerable exercise of agility spared his head at the expense of his shoulders, insensibility would certainly have been his lot and his assailant might then have rifled his pockets with ease. Yet, no more had he reached this conclusion than to his surprise he was freed. In availing himself of this freedom his right hand, seeking a fulcrum, encountered an object of curved surface and with the feel of grained leather. Whereat his alert wits instantly landed him upon a fresh conjecture. Unless he was very far astray, this was a violin case. And by the same token his wrestler antagonist was of the Kursaal orchestra. Yet, why should he be coming away from the Kursaal at the exact hour for the beginning of the evening concert? The problem interested Carter to the exclusion of what might seem more pressing matters; and, having regained his feet, desire for its solution outweighed his appetite for retaliation.

From the shadowy figure which still shared with him this boskey bit of gloom-wrapped garden path there now burst forth a voluble cascade of guttural macaronics, to which Carter, as with some deliberation he proceeded manually to brush his presumably dusty clothes, responded in his very best New York English:

"If you are addressing me, you may as well stop right there, my lusty friend, for I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"Ach!" came the still guttural rejoinder, and then, in really excellent effort at the Carter vernacular, enhanced rather than marred by the faintest Teutonic accent: "You are American, are you not?"

"You are as good a guesser as you are a wrestler," Carter flung back across the dark. "And that's saying a lot."

"I make you my apologies," said the other. "It is all I can do. In German we say: '*Abbitte ist die beste Busze.*'"

"I prefer Culmbacher myself," Carter confessed, "but I don't mind trying this other, since you recommend it. Can we get it at the Kursaal?" And he struck a match in an effort to locate his straw hat.

"It is a proverb I speak," explained the German gravely. "'Beg pardon,' we say, 'is the best penitence.'"

"Oh," chuckled Carter, recovering his headgear and the violin case at the same time from beneath the bushes, "then the beers are on me. Does this happen to be your fiddle? Yes? Well, come on then, we'll drown our differences and smoke the peace pipe."

But the shadowy figure across the path, hugging the violin case, stood very still and erect.

"I cannot go back to the Kursaal," he said.

"No? Very well, then, we'll go somewhere else. The Hotel National is nearest. How about that?"

"I thank you," was the rejoinder.

It was the ninth of August and the evening of Tommy Carter's third day in Lucerne. It was the end, too, of his first week in Europe, whence he had come on a secret mission. He had spent two days in Paris, which he had found very hot. The remaining two days had been passed in the stuffy compartments of continental railway trains.

As he and his companion stepped from the arboreal obscurity of their chance meeting place into the illuminated Haldenstrasse, there was a moment of mutual inspection and estimation. The advantage here was Carter's. The olive oval of the face beside him, the shining dark eyes, the jetty hair, the tiny soft black mustache, the full red lips were all familiar, as was, too, the straight, slim, square-shouldered figure with the small waist and hollowed back. He had watched this young man by the hour as with pointed chin caressing his violin he had with varied yet skilful plunge and sweep of his delicately held bow, made all the air of the Kursaal concert room exquisitely vibrant with entrancing melody. Moreover, Carter had made inquiries concerning him, not without purpose, yet without desired result. The information he had thus gleaned was meagre, but it was convincing—and convincing in the negative.

He had fancied the first violin of the Hungarian band might be a nobleman in straits. He had learned that he was a Magyar peasant from Croatia, and that his name was Géza Bolak.

To Géza Bolak the sturdy young American in the blue serge suit and straw hat, whom he had so incontinently flung into the bushes and who now walked so amicably beside him, was not wholly a stranger either. He remembered his sandy hair and his freckles quite well, though he had noticed him only once, and that was when, on the morning of this very day, he had seen him standing on the terrace of the Schweizerhof in the little group gathered about the gray touring car to wish *glücklich Reise* to the beautiful young American girl—that very same beautiful American girl who had thrown to him, Géza Bolak, the rose on the afternoon that he had played the "Traümerei" at the Kursaal.

"How is it you are not playing tonight?" Carter asked with some abruptness, as though he had been reading his thoughts.

"I have, what you say, resigned," returned the violinist. "I play at the Kursaal never again, no more."

"I'm sorry to hear that. It seemed to me you were the whole show."

"The whole show?" queried the other, puzzled.

"Yes. You know; the main squeeze; the only one of the bunch that knew a fiddle string from a razor strop."

Bolak smiled delightedly.

"I know it is a compliment you say," he returned, "but the American idiom is to me not so familiar."

"Same here," rejoined Carter brazenly. "My *hierwird Deutsch gesprochen* is limited, too. Get me away from '*Wie gehts*', '*Was* *ist,*' and '*Auf wiedersehen*' and I'm all on the broad Atlantic."

The violinist this time was silent. The words he had heard—even the German words, villainously pronounced—meant nothing to him. But Carter continued to chatter.

"You shouldn't have much trouble finding another job," he encouraged, after a few further observations on his regrettable ignorance of the German tongue. "Maybe I can do something for you myself, a little later."

"You are very good," Bolak thanked him.

"How does the idea of going to New York strike you?"

"New York," repeated the other. "I have never been. It is very far to New York."

"Big money there," Carter lured, "very big money. I think I might fix it for you. But first you'll have to do something for me."

There was a vague suspicion in the Hungarian's big brown eyes.

"For you?" he questioned. "What can I do? I am poor man."

"Oh, I'm not trying to make a touch. I only want a tip."

"Tip? What is that tip?" Bolak queried, and Carter laughed.

"You must excuse me," he said, with something like seriousness. "I'm talking ragtime, ain't I, old chap? I mean I want a little advice from you, a suggestion or two. That's all."

When they had found a table in the cafe of the hotel overlooking the lake, had touched steins and lighted cigars, the young American explained his desires further.

"You see, Bolak," he began with convivial familiarity, "I suppose you are a member of the Union."

But Bolak did not see. His big, innocent brown eyes held that puzzled look again.

"The Union," Carter repeated. "You know, labor organization for mutual protection. 'The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!' That's the American national anthem."

"Labor!" exclaimed the violinist, with sudden indignation, "I am not the labor man; I am the artist."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I see. It's different over here. Nevertheless, you must be well acquainted with your fellow-artists—the csardas players, you know, the chaps that put the horsehair over the catgut, so to speak."

Bolak's chin went an inch higher and his shoulder blades grated together.

"I know them very little," he said.

"That's a pity," lamented Carter. "I was depending on you, Bolak." The young man's attitude perplexed him. Such evident pride in a Croatian peasant seemed out of place. It was as if a subway guard hailing from Hoboken had chosen to sniff disdainfully at mention of his co-workers. And he had just declared that he was a poor man.

Carter wet his lips at the brim of his stein and then smoked furiously for three seconds.

"I'll tell you what I'm after, Bolak," he announced with some abruptness. "I'm in Europe on a mission—a secret mission. But I feel that I can confide in you. You seem a good fellow, and I know you won't go out of your way to spread the good tidings."

The young Hungarian understood this. His interested look showed it.

"I'm over here to buy a prince," Carter concluded affluently.

"Buy—a—prince?" the other repeated, amazed, and not quite sure he had heard aright.

"That's the game. I wouldn't stagger at an emperor, but a prince will do. I might compromise on a count, provided his prospects of succession were good, but counts don't count very much with us, and I don't know that a count would fill the bill, after all."

"*Ach Gott!*" murmured Bolak.

"Oh, it's not unusual," was Carter's nonchalant observation. "Our girls come over here bargain-hunting for such trifles every year."

"It is an American lady who wants the prince?" his companion queried, seeing a light.

"Primarily, no; secondarily, some such arrangement might be included. I'll be frank with you, Bolak. My principal, the real purchaser in the present instance, is a new ten-million-dollar New York cafe —the Cafe des Boulevardes."

Again the violinist murmured, "*Ach Gott!*"

"All we require," Carter continued in businesslike fashion, "is that the prince's title shall be guaranteed flawless, and that he shall know enough about music to lead a bunch of Hungarian gypsies. I thought, possibly, that you might have in mind a few princes who are at present playing the fiddle for a living, and who would appreciate a personally conducted joy ride to the Great White Way. Then, in return for tipping me off to the right goods, I'll arrange for you to have the job of first violin." He drew a small notebook and a pencil from his waistcoat pocket. "Suppose you give me the names and addresses that occur to you at the moment," he concluded confidently.

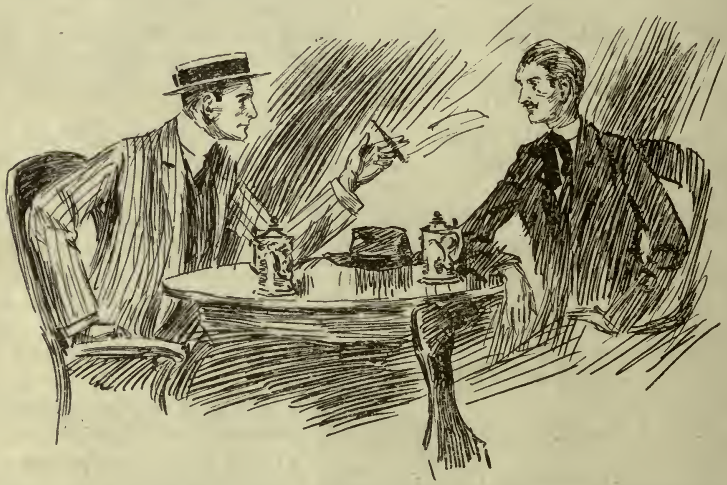
But now Bolak was smiling.

"Ah, *mein Herr*," he said, shaking his head, "you Americans are the wonderful people. It was, I think, an American who gave us our proverb, '*Redet Geld, so schweight die Welt.*' Money, money! gold, gold! It can do everything. That is your idea. It can make the Hungarian noble play the violin for the American nobody." And he laughed aloud.

"Sure thing," returned Carter. "What use is a title of itself? What use is anything unless you can turn it into cash? We Americans are just now paying the best prices for titles in the world's market. The supply isn't equal to the demand, either. Come, now, be a good fellow, and tell me where I can do business. My time over here is limited. The Cafe des Boulevardes opens October 1, and there's a lot to be done before then. First of all the prince will have to become engaged to the American millionaire's daughter. Then the American millionaire will—"

Bolak leaned forward in sudden interest.

"If you please," he interrupted, "I do not quite understand. How is it, you say, become engaged?"



"*All we require is that the prince's title shall be guaranteed flawless, and that he shall know enough about music to lead a bunch of Hungarian gypsies*"

"Oh, that's all part of the scheme," Carter amplified. "We've got to excite interest in the prince before he arrives. We'll build up a pretty little romance for him. But it isn't necessary for you to know about that. You lead me to the prince, and I'll do the rest. Inside of three days he'll have one of the prettiest young American girls you ever saw crazy in love with him. I wouldn't mind being a prince myself just for that part of the program."

"The American girl you speak of—" Bolak inquired, with shining eyes. "Is—is—she here in Lucerne?"

"No, not now. She was. She went away this morning. I saw her off. She's gone to Venice. When I find the prince, I'll take him down there, and they'll do their love-making in a gondola."

A red spot burned on each of Bolak's high cheek bones. His long taper fingers ran nervously up and down the cool, damp sides of his stein. He cast a furtive, apprehensive glance about the cafe.

"I would like," his voice fluttered, "if you would be so good to come with me to my little hotel. I think I can introduce you there to the—the man that you seek."

II

ALL in vain was Carter's ensuing interrogational bombardment. The young peasant virtuoso declined to give particulars.

"In a little while you shall see, you shall hear," was his almost invariable reply. And so, after a space, as together they walked beneath the arching chestnut boughs of the Schweizerhof Quai, their faces fanned by the fresh breeze from the lake which, rippling, reflected the pale glow of stars and the gem-like glitter of lights on boats and bridges, a silence fell upon them.

To Carter and to Bolak, too, this silence was rife with musings. The American's thought circuit was wider, however, than his companion's, and its quality less profound. His intimacy with good Dame Fortune was the theme which pervaded it. He and she had always, as far back as he could remember, been on such friendly terms! She had, apparently, stood always at his elbow to twist and turn events to his advantage. This present happening was of a piece with the prevailing fabric.

Lightly he touched, in passing, a bit here and there of the same sort. His birth had been humble enough out there in that little Middle West town, the last of a dozen, seven girls and five boys, bestowed by a generous Providence upon a pair of hard-working Rooseveltian anti-race suicide disciples. But of the twelve he was the only one that had really "made good." His education had been snatched, it seemed to him, at odd times. He never went to school with any regularity. He preferred to lounge about the railroad station, where, now and then, he earned something by carrying drummers' sample cases. But it was more for the fascination which the click of the telegraph instrument held for him than for the drummers' small change that he sat by the hour under the station agent's window.

He picked up the Morse alphabet in this way. No one ever taught him. It came to him rather by instinct, and when the station agent found he knew, that not over industrious official was glad enough to avail himself of the boy's assistance. One evening, while he was taking the agent's place, his friend Dame Fortune provided a train wreck as a stepping stone for him. The wreck was through no fault of his—a spread rail caused it, and a score were killed and a hundred maimed. For his efficiency at the time he came under the notice of the superintendent, and a month later, when the agent was dismissed for absence from post, he fell into the place. That was the beginning, too, of his work for the newspapers. In response to urgent appeals for particulars from all over the country, he had sent a really admirable condensation of facts, which yielded him more money than he had earned in all his previous history. Thus he found that he possessed the news sense, and the news sense paid him more liberally than did the telegrapher's key. He drifted to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to New York. Dame Fortune shipped him from there to Newport, and in the summer colony of the society capital he discovered a gold mine. The yellow newspapers and the society weeklies wanted inside information about the idle rich, and from consorting with ladies' maids and butlers, Carter was well-stocked.

When, at length, however, his news sense got the better of his discretion and he made use of a fact gathered from a confidential telegram which had passed through his hands, he chose to resign his position as operator rather than have suspicion fall on the office manager, who was his friend. It was then near the end of the season, and for twenty-four hours his world was in sable. But the good Dame was only testing him. She brought him, next day, an offer from a big New York daily to "do society" at "a hundred per"; and in the following year she introduced him to what is called the "publicity and promotion" game.

There are press agents and press agents.

The best and most useful and most highly paid is the press agent who is not known as such. Carter became that sort of press agent, developing a prodigious faculty for the invention of the bizarre which can be turned to profitable purpose. Whatever he touched he made the rage and nobody suspected; the newspapers, which are always on the lookout for "snakes"—meaning free advertising—apparently least of all.

For each of his successes he was well paid; but to put the Cafe des Boulevardes into the front rank of popular restaurants at a single stroke he was to be more liberally rewarded than ever.

"We're willing to spend fifty thousand dollars on this end of the project," said the chief promoter, at their first conference behind closed doors, "and we're willing to leave it all to you. We have every confidence that you will make good."

At a subsequent conference Carter briefly outlined his proposition: "An Hungarian orchestra, led by an Hungarian noble that people will come all the way from Alaska to see." Yet at the moment he was without a single definite idea as to how it was to be done. All he knew was that "the Dame," as he called her, had never yet played him false, and that the more he depended upon her, the better she seemed to like it.

The next morning he was in possession of a seven-hundred-dollar stateroom aboard the Mauretania, carried a ten-thousand-dollar letter of credit in his inside pocket, and held a roving European commission from a syndicate of American newspapers to furnish them with exclusive cables concerning the more prominent of his countrymen and countrywomen abroad.

And on the Mauretania he met Isabelle Guest, and Isabelle Guest, specially provided by "the Dame," brought him his scheme ready made.

Leaning together over the after rail of the promenade deck and gazing at the swirling wake of waters, dazzling white in the moonlight, she confessed to him that this, her first trip over, was with the distinct aim in view of acquiring a titled consort.

"You've heard of papa, of course," she said, proudly, "Amos J. Guest of Detroit. He got in right in the automobile industry, and in the last ten years he cleaned up a good forty million dollars. But he is such a rank American that I know I'll have trouble with him when it comes to getting his consent and the usual settlement. If I fail, however, it won't be for want of trying. I have a lot of his own pertinacity, and when I set my heart on a thing, I generally pull it off. What troubles me now is that I shan't have much time to look around. These people I am with are old friends and neighbors of ours in Detroit. They haven't much control over me, you know. But in a month, papa, who is in Russia now on business, is going to join us, and unless I've lassoed my duke by then, I'll be pretty heavily handicapped. Now, what would you recommend as the best way of going about finding what I want?" she concluded.

"You just leave it to me," Carter had advised, assuming an air of experience in such matters that was scarcely warranted. "I'll find the only simon pure sprig of nobility soul mate for you that exists in all Europe. I know just the sort you want. I can read it in your beautiful blue eyes, Miss Guest. It is certainly most fortunate that you consulted me on the subject. There isn't another line of goods in the trade in which there is so much adulteration and misrepresentation. It requires an expert to tell the real thing from the phony, and I'm an expert."

This boast recurred to Carter now as he kept pace with Bolak over the Kapellbrücke, that picturesque old covered bridge which crosses the Reuss diagonally to the Theater Quai on the south bank. For his own sake and the sake of his principals, quite as much as for that of Miss Guest, he must not be deceived into accepting the spurious. He was very far from being an expert, and he knew it. But when, at length, they reached the Wilder Mann, the modest little hotel in which the violinist resided, the credentials he craved were forthcoming before the man.

The room to which he was led along a stone-paved passage was on the ground floor at the back of the house. It was small, whitewashed, meanly furnished, and lighted only by a pair of candles.

"Is this your room or the prince's?" Carter asked, when the candles had reluctantly climbed to flame at the instigation of Bolak's prodding match.

"We have the room together," the youth answered.

"Then His Highness is not about, eh?"

"In a little while, he will be here. While we wait for him I will show you some things." As he spoke he began gathering up a row of photographs which stood on the top of a chest of drawers, propped upright against the wall, behind the candles. He handed them to Carter one at a time.

"His Serene Highness, Prince Cziraky!" he announced, as he passed over the first. Carter fancied that court chamberlains spoke in such a fashion when they made presentations to their sovereign, and was rather impressed.

When, however, he saw the portrait, the impression faded. His hopes tottered and fell crumbling.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed in disappointment. "This won't do, you know. I don't want a superannuated senile old septuagenarian like his serene whiskers here. I wouldn't take him as a gift."

Once more the violinist's chin rose and his shoulder blades shook hands.

"It is you the mistake make," he broke forth suddenly, indignantly, with a lapse from the English construction. "His Serene Highness is *ci devant*. He is dead. That same prince of which I spoke is his son."

"I beg your pardon," Carter apologized, a little more abjectly than was his custom. "You shouldn't mislead me that way. This old gentleman looks like the defunct king of the Belgians."

Bolak passed over another. "Her Serene Highness, Princess Cziraky, *ci devant* also."

The late Princess was much younger than the late Prince. She appeared to be about forty. Her name was printed below the picture in gilt letters.

"Show me some live ones," Carter urged. "Haven't you a photo of your candidate? I'd like to get his Bertillon measurements, so to speak, before he comes in, for the sake of comparison. If you have one there with his name on it, like this of the old lady, it would help some."

But the young man insisted on showing other members of the family first; two fairly pretty dark-eyed girls, sisters of the Prince; an officer in uniform, the Prince's younger brother; a black-bearded, heavy-browed man in glasses, the Prince's uncle, and a few more.

Even then he procrastinated.

"If you will look at this for one moment," he said, taking from a little shelf of books a small but thick volume, bound in deep rose color and stamped with a golden crown, "you will see that the house of Cziraky—"

"Is in the Hungarian turf guide, eh?" Carter interrupted. He turned the book over and read "Almanac de Gotha" above the crown. "If it's in an almanac," he added, "I can't be sure it isn't a joke."

When he attempted to read the page which Bolak indicated, he found the text was in French.

"That's all Hindoostani to me," he said, handing it back. "But if it's family history, I'd like to have it. I'll tell you what I'll do. If the Prince and I come to terms, you can write out a translation for me, and I'll pay you for it. How's that?"

"But only this now," his companion insisted. "Two lines I will read to you." And with the nail of a tapering forefinger he underscored as he translated, while Carter's eyes followed the small almost microscopic type:

"*Ernest—Hermann — Gundacar — Hugues—Ehrenreich, fourth prince of Cziraky, Serene Highness, born at Zengg, 15th October, 1885, son of third prince Ernest, born at Vienna, 18th March, 1846; died at Budapest, 6th May, 1907.*"

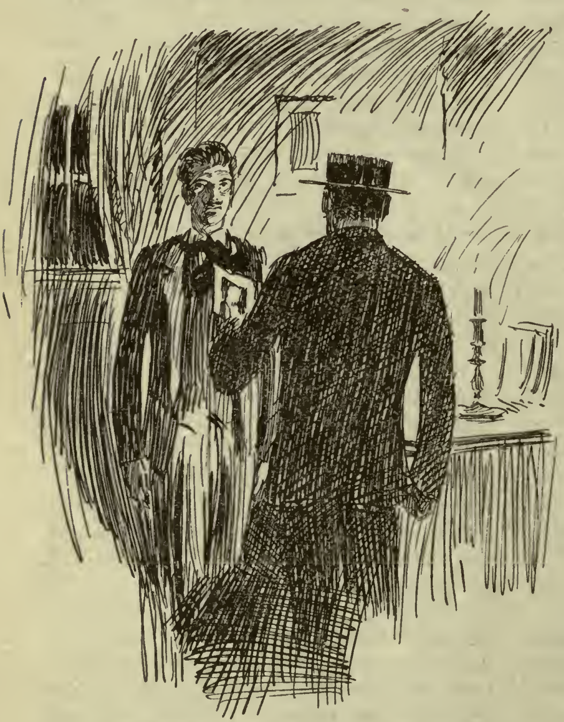
"You mean by that, I suppose," the young American surmised, "that Ernest-Hermann-all-the-rest-of-it is the boy you've brought me here to see. Well, now, how about his picture? And how much longer shall we have to wait for him?"

"The photograph is here," returned Bolak, as he replaced the red book in the rack, and from a drawer drew out the reserved likeness.

Eagerly Carter extended his hand. As he took the cabinet portrait from his companion, the candlelight fell across it. Instantly he handed it back.

"You've made a mistake, my lad," he declared, impatient at the delay. "This is one of yourself."

Bolak's arms hung straight at his sides. Very erect and soldierly he stood. His face was impassive.



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III

IT was half-past nine when the young Prince Cziraky revealed himself. It was an hour after midnight when Tommy Carter, exalted and exhilarated by his sudden success, drew the sheet up to his chin in his bed at the Schweizerhof and beckoned sleep. In the interim he had been very busy. To reconcile what he had heard about Géza Bolak and what his chance acquaintance now claimed was his first difficulty. The credentials seemed convincing enough as credentials, but did the credentials apply to the man who presented them? Unfortunately Carter could read neither French nor German, and so documentary evidence, so far as he was concerned, was useless, and the photograph of Bolak bore no legend in gilt letters labeling him with his asserted title.

"I'm willing enough to believe you," Carter told him; "I want to believe you, but you've got to show me."

And in the end, somewhat reluctantly, Prince Cziraky showed him. He removed his collar and tie, unbuttoned the band of his shirt, and took from about his neck a locket attached to a thin gold chain. On one side of the locket was the letter C, surmounted by a coronet, both in small diamonds. Within the locket were miniatures of his parents, so like the photographs as to carry conviction. Then he drew off his coat and rolled up his right shirt sleeve. Upon his arm, above the elbow, a C and a coronet, similar to those on the locket, had been tattooed in red and black.

He admitted that at the death of his father the princely estates were so encumbered that his inheritance was a miserable pittance, and this he had turned over to his sisters. To live he had had to work. And so he had come to Switzerland with a new name, and the story of lowly birth. There were times, however, when his noble blood rebelled at rebuke from inferiors. That evening had been one of those times. The band master at the Kursaal had angered him, and he had thrown up his position precipitately.

The point of identity settled thus satisfactorily, Carter had insisted on the suggested translation of the family record from the *Almanac de Gotha*. And while His Serene Highness wrote, Carter wrote, too, rapidly, page after page.

There had followed upon this a discussion of details, involving money to be advanced to liquidate the prince's small indebtedness in Lucerne, and to fit him out with a suitable wardrobe for his Venice sojourn. It was decided that the engagement of the orchestra for the Cafe des Boulevardes should be deferred, for the

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present, since Hungarian musicians for a visit to America at good pay were always available. They could be secured in Paris, or even in London, at the last moment. And it was determined that the evening train of the next day should convey the young American and his princely charge across the border into Italy.

Behind the Hotel Wilder Mann is the Jesuit church and behind the Jesuit church is the Telegraph Bureau. When Carter parted from Prince Ernest for the night he called at the Telegraph Bureau, and filed a thousand word cable to his syndicate of American newspapers. And at their breakfast tables, the next morning, the people of the United States, from Maine to California, from Pensacola to Cape Nome, read a prettily romantic story of a handsome young Hungarian noble who had fallen madly in love at first sight with the beautiful Miss Guest of Detroit, and had started in pursuit of her determined to find and win her, no matter how far the chase led.

Most of the romance, as Carter wrote it, was imaginary. Two evenings later, however, from Venice he amplified it, including an interview with the prince, who had unlocked his soul to the correspondent, while, as fellow-passengers, they traveled over the St. Gothard from Lucerne to Bellinzona. For, on the night journey south, Cziraky had mentioned to the American that incident of the flung rose at the Kursaal, whereat all of the newspaper man's appreciation of what is excellent in these days of sensational journalism kindled. Inspired and invited by Carter's apparent sympathy, His Serene Highness had gone further. He had told of how he had stood that morning under the chestnuts of the Schweizerhof Quai and had watched her adoringly, as she entered her motor car for the first stage of her Venice journey.

At this Carter's face, for a moment, had become a question which his enrapt companion did not observe. And the question did not get into words. On the contrary, Carter's response was one of approval and encouragement.

"Good work, Princie!" he said, with a beaming smile. "She saw you standing there, didn't she? I'll bet she threw you a kiss on the sly, only you're too modest to say so."

He had adopted the appellation "Princie" as a happy compromise. "Prince" seemed altogether too formal and though his own respect for titles was scant, he knew that the world in general was not with him in this. Therefore, a little reflected glory was all very well. There would be no reflected glory at all if he called his new friend Ernest or just Cziraky. Besides, he had his charge on a leading string, one might say, and "Princie" reminded him of a fox terrier of that name which he once owned. Moreover, it maintained the balance he liked. He regarded himself as far the bigger man of the two. He was, indeed, extremely well pleased with himself. He had managed this whole affair, he thought, with a master hand. He had seized opportunity. The average man in his boots would have let it slip by. It had galled him, it was true, to smother his resentment there in the Kursaal Gardens after he had been thrown. Ninety-nine fellows of a hundred would have risen and smitten the fiddler hip and thigh. But he had restrained his impulse on the chance of something better than vengeance. And how eminently satisfactory had been the result!

These thoughts engaged his waking moments during most of that long trip down to Venice. Scenery and the points of interest for the ordinary tourist held no attractions for Carter. What, for instance, were Verona and the home of Juliet to him? Shakespeare's romance was a back number. They showed you Juliet's tomb in Verona. As he was wont to put it, she was a "dead one." There was a live Juliet in Venice now waiting for this Romeo, who, in new and badly-cut Swiss clothes, sat smoking cigarettes beside him. This was an up-to-date romance, which he was shaping himself, and shaping cleverly, he believed.

What he wanted especially was a romantic meeting between the lovers. He should have to devise something better than an encounter at a *table d'hote*. Nothing so prosaic as that would do for another thousand-word cable; and thousand-word cables now were the chief feature of the game. In another week he meant to have Prince Cziraky so well known in America that the cartoonists and the joke writers and the topical song singers would be dealing with him. And that reminded him: he must have copies made of this photograph of "Princie," which was in his inside pocket—one for each of his papers; and he must get a camera in Venice and take snapshots of the enraptured pair.

The murky waters of the Grand Canal were ablaze under a noontide sun when the two young men, followed by a porter with their hand luggage, emerged upon the broad stone portico of the railway station. Carter, impetuously impatient, was in the lead, not merely of the Prince and the porter, but of the entire company of arriving passengers, and thus became the initial target for the assembled group of gondoliers and hotel runners. And the strife for his patronage which ensued eventually between two brigandish-appearing masters of the funereal looking barges, he hailed with the keenest delight possible.

"See here, Diavolo," he cried to the taller and fiercer-visaged of the rivals "you for me, my sweet dago cut-throat! I can use you, not only now, but later." And he bundled the Prince and their belongings into the fellow's gondola without more ado.

"You speeka de English?" he asked, when they were clear of the water steps, and the gondolier with dexterous strokes of his long oar had extricated his gondola from the maze of hovering craft.

"Si, signore," was the answer. "Leetla beet."

But it was such a very "leetla beet" that Carter made no headway whatever in his attempted conversation, and the Prince, with his French and German, who came bravely to the rescue, succeeded no better.

Disgruntled by his failure, the young American turned his attention to the Queen City of the Adriatic.

"Well, all I've got to say about this burg," he observed, "is that she's had a crackerjack press agent. She's got Gowanus Creek skinned for smells, and her houses make Trinity's tenements look like model flats. I'd like to be on the Board of Health here in Venice. Gee, what a graft that would be!" And then, as they shot out once more into the Grand Canal he waved a hand toward a row of slanting, striped mooring posts, with "Princie, that safety razor you bought yesterday was money thrown away. There are as many barber shops here as there are saloons on the East Side."

When at length they alighted under the awnings of the Grand Hotel, Carter addressed the elaborately uniformed porter:

"General," he said, smiling affably, "you are a polyglot, I know. I can read it in your handsome face. I am a delegate to Mr. Carnegie's Peace Conference at the Hague, and I'm visiting Venice for the especial purpose of distributing the olive branch among your noble army of gondoliers. My friend, Diavolo here, has been having words with a fellow-artisan, and I mean to have them kiss and make up. Tell him for me that I'll give him a good little American gold dollar if he'll bring to me this evening at eight-thirty, here at this landing stage, the small, Machiavellian steersman with whom he recently engaged in verbal conflict at the railway station, and that I'll give them both a job into the bargain."

What the obsequious porter did not understand he must have guessed, for at the hour named the two gondoliers, each in a clean blouse and a straw hat banded with blue ribbon, presented themselves for the proffered reward.

In the meantime Carter had not been idle. To begin with, he had bestowed His Serene Highness in the hotel's royal suite, which meant at least half of the second-floor rooms facing the canal, and, assisted by the porter, had secured for him the services of a smart-looking young German, named Oscar, as valet. Oscar, by occupation, was a guide, and he spoke English with a cockney accent.

"Now," Carter had directed, when luncheon was over, "I have a little business to look after this afternoon, so I'm going to leave you and Oscar together here, Princie; and if you want to please me, you'll combine with him to put yourself in the very best possible condition for meeting your future Princess. I would suggest that Oscar call in a barber to cut your hair—it is a trifle long, you know—shampoo you, shave you and give you a facial massage. Then you must have a manicure. If there isn't one about the hotel, Oscar must find one. You will then bathe, and promptly at six o'clock you will get into your open-face dress suit and your open-work silk socks. Understand, old chap? We dine at seven, and at eight-thirty we proceed to the place of execution. *Sabe?* Catch on? Are you wise?"

The Prince and his valet both bowed. It was marvelous what Carter's letter of credit was doing. As Cziraky, when he was Géza Bolak, had remarked, "Mention gold and the world is silent!"

"And there is just one thing more," Carter added. "Beware of the perfumery. As you hope for success with the American millionairess, go skimpy on the scent. It is regarded as vulgar in our best circles."

[*In the next instalment Carter endeavors to bring together the Prince Cziraky and Isabelle Guest.*]

(*To be continued*)

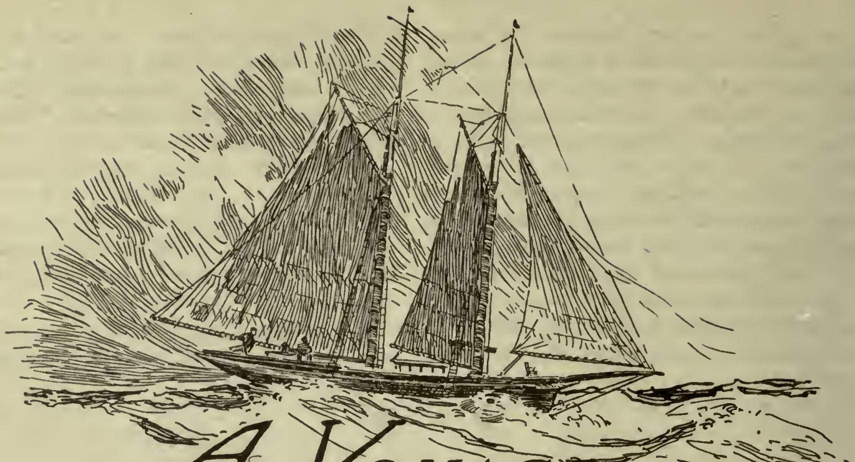
OUT WEST

By MINNIE C. D. SMITH

FIRM is our belief in justice in the wild and woolly West,
Though opinions sometimes differ as to what plan serves it best.
Bill Green stole a horse in times past; then some fellows took a rope
And rode off in Bill's direction at a rather rapid lope.
Later, the recording angel took a pen and, writing, read:
"Bill Green stole a horse this morning." Ten p.m. "Bill Green is dead."

Times have changed. Out here last summer a chap known as "Half-breed Dan"
Was seen leading a black broncho from the barn of William Van.
He was tried by judge and jury—there were lawyers half a score—
From sixteen to eighteen people took the stand and thusly swore:
"That beyond all doubting, truly, their friend Daniel was insane;
That his father had an uncle who was 'Dippy,' back in Maine."

Then to make the case more solid, someone took another tack;
Swore his mother's second cousin was a kleptomaniac.
Then they proved by half a dozen that friend Dan was nowhere nigh,
They'd established in ten minutes a strong, first-class alibi.
Then, that of Dan's perfect virtue no one could have any doubt,
Proved the horse was never stolen; that the beast somehow "got out."
While the tired recording angel—writing swiftly, with a frown
Tried to give the proper credit for the lies he jotted down.
Sneered some at our so-called justice. "All this trouble and expense
To adjust what once was settled with a rope that cost ten cents."
For the most distressing feature is that this new-fangled plan
Settles absolutely nothing—we still have the same old Dan.



A Voyage De Lucks

by Allan Updegraff

Author of "When They Were Old," "The Wit of Saadah," etc.

THERE'S a proverb somewhere that says: "Whenever the Devil comes to an empty head he's sure of a lodging for the night." The trouble with all these epigrams and proverbs is that about half the time they go by contraries, like dreams. For instance, there was my great-uncle, Captain Harold Bip, retired, he was the thoughtfulest man I ever knew, his head was always stuffed with ideas, and yet I don't think he ever hung out the full-up sign when Old Nick applied for accommodations. There was always room for one more.

On a fine July afternoon, when the sun was making the air quiver and the asphalt smell like the broth of perdition, Uncle Bip came to the place where I worked, on Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, and led me into a corner of the store where we could be alone.

"Hank, my fine lad," said he—my name is Henry Briggs—"Hank, my boy, I have an elegant proposition to make ye. How would you like to take a little sea voyage?"

I said it would suit me fine; he knew I was only waiting till I came of age before turning sailor.

"But how about my folks?" I asked. They'd always put their foot down when I mentioned going to sea.

"I've already spoke to your father, and he says it's all right," said the Captain. "This ain't any ordinary voyage, Hank, my son; this is a sea voyage de lucks. I'm going to take my brother-in-law, Mr. Jerome Wygal, for a little sail up the coast for his health; and Mrs. Wygal, of course; *and* Miss Genevieve Wygal."

He winked at me with one of his pea-green eyes and jammed me in the ribs with his thumb; it was his expressive way of telling me he knew I was sweet on Genevieve.

"Of course," he went on, laying one fatherly hand on my shoulder, "considering the circumstances, *and* the company, you won't expect any regular stipend; but, if my idees go through, you may come in for a small rake-off."

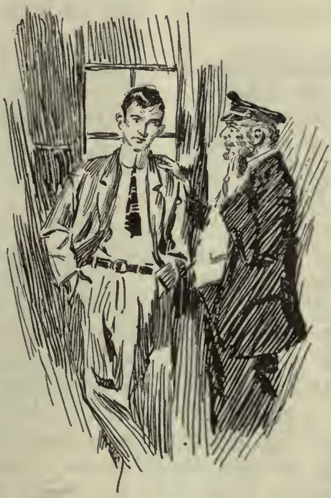
He tapped his forehead to signify that it was bulging with thoughts, and I judged from the look in his eyes that maybe he had Old Nick in there too.

"So you show up at the Basin first thing Saturday morning. And now I'll toddle along and finish turnin' the Emmaline B, into the finest health resort this side of the Pearly Gates!"

I boarded the Emmaline on Saturday morning about sun-up, before even the Captain had got around. She was a little two-masted schooner, pretty tight and ship-shape considering her years, with only the faintest smell to tell she had been in the fishing trade. The Captain had built a nifty little cabin amidship, of tar paper and scantlings, and painted it brown with white stripes like a zebra, very bright and effective. Across the bows of the boat, just forward of the foremast, was a raised platform, flush with the rails on either side. I judged, if the Captain intended it for a sort of promenade deck, whoever was loitering there careless when the boat went round would have a good chance of sliding into the wet.

The Captain conducted his party aboard before I had been there very long. Mr. Wygal seemed more or less peeved when he learned I was part of the crew; he had once remarked that he would elevate me into the middle of next week if he ever caught me hanging around Genevieve. He was the owner of a considerable delicatessen store and was noted for his aristocratic exclusiveness as well as for the size of his bank account, and the hard work it took to pry him loose from any of it.

"This, sir, is your private compartment, arranged with two rooms for self and ladies," says the Captain, showing him the zebra effect in the middle of the deck. "And forward there in the bows is your sun-parlor, where you can sit and drink in the sun and sea-air. Now you can go in your cabin and get settled while we weigh the anchor, set the sail, and Ho for the salubrious open sea! We'll make a new man of you, sir!"



"Cf course," he went on, laying one fatherly hand on my shoulder, "considering the circumstances and the company, you won't expect any regular stipend"

"Humph!" says Mr. Wygal, as if suspecting something behind the captain's politeness, and herded the ladies into the cabin. He watched Genevieve so close that she didn't even get a chance to look at me.

The Captain had brought a retired oyster-man, Pop Sweeney by name, to help him and me work the boat. There was a good westerly breeze, and we soon had her sliding along toward The Narrows.

"If that man, Jerome Wygal, wasn't my own brother-in-law," ruminates Cap'n Bip, handling the wheel, "I'd say some harsh things about him. He haggled with me for upwards of two weeks about the price of this little trip, and then I had to come to his own terms. It looks like the more money a man had the meaner he was."

"How much is he givin' ye, Harold?" asks Pop, careless like.

The Captain looked like he was too interested in something about a mile ahead to notice the question.

"You go forrard, Pop," he says, "and pretend you're the lookout."

"'Cause I think you might raise my wages a little and not hurt yourself any," says Pop.

"Go forrard!" ordered the Captain. "We're on the high seas now, and we got to have discipline!"

"Oh, all right, Cap'n," says Pop, and goes.

"There's another mean man," ruminates the Cap'n, when we're left alone. "I'm sorry I couldn't get somebody else; I never trust a mean man. But I guess I can trust you all right, eh, Hankie, my son?"

"Sure," said I, wondering if Genevieve might accidentally be sitting by her window that night after the others had gone to bed.

"I know I can!" says the Cap'n. "So now quit thinkin' about that girl, and perk up your ears, and I'll tell you my little scheme."

I perked up my ears quite some at that. "We got to save old Wygal's life," says the Captain, puckering up his lips till his whiskers stood straight out all around his face; nobody wears whiskers like that nowadays except the howling baboons of Siam whose pictures I saw once in a natural history.

"Is he that bad?" I asked.

"Shucks! All that's the matter with him is sitting around all the time counting up his money! I mean I'm goin' to spill him off the sun-parlor, and then we'll go in and rescue him. See?"

"Just for pure devilishness?" I asks, after thinking over the proposition a while.

Uncle Bip looked so disgusted he seemed ready to sink down by the wheel and die. "You blitherin' bone-head!" he groans. "That's the trouble with you ivory-domes —nothin' goin' on inside; not an idee; not a thought—nothin'! Listen to the boy!

"Why, look here, Hankie!" He shakes a finger under my nose, grinning in a way that was most cheerful and wicked. "What does the Bible say a man will give for his life? 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' That's right, ain't it? Well, we save the old hippo's life, and we get a reward—cash as well as talk. I already got the account of our noble rescue wrote up ready to send to the Brooklyn *Eagle* as soon as we pull it off!"

Well, for ideas you never could beat my Uncle Bip. I must have looked clean paralyzed.

"Don't set there battin' your eyes like a sick cow!" groans the cap'n, "or you'll make me sorry I went and monopolized all the brains on both sides o' the family! Try and think—just try it once to see how it goes! Can't you see what a fine thing this is going to be for you? Why, you looney—'stead of kickin' you 'round like the Missouri houn' dog I sometimes think you are related to, old Wygal'll be glad to give his darter to the young hero who's saved his life! Savvy?"

"Oh," says I, "so I'm goin' to save his life, am I?"

"No!" snaps the Captain; "you're just goin' to pull him out o' the water. As the brains of the business, I'm goin' to save his life. Just remember that, and don't get uppish!"

"I guess there's no danger o' me gettin' uppish," I says, "if I decide not to save his life."

The Captain saw he had made a mistake; he melted like an ice-cream-cone dropped on a hot sidewalk.

"I'll see to it that you get credit, Hanky, my fine lad," he says. "Don't get cold feet. Everything will go off all right; the water's warm, the old boy's so fat he can't sink, and I'll slide him off the sun-parlor as gentle as a griddle-cake off'n a greased pan. Besides, think how it will look all wrote up with a big head-line in the *Eagle*. 'Young Hero Saves Well-known Merchant from Drowning!' Trust in my idees, Hank—"

Mr. Wygal strolled out of his cabin just then, and walked up toward us. He gave me a look that was several degrees below, and I took a walk around the deck-house and up into the bows, where Pop was sleeping peaceful as a child.

I sat down beside him and wondered where I was at. Certain parts of the Captain's proposition were alluring, but I had a prejudice against doing anything illegal or un-Christian. I thought and thought, but I couldn't seem to get the answer. I could have thought a good deal clearer if I hadn't kept wondering whether Genevieve would be accidentally sitting at her window that night when all was still—as the poet sings.

After Pop and I had ate supper forward in the round-house, as befitted the crew, while the Captain ate with the passengers in the cabin, the Captain told me I'd better turn in because he wanted me to stay up and see that Pop didn't go to sleep at the wheel between midnight and morning; if the wind held and the sea kept smooth, we wouldn't anchor till we rounded Montauk. So Pop and I turned in. But about eleven o'clock I turned out again, for that stillness that the poet sings about seemed to have arrived.

It was a splendid night, with about half a moon, and we were sliding along over a little ripple of swell. But I didn't waste much time contemplating the beauties of the night; I strolled past the zebra business, face straight ahead but looking so hard as I passed the little square window that I felt myself getting wall-eyed. There was nobody at the window; so I went back and tried the other side. And there she was!

She passed out one of her hands for me to hold. Ain't it plumb wonderful what a lot of deep, celestial joy a young fellow'll get out of just holding the hand of some particular girl? And Genevieve was sure some particular girl! For a little while we didn't say anything; we just stood still like the folks at church when the organ plays the recessional.

Then she whispers: "Put your head close; I've got something to tell you!" I was glad enough to do that; I put my ear right up next to that little rosebud she wore instead of a mouth.

"O Henry!" she whispers; "papa is going to make Captain Bip put you ashore the first place we stop, and take on somebody else. I just heard him and mama talking about it."

I apologized for the bad word that got away from me before I thought; but I felt just like the word.

"I guess he must suspect we're engaged," says Genevieve. "Oh, I think it's just too mean for anything!"

I thought so, too, and I said so. I must have been a little excited, for Mr. Wygal's voice remarks: "Genevieve, are you talking in your sleep?"

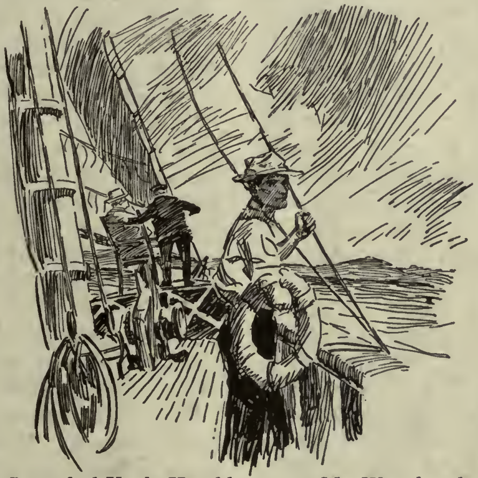
"No, papa," says Genevieve. There was just a tar paper partition between their rooms.

"Well, then some young Smart Aleck's going to get kicked overboard," growls that merchant prince, "if I don't hear you go back to bed in about half a second."

I went aft to where the Captain was drowsing against the wheel. I was considerable irritated. "Uncle Harold," I said, "if you'll duck that old ogre before we make our first port, I'm with you!"

"A fine discernin' lad!" says the Captain. "But why before we make our first port? This hero business is something that can't be pulled off till all the signs are right."

When I explained he was in danger of losing half his crew if he didn't move around, he agreed we'd have to hurry up the signs. Pop came up soon after that, and the Captain explained the idea to him. The Captain wanted Pop to take the wheel and go around when he gave the signal after he had got Mr. Wygal fixed right in the sun-parlor. Then Pop was to cut loose the dory that trailed behind and heave to till I got Mr. Wygal aboard.



I watched Uncle Harold go up to Mr. Wygal and engage him in sprightly converse. My feet began to get the temperature of a cold storage chicken

"W'at is there in it for me?" asks Pop. He had a scar over one eye that turned green whenever he got interested, and his general appearance was about what you'd have expected of a retired pirate.

"A—nice—new—five-dollar bill!" says the Captain, in the voice of offering candy to a kid, "if everything comes out right."

Pop sighed as if pained by the simplicity of human nature. "You'll have to beat that, Harold," he says. "Yes, sir, you'll have to beat that quite considerable."

"You go to the infernal bow-wows!" says the Captain, getting mad. "I don't have to give you nothin'. You've got to obey orders. We're on the high seas, and I guess I know my rights! It's only out o' the kindness of my heart—"

"Don't try to run any cold deck in on me, Harold," interrupts Pop, patient but firm. "I don't want to be unreasonable—although God knows it's rank robbery the wages you jewed me down to for this trip. S'pose we say ten dollars—in advance?"

The Captain seemed some relieved; of course Pop could have crabbed the whole game if he'd wanted to be mean. They compromised on eight dollars, and Uncle Harold got quite cheerful. He fetched that account of the noble rescue he had wrote up for *The Eagle*, and read us some extracts by the light of a lantern. I noticed that according to the account the Captain had done everything; leaped into the foaming seas, at the risk of his life, and dragged the well-known Brooklyn merchant to safety just as he was sinking for the last time. The Captain had got things published in *The Eagle* from time to time, and he was pretty proud of his literary ability.

"That'll fetch the old tightwad around if nothin' else will!" says Uncle Harold, smacking his lips. "I'll make him ashamed to look his feller-citizens in the face if he don't come across something generous and handsome. Why, say, boys, that man is my own brother-in-law, and he has scads, scads—and he's never so much as slipped me the price of a ham-sandwich in his life!"

"I guess it runs in the fambly, Harold," says Pop. "S'pose you come across with a quarter more, just to prove you ain't tainted?"

The Captain tried to show him the error of his ways, but Pop was still grumbling a little when the Captain left him at the wheel, with me to see that he kept awake. The wind kept westerly, and all he had to do was to set by the wheel and see we didn't start for the South Pole or collide with Long Island. He got almost as thoughtful as the Captain before morning. Every once in so often he'd tell me that he thought he was being exploited on that noble rescue deal, and he didn't see why there wasn't a way to make the Captain feel more generous.

The next day dawned like the day before: bright, fair, with just a good sailing wind from the southwest. When I came on deck, along about noon, the three Wygals were sitting in camp chairs on the sun-deck, and Pop and the Cap'n were holding some sort of a confab beside the wheel. Just as I got up to them I heard Pop say five dollars, so I judged he was still worrying about being exploited.

"I was just going to send Pop down to get ye," says the Captain to me. "I think the time has come. Fortune aids the brave, Hank, my son! When the ladies go in the round-house to get dinner, which I am expecting to happen any minute now, I'll nurse her up into the wind a little, as if I was trying to get more sea-room, so's Pop can put her about when I give the signal. You got your part down pat now, ain't you, Pop?"

"I guess I'll give satisfaction," says Pop a little surly.

"I'm sure you will, ol' frien'!" says the Captain, uppish as a conquering general. "Hank, there's a life-preserver on the starboard side, just abaft the cabin. You can hang that on your arm just before droppin' in. I dunno but what I'll go in, too; the water's fine this mornin'."

"You want to keep out o' my way," says I; the scheme seemed a lot more ticklish to me than it had last night when it was still a good way off.

"Keep ca'm!" says the Captain. "He'll have a chair to hang onto, as well as all the air in his clothes, and his natcheral buoyancy, besides bein' the pride o' Coney Island as a swimmer. You can just drop in beside him as the boat slides past; it'll be easy as a turtle slidin' off a log."

"There goes the ladies to the round-house," says Pop, reachin' for the wheel. "You better go along, now, Harold."

The Captain turns over the wheel and starts forward. "By the way," he says, stopping beside me a minute; "you didn't see anything o' that article I wrote for *The Eagle* after I left you last night? It looks like I'd misplaced it."

I told him I hadn't seen it.

"Well, I'll write another if it's lost," says the Captain. "I wasn't altogether satisfied that it did me justice, anyway."

He strolls forward to the gentleman left in the sun-parlor, and I goes to where the life preserver is lying on the starboard side of the waist. I watched Uncle Harold go up to Mr. Wygal and engage him in sprightly converse, pointing out the beauties of the scene. My feet began to get the temperature of a cold-storage chicken, but I thought of how that old lobster was planning to break up the young romance between me and Genevieve, and I hung the life-preserver over my arm.

The windward side of the bows, on which

Mr. Wygal was sitting, was raised of course by the drag of the sail; but I knew as soon as she went around into the wind, she'd swing over the other way, and plop him into the water unless he took hold of something. Of a sudden the Captain waggled his hand up and down twice behind his back. That was the signal for Pop to go around. My heart jumped to about two hundred and fifty a minute, and I took hold of the rail, ready to go over.

Somebody whistled—quick and sharp like a man whistles with two fingers in his mouth. I thought it came from Pop's direction, but I didn't have time to see.

The boat swung round, leaning away from the wind; and then, as the sail slacked and flapped, she came back the other way with a rush. Something flopped off the sun-parlor into the water, and I went right after it. Its back was toward me, and I grabbed it by the collar. Remembering the remarks I had heard outside the zebra-cabin the night before, I gave it a kind of firm jerk just to let it know somebody had a-hold of it.

"Lemme go!" it bawled, turning around toward me; and I found myself looking into the profane features of Uncle Harold Bip.

I was so embarrassed I couldn't do anything but tread water and wiggle my eyes and mouth at him. Then an awful fear turned me cold. I looked around the water for another head.

"Where's Mr. Wygal?" I yells.

"I ain't seen him since he shoved me in," says Uncle Harold, acid-like, "but I hope he's in good health." He takes one look over my shoulder at the boat, and gets very excited.

"Hi, there! Luff her—luff her! Are you tryin' to leave us?" he screeches; and begins to swim like mad.

I took one look and followed; the Emmaline, instead of coming clear around, was falling off before the wind and creeping away.

The Captain and I swam for the dinghy for all we were worth, and reached it plumb tuckered out. Then the Emmaline fell off a little more, and began to hit up a smart clip. We trailed along behind the dinghy, like clothes put out to wash, too tired to climb aboard. And all the time there wasn't a sign of anybody aboard the Emmaline. It wasn't very uncomfortable, but it was queer.

Pretty soon Mr. Wygal's head shows up above the stern. He doesn't seem to notice us at all, just begins hauling in the painter of the dinghy. We watched him hard, not saying anything. When the stern of the little boat is awash, so's we can't possibly get in without swamping her, Mr. Wygal makes the painter fast and stands rubbing his chin and looking down at us, sad and thoughtful.

"Jerome," says the Captain in a voice soft as a sucking dove, "Jerome, have I done anything to merit this?"

"To which do you refer?" says Mr. Wygal supercilious, as if he hated to have his meditations disturbed.

"I know w'at it is!" yells Uncle Harold. "Pop has gone and sold me out! I heard him whistle just before he put 'er about! Well, now you've had your little joke, take us aboard."

"You look awful good to me just where you are," says Mr. Wygal, lighting a cigar. "I'm thinkin' of towin' you into Montauk; Mr. Sweeny says it's only a couple of hours' sail, and I'd hate to spoil the pleasure any friends you happen to have there'll get out o' seeing you come in like that."

"This is mutiny!" says the Captain, very stern. "Do you know what mutiny means —on the high seas?"

"No—nor I ain't much in'trested," says Mr. Wygal.

Mrs. Wygal and Genevieve comes up and looks down at us; and it was good to see how alarmed Genevieve looked when she saw me there—only I felt like letting go and sinking till I hit China.

"Harold and his young friend," explains Mr. Wygal to them politely, "is taking their morning dip. You could tell they like it from the way they look."

He takes a paper from his coat pocket and unfolds it solemn as a preacher before a prayer-meeting.

"P'raps it will give 'em an added joy," he says, "if I read 'em this little lit'ry gem composed by Cap'n Harold Bip."

He begins to read that account the Captain had wrote for *The Eagle*, about leaping into the foaming seas and saving the well-known merchant's life. It sounded about as apt as rag-time at a funeral. Between times he explains to the ladies how the Captain had come to write it.

"O papa, I'm sure Henry didn't have anything to do with that scheme!" says Genevieve, interrupting. "I know he wouldn't do it!"

Of course that made me feel pretty cheap, but just the same those words were about the prettiest I had heard for a long time.

"The boy's had the disadvantage of bad company," says Mr. Wygal. "I heard him askin' after me after he'd gone overboard; he don't seem to have a bad heart.

"I guess I'll take you aboard, Henry," he concludes. "Besides, I think Harold would look better trailin' there alone. If there's two of you there when we go into Montauk it'll distract some attention from the handsome appearance of my brother-in-law. If you'll come along the side of the dinghy, Henry, I'll drop you a line."

"I'll take my medicine with the Cap'n," I says.

"Oh, very well," says Mr. Wygal; but I saw he liked the way I looked at it. "It ain't far, anyway."

"That's life, that is," says Uncle Harold Bip. "You get a good-lookin' girl to stick up for you, and you can get away with anything. I wish you success in the delicatessen business, Hank."

"I'm going to be a sailor," says I.

"He can be whatever he wants to be!" says Mr. Wygal, shaking his fist at the Captain. "W'y, you old reprobate, you!"

THE JESTER

I PLAY the part of a simpering clown,
  Day after day, day after day,
On a state where Fate with a tinsel crown,
Plays the part of a King; his lowering frown
Is my cue for frolic, and gibes and jests;
  And being a clown, in a clown's own way,
I humor the king and honor his guests,
  Day after day, day after day.

And the rabble laughs at my foolish pranks,
  Day after day, day after day,
The crowd, from the King to the serf in ranks,
Roars out its applause while I bow my thanks,
And kissing my hand, retire from the stage,
  Awaiting my turn, I resume the play,
A buffoon for majesty, prince and page,
  Day after day, day after day.

My hair is as white as the paint that hides,
  Day after day, day after day,
The furrows of care on my face where pride's
Royal signet is set; in my heart abides
Shame and disgust for my part; for I know—
  As I play the fool in the fool's own way
Those who laugh at my jests are fools also,
  Day after day, day after day.

Ean Boyd Heiney.

The WISH ROOM

by Maud Palmer Hart

BRING YOUR WISH TO THE WISH ROOM

Of course, you have a wish. Everybody has. Isn't it time you were making yours come true? Hunt it up. Shake the dust from it. Tell it in the Wish Room and get the expert advice of a person whose sole talent lies in sympathetic listening.

Applicants received only by appointment

Telephone—Main 1789—

Conference—$5.00

"WELL, of all things!" said John McCall.

He folded his paper inside out, bringing uppermost the column which held the notice, and proceeded to reread it in deliberate fashion.

"Isn't it time you were making yours come true? Hunt it up. Shake—"

With a half smile on his lips, and a thoughtful look in his eyes, John McCall reached out for the telephone which stood at his elbow.

"Main 1789, please."

After a brief interval, a very faint feminine voice responded, "Hello!"

He pressed the receiver against his ear.

"Hello! Is this the Wish Room?"

"Y-Yes."

"I want to make an appointment. This is John McCall."

"When would you like to come, Mr. McCall."

"This evening?"

"This evening at 8.30?"

"If I may."

The voice became more firm.

"Yes, you may."

"But how shall I find you?"

"The Wish Room," replied the voice, human enough to rebuke his personal pronoun, "is located at Number 4000 Temple Square."

"Number 4000 Temple Square," repeated John McCall carefully. "All right. It does seem sort of queer to have a Wish Room located in such a very tangible place. I half expected to hear you say Dreamland or The End of the Rainbow."

"You must be glad," said the voice, confused but very sweet, "that it is tangible enough to reach. And you must hope that it will be material enough to help you."

"No! No! Unmaterial enough to help me. Or do I mean immaterial? I don't know."

"Think it over," said the voice, laughing, "Good-bye!"

During the afternoon, John McCall had little time to reflect either upon the mysterious Wish Room or the charming voice. But when the labors of the day were over, and he was making himself ready for dinner in his comfortable but unpretentious rooms, his mind reverted to the appointment he had made.

His wish, annoying because of its very vagueness, was at last to be revealed. He anticipated an immense amount of satisfaction in revealing it. It might be tedious, but the girl in the Wish Room would be paid to be attentive. It was absurd, but she had promised to be sympathetic. It had possibilities, and she was bound to be unprejudiced. On the whole, the arrangement pleased him.

He dined at his favorite cafe and afterward made his way to Number 4000 Temple Square, in the best of spirits. The directions took him to a much frequented part of the city. The atmosphere was as far as possible from what one might imagine that of an orthodox Wish Room to be. Surrounding lights made the streets as bright as day. Crowded cars rattled past; automobiles shot by; newsboys bawled; venders shouted; nondescript throngs jammed the sidewalks, some hurrying and some loitering before shop windows, despite the snapping cold.

The original square, if one had ever existed, had evidently, long ago, been squeezed out in the press of things. But John McCall discovered an apartment house named for its deceased ancestor, and upon entering that, he was carried by elevator to Number 4000. He hesitated a moment before the door, then rang the bell. The possibility that the dismal hall could admit him to a satisfactory Wish Room was becoming more remote.

The maid who opened the door for him was elderly and appeared somewhat curious. When he had introduced himself, she said that Mr. McCall was expected, she would take his wraps, and would he come that way? John McCall assented, went that way, and as he went an amused little look came into his eyes; for the way led through just such an apartment as any but an imaginative person would have looked for. The walls were covered with oil paintings, which he fervently hoped had not been perpetrated by the hand belonging to the voice. The furniture went in "sets." The carpets were dingy, and the whole effect was most depressing. The curious maid led him down a small and poorly lighted hall, within the apartment, to a door; then pushed the door open and vanished.

John McCall's first impression of the Wish Room was that it was fragrant; and, his eyes becoming more accustomed to the sudden light, one sense corroborated the other. It blushed with flowers. His second impression was that it was bright; but upon closer survey, he saw that it was lighted only by a crackling fire and two tall cathedral candles. The brightness was the warmth of color. It was crowded, but its confusion represented comfort and luxury. As John McCall studied it, he found himself thinking—"Treasure Island." It seemed as if some one had tried to store all his treasures within these four walls. There was a variety of pictures. There were swinging shelves of books. There was a brick fireplace with a blazing log on the andirons. There was a grand piano with music on cushiony kind, and numberless warm rugs and downy pillows. And there was something else, an intangible something, which made him forget the commonplace apartment without and the hurrying crowds below.

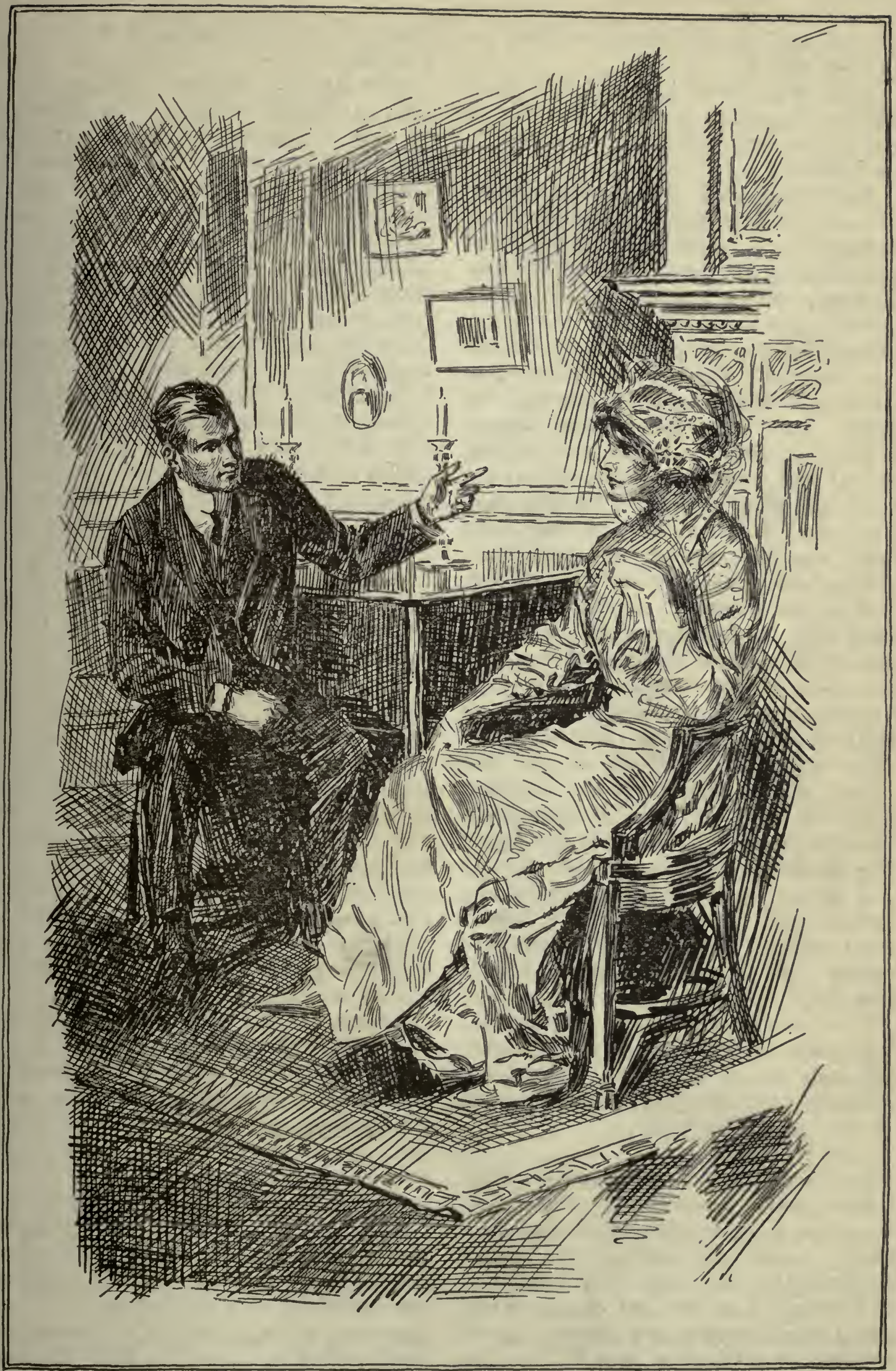
"Mr. McCall?"

It was the voice. A slender girl, covered from head to ankles with a glistening, golden veil, had risen from one of the deep chairs by the fireplace. The man could catch the glow of eyes and the flash of color made by red lips, and from an opening at the side of her robe a hand emerged in greeting. It was a slim hand, ringless and very white. Her arm was slim too, and softly white like a white rose.

Without waiting for a response, she darted back to the fire and pulled out a cozy chair, opposite to the one from which she had just risen.

"Won't you sit down here? You must be cold." And as he acquiesced, she added somewhat timidly, "Do you smoke? Smoke then, if you like, and rest, and I will play for you."

John McCall slipped into the chair and she crossed to the piano. A moment later, he told himself that never, never before had he known what comfort was. His eye was gratified by the soft medley of color about him and the shining figure bending over the keys. The fire threw out a welcome heat. The chair in which he sat was luxurious. The perfume of flowers was in his nostrils. And his cigarette added the touch which yielded absolute perfection.



"I am a newspaper man," he added, in an explanatory tone, "and there was to be a spiritualistic convention, and I wanted to know about a particular phase of the subject, before interviewing the leaders of the affair"

"Tell me," she said slowly, "when I get to your wish."

Then she drifted into melody. John McCall suspected that she was improvising. At any rate, he had never heard such music.

In the beginning, it was very exalted. It took him into a tall cathedral. Dusk rested on the empty pews and on the dim aisles, but in the chancel, white-robed boys were singing, and sunset light sifted through the windows upon the altar, brightening the cross. Soon, it became more martial. There were soldiers, rank on rank, file and file, tramping through the night. They were tired, hungry, thirsty, ill and homesick. But they were singing, and as they sang, they forgot all but the honor and glory of fighting for their flag. Gradually, it floated into dreams. The man was transported into fairyland. Fairies were sliding down the rainbow, shaking from flowers, slipping from the silky back of the snow-white birds that were their carriers—all come to dance in the deeps of the forest. And, perhaps because fairyland and childhood are so nearly akin, she told of childhood next. There was the music of the old mill stream, the song of wind in the tree-tops, the cry of birds, the joy of bursting forth into the glory of the morning, the joy of creeping back into the peace of evening and mother's arms, just childhood. She drew it from the keys. Then, suddenly, she found his wish. A love song was beneath her fingers, the quaintest little love song.

"You've come to it," said John McCall.

She rose swiftly, approached the fire, and sank into her chair. She crossed one glittering knee upon the other and smiled at him beneath the veil.

"Tell me about it."

He began: "I have only seen her once. I haven't the remotest idea who she is, where she lives, whether she is married or single. So far as I know, I shall never see her again. And I am in love with her. If I cannot find her, if I cannot marry her, I shall never marry anyone. I am absolutely convinced of that."

The Wish Girl leaned forward, locking her slim white hands about her knee.

"But the one time? Where was it? What did she look like? Why did you love her?"

"One day last summer," said John McCall, gazing into the fire, "One blistering hot day in August, I went down to the Public Library to look up something on spiritualism. I am a newspaper man," he added, in an explanatory tone, "and there was to be a spiritualistic convention, or something of the sort, and I wanted to know about a particular phase of the subject, before interviewing the leaders of the affair. I couldn't tell exactly what book I did want, so I got a permit to go in back, where the shelves are, and roam around at my own sweet will, looking for just what would help me. I am sort of foolish about books, anyhow." He looked up with his attractive smile, "I love to browse around. On this particular day the shelf rooms were cool and dark. I wandered along from shelf to shelf, from aisle to aisle, until I had gone so far away from all the heat and bustle that I felt in a different world.

"At last my attention was arrested by a very peculiar and pitiful sound. It came from a distant part of the immense room and I had quite a time locating it, but at last I succeeded. In one of the darkest aisles, her head in her arms on a little table, surrounded with shadows and musty, dusty books, was a girl—and she was crying. That was the sound I had heard. I—you can't think how it made me feel. I'm not very used to any kind of a woman—and there isn't another woman in the world like her."

"What did she look like?" asked the Wish Girl. She leaned back, clasping her hands behind her head, and a shimmer passed along her radiant draperies, like the shimmer that passes through a maple tree, splendid with autumn, when there is a faint breeze stirring.

"She was small," said the man dreaming, "She was small and dressed all in black. When I touched her, she raised her head and looked at me, and it was so unexpected—I shall never forget it. Her face was white, so white it broke my heart to look at it, and her eyes were like deep purple pansies with the dew on them.

"I sat down in the chair across from her and took hold of her two little hands—

they were as cold as ice—and asked her what was the matter. And, because I was a stranger, she told me. Her father and mother were dead. She was living with her father's sister, and she was bitterly unhappy. She was grieving, you see, and lonesome and she said that nobody understood. She was so little and white—her eyes were so frightened—her hands were so clinging and helpless—she was such an exquisite *flower* of a woman—she was so different." After groping hopelessly, John McCall looked from the fire to the Wish Girl. There were tears in his eyes.

The girl bent forward.

"And your wish?"

"I—want—*her*."

"It will come true," breathed the Wish Girl, earnestly. "You love her, and your love will touch her, somewhere, find her, some day."

"Will it?"

"It will."

"And when I find her?"

"Take her in your arms and run off with her. It's the only way you'll ever get her. And she loves you, I know."

Angry voices broke out in the hall; swift foot steps fell; impatient fingers rattled the door. John McCall and the Wish Girl pushed back their chairs and rose. A quiver passed through the fragile form of the girl. She clasped her hands at her breast.

"Amoret!" A very stout lady, bulky with furs, panting with wrath, burst in upon them. The maid's agitated countenance appeared behind her.

"What folly is this? Where did these candles come from? Who is this young man? Take off that absurd garment!"

"Auntie! Don't! My aunt, Mrs. Jessmore, Mr. McCall. When Mr. McCall is gone, auntie, I will explain."

"You will explain now."

"Oh, I can't!"

"Here and now." Mrs. Jessmore pronounced the words with heavy brows uplifted and fat nostrils dilated.

"I—I opened a Wish Room."

"So Anna said. What, pray, is a Wish Room? And how did you dare to open anything in my absence?"

The sweet voice of the Wish Girl trembled.

"A Wish Room is a place—where people come—and pay for the privilege of—confiding—in some one. I wanted," falteringly, "to earn some money. You are kind, in your way, but I wanted some money all my own. I had no talent except that—listening to people, comforting them, advising them—"

"No talent!" stormed the indignant aunt. She had a fierce expression and a strident, disagreeable voice, before which the poor little Wish Girl shrank. "Your father spent enough money on your music."

"But I can't play, except for a few people. You know that, auntie. And father never cared—"

"That's nonsense! How many—applicants—have you had for this absurd privilege?"

"Just one," hanging her head, "Mr. McCall."

"Well then! Take off that veil. Show him that you are a civilized person. Then he may go away and stay away. I'll tend to you later."

"Oh, auntie! I can't! I won't!"

"Believe me," broke in John McCall, "There is no need of it. I will go—"

"You will stay right here until Amoret does as I say."

Mrs. Jessmore blocked the door, angry, defiant. Anna peered over her shoulder, dismayed, curious. John McCall was forced to wait, furious, raging, while the little golden girl lifted off her veil. She stood before them, drooping like a flower in a tempest.

And then—

McCall clutched the back of a chair and leaned over it, staring in utter amazement. Slowly, as if in appeal, the girl raised her eyes to meet his gaze, and they shone in her pale, little face like deep purple pansies with the dew on them. McCall's mind whirled. The words of the Wish Girl echoed in his ear—"Take her in your arms and run off with her. It's the only way you' ll ever get her. And she loves you, I know."

"Mrs. Jessmore," said John McCall, "I want to introduce myself further."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Jessmore.

"I am a newspaper man, connected with the 'Times.' Also, I am an old friend of

Amoret's and this affair is nothing but a joke."

"Yes?" The older woman was uncompromising.

"We might as well tell her now, mightn't we, Amoret?" asked John McCall, turning to the Wish Girl, who, divested of her glory, swayed before them.

"Tell me what?" demanded Mrs. Jessmore, bridling.

"That we are going to be married."

"But I will have something to say about that," said Mrs. Jessmore, elevating her eyebrows and widening her nostrils.

"Nothing at all," John McCall was positive.

Again the girl lifted wide, wondering eyes. The man smiled down into them, and his smile was reassuring.

"I got my instructions from a source which cannot be questioned," he added, "And I shall obey them to the letter."

"Oh, *do*," said Amoret.

THE GIRL I USED TO KNOW

TODAY somehow I'm lonely as my thoughts recall the past,
And fancy paints a picture of a blue-eyed country lass.
I see the verdant meadow and the fields of golden grain,
And hear the church bells chiming in their soft and soulful strain.
The lane is just as shady where we were wont to stray,
And though we parted years ago it seems like yesterday.
As twilight shadows deepen, and memories come and go,
I wonder what became of her, the girl I used to know.

Some say she left the village a lost love to repine,
While others hold she sought the veil, her love dreams left behind.
But there is nothing certain, she left no trail to thread,
And none can say she's living or if she's really dead.
So oft I sit and ponder whether she's in weal or woe,
And if she ever gives a thought unto the long ago,
For as the years keep adding and Springtime follows snow,
I wonder what became of her, the girl I used to know.

Perhaps I'm now forgotten, perhaps she didn't care,
Or maybe I was hasty, I could have been more fair.
She might have just been teasing, had I had sense to know,
She must have loved me somewhat, to whisper, "Jack, don't go."
And though she's bent and faded, with hair turned silver gray,
If I could but recall her, we'd have our wedding day.
And from all worldly treasures I'd quickly part and go,
And part with life, to kiss once more the girl I used to know.

—*E. M. Wickes.*

KETURAH KRIPPEN

by

Gertrude Robinson

MISS KETURAH stepped briskly about her neat, bare little kitchen. The old stove, the very stove her mother used to call "the best baker in seven townships," shone like a black mirror. A tiny copper saucepan danced unevenly on its warped top. A faint odor indicated that Miss Keturah's frugal dinner was to be parsnip stew. Her cat, Gideon, sniffed the air uneasily. Past experience had not led him to connect satisfactory morsels with that fragrance. Presently he jumped down from the red-cushioned rocker and ran to the door. He patted supplicatingly at the baseboard with his gray paws. When Miss Keturah did not heed his mute appeal, he mewed plaintively. His mistress, beating up buttermilk and soda into a foam, preliminary to making the "inexpensive cake" her mother used to bake every Saturday in the same oven, turned.

"Why, Gideon," she protested, "you going out before dinner?"

The cat threw back his tawny head and howled. The woman dropped her spoon and hastened to open the door. "Gideon always did detest parsnip stew," she reflected. "I must save him some milk." She carefully poured half of her daily two gills of milk into a saucer and set it up on a shelf. Then she finished making her cake and put it in the oven.

Twenty minutes later she opened the oven door cautiously. A spicy whiff told her the cake was done. As she drew it carefully over the grate, a step sounded on the porch. She rose quickly, balancing the cake on a long holder in either hand. In the doorway stood a man. For a second they stared wonderingly at each other. Then the man's eyes roved about the room, traveling swiftly over the white scoured table, the burnished old copper pans and shining pewter plates hanging above it, the built-in cupboard with rows of rare blue Delft on the upper shelves and coarse heavy white ware below, the straight-backed, spindle-legged rocker, the old churn, resplendent in yellow paint, the shining water pail by the sink, with a tarnished mirror above, the ancient but self-respecting stove, and finally rested again on the woman standing in front of the stove on the big braided rug in the middle of the yellow floor. She took a step forward.

"Jared Olmstead," she said in a hoarse whisper, as though speaking to herself, "Jared Olmstead! How did you get here? You must go right away."

The man stepped inside, closed the door and leaned against it, still staring in a troubled fashion at Miss Keturah. He saw a high piled mass of soft white hair, framing a delicate oval face, clear cut as a cameo, a straight slender figure, swathed in a limp gray calico dress which, even to his untutored eye, was of a bygone cut and fabric.

"It's all the same," he muttered, "all the same—except—except you."

A hot flush crept over the woman's face. The hands holding the cake trembled. The man, noticing this, stepped to her side, took the cake from her and set it on the table.

"Let me sit down a minute and talk to you, Keturah," he pleaded. "It is merely a matter of business. I won't bother you none."

Miss Keturah nodded briefly and pointed to a chair. The man sat down heavily, his face gleaming dead-white against the sombre kitchen paper. "You sit down, too, Keturah," he begged. "You look tired."

Miss Keturah did not answer. Instead, she crossed the room to the cupboard, poured the bit of milk left in the pail into a glass, and then, cutting a slice from the still smoking cake, placed it on a blue saucer and set the food before the man. "You're hungry, I suppose," she said in a lifeless tone, "eat."

"I'm no tramp, Keturah," began the visitor indignantly. Then he broke off in a laugh. "It is true," he admitted, "I am hungry and I'll eat your cake. It is like old times."

When he finished Keturah again spoke. "You must go, Jared Olmstead."

"I haven't told you yet what I came for."

"You haven't any right to tell me anything," quavered Keturah.

"I know," admitted her visitor, "that you think I'm only a jail-bird and all that, but—"

"That's not it," interrupted the woman. "Father didn't dream you'd ever go to jail when he forbade you the house. That hasn't anything to do with it. It is because I promised never to take up with you or have anything to do with you that I can't listen to you now, not because you went to jail. For all I know you mightn't have been guilty."

"I wasn't," asserted the man. "That's part of what I came to tell you. Come now, Keturah, your father has been dead this fifteen years and more and you're a woman grown and your own mistress. It is no sin for you to listen to me a minute. Besides, as I said, it is just a matter of business."

"You—you weren't guilty?" she asked. "Who was?"

The man disregarded her question. "I got out of jail in three years, Keturah. My term was shortened for good behavior, and maybe they weren't so sure, even then, that I forged that note on old Morgan. I—I thought you'd married Bernard Howells. I knew your father was set on it and you told me in the court house that day you were going to soon. So I went west to Texas and worked on a ranch. After a time I got a place of my own with a partner. I—I did pretty well, Keturah, but I wasn't very happy. You see, I never trusted Howells and I surmised you might be having a hard life. Then one day, a few weeks ago, I ran across Howells in the court house in Dallas. He was on trial for several counts and I found out that he'd never married you. I found out a lot of other things, too. I learned how your father left the property so it wasn't much good to anybody and—"

Keturah leaned forward in her chair. Her eyes burned black beneath her white hair. "Jared, did Bernard Howells forge that note?"

Again the man thrust aside her question. "Did you care for Bernard, Keturah?" he questioned softly.

"You know I didn't, Jared. I was going to marry him because father wished it and I thought he was right about everything, but—"

The man broke in quickly. "But when he found out how your father left the money, you to have the use of the place and $5,000, as much as you really needed to keep you 'plain and comfortable,' the property and the balance of the money to go to the Baptist church on your death, or if you married against his wishes, he just ran away with the Dodge woman. I'd like to choke the rascal, but he's getting more punishment than I could give him."

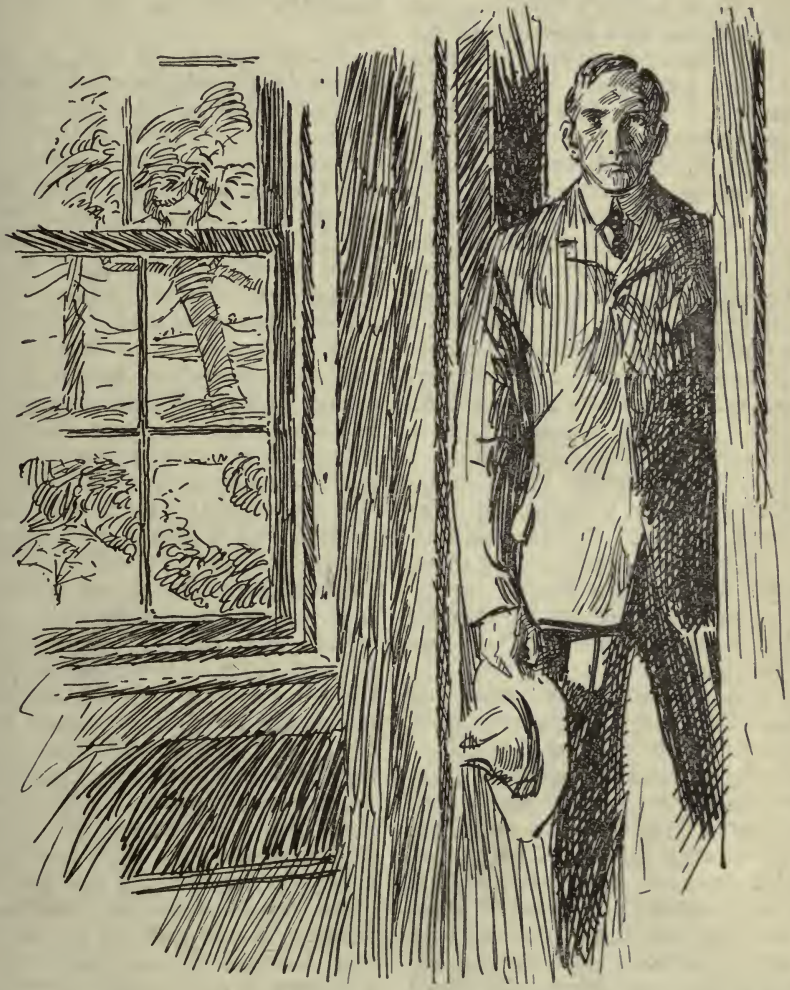
For the third time Keturah framed her question. "Jared, did Bernard Howells forge that note?"

"Yes, Keturah, but I wouldn't have told you if I hadn't been afraid you might hear of it some other way. They've caught him in several tricks and this isn't the worst. I—I hope you won't feel badly about it, Keturah. He isn't worth it."

"And you let the people think you were guilty to save my feelings, because you thought I wanted to marry that scoundrel! Why did you do it, Jared? Why did you do it? Oh, if father had only known it, he wouldn't have been so hard on you."

"'Twarn't nothing, Keturah," insisted the man warmly. "Why, I loved you Keturah when you were a little girl in pinafores lugging your rag dolls around, and I've loved you ever since. When your father ordered you to give me up and I knew you would obey him, no matter how you felt, I didn't care much what happened to me. I thought it would break your heart to know he had forged the note and you wouldn't mind at all thinking I had done it. Besides I couldn't really prove it then.

"But when I found out how things had turned out, how you have scrimped along alone all these years so as to leave all your father's money you could to the church I—I—" the man's voice broke and faltered.


The man's eyes roved about the room

"They weren't to blame," interposed Keturah. "They urge me to spend what I really need. Why, I use all the interest. I even had to take a mite of the principal when I had the pneumonia last winter; but I hope to replace that before I die."

Jared laughed mirthlessly. "I guess they won't object none, according to what I hear in town, Keturah. They're lotting on that five thousand dollars to build them a new church. It would please them and me mighty well, Keturah, if you would marry me now and let them have the money right away, instead of keeping them waiting till you quit living altogether. There, there, I didn't mean to say that, now. I said it was just business I came on today and it is. My partner out in Texas died suddenly last year. His wife went the year before. She was a pretty woman, but Texas didn't agree with her, I guess. She missed her folks and eastern ways. They left two children, and when I heard about the way you were left, I just made up my mind to settle up affairs out in Texas and come back east with the children. Their mother's folks are poor and old and they have agreed to let me have them. Their father's people are poor trash. They have never heard of the children and I mean they never shall. I'm going to bring them up the best way I can. But just now, Keturah, they are pretty small to be without a woman's care. So I thought that maybe you'd take them for me awhile till I can get settled. If you don't want to keep them long, I can get a housekeeper after I have straightened things out. I've bought the lumber tract and mill at Denton's landing. There is a good farm, too. I can afford to pay you a fair price for taking care of them. You'll do it, won't you, Keturah? Here is their picture," he added, taking a portrait from his pocket. "The curly-headed mite is Molly, five years old. The boy, Jerold, is eight. They're good little things. You'd soon learn to love them, Keturah," he pleaded wistfully.

His companion looked eagerly over his shoulder at the picture. "Where are they?" she queried.

The man stepped to the door and whistled. From down the country road, winding away under the row of tall pines, came two clear notes in response. "That is Jerry," smiled the man. Presently they came in sight, Molly running ahead, her arms full of early daisies and buttercups. Jared led them into the kitchen and sat down, one on each knee. Keturah stood uncertain and wavering in the middle of the floor. Suddenly she turned and snatched Mollie from Jared. She kissed the child's hot face and placed her gently in the rocking chair. Then she got down two more blue saucers and placed a slice of the new cake on each. "Here, dears, eat this," she coaxed. "It will keep you from starving till I can get dinner for you."

As the children ate the cake shyly but hungrily, she turned to Jared. "I'll keep the children for you. I don't think father would mind. He liked little ones. I'd love to have them, Jared."

"I'm much obliged, Keturah. I shall miss them a lot, you know, but they are better off with you for the present. I can come to see them once in a while, Keturah?" He rose and took his hat from the nail by the door where he had hung it familiarly. The boy still clung to his hand.

"You'll have to till they get wonted, Jared. I don't want them to be lonesome."

The man hastily kissed the children and hurried down the path, as though afraid Keturah might recall her permission. He was halfway to the gate before Keturah realized that she held in her hand a five dollar bill. She ran out of the house and down the walk. "Stop! stop!" she called. "I don't want this, in advance. I—I can't bear to take pay for them."

"You'll have to! It is a business arrangement, you remember. Besides, it is little enough. I'll pay five dollars a week now. Later, when they are bigger, I'll pay more, if you still wish to keep them and I don't miss them too much. That is for board. You get any clothes they need and charge to me. I've opened a store account at Martin's. Their trunk will come tonight. Goodbye, Keturah, I've got to catch the noon train up the mountain."

The gate clicked determinedly and Keturah returned to the house, fingering the bill nervously. As she stepped into the kitchen a violent odor smote her nostrils. The parsnip stew, long neglected, had burned up. Keturah snatched it off the stove and scratched the black, cindery mass into the garbage can recklessly. Then she went down to the front gate and hailed the butcher. He was just driving home from the village and stopped reluctantly. But he had the surprise of his life. Never within his recollection had he sold more than five cents' worth of meat at a time to Miss Keturah, and that of the cheapest cuts, fit only for cat meat. Today, however, she ordered a pound of reddest, tenderest steak he had. "You may stop every day for awhile, Jed," she ordered.

"Got company, hey," ventured the butcher. But Miss Keturah, speeding up the path to the house, turned on his question an unresponsive back. She found Molly crying, her daisies lying in a wilted heap about her on the floor. Jerold was trying to pick them up, his own lips quivering babyishly. The woman looked on helplessly for a minute. Then inspiration came to her. "Jerry," she asked, "would you be afraid to take a pail and get me a quart of milk at the farmhouse down the road, the big red one? There is a fine dog there who will walk all the way home with you if you speak to him."

Jerry assented eagerly. Then Miss Keturah fetched a large jar and showed Mollie how to put the daisies in it, one by one. By the time Jerry was back with the milk, duly escorted to the very door by the friendly brown collie, Miss Keturah had gathered half a dozen eggs in her own henyard. To be sure, it was her custom to save the eggs to pay her church tithes and the taxes, but today she recklessly swept all she found into her basket in the pantry.

An hour later the dinner was ready, such a dinner as Miss Keturah had not had for many a year. She had even sacrificed a jar of preserves sacred to the yearly visit of the minister. But an occasion worthy of steak and custard seemed to merit appropriate accompaniments. And the children appeared to enjoy the spicy fruit even more than the minister would have, since he was dyspeptic. Gideon, too, was pleased. He growled softly over the plateful of food his mistress set on the newspaper in the corner for him. It was an unprecedented occasion for him as well as for the others, since the children insisted on saving juicy morsels and gave him a second dinner while they played with him under the lilac bush in the afternoon.

Taking the children to church Sunday was something of an ordeal for Miss Keturah. The ripple of consternation that went through the church as she, a trifle late, owing to the task of a triple dressing, marched up the center aisle to her pew, leading a child by each hand, was actually audible. She fairly cowered beneath the shelter of the voluminous red paisley shawl that formed her Sunday wrap. She was glad that there was a new minister and no Sunday school so she could hasten home without stopping to talk with her curious acquaintances. Nevertheless, she was jealously fond of the children. They were prettier than any of the children in church and she determined that they should be better dressed.

The next few days passed in a maze to Miss Keturah. She found the children exceedingly little trouble. She was most exercised about their clothing. The trunk that arrived for them was full of good strong things, but though Miss Keturah had been content with ancient made-over garments for herself for years, she longed to array the children in dainty attire. So one day she lighted one of her famous bayberry candles and went upstairs to the dark attic to look over her stored away treasures. There was little left, however, for in the twenty-five years since her mother's death she had bought herself little clothing. She had scrupulously repaired and made over the old garments in the house, using the same old patterns left by her mother and which had been in use in her childhood. The feel of new cloth was unknown to her. If she had ever realized that her sad-hued calicos, cut down from those left by her mother and aunt and even her grandmother, were ancient in style and ugly in fabric, the matter had meant little to her. Hitherto her one consuming passion had been to preserve intact her little inheritance that she might redeem the trust her father had reposed in her. She was even conscious of a feeling of gratitude that he had confided the care of it to her. So she had managed to exist on her two hundred dollars a year of interest money and had even saved a trifle for an emergency fund. This scrap of money she did not return to the bank, but kept in a tin box back of a loose brick in her bedroom fireplace, which, since it never harbored a fire in these days, was a safe hiding place. But this afternoon as she handled the few pitiful relics of more plentiful days she regretted the old coats of her father's wardrobe that she had cut up into wraps for herself to wear on occasions too common for the red paisley shawl to appear. She grieved in particular for one so soft and fine that she had attempted to fashion herself a dolman from it only to achieve so grotesque a result that even her dormant pride forbade the wearing of it. It would have made a whole suit for Jerry. After an hour's search through musty trunks and boxes she found only a dismal purple calico, the last her mother had worn and which she had hesitated to utilize and some pieces for the quilt little Mollie was to begin to patch for her doll.

As she turned toward the stairs, the light of the candle fell upon a red cedar chest under the eaves. It was her mother's wedding chest. Keturah had not opened it since her mother's death. Perhaps there might be something in it that would do for little Mollie. Half reluctantly she pulled it out and opened the lid. The first thing she unwrapped from swathing yellow paper was a little red cloak she had worn when a child. She fairly chuckled in glee. She saw little Mollie on her way to church, her white dress fluffing beneath the gay little garment into which she meant to transform the relic of her childhood. She remembered the day she first wore it forty years ago. Her mother and father had driven with her over to Laconia to her aunt's wedding. It was early spring. The bogberries and mountain laurel were in blossom and the air was crisp and sparkling. Her rather taciturn father was jovial beyond his wont and her mother had seemed young and gay. And after the ride her mother had slipped off her worn brown delaine and arrayed herself in the shimmering ashes-of-roses silk dress she had worn at her own wedding ten years before. It was the only silk dress she had ever had. Marriage was the only excuse for a silk dress that old Hillesboro knew in those days. Her mother had made the dress over, though. The pattern she had used was the same that had served her all her succeeding years and which Keturah had used after her to painfully devise her own costumes. And in cutting over the dress, enough had come out of the over voluminous skirt and sleeves to make a little dress for five-year-old Keturah. She remembered walking up the aisle to her aunt's church wedding, between her father and mother, wearing this fragment of her mother's wedding gown. She did not recollect seeing her mother wear the dress again. Her own offshoot from it she had quickly outgrown. Perhaps they were both in the cedar chest. Dropping the red cloak she burrowed down into the box. Here was a soft figured lavender chintz her aunt had worn before her early death. Beneath that was a long flat box. In trembling haste she lifted it out and stripped off the wrappings. Sure enough, the soft shimmering rose tones of the silk gleamed in the candle light, her own little frock on top with a packet of faintly fragrant rose leaves pinned to the lining. Miss Keturah rocked back and forth on the attic floor in ecstatic enjoyment of its beauty. Her pleasure-starved soul rioted in the flash of color. A thought crept into her mind so daring she wondered at herself for harboring it. Her mother had made her a dress out of the pieces when she was a child. Perhaps she had meant her to wear the dress itself when she was a woman. Feeling younger in her excitement than at any time since the day twenty years before when her father made her promise to renounce Jared Olmstead, she threw her booty over her arm and trailed down stairs. She even forgot to blow out her precious candle. It was not the generation of candles. Staid old Hillesboro had lighted its streets with electricity, and few of its housewives submitted to the drudgery even of kerosene lamps. But Keturah, faithful to the fettering traditions of her past, had never had even a lamp. The thought of an innovation seemed a sacrilege to her. Her father and mother had loved the soft candle glow and had clung to them, though even in their day they had been antiquated. Her mother had taught her the secret of making not only tallow, but beautiful bayberry and wax tapers. These sometimes, after much urging, she sold to summer visitors. She did not use many herself. She sat summer evenings, when she was not sewing, in the radiance from the electric street lamp just outside her yard. It was only since the arrival of the children that she had felt the need of a stronger illumination.

So preoccupied was she as she descended the stairs that she did not notice the voices from the kitchen, but as she crossed the hall the kitchen door flung wide. "Aunt Keturah, guess who is here," piped Mollie's voice.

Wondering, she stepped into the room. In the rocking chair sat Jared Olmstead, Gideon on his knee and Jerold hanging over his shoulder. Mollie was dancing about with a new doll. A toy enigne went scooting across the floor. As she crossed the threshold Jared rose, brushing his hand across his eyes. For he saw the old Keturah walking out of the dim hallway, her face blush-red in the candle glow, the brightness of her mother's wedding gown concealing her ugly brown delaine. Her white hair, always fluffy and crisp in spite of neglect, appeared a halo.

"Bless your heart, Keturah," he exulted, "it's working! You're yourself, your old self tonight."

The brightness faded from Keturah's face. "Good evening, Jared," she mumbled dully. Then she went into the front room and came back in a minute without her pretty burden, her candle smoking in her hand. She placed it beside its mate in a squat brass candlestick on the shelf.

"O Aunt Keturah, won't you invite Uncle Jared to stay to supper? I told him we were going to have brown bread and beans and he says he just loves them," coaxed Mollie.

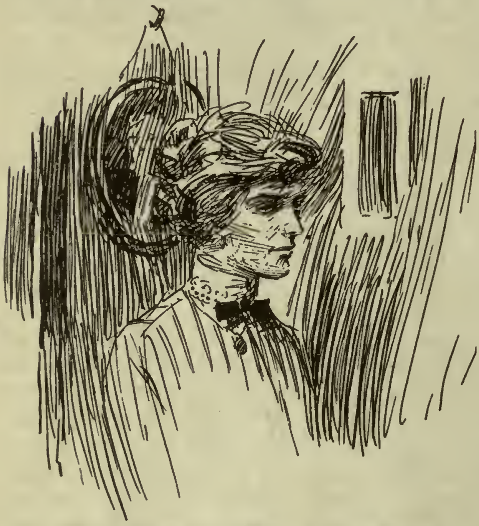
The woman flushed crimson. She looked miserably at Jared. Her father had been sitting in that very chair twenty years ago when he forbade her "keeping company with Jared." The man rose quickly. "Not tonight, kiddies. I have to get to the farm before dark." He slipped another bill into her hand and hurried off.

Keturah did not sleep that night. The magnitude of his self-sacrifice in going to jail to save the reputation of the man he thought she loved smote her consciousness even more than it had at the first telling of it. She realized that her father had totally misjudged him, nevertheless her sense of filial obligation to keep the promise she made was as strong as ever. If only her father could have known what a man Jared was to grow into she was sure his verdict would have been different, but there was no help now. She was bound by an iron vow.

Sunday morning she took the children to church again. But it was another hard ordeal, for in his old accustomed family pew sat Jared Olmstead. Jerold at once, upon spying him, left her and went to sit with his adopted uncle. Mollie ran to him after church and greeted him ecstatically. Keturah, waiting for them in the hall, for the first time was painfully conscious of the disparity between her appearance and that of the other women. Her long-shouldered brown delaine, faded and darned, with its spencer waist and gathered skirt and straight choker, was suddenly hateful to her. She felt ashamed of the red paisley shawl. When the children finally joined her she was glad to get home and fold her Sunday attire away in her bureau. She looked long and doubtfully at the flat little bonnet great-aunt Quimby had bequeathed her. She was sure she could never bear to see its rumpled ruchings and fussy quillings and limp feathers again and carried it away up attic. Then in self-punishment she put on the awful purple calico and went down to get dinner.

After the simple meal the children went out to walk. She knew Jared was waiting for them down the road. If only she could have invited him to dinner. She thought he looked troubled and lonesome. He doubtless missed the children. Perhaps he might be wanting her to give them up! The thought terrified her. Finally she went into the best room and sat down by the window. The parlor was seldom used, but it had been her mother's custom to sit there Sunday afternoons and Keturah scrupulously did so for an hour. She rather dreaded the vigil. It was in this room that her father had died, alone, one Sunday afternoon. She could never forget the awfulness of that far-away Sunday when she came in from a ride with Bernard Howells, on which she had gone unwillingly, and found him, his hand resting on the open Bible, a guttering candle smoking beside it. She drew the big family Bible toward her and turned its leaves reluctantly. As a child it had been her greatest Sunday dissipation to look at the pictures scattered through it and to spell out the pages of the family record. She only opened it from a sense of duty now. Two of the leaves adhered. She pulled them gently apart. They had evidently been stuck together by drippings from a candle. It occurred to her that her father must have been reading those pages the afternoon he died. She bent over to see what he had been reading. Between the pages lay a yellow sheet of paper. With trembling fingers she lifted it and took it to the light. It was a letter to her from her father. She could not read it at first. It had lain there all these years, his last message to her, written just before he died, waiting for her to find it.

"My dear daughter, Keturah," it ran, "I feel that I may leave you soon and suddenly. I have tried to guide you and make your decisions for you, but when I am gone you must use your own judgment. If any commands I have laid upon you seem irksome in the years to come, you must consider your own happiness. Perhaps I have been mistaken about young Howells. I do not feel that you wish to marry him. I do not wish to influence you in regard to him. Perhaps I misjudged Jared. He may be the better man of the two. You must do as you think right, if I die before your decision is finally made. I have left the money so you will always have enough to take care of you, and so it will be no temptation to Howells if he is not a good man. If I should—" The letter stopped.



When she looked up she met a disconcerting twinkle in the man's eyes

When the children came in from their walk, bidding good-bye to Jared at the turn of the road that led to his farm, they found her singing as she prepared their early supper.

The next morning Keturah Krippen electrified the village dressmaker. She called on her and engaged her to make over a lovely rich old silk dress and commissioned her to get a hat to go with it. Then she went to the little general store and bought a fashion book and paper patterns. She also carried home with her several yards of blue printed muslin and pink swiss and a brown linen suit for Jerold. That week she sewed. She had not studied the pattern book for nothing. Friday night the silk dress came home and the hat. She laid them all out in gorgeous array on the spare room bed, the shimmering silk, the blue muslin for her, a pink little affair for Mollie and the linen suit for Jerold. The children danced about the room in glee. And Keturah felt like dancing, too. Only she was not quite sure that Jared still cared for her. She was almost an old woman and he seemed so young and strong.

Saturday afternoon she stripped off her sad-hued calico for the last time and put on the blue muslin. She did not know herself in it. Perhaps Jared might not think her so old, after all! She also dressed the delighted Jerry and Mollie in their new finery.

But suppose he should not come?

The afternoon was nearly gone when his step sounded on the porch. Mollie and Jerry rushed to the door and dragged him in. Keturah, overtaken with sudden shyness, stood in the middle of the floor, eyes downcast. When she looked up she met a disconcerting twinkle in the man's eyes. Immediately her assurance returned. "The children want you to stay to supper, Jared," she announced. "We have scalloped oysters. Will you go in the front room with them while I get it ready?"

"The children will go in the front room," he announced. "I'm going to help you get supper."

A week from the next Sunday there was consternation in Hillesboro Baptist Church. Jared Olmstead sat in the Krippen pew beside the ashes-of-roses silk dress that had again fulfilled its function in life as a wedding gown. Keturah, pink and happy beneath her black hat with its nodding plumes, blushed even pinker when the minister read the announcement of her marriage and of her gift of five thousand dollars to the church building fund, in the same breath.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

On the Road to Biskra

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

OUR train left Algiers for Biskra at eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. Wilcox had been informed that the journey of twenty hours would be hard and full of discomfort at the best, and that the only way to render it endurable was to engage our sleeping apartment through to the end. This we did, after much difficulty in transacting business with the French Algerian railroad officials, and after paying a very tidy sum of money for the luxuries purchased. The luxuries consisted of a stateroom the size of a small clothes press, or so it seemed to us, and we looked at each other with surprised inquiry as we settled our bags in the compartment, wondering where on earth two of us could be stowed away for the night. There was barely room for us when seated. Shortly afterward the combined conductor-brakeman and porter appeared, drew out an invisible shelf from somewhere above our heads and proceeded to make up two berths after we had gone out into the narrow aisle to give him room. This aisle permitted only the passage of one person at a time, and when any other passenger wished to walk by us, we were obliged to flatten ourselves against the wall. Mr. Wilcox regarded the upper shelf on which he was to find a night's rest, and then his own generous proportions, with a dubious expression; but he would not submit to my proposed exchange of berths. The toilet room was at one end of the car, the lavatory at the other, and both were far from being cleanly or inviting to tired, fastidious travelers. However, we realized that the experience was only for one night, and saying "This, too, will pass away," we prepared ourselves physically and mentally for the sleep which really came.

Disrobing and robing were both managed under the greatest difficulties, but nevertheless were accomplished, and we found ourselves, at seven o'clock in the morning, ready and eager for the promised breakfast at the little station of El Guerrah. This was our first stopping place in the desert, yet not the real desert, which lay farther ahead on our journey. As our train stopped for refreshments, we found it in front of a small cement building surrounded by a motley crowd, composed of various members of Arab tribes, interspersed with a few French officials, and French and Arab soldiers. The costumes of the soldiers lent a vivid touch of color to the otherwise gray and white scene, and nowhere was there anything usual visible outside of the costumes and faces of our fellow-travelers. The breakfast at the station proved to be impossible coffee and digestion-menacing bread, and we continued our journey more hungry than when we arrived. As we were about to return to our compartment I happened to overhear an official calling out in French that all the passengers were to change carriages and go ahead in the forward cars. Remembering the goodly sum of money that had been paid for the luxury of having this compartment clear through, we refused to believe that my ears had rightly heard. Nevertheless a little investigation proved the unwelcome fact to be true. The sleeping car which we had engaged was to be sent back to Algiers and we were to go in a "free for all" compartment. My husband nearly burst with the rage he was unable to express; and I exhausted all my choicest phrases in three languages, to no avail. The only explanation given was that the same sleeping car on this particular train went through yesterday and day before, and would go through tomorrow and the day after. but would proceed no farther today. Later we learned that a large delegation of tourists was coming from Algiers on the following day and that an extra number of cars had to be provided for the occasion. After we had found a place in a compartment and settled our bags, our combination conductor-brakeman and porter came to the door and asked me if I was quite sure that I had everything which belonged to me. Looking at our baggage and wraps I answered "Yes." "You are quite satisfied," he said. Again I replied "Yes," and again he departed smiling, to return with the sleeping car to Algiers. Before we had proceeded many miles I discovered that I had lost a very beautiful and highly-prized topaz brooch. This accounted for the solicitous inquiry of the three-ply official. He had found the brooch; he knew that it belonged to me, but having satisfied himself that I did not realize the loss and could therefore make him no trouble later on, his conscience was at peace, and he carried it away to adorn his best-beloved probably. It had gone to follow a lost list of its predecessors, brooches, rings, chains and charms which had been scattered by my unsafe hands in various parts of the world at home and abroad. In my last incarnation I cared too much for the possession of jewels; I would have them and did have them willy-nilly. So in this life I am not permitted to keep them; they come, only to depart.

The journey across the desert was full of interest and charm to us. We had crossed the great American desert six times, but this was wholly different. While a desert is a desert, yet what you see upon one desert makes it different from any other. The tents of the Bedouins, the bands of nomads, the oases under various stages of cultivation, showing the gradual encroachment of civilization under the protectorate of France, kept an ever-changing panorama before our sight. It was noon when we reached El Kantara, where we enter through the gates into the desert proper.

The sudden rise of the flat plains of the desert into magnificent rocks of a curious red and burnt orange color causes the traveler to catch his breath with excitement and delight. A Roman bridge (rebuilt by Napoleon III) spans the great gorge, and adds artistic beauty to the

ONE OF THE "OULED NAILS"

superb view which overwhelms the observer. It is small wonder that El Kantara is a haunt of artists, and that the little hotel at the foot of the mountains and at the entrance of the gorge is well patronized during tourist seasons. Leaving El Kantara, the train runs straight on through the desert proper until it reaches Biskra. It was two o'clock when we arrived; the damp chilly air of Algiers was replaced by dazzling skies and a blazing sun, and handsome Arab faces, gleaming out from under picturesque turbans, and stalwart forms clothed in the ever-attractive burnous, made a picture which held the eye and pleased the mind.

The whole scene was Oriental, tropical, fascinating. From the moment we descended to the platform of the little station we were slaves, soul and body and mind, to the charm of Biskra—the "Beni-Mora" of the "Garden of Allah." We had been told in Algiers that the one desirable hostelry was Hotel Royal. Having failed to secure accommodations there in advance, however, we had engaged rooms in the next best place, the Casino, or Palace Hotel. Our first sensation on entering these rooms was one of disappointment; each tried to conceal the fact from the other, and each excelled the other in making polite remarks, and telling white fibs about our satisfaction and anticipation of much comfort. In our many travels it has been an almost universal experience that we develop a fondness for our rooms within twenty-four hours after occupying them. Whether on ships, or in hotels, or cottages, we find the place we occupy to be a home. Not so at the Palace Hotel. A growing sense of dissatisfaction, of desolation, of lonesomeness and discomfort possessed us, and finally, at the end of three days, my companion broke into insurrection and found me a willing convert when he suggested going somewhere, anywhere else, even into the tent of an Arab, or the hut of a nomad, in preference to longer staying where we were. He had already made secret semi-daily trips, I afterward discovered, to the overcrowded Hotel Royal, hoping to find better accommodations, but without avail. On this day, however, we were fortunate enough to hear of a vacancy just about to occur, and that very evening beheld us settled and satisfied (in the most charming and satisfactory apartment of the entire winter) in the Hotel Royal. But to return to our first days in Biskra. Before we had been one hour in that adorable town of romantic interest, and while still thrilling with memories of Robert Hichens' enthralling story, we had been approached by a villanous looking Arab at the Palace Hotel, who informed us that he was a guide, and cousin to "Batouche" of fiction fame. He told us the real Batouche himself was ill and absent, and then expressed a desire to conduct us to Count Landon's "Garden of Allah," where we would see all the things described in the novel. Inquiry proved that the Garden was only five minutes' walk from the hotel, and my feet seemed winged as we proceeded along the road, past the squalid African quarters to the charmed spot.

In early youth, when I lived in a world of imagination, I adored fiction; it peopled the world for me with more satisfying men and women and events than real life gave. In my maturer years I have found real life and real people more entertaining than novels. "The Garden of Allah" is one of the few novels read in later life which took hold of my imagination, at the same time feeding my intellect and holding my attention as nothing had since the old days when I read "Strathmore," "Under Two Flags," and other enthralling tales of like order. Now here I was, beside the man of my heart, entering this very magic scene, so graphically described by the genius of Hichens. While the title of Mr. Hichens' book is explained within its pages as referring to the whole desert of Sahara, yet all his readers have grown to think of the garden of the Count described therein as the "Garden of Allah." Until I saw it, I thought I had seen the most beautiful garden in the world, that of Princess Kiualani of Honolulu. Beautiful as it was, wonderful as it was, it yet does not compare in beauty and wonder to this great oasis in the Desert of Sahara, first planted and matured by Arabs long ago, and then purchased, enlarged and perfected for more than three decades by a man of great

AN ARABIAN DANCING GIRL

artistic tastes and opulent means—Count Landon. Thirty Arabs are employed by the Count to keep the Garden walks as hard and clean as polished wood, and to plant and trim and tend the vines and flowers which everywhere grew in beauty and luxuriance. A rippling brook runs through the Garden, and there are rustic bridges and hidden nooks and "bosky dells" within its precincts; and there is the House described in the novel, with its various rooms scattered about the grounds, each distinct from the other, and over and about it all an atmosphere of enthralling peace and calm, an allurement as indescribable as wonderful. Oh, a very Paradise it seemed to us—this garden of the "Garden of Allah."

On our way back to the hotel from the Garden we were approached by a young mulatto lad from Tourig, Mohammed Ben Hassin, also a guide, who desired to conduct us to various points of interest, but first of all to induce us to mount the camel of his friend hard by and take a short ride. We declined, but promised him our patronage on some future occasion. Meantime we stopped to admire a baby camel only two days old and to watch the fond pride depicted on the face of mamma camel as she stood guard over her infant, willing that we should gaze, but anxious when we wanted to touch her darling. That evening, between six and seven, we walked down through the street of the "Ouled Nails," another spot made historic by the English author. These streets consist of two blocks in length and one in width, and comprise the quarters of the licensed public women of the town. They are never allowed to leave their domain, save by a permit from the police, and accompanied by some attendant. Their little houses consist of a stairway leading up to an apartment with a balcony, and are crowded so closely together that the occupants can share one table for their coffee between the two stairways. As we passed along they were beginning to assemble on their doorsteps, dressed in their gay mantillas, tinseled and embroidered jackets and multiplicity of beads, necklaces, bangles and bracelets. Several of them were busily engaged in touching up their hair with henna and dyeing still more deeply their yellow finger tips. Little mirrors, hung from chains about their necks, were lifted by jeweled hands, and large languorous eyes peered within, to decide when the fascinating make-up was complete. Those who had finished their toilet were busy conversing with one another or with admiring Arabs and soldiers passing by, and several of them were enjoying tiny cups of coffee with their admirers. Some of the faces were very beautiful, enormous eyes, heavily fringed, clear olive skins, handsomely chiseled features and beautiful teeth. Older faces there were, showing hardened expressions and dissatisfaction with life; and still others who seemed mere masses of fat depravity; but as a rule they were a merry, seemingly carefree gay company, eating, drinking, laughing, with no thought of the morrow. Several guides had approached us, urging us to visit the dance halls later in the evening, but at our hotel we had been told that it would be better to wait a few days. Only the night before an Arab had killed a French soldier in the house of one of the "Ouled Nails," and they thought this event would mar the festivities somewhat for a brief period. It was our first night at the Hotel Royal that we decided to see the dancers, and a guide attached to the hotel, a handsome, light-colored Arab, who accompanied us, told us very seriously that he was "Larbi," the veritable Larbi, the flute player of the "Garden of Allah." Some English traveling acquaintance at the hotel assured us that he was speaking the truth, and before going to the dance hall I had persuaded Himself to kodak me with this historic character to send forth on a post-card to my American friends. The dance of the "Ouled Nails" proved something of a disappointment. Having seen the "Dance Du Ventre" in all its dreadful perfection in various parts of the world, this especial exhibition seemed particularly monotonous. It was not good enough to be bad, and not bad enough to be good. The room was filled with Arab men, a dozen of the girl dancers and five or six foreigners like ourselves. I was intensely interested in these girls, and most desirous to know more about them, to talk with them, to obtain their viewpoint of life. Later in our stay the opportunity presented itself.

"Larbi" proved to be very much of a grafter and a great deal of a nuisance, and before the expiration of two days we found that each hotel possessed a guide who claimed that he was Larbi, Batouche, or the close relation of some character from the "Garden of Allah." The "sand diviner," who foretold so wonderfully the fortune of Dominie, the heroine of the novel, sat on every corner of every street in Biskra, and each one swore that he was the only Diviner described by Mr.

EL KANTARA

Hichens. The false Larbi made his exit from my sphere of action when he informed me that Dominie had come to town and was going to dance that evening in the street of Ouled Nails! This, after having brought me a Sand Diviner, who he solemnly swore was *the one* and ought to be paid ten francs for a fake fortune, although the man's face bore no scar or had no pox marks as described in the novel. It was quite evident that the whole population of Biskra was at the feet of Robert Hichens. The most ignorant of the Arabs (and the wisest of them are indeed ignorant) knew that this man of genius had written a great book about their town. They knew the names of the characters of his book, though little or nothing of what part those characters played; but they were determined to reap such material reward as was possible from the popularity of the book with visiting foreigners. Everywhere one saw men and women going about with the English novel in hand, in place of a Baedeker. Biskra is, indeed, the intellectual Mecca for thousands of travelers today because of this book. Later on, through a letter received from Mr. Hichens, in response to one of mine, I learned that the real "Larbi" was an attendant in the garden of Count Landon and there I found him, clothed in his wonderful regalia, and heard him play upon his red flute and was again photographed with him by my ever-patient comrade. We spent long hours in this charming garden, reading and dreaming in its quiet and beautifully kept paths, walking through its shaded by-ways, listening to the winds through the palms, the murmur of the brook and the song of the birds, and feasting our eyes on its manifold charms.

Meanwhile Ben Hassan had not been idle. Wherever we appeared he also appeared, and with appealing eyes, a soft voice, and the most atrocious French ever heard, begged for our patronage, and when again put off to some other time, satisfied himself with begging for enough money for coffee. Coffee is the great beverage all through Algeria. The Arabs drink it from morning until night, in tiny cups not much larger than a thimble, and the potion is like a thick syrup and bitter as gall.

One day as we stepped from our hotel and passed down the side street, Mr. Wilcox called my attention to a remarkable looking personage—an enormous man who seemed of great stature even when sitting down, and weighing full three hundred pounds, was seated on a grass plot by the roadside, attired in a brilliant peacock green robe and turban. His massive features were coal black, his eyes of unusual brilliancy and his teeth perfect as those in a dental window and gleaming white. About this man were clustered a number of Arabs, in varying postures of reverence and adoration. Inquiry proved that this was a great "Marabout" from Timbuctoo on a pilgrimage, and these Arabs came to do him reverence and to receive words of spiritual guidance and helpfulness from him. As soon as there was a free space about him, we approached, and through an Arab who spoke both French and Arabic, I asked permission to take a kodak picture of the Marabout. My interpreter regarded me with surprise, and seemed to think that my request was somewhat bold and sacrilegious. He evinced still greater surprise when the Marabout consented, not only to be kodaked, but to being kodaked with me. After that we made daily visits to his Holiness, who allowed us to take several photographs of him and permitted me to read his palm through an interpreter. On this occasion (which was the second visit we made him) he politely asked if he should give me some money for my reading, and smiled amiably when instead he was presented with a franc. At other times we carried him boxes of dates, which were his main source of subsistence. The Marabout took himself seriously and was unquestionably a sincere and holy man in his mode of life.

The nights in Biskra were cool and even chilly, and after a spell of two or three unusually cool days we missed the Marabout from his accustomed haunts. Walking out one day we made inquiries about him and were told that we would find him down in a more retired part of the town. As we approached the place to which we had been directed, we saw him coming toward us, but what a change! The voluminous turban had given place to a handkerchief tied about his head; his gorgeous peacock green burnous was replaced by a scant mantle; his ample pantaloons, shoes and stockings were all missing. Again, through an interpreter, we learned his sad story. When the weather turned cool and he had found discomfort sleeping in the outdoor air, an Arab had offered to rent him a room. In the middle of the second night he awoke to find the Arab standing over him with a lifted knife. He was commanded to give up his clothing and his money, or his life. With barely covering enough to conceal his nudity, the poor man made his exit and was now living on the charity of the good Arabs. We went immediately to the Chief of Police, a Frenchman, and related his story, and it was our pleasure to hear a few days afterward that the thief had been arrested and the belongings of the Marabout had been restored to him.

During our visit to the Chief of Police I made inquiries regarding the White Slave market which I had been told existed in Algeria—the market which supplied the streets of Ouled Nails, and similar streets, with women. The Chief assured me that no such market existed; that instead a most perfect understanding between the sources of supply and demand made it possible to fill the houses with "Ouled Nails." In various portions of Algeria, in remote places, just as in Japan, parents rear their daughters to live the life of a public woman. At a certain age they are taken by their fathers to enter upon the career of a licensed courtesan, and after several years, when they have gained sufficient jewels and money and clothing to supply a "dot," they return home and marry some liberal-minded gentleman and are supposed to live happily forever afterward.

The "Ouled Nails" is a tribe of Arabs which is most obliging in the matter of supplying courtesans to the trade, and the women are frequently possessed of great beauty.

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MOORING IN HAVANA HARBOR

Just a Jaunt to Cuba

and a Visit with the New President

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

GILDED by the glories of a beautiful sunset, the setting of our first view of Cuba was complete. The heavenly radiance of the glowing sun sinks rapidly below the horizon in the tropics, but the splendor of the clouds silhouetting the horizon revives the traditions of past centuries and the fearless adventurers who fought and sailed around these scenes centuries ago. The spears of light defy the evening darkness, and Morro Castle on the left, a jagged rocky cliff crowned with massive masonry and discolored with the moss of ages, shows here and there its guns gleaming in the virgin moonlight—a picturesque glimpse of the past.

On the right of this narrow entrance is the skyline of a modern metropolis, the Havana of today, seething with the passions and ambitions of half a million people. Here the traveler has a glimpse of the present, no less picturesque than that of the past. Our boat drops anchor near the very spot where the ill-fated battleship Maine went down on that terrible night in 1898. Looking over the rail we "remember the Maine." Although the gruesome wreckage has been removed and was towed out and buried at sea, where its grave is saluted by passing vessels, the memory of the Maine no longer arouses the bitter rancor of national vengenace, but rather has become an ever-present regret for the brave lives so needlessly and wantonly sacrificed, and the happier reflection that because of this tragedy Cuba is today a free country—a lusty young republic. The chatter of the hotel porters on the lighter (we go ashore in boats), the gathering together of baggage, all has a strangeness that convinces

VIEW OF ANTILLA FROM THE WATER

PATIO, HOTEL CAMAGUEY

THE CUBA RAILROAD COMPANY'S YARD AT ANTILLA

JOBABO SUGAR MILL

the American at last that if he is not a stranger in a foreign land, he is at least a foreigner in a strange land.

Landed at last at the old San Francisco wharf, we charter a cab to the hotel, where a welcome is sure to be given, for Americans are greeted in Havana as predestined victims of a happy combination of indifferent service and altitudinous prices—unless they know enough to deal with the management in the Spanish way of bargaining.

In the luxurious breeze of a tropical evening, the American business man meditates in the dreamy delight of a real Havana cigar—in Havana.

Since it has become possible to reach Cuba by rail, save only the brief ocean ferriage, the most timid sea voyagers are soon recruited sufficiently to enjoy it all. The Prado or "Broadway" of Havana, now paved with cement and thronged with hurrying automobiles, elegant equipages and gay throngs, and illuminated by electric lights, becomes a veritable fairyland on balmy evenings. The band is playing, and listening Americans innocently sit down in some vacant seats, when along comes an attendant to collect a fee of five cents. The American resents it, and immediately hires an automobile at $5 an hour rather than pay the pittance for a seat which he feels ought to be free. After all, it is the spirit of things to which the American takes exception. At the hotel are American papers, magazines, and other home reminders welcome to the average American, even if he is only away from his native land for a few hours. Perhaps this surplus of American journalism leads him to address cab drivers and policemen in his own tongue, expecting them to speak English—but they don't. The Cuban insists upon speaking Spanish, and for the first time many an American has his national pride punctured as he realizes that there are other people on earth besides his fellow-citizens.

* * *

Late in the evening the crowds pour from the opera house. Here are, indeed, the genuine gentle-folk of the Havanas, men who wear evening clothes as if they were used to them, and women in dainty costumes, and adorned with priceless jewels that would rival Parisian display itself. The street traffic in front of the Opera House is shut off completely during a performance, so that there can be no noise or interference with the beautiful strains of the opera through the open windows.

GENERAL MENOCAL'S RESIDENCE AT CHAPARRA
Where he pioneered in establishing one of the largest sugar plantations in an undeveloped portion of Cuba

In the cafes, there are suggestions of European life, for here again one is impressed with the struggle between the civilization and spirit of the old world and the new, and a mingling of both such as is seen in no other country. A drive on the "Malecon" along the shores of the sea at night has a witchery all its own. This boulevard has been practically created since the Spanish-American war. The rear of the old houses on the street above have been altered into modern fronts with artistic facades unsurpassed for harmony and beauty. This is a typical illustration of the "overturn" in Cuba since the days of independence. Moonlight, electric lights and tropical foliage add a charm to otherwise sordid surroundings in the first evening's drive about Havana.

The American visitor in Havana instinctively avoids the discussion of annexation, realizing that no greater benefit could result to two nations than the development of Cuba into a self-reliant vigorous young nation, utilizing to the utmost her fertile fields and natural resources. Surely Cuba could gain nothing from annexation that she will not enjoy under her own flag and government if maintained under the direction of such men as President Menocal. National integrity and progressive government are demanded by a people as they develop their land and prosper.

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BEAUTIFUL LITTLE LA INDIA PARK
In Havana, whose park system is as picturesque as that in our own Washington

* * *

There are politics of every variety in Cuba. The administration of Jose Miguel Gomez was the usual scramble for government funds and positions experienced in any new city or country—and critics must remember that we have some of it remaining in our own land.

In Cuba it is generally believed that the continuation of the Gomez regime, with twenty-five thousand sinecure offices and flagrant "graft" peculations, would have resulted in another revolution such as is now paralyzing Mexico. The business interests of Cuba are largely dominated by Spaniards, now united with the many Cubans who fought so long against them for independence, and both are determined to maintain a high standard of governmental integrity.

At the time of the last election, both Gomez and Vice President Zeyas wanted the nomination, and between the two there was such a rivalry as arose between Taft and Roosevelt. To Zeyas fell the Liberal nomination, for even the sensational and bloodthirsty repression of the negro insurrection was not enough to insure the renomination to President Gomez. Then General Mario G. Menocal, a native of Matanzas, one of the heroes of the Cuban War of Independence, was induced, much against his personal wishes, to make the race for president on the opposing ticket. Educated at Ithaca in Cornell University, he became an expert civil engineer, and even during his war experiences, he proved his genius for building towns and cities, as well as legions.

MRS. MARIO G. MENOCAL, THE "FIRST LADY IN THE LAND" OF CUBA

After the Paris treaty he went into an undeveloped section of the island near Chaparra and interested foreign capital in investing fifteen million dollars in sugar mills and sugar-growing plantations. The result was the Cuba American Sugar Company, one of the largest business institutions in the Island. In the sunny forties, President Menocal is a splendid specimen of Cuban manhood, lithe and virile, with a black beard, silky locks and dark eyes that soften with the spirit of earnest kindliness, but can flash into firm decision and unyielding command. A lover of his home and family, he was the one man whom all parties admitted to be honest, even in the heat of the campaign. In fact he was the man of the hour.

The presidential campaign was very bitter, and even after the election Zeyas, the shrewd Talleyrand of the Liberal party, refused to allow his party to vote $25,000 for the expenses of the inauguration of his successful rival. It was a combination of American politics and of old world intrigue and cabal played by the Latin people, not without whisperings of combats and assassinations such as Dumas loved to paint in his stories of the antique statesmanship under the Fourteenth Louis. Where the American uses hot words and his fists, the Latin, under the tutelage of Castilian tradition, too often prefers the rapier or even the knife or the shotgun ambush. Stories are told of officers invited to visit the homes of men of a rival party, being feted and feasted with all the honors, cordially invited to repeat the visit on leaving, but assassinated while presumably "attempting to escape." One could not but shudder, however, to hear reports of the negroes killed in the late uprising, and of officers going out and shooting down inoffensive peasants like game. One officer boasted that he had killed from sixty to a hundred. Any negro caught out after dark, on any pretense whatever, was shot, and it is claimed there was some basis for this apprehension, because innocent negroes were led by men who were the head of the uprising, recalling the case of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. This was most unfortunate in Cuba's case, because in the War of Independence the

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SAN JUAN HILL
A view of the battlefield which gave military fame to Col. Theodore Roosevelt

negroes were usually most valiant soldiers under the revolutionary hero, Gen. Gomez.

It is difficult for the American to believe in these blood-curdling rumors, and yet it is nothing very different from what is going on in the United States, although instead of assassination men destroy character by libel and recrimination, and the tendency toward graft seems no more developed in Cuba than in our own country. It has been an eternal fight in all ages to keep down the avaricious impulses of humanity. Thousands of men drawing pay without rendering honest services—the same things that are incidents in the development of more than one rapidly growing city in America—are found in Cuba. The budget reported under the Gomez administration called for nearly forty millions, and the aroused people said it was time to stop, so they went about like Diogenes until they found an honest man for their leader. General Menocal was inaugurated in May as President of the Republic, holding firm against the onslaught of political Dick Turpins.

A PEACEFUL PLANTATION SCENE IN CUBA
The Atrecienda Roma Sugar Plantation

* * *

In Havana the sightseeing car is decidedly in evidence, and as we jog about the streets the man with the megaphone relates many incidents of Cuban history. The date of the death of a great man is commemorated in Cuba rather than his birthday, the very opposite from the custom in the United States.

The artistic is not neglected. The paintings in the church of Our Lady of Mercy are quite as famous as many in the art galleries of Europe. The huge old tree beside the palace, under which the first mass in the Western Hemisphere was celebrated, is still pointed out. The place in the wall of Colon Cathedral where the remains of Columbus at one time were interred, is indicated by a white wreath. The President's palace was built in the days of the Spanish governors, and here reigned Weyler, who is said to have been not half so bloodthirsty as he was painted. The Red and Green rooms for receptions are on the second floor, and even the stables are located on the first floor back, all under one roof.

The tourist visits the spot where the young Spanish students were shot in '71—for bloodthirsty tales hold the first place in interest. The students were arrested on the charge of desecrating the tomb of a Spanish editor, who was shot in a duel at Key West. The Spanish Governor was about to retire, and it is related wanted to raise some money from the parents of the boys. The plot worked so well that the Havana populace were aroused to fury

TRAIN ON THE ROCK-FILL AT CAYO JUAN CLARO

This rock-fill is 710 yards long and 25,000 cubic meters of rock were used in its construction. It connects the mainland at Chaparra with the shipping terminal

and wanted blood. Fathers offered to pay a ransom equalling their sons' weight in gold, but the people had been aroused to such an extent that every one of the students was shot before daylight, even after they offered to draw cuts and offer up one in every ten to the popular thirst for blood—a horrible instance of the occasional frenzies to which an aroused populace sometimes gives way.

In one of the cigar factories we stopped to watch the cigar maker roll the cigars provided for the late J. Pierpont Morgan. These were portly cigars of the choicest Vuelta Abajo leaf. Hundreds of other cigar makers with deft hands and slant knives cut out and rolled the leaf into cigars while a reader on a rostrum in the center of the room read the newspapers or some story as the men worked. Everyone smokes Havanas in Havana. They have so sweet a taste that one almost wants to eat them. When the taste is once cultivated, nothing can quite take the place of real Havana tobacco.

* * *

Many tourists visiting Havana think they have seen Cuba, but it is no more seeing Cuba than stopping in New York a few days is visiting the United States. To see Cuba, the trip should be made over the five hundred miles covered by rail—almost the entire island. From the handsome new Central Station in Havana the sleepers leave at ten o'clock at night, and arrive in Santiago at the eastern part of the island the next night. The sleepers are but very little different from the standard Pullman, but at night it is necessary to use a blanket in Cuba. Over an elevated track the tourist leaves Havana and soon finds himself whirling out among the royal palms with the locomotive of the United Railways of Havana shrieking out a strange whistle in mingled bass and treble.

The sacred tree of Cuba is the royal palm. From its smooth, white trunks the pillars of the little cottage are made; with its leaves the roofs are thatched, and very often the walls themselves are mere mats of basket work; even the core of the crown of the royal palm is eaten as a salad, and its little seeds are utilized for stock. Every fragment of the royal palm serves some practical purpose.

Cuba has a record of being the healthiest country in the world next to Australia.

After leaving the historical fascination of Havana, the tourists find in the interior of Cuba such enchanting scenes that tell a story of beauty, health and wonderful agricultural possibilities.

Down avenues of royal palms at Aguacate, the beautiful valley of the Yumuri, which once evoked the eloquent praise of Humboldt, the old explorer, and Bellamar Caves, a veritable subterranean wonderland, are visited. Here on all sides are primitive villages and along the Canimar River are presented charming glimpses of tropical life. This same road extends to the ferry connecting with the Isle of Pines on which is a town named after the late President McKinley. A large percentage of all the property there is owned by Americans who have contended ever since the Spanish War that the Isle of Pines under the Paris treaty was declared American territory, even if it was not specified in the cession clause of the treaty. According to the clause, "all other islands in the West Indies except Cuba" owned by Spain were to be ceded to the United States. The State Department first issued a map under this interpretation of the law, showing the Isle of Pines to be American territory. The fact that the Isle of Pines was always closely allied to Cuba since the early settlements is the basis on which the island is claimed by Cuba as a part of Cuba. The threat was jocularly made that if the United States takes the Isle of Pines—Cuba might just as well take Key West and even the score.

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A VIEW IN THE ISLE OF PINES
The new territory largely settled by Americans with an idea that it was to be United States territory under the Paris Treaty

* * *

Cardenas is one of the large sugar exporting ports, and a visit to the Providencia Sugar Mill furnishes our first glimpse of the fascinating and enormous production of sugar in millions of tons. Grinding and cutting begins January first and continues from three to six months. In the early morning there are visible everywhere the two-wheeled oxcarts loading the cane—a scene typical of Cuba. After visiting the sugar plantations in Cuba, I have more respect for an ox than ever. These beasts, sleek and fat, and patiently and placidly responding to the call of the drivers, are associated with every phase of the cultivation of a sugar plantation. The men go into thickly grown fields of cane and with a deft twirl of the machete throw out the canes, which are ground in a mill and pressed to extract the juice, which being boiled into a sweet syrup, gives off its grains of sugar from whirling separators. Here and there one sees a field of cotton or one of Sumatra or Havana tobacco cultured under cheese cloth, and common tobaccos in the open, but Cuban fields are chiefly noted for sugar.

* * *

A panorama of the wonderful development of Cuba since the date of her independence is revealed in a trip over the Cuba Railroad. The western terminus of the road is Santa Clara, where connection is made with the Havana Railway. This enterprise was projected by Sir William Van Horne, who built the great Canadian Pacific Railroad in the Northwest. In Cuba Sir William has successfully carried out a project as essential to the development of Cuba as the construction of the first transcontinental railroad was to the United States. Heretofore many towns in the interior of Cuba were only reached by water, or connected by small narrow-gauge railways. Now the vertebrae of Cuban transportation is this great railway system begun and consummated since the Spanish-American War.

CUTTING SUGAR CANE
More than 5000 men cutting cane to keep Chaparra and Delicias going

As the train passes from one small town to another, it revives memories of the recent western development in the United States and Canada. At the station picturesque men on horseback suggest cowboy scenes in the West. The square buildings with high doors and window glass are of the Moorish-Spanish architecture adopted for the country centuries ago. No wagon or vehicle is visible, but every man has his horse, except in those places where American settlements are indicated by the familiar outlines of the American farmhouse porch, and then the good old top-buggy appears.

There is no one territory in the whole world wherein the fertility of the soil is so alluring, positive and apparent as in Cuba. The cattle industry has also developed tremendously, for the pasturage is luxurious. Six steers can live on an acre here, while in the northern states it requires six acres to one steer. The shortage of beef in the United States may be supplied from Cuba. Joints of cane that have been planted in the virgin soil are not replanted for the next ten or twenty years.

At Zaza del Medio there is a restaurant served by Li Chung, a thrifty Celestial citizen. Everyone thereabouts goes to Chung to borrow chink, for Chung always has the cash. On every menu appear chicken and rice, guava jelly or paste, and guava cheese. Chung also serves a cocoanut pie of international renown—and in Cuba, it should be added, they consume pie for breakfast as placidly as in New England.

Cuba is rich in precious woods, and mahogany is often used in the humblest cottages as freely as pine in the northern Wisconsin woods. An extensive lumbering business has developed, furnishing veneer logs for the markets of the world.

In the center of the island is located Ciego de Avila, a comparatively new town which has grown within a few years to a population of five thousand. Around the station many carriages gather at train time, and you can estimate the size of the town from the number of cabs in waiting.

Here and there one can see the remains of the famous military "trocha" or barrier built by the Spanish across the island to shut out the Cuban insurgents in revolutionary times. Little forts were built at short intervals, but are now battered, covered with moss and draped with vines, mere relics of the cruel, wasteful, revolutionary days which are now believed to be only a memory of the past. It was at Ciego that Solacio, the famous bandit, lived and all through the last administration bade defiance to the law, kidnapping the sons of wealthy men and holding them for big ransom. Although a price was set upon his head, he was able to escape, and it is thought by many that after he retired from business, his name continued to be used or rather capitalized for profitable pursuit. At one time he defiantly wrote a public letter implicating those higher up in the conspiracy to make money in the good old brigand way of extorting gold only from the wealthy, instead of adopting modern methods and getting at everybody with "hold-up" prices.

DELICIAS—MILL HOUSE AND TWO-TANDEM HOUSE
Present capacity 300,000 bags, to be increased later to four-tandem and doubled output. In its second campaign
Built under General Menocal's personal supervision

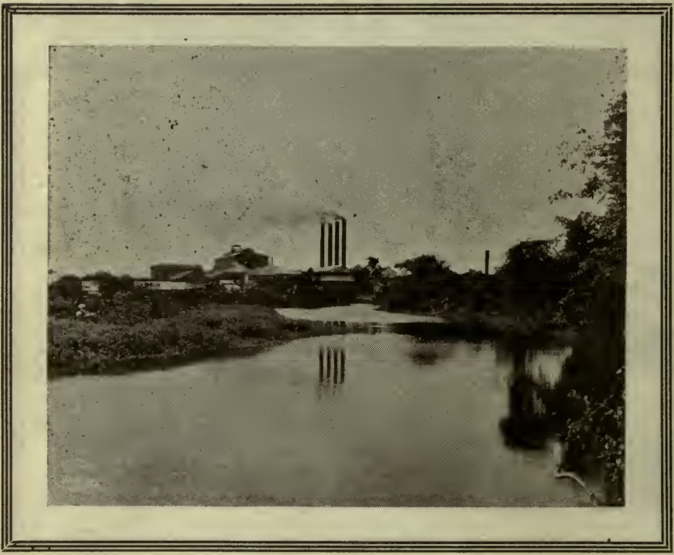
* * *

"Camaguey" was the name shouted by the brakeman midway across the country on the line of the Cuban railway. With a population of 35,000, founded in 1515, by order of the Adelantado Son Diego Velasquez, the first governor of Cuba, Camaguey is the livest old town on the map. The city was moved inland to escape the buccaneers, but in spite of this it was found by Henry Morgan, the famous pirate who duly sacked it in the good old style. It suffered from having its name changed once or twice, but on its recovery from devastation again received the aboriginal name of Camaguey.

Here the present "first lady of Cuba," Senora Menocal, was born, of the ancient family of Cevey. The old barracks and grounds have been transformed into the Hotel Camaguey, and its patio occupies nearly five acres. It has game preserves, trees, vines, flowers, fountains and all the alluring features of the tropical mansion. Near here Sir William Van Horne has established an agricultural experiment station, which has done much toward the agricultural development of Cuba. The ancient church of Our Lady of Mercy, built in 1628, is famous for its high altar fashioned out of 40,000 pieces of Spanish dollars. Camaguey has electric street cars, clean streets and parks, and the splendid Hotel Camaguey is a popular rendezvous for tourists, for the terms are moderate, even to Americans.

The headquarters of the Cuba Railroad Company are located here, and Senor

D. A. Galdos, Vice-President of the Cuba Railroad, a young Cuban, has made a notable record in the operation of the large railroad system. Very few Americans are employed in operating the road. As the center of a thriving cattle and grazing country, the traffic is showing a substantial increase year by year. East of Camaguey is located Las Tunas, where Americans and Canadians have set out thousands of grapefruit trees, and the virgin soil alone, without fertilizer, rapidly brings the trees into bearing. A great victory was won over the Spaniards here in 1896 when the town, defended by six hundred Spanish regulars, was taken by six hundred Cubans under General Calixto Garcia. Among the officers in charge of the Cuban artillery was General Frederick Funston, of Philippine fame, now a general in the United States Army, who was then a soldier of fortune and made his way across the island. Of Las Tunas not a house remained, and from an incident of this campaign Elbert Hubbard wrote his famous "Message to Garcia," so that the sage of East Aurora has further fortified his immortality by writing an incident of Cuban history that will go along down the ages, with the story of the boy who stood on the burning deck.



CHAPARRA MILL FROM THE RIVER

Three-tandem house, capacity 500,000 bags annually, grinds 4,500 tons cane daily. Holds world's record productions of 536,000 bags—crop of 1910. Will make 450,000 this year

At Omaja (the j is pronounced the same as h) is an active colony of three hundred Americans who largely cultivate corn. Here also are located many Finlanders, who are clever in cabinet work and utilize the mahogany, satin-wood, rosewood and other rare woods of their new home country. A little schoolhouse here and there indicates that the early impulses of all American pioneers to secure an education is not forgotten. At Cacocum, pronounced with a "cack" like in cackle (you soon begin to learn how to say these names, for they are always pronounced exactly the oppostite of what you would naturally expect from the spelling), a branch line runs north to Holguin, a town of ten thousand people, which is as purely Spanish as the center of Andalusia. It was near here that General Menocal fought one of his battles. In the plaza or park the people young and old gather at night, with the band playing, and walk around—the girls all together and the boys by themselves, a sort of Quaker meeting en promenade. How lonesome we felt to hear nothing but a foreign tongue, and everyone so light-hearted and happy. Especially sporty Holguinese hired cabs, driving about with gongs like a fire alarm, drinking tamarind water. Reading the signs in the shops is a mild diversion of the visitor, picking out a guess here and there as to the announcements and shopping prices.

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The moment one arrives in the tropics there is an impulse to wear white, and black seems offensive. In Havana I lost my Panama hat, which so affected my temper that I donned a black derby for penance. I felt that every native I met wanted to knock that derby off, and put on a white hat in its place. A black or dark-colored garment seems as out of place in Cuba as a white suit on a zero day in Boston, for a white suit may be warm, but black can suggest nothing but heat in the tropics.

A telegram received from Hon R. B. Hawley of the Cuban American Sugar Company advised us to "wait for the mobile," so we returned to the hotel and dined under the curious gaze of the natives, who would look at our attire and laugh, just as we would be amused to see them if in Boston. It was all strange to them, but I enjoyed playing the part of an American immigrant, even kicking up my rubber heels in delight, showing what I had on the bottoms of my shoes. When I asked for guava in the best Spanish at my command—they gave me an egg. About me sat sundry officials of the Cuban army attired in khaki, and looking severely military even in their leisure moments.

The "mobile" did not arrive, and finally a cab driver motioned frantically that he was in search of us. Into the cab we went and were furiously driven forth to the Narrow Gauge Railway, not knowing whether we were to be held for ransom or not. The charioteer was driving like a Chicago jehu. There at last was the "automobile," but it was a railroad mobile for the Narrow Gauge. We sped through the tunnel-like cuts of the railroad, sweeping by the old block-houses built by the Spanish during the Revolution. With one of General Menocal's brothers, I looked over the old battlefields near the great sugar plantations of Chaparra. Here Mr. Hawley, formerly representing the Houston district of Texas in Congress, born and reared in Louisiana on a sugar plantation, has realized his dreams in creating in the Chaparra project one of the most complete and largest sugar plantations and battery of sugar-grinding mills in Cuba. Nine hundred thousand bags of sugar or more are produced here every year. Two hundred miles of railroads thread the plantations, covering two hundred and fifty thousand acres. The new sugar mill located at Delicias is a suggestive name for a mill turning out the sweet juice. At the harbor near at hand are the wharves where four ocean steamers were loading at one time.

LOADING SUGAR AT THE TERMINAL (CAYO JUAN CLARO)
The warehouses in the background hold 140,000 bags of sugar approximately, the output of the Cuban American Sugar Company at Chaparra

Again we viewed another magnificent sunset, this time over the northern coast. Returning to the home of General Menocal with its square tower, nestling amid the rich tropical foliage, it seemed difficult to realize that all this great activity of sugar trains shunted here and there by shrieking locomotives and the seething whirl of the sugar mill had been created in ten years. Many stories of American achievements and enterprise have been excelled in the results shown here. Shortly after the Spanish War Mr. Hawley came here and interested General Menocal in his plans. The general drew blue-prints, which are the favorite adornments of his offices, for the new President of Cuba is practical and constructive above all else. No Cuban could be more enthusiastic concerning the new Republic than Mr. Hawley, who has devoted the best years of his life to this enterprise and insists that in climate, homes and opportunities—the three great things of life—Cuba is unexcelled.

In early days Mr. Hawley rode horseback all night across a tropical wilderness to catch the morning train. Here General Menocal first brought his bride, and started life in an humble cabin as a pioneer in the true sense of the word. No wonder that the people of Cuba realize that in their new president, with his large vision of constructive development, they have an ideal executive—one in close sympathy with the spirit of the times and a true leader for progressive Cuba.

After a visit to the Chaparra sugar mill, inspecting the processes and machinery necessary for producing merely raw sugar, one is not inclined hereafter to complain of the price of twenty pounds for a dollar. In the great grinders the cane is squeezed until the pulp is hot, and the *bagasse* or refuse is carried automatically to the stokers of the furnace, and is the only fuel used. By night and by day the grind continues, cars being shunted here and there in some places by oxen and in other places by locomotives, with tooting of whistles and clanging of bells. The syrup is boiled down by a dozen or fifteen processes until it becomes a rich brown liquid and the sugar is thrown out by centrifugal separators, while the molasses pours out of a great pipe. The black juice does not taste just like the breakfast syrup and refining is necessary, but the brown sugar itself is delicious. The dross is skimmed off and boiled. The sugar mills are skyscrapers of themselves, four or five stories high. Up and down again goes the juice of the cane, making the sweetening for the various needs of tea, coffee, and the confectioner and baker. A Chinaman smoking a cigarette now and then kept watch to attend to certain delicate work in adjusting the centrifugals. In an automobile the trip was made over the plantation accompanied by the chief engineer, and the railroad operations by its care and system suggested Panama.

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One of the chief purposes of the new administration will be to encourage immigration of the solid sort from Europe. In Chaparra a plantation of five and ten acres is given to new settlers on the homestead plans. Italians and people from the south and the north of Europe are coming in.

Many colored officers and men from Jamaica figured conspicuously in the history of the War of Independence for Cuba. Year after year during all the struggle, contributions poured in from Jamaica and the north. Before the United States intervened there was a long, hard struggle lasting several years, and as we sat at night on the veranda it was inspiring to hear from the lips of the Cuban president the declaration that the Platt amendment had been the salvation of Cuba. Then at once I remembered how Senator Platt under the elms in Connecticut had told of that amendment written on the back of an envelope with an important constitutional amendment by Senator Spooner, and passed it in at the right time, so that in that amendment was conceived a relation that had never before existed between nations. The Platt Amendment, while giving all the forceful power of the "big brother of the North," decisively declared for freedom to the Cuban people and yet restrained all selfish aims, and even the natural desire to solve, and if need be to avenge, the mystery of the Maine. Thus far and no farther the spirit of the Platt Amendment protects Cuba not only from foreign foes, but from itself. No real American can honestly desire intervention, which in itself has a tyrannical sound, though had it not been for intervention Cuba might not have enjoyed the peace and prosperity of today. It might make statesmen sit up and declare less enthusiastically for the early independence of the Philippines, for self-government is a process of growth and development but nurtured in the right spirit has proven one of the glorious results of what a "Big Brother" nation can do under the modern ideals of international comity.

In Cuba an Italian by birth presides over the Senate, and in the Cuban army are many Italian officers. There is much of the amalgamation of races felt in the United States, but you cannot talk or mingle with the really patriotic Cubans of today without feeling that they will solve their problems and make the "Pearl of the Antilles" a credit to itself and the world at large, to say nothing of Uncle Sam, and become a glorious example of the spirit of the age as exemplified in the American ideal of self-government and development in the largest sense of the word.

* * *

The one great problem of Cuba is to ensure a stable government, but this is being solved quite as rapidly as in the United States after the Revolutionary War. More than eighty thousand Americans visited Cuba this season, and spent their money freely, which shows that Cuba has a good friend to the north in Brother Jonathan. The development of Cuba and the increased trade with the United States is only in its infancy, and the ocean ferry of the Flagler system, which will land its palace cars in Havana, with the development of the citrus fruit and the cabinet wood industries, will draw still closer the bonds of amity and mutual interest. Cuba will long retain in her customs and politics the impress of her Spanish regime

A QUAINT OLD STREET IN SANTIAGO

HISTORIC SOLEDAD CHURCH, CAMAGUEY

and the Latin temperament, but year by year the mingling races and interests will do their work, not without benefit to the American as well as his Cuban neighbor.

Even Santiago, the great pageant city, has begun to feel the effects of modern business and industry. It still retains, however, its old Spanish quaintness, and the beauties of its harbor surpass anything to be seen on the rest of the Island.

Automobilists are attracted by its magnificent mountain highways, and the city itself, with its fantastic coloring, unforgettable to the tourist. Cuban travel is constantly increasing. The route across Cuba to Jamaica and Panama is becoming more popular every year. One can travel from New York to Kingston through Florida and Cuba and arrive in Kingston after four nights.

Certain it is that Cuba is, indeed, the "Pearl of the Antilles," and destined to become immensely wealthy in all that creates a solid and peaceful prosperity, and no one more sincerely desires her independence and success than the average American citizen, who has never grudged the cost of men and money in aiding the Cuban in the struggle for independence and continues to prove it further in lavishing his tourist tithe in a trip to Cuba in the piping days of peace.

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

YOUR flag and my flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream:
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright.
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
And oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds;
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Gloried all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe.
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie.
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

Dell H. Munger

A Farmer's Daughter and a Farmer's Wife Who Became a Successful Author at Fifty

by George Wharton James

SAILING once from San Francisco to Manila, Mrs. Munger, who had not yet written her famous book, "The Wind Before the Dawn," made the acquaintance of a fine young Southerner. Learning that his whilom companion had been born of a Virginia mother, he assumed that she was herself a Southerner, and with Southern bias and the self-complacency of youth began to pity the rest of the world—those unfortunate beings who happened to have been born and reared elsewhere. The Middle West came up, finally, for its share of the general castigation. After surveying the life of the middle-class, Middle-West farmer, he exclaimed, "I wonder what a middle-class, Middle-West person could have to be thankful for?"

Mrs. Munger replied instantly, "I'm glad you brought that question to me, for I am a middle-class, Middle-West woman, and I've lots of things to be thankful for."

The boy arose, very red and very discomfited. "What can I say to you?" he asked.

"Nothing whatever. It is my turn to say, and we're going to have long days in which to say it before we get our feet on dry land and have to separate, for I am proud of being from the Middle West, and I would not for the world be anything but what you call 'middle-class'; it is the backbone of our nation."

And yet, I am satisfied that she had to learn to be thankful. For what is the general lot of the wife of a Middle-West farmer, of his daughter, or of his son? Struggling to make ends meet, deprived of the advantages of continuous gregariousness with educated and progressive people, depressed by the never-absent feeling of inferiority to those who have had city opportunities of culture and refinement, a sensitive soul, finding itself in such environment, naturally has to hold on to itself to preserve its self-respect.

But what a school of training for the fuller development of man or woman. The farm life, the farm environment with its monotonous round of daily duties and outward distractions, the limited outlook, and equally limited mental stimulus from the outside naturally compel to introspection, to the study of the real problems of life. Solitude is a state of mind, as well as a physical condition. The loneliest place in the world to some people is the heart of a great city. Others need the dull monotony of a country farmer's home to secure that solitude that is essential to the finding of one's self, one's capacities, one's individuality, one's work.

This is absolutely how it has worked out in Mrs. Munger's case. Born in Illinois, not far from Chicago, her father, quickened by the pioneer instinct, kept ever on the move. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1828. While still a young man he moved to Ohio while the Indians were the ostensible owners of the land. These "Native Americans" had but just moved out when he followed them to Illinois, then to Iowa and finally to Nebraska. His daughter was thus born to the recognition of the "lure of the west," and she, in turn, migrated to Missouri, Colorado, Indian Territory. Here then, in the vast school of the pioneer wilds, on the endless prairies of the West, companioned by the winds and stars, the wild creatures of the plain and forest, the flowers and the trees, the insects and the birds, a part of the great struggling force of mankind, seeking to wrest a living, in isolated farm-patches, from the wilderness, and transform it into civilization, she has had her mental and spiritual development.

A hard school truly, but a good and effective one. A real learner, one with thoughtfulness and earnestness in her make-up, will glean many useful life-lessons and know a great deal in fifty years of such schooling, even though she herself may not realize how much, nor how valuable.

One cannot be long with Mrs. Munger and not feel how much and how many of the chiefest and most important of human lessons she has already learned. With a natural motherheart she has let its love flow out far beyond the family pale. Her own son feels its devotion and power, but in her maternal longings she has taken to herself a daughter, now a woman grown, and a weakly baby boy, now a manly little fellow of thirteen, and showered upon them all the richness and sweetness of that brooding, energizing mother-love that gives men and women of character and strength to the world. And hers was not the motherhood that sought the sweet and perfect child for adoption. During one of her long illnesses she was compelled to have a helper in the house, and it was the baby boy of this woman that aroused her keenest sympathies. Ill from birth, poorly nourished, inadequately mothered, the child was at the crisis which so often turns to permanent deformity of the bones, so, though ill herself, and overburdened, her big heart absorbed this helpless little one, and mother-love and care and knowledge and control have changed the sickly child into a sturdy youngster who is not only the joy of the house of his adoption, but the beloved of his schoolmates, the delight of his teachers and the pride of everybody who knows him.

DELL H. MUNGER

The adopted daughter, too, is studying with fervor and success in one of the leading institutions of the country that she may exercise her native instincts and teaching power for the good of the children of the slums and thus lead them from the path that so often terminates in the jail and penitentiary, and put them on the solid road of true, honest, upright citizenship.

Truly motherhood is a great instinct to follow and a great lesson to learn, and if it was essential to Mrs. Munger's schooling that she follow and learn it in the solitude of farm-life, we should be thankful, and she also, that fate, destiny, God, placed her in that peculiar and not altogether agreeable school.

But not only does her mothering reach these—the boy to whom she gave birth and those she has actually adopted and upon whom she has bestowed her name. Waifs and strays are constantly drifting her way, boys and girls who need mothering, and it is easy to see that they never come within the circle of these all-embracing arms without feeling the profound depths of a good woman's helpful affection. Boys and girls away from home at school and college, away from the usual restraints, tempted perhaps to turn their new-found freedom into license; boys and girls who have no real home life, and who never have known the helpfulness of real mother and father love—these do not appeal to her in vain.

And, more wide-reaching still, though busier than most women—doing all her own housework, cooking, care of kitchen, sitting-room, bedrooms, and even the laundry work for her family—she yet finds time to pour out her heart in loving, helpful, soul-inspiring letters to the sons of other mothers whose misdeeds, failures, or weaknesses have sent them to the heart-breaking solitude and punishment of the State Penitentiary.

City-trained women seldom find time for these things. Their powers are too occupied with the claim of society, the church and the pleasures of the theatre, opera, concert and lecture-hall. In the absorption of their own lives they find little time to think of the needs of others. Unconsciously, but surely, they are trained to selfishness, to regard life only as it ministers to their own joy, comfort, pleasure. "What life means to me?" means to the city bred, *What does it give to me*, not, How much can I give to others, and it is good for the world and the souls she is helping both directly and indirectly that Mrs. Munger was not allowed to enter this city school, where luxury and pleasure too often stifle the claims of our needy and suffering brothers and sisters and lead us to forget or ignore our "universal kinship."

Another thing her solitary country life has taught to Mrs. Munger. She has learned to think things out from the fundamentals, regardless of the conventional and formal way of looking at them. There really is no thought that is not solitary, individual, personal thought. And the world can never be redeemed, reformed, saved, until individuals think for themselves, and are redeemed, reformed and saved within themselves—saved from selfishness, indifference, unkindness, unbrotherliness. I don't know what my readers will think I mean when I say that her solitary schooling has taught Mrs. Munger Socialism, but by that much-abused and much-feared word I mean

ARTHUR L. MUNGER, JR.
The son of Dell H. Munger

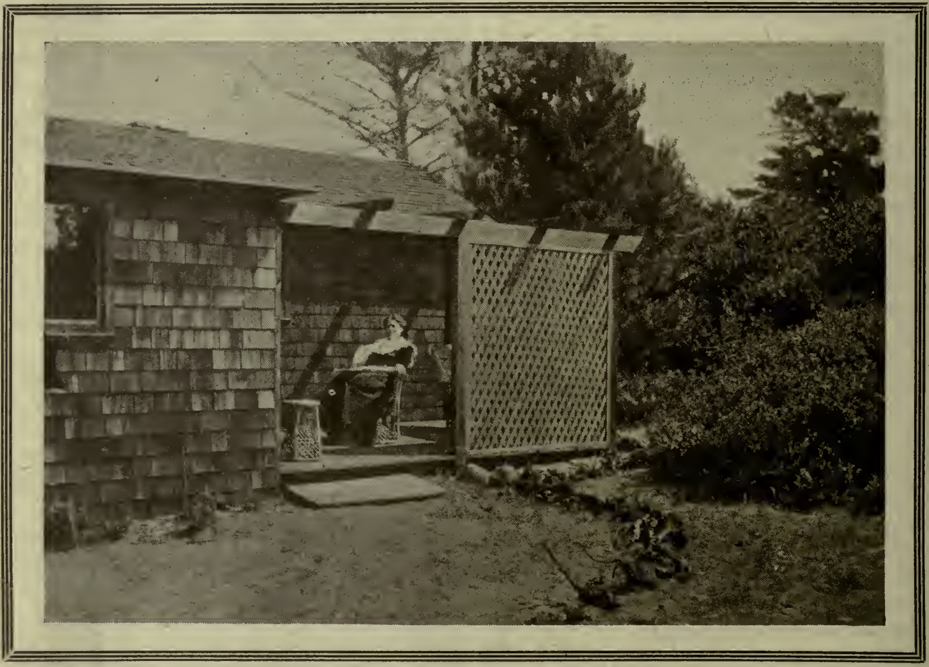
only that it has taught her the duty she owes to her neighbor, her town, her state, her nation, to give of her life, her thought, her work, *herself*, to promote the common good. She has become a *true* patriot—not the shouting Fourth-of-July kind—but the woman who lives for her country, seeking by every thought and act to promote its common welfare, to help and benefit its common citizen, to take nothing for herself that she is not glad, willing, anxious that every other man and woman should take and share.

ELIZABETH MUNGER
The adopted daughter of Mrs. Munger

As a remarkable illustration of Mrs. Munger's mental processes while learning life's lessons let me here tell of one of her great experiences. She had been ill for twenty years, gradually growing worse, until it seemed as if chronic peritonitis and rheumatism would imprison her for life. Indeed in the year 1899 she was bedfast for ten and a half of the twelve months. Is it to be wondered at that when, at last, she was able to sit up, she felt she had a great grievance. She demanded one of two things—either to die or recover. To continue longer in this indeterminate condition seemed neither just nor rational, provided there was any *controlling* power in the universe that could be laid hold upon for healing. Suicide offered a far more reasonable kind of outcome than this lingering, useless and helpless state. She longed for death. It was then, however, that the need of the helpless boy I have already told of was impressed upon her heart. He called to her and she responded. Feeling her inadequacy to cope with the adverse conditions, his mother gave him up to Mrs. Munger. *Now* she must get well. No longer any thought of suicide intruded. But how to cope with the disease that had fastened upon her, was the question. A nervous, irritable mother could not adequately undertake the rearing of a nervous child. Health of mind and body for herself was needed. Everything that she could think of was tried, but apparently without success. Surgical operations many and various failed, physicians were no better, mental healing did not appear to meet her needs. Just at this juncture a lecturer was announced in Palo Alto and Mrs. Munger went to hear him. One thought only struck her forcibly and stuck. It was to this effect. Said he: "When I am asked to treat a case of rheumatism, do you suppose I treat rheumatism, the disease? By no means! Rheumatism is the result of vexation of spirit, and I treat the vexed condition of mind. Remove vexation of spirit, and rheumatism has nothing upon which to feed, and it disappears." Mrs. Munger went home and looked at her stiffening hands. "Vexation of spirit! If that is all, I can do it!" she said to herself. We will now let Mrs. Munger tell the story in her own words.

Said she, "I had always supposed that vexation lay in scolding the children, in fretting about the bills or the housework, in the innumerable things where we show our constant annoyance at little things, but I soon found that if all these things were controlled rheumatism did not disappear, and I decided that it was because while I might not *say* the angry word, I *felt* it, and I began to find that not saying it left me just that much more pent up inside and liable to break out in a new place. I began to see that the cross word was the effect, not the cause, of some other condition, so I began to look for the thing that caused the condition. I began to understand that the vexation was not caused by the children, by the housework, nor by any one of the outer things supposed to cause it, because many people who had all these things to contend with did not suffer the same sort of vexation I suffered from at all, nor did they have rheumatism. *Vexation of spirit then came from some inner thing.* I began to look for the point in my inner life that showed the most inharmony. *I was on the trail, you see, of a bigger thing than rheumatism.* I found almost at once that inharmony—for me, at least—lay in the little dream-world we all have (and do not talk about); the little place to which we drop back when not talking, to work over our affairs, to fight out our battles and come out ahead of our antagonists. Now my life had not been a harmonious one. I had become dissatisfied with my growth, my surroundings and my achievements, and I had grown into the habit of falling back into this dream-world and fighting those who prevented me from attaining to them. I had become accustomed to going to that dream-world to hate the people who criticised me. I had fed rheumatism on the dislike of certain people for years. I treated these people well in the outside world, or I let them alone, but in this inner-world I fought them daily. I decided to stop thinking about them—in other words I would not dream. But it was at that point I was to fight the fight of my life. I arose in the morning vowing that I would not dream—and I dreamed right along. I had formed the habit of dreaming! I tried to sing, but I could sing and dream; I tried to work hard enough to overcome it, but I worked and dreamed ahead as if born to the habit. I tried to go to Emerson or the Bible, or some other strong thing and connect with vital thoughts that would put dreams away, but I forgot what I had read and dreamed right along. I was whipped, beaten, sore from failure to overcome the demon, I had forgotten about rheumatism, I was grappling with my devil, and I must kill or be killed. I have never faced such a fight. Each day I began anew; each night I cast up accounts honestly and acknowledged defeat. But if we put our whole souls into a fight we are granted insight into the enemy's tactics if we keep it going long enough, and I well remember one morning saying aloud in the solitude of the empty house, 'You'll never quit dreaming!' It was said with such conviction that I started at the ominousness of it, and then I had a revelation. I would beat the devil on his own ground! I said to myself, 'Go to—if you must dream, dream, but make your dreams *constructive*, you have been making them *destructive* all this time! *Eureka!* I had found it. I looked about for a place to begin. What should I construct? Now the rest of it sounds too silly to relate, but I knew I had to fill my dreams with building something useful. So, for purposes of utility, I assumed that I had millions of dollars, and that it was to be used in building. One of the many pieces of flotsam which had drifted my way while living in a city was a girl who had tuberculosis—had come West to get well—and had been obliged to earn what she could while doing so. She was obliged to move from a pleasant home because of the necessity of her friend with whom she lived to move away from that place. She decided that she would like to live in the new house we had just built. She was refined to a degree and coveted the clean new house with a good lawn, a broad porch, freshly-tinted walls and general appearance of things to which she had once been accustomed. I had to say that I could not take anybody into my house. She offered to take a room in the attic. I said one's house was his castle and it was there he retired for privacy. She said with wistful strained eyes, 'I would go up and down your back stairs, and you need never see me,' and when I still refused, she said, 'Come down town with me and see where a girl who earns my wages has to live.' I had my first lesson in economic struggles. I went with her to all the smelly, dank, foul holes in the wall where her meagre wages would let her live honorably and still I had to say No! My beautiful new house on the crest of Capitol Hill in the beautiful city of Denver was never home to me for a day after that. Who was I that I should have fifteen clean rooms while this girl, as refined as I, dwelt among odors that make me sick to this day when I think of them? This had happened five years before.

"I decided now that I would *construct* in this dream world a home for girls who worked. I would not simply assume that I had it, I would construct it actually. I knew the prices of Denver real estate, I learned the prices of brick and stone, I studied architecture, I became interested in the prices of different forms of labor, I planned the building scientifically and thoroughly, I bought my materials, I superintended the construction, I saw my structure rise. I visualized every detail. I knew the color of the bricks on the outside, the tints on the inside; I knew the size and number of the rooms on each floor, I became an expert on systems of ventilation and sanitation. I studied out the means by which a girl could have her young man come to see her with due respect to the privacy lovers need and still be on wholesome terms with openness and honesty; the kind of matron each floor must have to guard them from harm. Last but not least in my scheme for the girls, I established a laundry in the basement where under sensible regulations these girls could wash and iron their little pretty things such as a self-respecting girl must have, but such as no girl on ordinary department store wages can pay to have laundered, and to this day—though my dreams have long since fallen away from me—I see the machinery of a laundry when my business calls me into one, with the eyes of the builder. My rheumatism went. When, where, or how I do not know. I have no joint that does not work per-



MRS. MUNGER'S BUNGALOW

fectly, although people had said to me for years that because my father had rheumatism and my grandfather had been almost unable to use his fingers that *I must expect rheumatism!* I expect to clean my mental house daily of the miasmic things that breed rheumatism. Thus I ousted the devils of Vexation of Spirit and the consequent physical ills."

During the long illness previous to taking the little boy, Mrs. Munger lost her memory. After having a memory of unusual quality, she suddenly found herself after months of being bedfast unable to remember a line of poetry or any other thing of importance, even with the most strenuous effort. This was perhaps the most plausible of the reasons for considering suicide at one period. Her memory went instantaneously, and came back in as mysterious and dramatic a manner during a trip to Manila. On the trip out, she was in a Kipling mood, and everything of Kipling's she found she read with avidity. At Yokohama she purchased a copy of "Barrack Room Ballads." The book was left in the Grand Hotel. When she reached Manila, though she had everything Kipling had written at home, she again purchased "Barrack Room Ballads," "Seven Seas," and five volumes of his prose writings, and literally lived in them when not sight-seeing. Just before she started home, she went to see the collection to be sent from Bilidad Prison to the St. Louis Exposition. Among them was a collection of paintings by Luna, the great Philippine artist. "I had but barely heard of him," says she, "but as I went from one historic piece of his work to another, I was impressed with the fact that he had had a master's hand. I knew that he was dead. By the loss of my own memory, I knew what the loss of power meant, and the loss to the world in the going of this great painter seemed to me a tragedy. I was more and more stirred by a sense of the futility of things. As we turned to leave the room, I came upon his bust on a little table—he was a full-blood, thick-lipped Filipino! Below the bust sat a little wooden soap-box, and in it his tubes, brushes, his palette, and other paraphernalia, and as I stood there the pathos and pity of his death came over me so forcefully that, with tears streaming down my face, I recited the whole of Kipling's poem, 'L'Envoy'":

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critics have died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are!

Not till an hour afterward, when they were returning to the hotel in the little Quillez, did Mrs. Munger realize what had taken place—sitting there in the primitive vehicle, in the Kipling setting of the Orient, she saw that she had recovered her memory. "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!" she cried. "Got what?" her companion asked. "Got my memory back! Don't you see? I repeated *all* that Kipling poem without having ever tried to commit a line of it to memory. That's what I always used to be able to do with things I was interested in. Oh! I've got it back! I've got it back!"

How often men and women have turned to literature for consolation when things have gone hardly with them. Sometimes they read to find forgetfulness or surcease from trouble; at others they desire to create something themselves. Mrs. Munger did both. She read idly during those years of illness, and with the recovered health and memory came a desire to write. It began with letters to her son while in the Philippines, and how it culminated in "The Wind Before the Dawn" is best told in her own words in another letter, which here follows:

"In January of 1904 Maynard Shipley, principal of the Palo Alto Academy, saw a letter I had written from the Philippines to my son, who was one of his pupils. Mr. Shipley came to me and advised me to offer the letter just as it stood to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, saying that it had material which should be put before the public. I objected on the ground that it was a personal letter. He then advised that I put it in story form, as that was the best way to present it, since the point could be illustrated by examples. I shall never forget how I laughed.

"As he stood on the step saying his Good-night he added with conviction, 'The letter is a story in itself.'

"Come to think of it, it was. Still, I did not feel equal to telling the thing systematically and with a view to publication. The letter had been written on the spur of the moment and to one to whom I was accustomed to write in a familiar way. We laughed the next morning about the possibility of my writing a story, but there was not a glimmer of recognition by me that I had the power to do it—even poorly.

THE STUDIO WHERE MRS. MUNGER WRITES HER STORIES

" 'Lord bless your soul,' I exclaimed, 'the one thing in this whole world which I would love best to do is to write a story—but I can't.'

"We argued till midnight; he that I could write a story if I tried, I that I could not write a story at all because I could not tell a story three sentences in length to my small adopted boy unless I put it on paper first.

" 'Of course,' he said, 'you write it first.'

" 'But,' I argued, 'that is different. I only outline what I have to tell; I couldn't fill it in.'

"The following day was my cleaning day, and the colored man who usually cleaned my rugs and floors did not come. The rugs had been carried out on the clean grass to be swept before I found I was not to have help. I am a creature of habit—cleaning day is cleaning day. Those rugs had to be swept, and Palo Alto had no Japanese housecleaning agencies in those days, so I cleaned the rugs and the house myself, had lunch ready for my little family when they came home from school at noon and was so tired that I cried as I cooked it.

"Now it so happens that I have never been able to write a paper for the club or even a good letter, unless so tired that I was ready to fight, or cry, or do some other drastic thing, and remembering that fact, I sat down to my writing table after the dishes had been washed and began to try to outline a story. Almost at once it began to take shape in my mind and at the end of two hours I was writing as if the Old Harry were at my heels and it behooved me to hurry.

"I finished a fifty-page chapter and read it aloud to the children as they ate their evening meal. I don't expect ever again to know such joy! Not that I expected to be able to finish a book. I supposed the chapter I had to be only the mirage of weariness and that when I awoke rested and refreshed the next morning that I would be as stupid as ever, but the doing of that much had held many happy thrills.

"I didn't sleep that night. I was crazy to write another chapter before it got away from me: I planned it all out as I lay there in the dark, and the first thing in the morning put myself to the test to see if I could do it. It came out splendidly and the children had another chapter while they ate their lunch. They demanded still another at night—and got it! I began to see that I had uncovered a vein and went to work in real earnest—even began to talk about 'the book' as if it were to be finished. I wrote like mad and always with a fear that the power would depart. Having peeped into heaven I could no more be satisfied without gaining entry.

"I wrote with a lead pencil and on rough paper, I wore blisters on my fingers from the pencil, for the more in earnest I was with what I was saying the tighter I gripped my medium. I wore the blisters off, I wrapped the bleeding fingers in adhesive straps and wrote on. I was in a frenzy lest the power to write should slip back into the unknown whence it had come. I developed a corn on one finger from the pencil, which stays with me to this day. When I had an unproductive day, or like Sentimental Tommy got 'stuck on a word,' I got my bicycle and rode to the bay. I rode and rode till I would wake up periodically and find the wheel under me and that I was still going, and then I could go home and finish my chapter.

"In three days less than two months I had written 135,000 words and finished a book! I thought that I would offer it to a publisher at once, so I purchased a typewriter and began to put it into better shape, but after doing a few chapters decided that I had overvalued it in my enthusiasm and put it away. But the love of the work and the desire to say some things that to me seemed necessary were food to my starving soul; I immediately began another. That one I finished, but decided that it also I had overvalued, and it was put away, and I began another which I never finished.

"Then I got out the first and began to polish it up—after laying it away for two years it seemed to have some value once more, but it was again consigned to the closet. The next year I tried working it over again. Then I secured the assistance of a Stanford man who was 'majoring' in English. He had had but one year in college, but was an excellent critic, and at his suggestion I rewrote a part of it, but the work was slow and it was laid away for a year. The next summer we worked on it for a few weeks during vacation, and then it was again put aside for months.

"In 1910 I finished it, except for a paragraph or two, but I thought I had overvalued it, and it was not till November of 1911 that another student happened to read it and insisted that I seek a publisher at once. Even then I did not put it in the mail, and at last he brought it to me one day wrapped and ready to send. 'Whose name shall I put on it?' he asked.

"I was making a salad and in something of a hurry. 'Oh, "hitch your wagon to a star," we'll take the best publishers we can find and as fast as it comes back we'll send it to the next best. Make it Doubleday, Page & Co. this time,' I replied. Imagine my surprise—no, you couldn't possibly do that—when they accepted the story 'with enthusiasm'! Enthusiasm had always been one of my favorite words, but it never struck me with such force as it did on that day."

And the remarkable thing is that after the first big sale of the book, and the expected stoppage, it began to boom again, and is now selling more rapidly than at first. And I have no doubt but that it will continue to sell for a long time to come for the reason that it deals, in a forceful, practical, sensible fashion, with those problems that for so many years have beset the lives of many women.

But the reader asks: *What* is the story that has caused so much sensation and brought its author such instant fame? Let me try briefly to outline it and at least suggest its salient features. A Kansas girl, Lizzie Farnshaw, daughter of a farmer, though of fine mental spiritual fiber, finds her father is a surly, morose, self-willed dominating creature, her mother a narrow, bigoted, hide-bound "professor" of religion, and her home a place of obstinate exercise of will on her father's side, and nagging on the part of her mother, and consequent contention, strife, distrust and discontent.

A teacher comes to the farming settlement who fires the girl to desire a larger and happier life, and well-to-do neighbors, taking interest in her, send her to Topeka to school. In the home of her new friends she learns what marital happiness and contentment mean. Though things go wrong the wife tenderly cares for, appreciates and helps her husband, and he reverences and values her for her unostentatious love and gentleness.

Here then we have the moulding influences of her young life. As she grows a little older she talks with her mother about some phases of their home life and the following dialogue takes place:

" 'We ought all of us to be different. We go along day after day hating our work, scolding and fretting at each other, and never really happy, any of us, I've been wondering why?'

"Her mother eyed her closely: Something of the girl's mood stirred a responsive chord.

" 'I've thought of it, too,' she said, 'but I can't never tell why it is though, unless' —she spoke slowly and Elizabeth was encouraged—'unless it's because we don't never belong to ourselves. Now your pa wants t' run th' house, an' th' farm, an' you children, an' me, an' everything, an' I'm so tired, an' never have any help, that anybody'd be cross. Nobody ever pities me, though. Here, take this dasher and finish this here churning for me.'

"Elizabeth took the dasher into her own hand and stood looking down meditatively at the cream gathered about the hole in the churn lid. The first sentence of her mother's remark struck her attention.

" 'Why can't folks belong to themselves'? she asked.

"Mrs. Farnshaw looked quickly. 'Well, if you think you can marry and belong to yourself, just you try it,' she replied.

" 'But, Ma, if a man loved a woman couldn't she get him to leave her free? Now—'

"Mrs. Farnshaw cut her short. 'Love! men don't know how to spell th' word. They get a woman, an' after she's got children they know she can't help herself. She's got t' stick to it 'cause she can't raise 'em alone an'—an' it don't make no difference whether he takes care of 'em or not'—words failed the exasperated woman."

Now let the reader think of the differences between what she has found in the home of her friends, what she has seen at school and the jangling discord and misery of her parents' lives and think of the conscious recognition of these differences working in her mind through several years. In due time she marries a fairly well-to-do farmer. She soon finds herself in a tighter and more subtle bondage than her mother. There is perhaps less outward jangling, but the want of harmony and concord is even more pronounced in her case. To complicate matters, she falls in love with another man, a friend of her husband, but he and she both hold themselves upright and clean. An accident removes him, but Elizabeth's husband has become suspicious and these suspicions become certainties when the will of the dead man is read and he learns that all the property of his one-time friend is left to his wife. The tension between the two becomes greater. "She had ceased to enter into conversation with him unless something vital made it necessary to speak."

Elizabeth now takes a determined stand that brings to a focus all the agitating thoughts of her life in regard to "owning herself" and having a right to a voice in the conducting of the business affairs of the farm, which belongs as much to her life as to that of her husband. She refuses to sign a mortgage on the home in order that he might make a loan. This angers him so that he goes away from her to live with his mother. This portion of the book is written with rare control and dramatic intensity and will ultimately become a classic as a most forceful presentation of the woman's side of the case as set forth against the stock arguments of men that women should always submit to the domination of men in affairs of business.

In spite of opposition and criticism Elizabeth holds to her fundamental principles, though the love which she cannot deny she still feels for her husband tugs at her heart strongly every now and then. In the meantime her husband comes to his senses. He makes the first advances to be allowed to return. Elizabeth writes a loving reply, but it is wise and sane and guards the ideas for which she had suffered so much. Just as she is going to mail her letter her impatient husband appears, waves his hand to her, and as she approaches him, letter in hand, the book closes.

Mrs. Munger has a strikingly epigrammatic style of writing that helps the reader speedily to understand the actions of her characters. Here are a few that are well worth memorizing:

"It is the tendency of the weak to waste much time and energy in reconciliations, and to Mrs. Farnshaw *peace* meant far more than principles."

"The unnaturalness of having others thrust upon them during that first year of married life jarred upon her, just as it has jarred upon every bride who has been compelled to endure it since the beginning of time."

"Elizabeth was learning, as all women have had to do before her, that the man-creature loves to be adored, that by cloaking her own desires, stroking his fur the right way, giving it little pats of approval and admitting the pleasure conferred by his presence, she could work a magic."

"He has a farm; now he's going to need a wife to help run it—*just as he needs a horse.*"

"The meadow-larks sang regardless of the rain, or mayhap in sheer meadow-lark delight because of it."

"Disaster is in exact ratio to our valuation of things."

"The satisfaction of working unrestrained, and resting when nature and woman's constitution demanded, and the whole matter of living without fear, had given her a sound and healthy body and a mind broader and less liable to emotional bias."

"A woman to be free, must have money of her own. She must not be supported by a man."

"The trouble with women is they think they ought to love a man enough to take him without a definite understanding, and then they find that a woman's love means to a man, obedience."

"Defence! What does it matter *who* is wrong in anything? The only thing that matters is *what* is wrong and to find a way to make it come out better next time."

"She began to see the many whips which a determined husband could command, chief of which was the crippling process of motherhood."

In speaking of the influence of her farm-life upon her book and later years Mrs. Munger said:

"How thankful I am that I had these early pioneer farming day experiences as the pictorial background of my early life. Few of my age have lived more simply or seen more marvelous changes. I can well remember when we cooked in no other way than on the open fireplace and it was quite an event when the first stove came to our farmhouse. We moulded our candles and bullets, and I have helped my mother mould the one and my father the other. I wore home-made linsey-woolsey until I was thirteen years old, and knitted my own stockings as a little child. On the farm there was not a single piece of large machinery until I was seven years old. I can see the old "cradle" with which the reaping used to be done, and the picture of my father "hefting" it is as vivid as any event in my whole life. Then came the first reaping machine. My father was fascinated with it as a boy is with a new toy. With an assured self-confidence that surprises me today far more than it did then, he took the machine apart, and I can see all the bolts and separate parts spread out in the yard. Then he put it together again, talking to himself the while, and when it was done he gave the reel a whirl and shouted in the exuberance of his joy. Then he picked up the ancient implement—his old cradle—and, as if in a prophetic vision, began to apostrophise it, and tell it that its day was done, and with its banishment and the incoming of the machine a change would come over mankind. Though that was forty-three years ago his voice still rings in my ears and I recall the feeling of wonder that went over me to hear him speaking thus loudly and no one save myself to hear. And I wonder still more today when I remember his prophecy that machines would take away the work of the world from the hands of men, and how well he foresaw the conditions with which his children and his children's children must cope."

Of her father Mrs. Munger speaks with high appreciation. He was many years ahead of his time, though by no means an educated man. He was a thinker, however, and endeavored to look at all subjects from an unprejudiced and universal standpoint. He was one of the early day Populists and would doubtless have embraced the higher type of philosophical Socialism had he lived a generation later. From him his daughter gained the habit of personal and individual consideration of all questions that arose in her mind. She wished to know the why and wherefore of the evil and hard conditions of the farmer's life and she soon saw that there must be some kind of co-operative life of the producing class, or the other classes would continue to exploit them by forcing the prices down of all they raised and had to sell, and forcing up the prices of all they had to buy.

It is this arousing of individual consciousness that is so much needed today in the world. People do not think. They allow others to think for them. Conventional modes of thought and life are accepted on every hand and the results are that evils and wrongs are not recognized as such and men and women pass them by indifferently. Referring later to this sad fact Mrs. Munger spoke of the conditions of some of our prisons, the cruel sentences passed, the red tape that hinders all effort to relieve and change the horrible conditions that exist, the arrogance that allows the Prison Commissioners to defy the law according to its well-known and avowed intent (this refers especially to California), where they pass a regulation which affirms that prisoners shall serve one-half their terms, unless that half exceeds eight years, *before they can apply for parole*, while the law says that they may apply for it at the end of one year. Said she: "I never thought about these things when I heard of them in a *general* way, but when I became interested in the release of a poor boy whose punishment was frightfully disproportionate to the wrong done, and who sought my aid, then they came *specifically* home to me and I saw and felt to the inmost depths of my being the wicked and unjust attitude the world assumes toward all those whom 'justice' has imprisoned."

One of the prison cases in which she became profoundly interested was that of a young lad who was engaged in the mines of a neighboring state. A strike was declared and the lad decided to go home. Several others went at the same time. The boys pooled their money and traveled together till it was all gone. Then they separated, each going his own way. One night, hungry and tired, he came to a farmhouse, entered the unlocked door and helped himself to a meal. The next day at noon he came to a second house, door wide open, and a bountiful meal already prepared upon the table. Who could have resisted such a temptation? Surely not a hungry boy. He entered and began to help himself, and was but half through his meal when the owners came in from the field where they had been at work. Angry at this intrusion they had him arrested. In prison he worried and fretted until he was half insane. The prosecuting attorney, for some reason known only to himself, advised him to plead guilty to the charge of burglary. Now this boy did not know that burglary was in the eyes of the law a felony. He had only gone into two open houses and eaten one full meal and part of another.

When he appeared before the judge, the

learned and wise representative of the "blind and impartial goddess," after hearing the attorney's statement and the boy's plea, asked him if he had ever been guilty of a like 'crime' before. In the simple innocence of his heart the youngster told of his taking the meal the evening before and then—oh! Justice, what crimes are committed in thy name—this preserver of law and order pronounced sentence—one year for the first offence, and ten years for the second, in the State Penitentiary. Is there any wonder that when the poor lad heard the fateful words he nearly died, and that his heart went out of him. For seven years he never spoke to a human being who was not either a fellow-prisoner or an official.

Mrs. Munger carried this case to the Governor who promptly issued a pardon.

It was at this time that she discovered that there were confined in the California State penitentiary over two hundred boys under twenty-one years of age, though the law expressly forbids the incarceration in the State Prison of those under twenty-one.

Another case in which she is now warmly interested is that of a mere boy, who, while walking through the streets of San Francisco, met a drunken soldier just returned from the Philippines. The latter stopped him, handed him a revolver and commanded him to go into a nearby saloon, hold up the barkeeper and bring him the proceeds. When he handed the whole amount to the soldier the latter cursed him and asked: "Is that all?"

"Yes!" he replied, "that was every cent I got." And in the simplicity of his youthfulness added, as he held up his hands: "If you don't believe me, search me!" The soldier at once did so, and took from him $1.20 of his own money, and immediately made off. In the meantime the officers had been notified, the boy was arrested, found guilty, and sentenced for twenty years in San Quentin.

Another sad phase of the life of prisoners (whether criminals or not) was manifested to Mrs. Munger in connection with this case. On one of her visits to the prison, many months before she knew of this lad's case, an older prisoner asked aid in securing a patent for something he had thought out while incarcerated. She went over the plans with him, had him fully explain the device so that she thoroughly understood it. For some reason, however, the matter was allowed to drop and for a time it went out of her mind. When, however, she came to know the boy and he began to open his heart to this motherly woman who so evidently desired to help him, he confided to her that he was of somewhat a mechanical turn of mind and that in his solitude he had invented a certain labor-saving device that he was sure, if it could be patented, would bring in a large sum of money. To her amazement he then described the very appliance the older prisoner had sought to get her interested in some months before. When she expressed her surprise, she learned that the lad, having no education in mechanical drawing, had gone to this older prisoner, who, he was told, was a first-class mechanical draughtsman, and had asked him to draw up his diagrams, plans and specifications for the patent office. Thus the older man had gained the lad's ideas and had endeavored to dispose of them as his own, an endeavor that would have been successful had not an unforeseen obstacle arisen. This species of grafting upon one another is by no means uncommon, and it reveals the lamentable state of men when they are willing to steal from and graft upon their equally unfortunate brothers.

But even this was not the whole of this case. In seeking to dispose of his patent, or to get some one to aid in manufacturing it the young inventor had submitted his drawings, etc., to a well-known and presumably reputable firm in San Francisco. Considerable correspondence had elapsed, but nothing conclusive had been done. At last the prisoner needed his plans to send to the patent office. This set was the only set he had, and it was imperative they reach Washington with his final fee at a definite and rapidly approaching date, or his application would be automatically thrown out. In vain he urged that the plans be sent to him. His letters were ignored or he was put off, until at last, in sheer desperation, he demanded them. Then he was coolly informed that they were lost. It was just about this time that the youthful prisoner confided his fears to Mrs. Munger. That very day she called upon the firm with an order for the drawings. Not knowing who they were dealing with they treated her rather indifferently. She was to call again. She did so. Again they were not forthcoming. She then quietly informed them that she could not call again, but if in twenty-four hours the plans were not in her hands, she would give an order for their delivery to Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, whose recent endeavors on behalf of the penitentiary prisoners is so well known. Strange to say they were immediately found. Is it not incredible that so-called reputable business men can be found who could be so mean as to steal from the poor helpless wretches whose fate it has been to find themselves shut up behind prison walls? Is it any wonder that men so treated become obsessed with the idea that there is no honesty or truth in the world, and that all men are as bad as those who are incarcerated are supposed to be, and that the only difference is that some are caught and others are not. The lower the man is, or seems to be, in the social scale, the more careful should his fortunate brothers be in their treatment of him, so that no spark of aspiration, uplift or manhood be quenched in his bosom.

The story as to how Mrs. Munger came actively to engage in prison work has never yet been told, and it is both interesting and has a rather funny side to it. She once heard Maud Ballington Booth speak on Prison Problems. While she has the profoundest regard and esteem both for Mrs. Booth and the work she is accomplishing she does not agree with her theology. Her belief is that in the doing of one's work today he is slowly and surely building up the plan of the life of the future. In other words *Life* is progressive, *Heaven* is growth, and both reach far beyond the ends of time. *Salvation* comes through insight and we are saved only so far as we *see* and *know*. Faith may begin the work of Salvation, but it can be continued only by doing and being. The body of the future is to be built on the plan of our thought of today. Hence it is not necessary that a man be free in this body in order to build the structure of a future body. The harmony and insight that alone are necessary to salvation may be attained within prison walls equally as well as outside of them. These were, in crude outline, the ideas she expressed to a friend after hearing Mrs. Booth. It is a part of her faith that when a woman (or man) sees a fundamental principle clearly, opportunity will soon be given to put it into active exercise. Some three or four weeks later some friends in the lower part of the state wrote to ask her if she could visit a prisoner in San Quentin who had written to them asking their aid in securing his parole. She went to the prison to see him, and the conditions existing aroused her interest and sympathy and she began to visit the place every month. Her friends soon learned of her new interest, and at a forthcoming convention she was asked to speak five minutes on the prison. She was full of the subject, and her greatly interested hearers kept her talking for a full hour. As she was leaving the room a lady approached her and placed five dollars in her hand, simply remarking that she was to use it in her work. This came as a great surprise, as she had never dreamed of asking or receiving aid from anyone. Another came and gave her a dollar, and a man still another, and others came until twelve dollars was given to her. In those days no prisoner was allowed to go out on parole without depositing twenty-five dollars as a guarantee fund to enable the officers to go after him if it was necessary to return him to confinement. This twelve dollars was a nucleus that soon grew to twenty-five dollars and secured the parole of a worthy prisoner who had shown clear signs of the desire to make good. When she went to enquire about patent rights for the boy whose story I have related, and explained that it was for a San Quentin prisoner, the attorney jokingly said: "Surely you have no friends in San Quentin," and that led to the response: "No! I have not, but I hope to have very soon!"

Not long after this a lady came to the door and saying, "I have heard of your work, please take this," placed twenty-five dollars in her hand. Then laughingly she exclaimed, "twenty dollars of it was my Christmas present and in the other five dollars goes my chocolate pot."

Always Mrs. Munger has men out on her personal parole, and often she visits those who are not eligible to parole but are grateful for a friendly interest. Sometimes she talks to them if they bring the subject up for discussion upon religious matters, but more often of helpful everyday things, believing that matters of *comfortable quarters and hopeful outlook are essentially religious matters.*

What is Mrs. Munger's religious belief?

That is a somewhat difficult question to answer—not that her belief is so complex, but because our notions and ideas of religion are so conventional, complex and diverse. For many years she was a member of the Christian Church, locally known as the Campbellite, after Alexander Campbell, its founder, whose chief tenet is no creed save acceptation of the Bible (as the Campbellites interpret it). This demands immersion as the only true "baptism." But in due time Mrs. Munger saw that this church was but "fiddling and twiddling its thumbs"—as are the other churches in the main—as far as the great forward movements of mankind are concerned—and since that she has opened her mind and heart to study and receive religious impressions and teachings from every hand. That Life is progressive, both here and beyond the grave, that the next body is being foreshadowed by the plan of the thought we carry today, that the body we carry about now and are so unable to handle harmoniously is the result of former bad thinking, that the powers we possess are the results of ideals and aspirations of our own previous experiences rather than those of a father or a grandfather who knew no more of what was necessary for us than the cattle of the field, that man must inevitably lead to super-man, these are things upon which Mrs. Munger has settled convictions. "What hope," she asks, "could I carry to my boys in prison, if I could not say to them that they must build daily the plan of more manageable bodies than the ones they have? What hope to the man that drinks if I could not say, 'Upon your aspirations to lay the curse down is to be found the beginnings of a body superior to the clamor for stimulants?' What hope to the overworked, underfed, joyless children of the mill and the factory, if there were not an idea of brotherly kindness growing up which should apply to *them* in their future, and which they in turn, because of the lessons learned might apply to the regeneration of the race? Of what use is pain and suffering unless it bring us into a better understanding of the laws under which we live and continue to live in the hereafter, and are permitted to apply to that hereafter? Of what use is our struggle with economic problems at the present time if the power to apply the lesson die with this body almost before it is acquired? Of what benefit the individual struggle of woman *against* man now, unless there is to be an individual struggle with man, by the side of man, and of man and woman together for the regeneration of the sons and daughters of both in the future. Some would say that our children may apply and profit by the lessons we are learning. Our children cannot apply our lesson—only I can apply the lesson I have learned."

In "The Wind Before the Dawn" Elizabeth learned her lessons while yet young enough to apply them, but few women do that. The democracy she understood could be applied by *her* far better than by a woman who had not grown into that understanding by contending with the principles involved. The freedom she had earned was hers, to go on applying to *her* life both in the immediate and the remote future, or the real value of her sufferings would be lost. Mrs. Munger has a clear idea of pure democracy which she endeavors to apply to her own household. Said she, "I have no scheme of life which includes a servant. Being unable to do for myself all the things I need done, I will draw about myself the people who can co-operate with me upon a basis of equality and affection, every member of whom shall receive a *pro rata* share of earnings according to the services of each. If after that I must have help, I will hire the time of others by the hour, because the man who works for us by the hour has his home, his centre where he is permitted to express for himself a part of the day at least the life that is his. This is not possible where a servant occupies the back bedroom, makes her ingress and egress by the back door, receives her company in the kitchen and lowers the voice at all times to suit the convenience of a mistress. Were we not victims of a system, I would say shame on a woman who would ask it and shame on a woman who would comply, and as it is, I say shame on those who uphold the present system of what we are pleased to term 'the hired-girl question.' The food preparer should be on terms of harmony and affection with those for whom she cooks. Food prepared in a kitchen where jealousy, anger, hatred or wounded feelings reign supreme cannot be good for those who partake of it. These things influence us far more than we dream of their doing. I want no one in my kitchen who does not do my work with affectionate regard for me and I want no one in my kitchen who does not feel herself my equal in the rights of independent thought and action."

This and much more I heard at Carmel-by-the-Sea. Carmel is essentially a literary place. It is the chosen home of George Sterling, the poet, Michel Williams, Grace McGowan Cooke, Mary Austin, James Hopper, Chris Jorgensen, and several other well-known authors and artists. Hence people know enough to respect the time, privacy and work of others, so that while there is the most genial and Bohemian feeling and atmosphere, each one is able to work away freely and without fear of interruption. Her son is an expert in breeding high-grade chickens, ducks, geese, Belgian hares, etc., and she finds constant delight in the love the baby creatures (and the older ones also) freely give to him. For they climb all over him when he goes into their yards, and show everything but fear at his presence.

Here is where Mrs. Munger is living for the time being with her two adopted sons. The eldest of these is of an artistic temperament, and finding a barn on the place he bought, renovated it, and fixed it up so that it "makes a first-class work-shop for Mother." The walls were lined with malthoid roofing, the wainscot is of unfinished lumber oiled a dark brown, the windows have been put in rather high on one end and side, with a broad shelf beneath and plenty of bookshelves beside the windows; there are a few pictures on the walls, among them the original of "Elizabeth" at the post office window, by Thomas Fogarty, the young New York illustrator, and near the windows are her working tables, one of which holds her typewriter and the other her broad sheets of paper and a sheaf of pencils in a bronze vase brought from Hong Kong. Here Mrs. Munger lives the simple life she advocates. She rises early, summer and winter, takes a cold plunge, takes her breathing exercises, prepares breakfast with her own hands, and after the meal is eaten gets herself into a writing mood by washing her dishes. "It is the best means on earth for concentrating upon other things if not made a Moloch of," she says. Each day she tries to write at least fifty pages of manuscript in long hand to be turned over to the typist for copying, though she has written as high as a hundred and twenty-five pages when the pressure from within was intense.

Her method of work is different from that of any author I have ever known. After deciding upon her plot and having characterized her main characters, she writes the simple action of the narrative which comes pouring out so fast that her pencil can hardly keep pace with her thoughts. The better the work, the higher the rate of speed. When the frame-work of her story is completed, she lays it away for months—or years, as she did in "The Wind Before the Dawn"—and then after taking this long time to meditate on the springs of action her story moves from, she brings out the manuscript and leisurely inserts her "psychology." In other words, she analyzes the actions and impressions of her characters, deciding why they did so and so and what effect it would have on others and upon the theme, and inserts into her text whatever she feels necessary to its elucidation.

The boys enter into her scheme of work, the eldest doing her typewriting, while the little fellow of thirteen makes his own bed, lights the fires, dusts, sweeps, helps cook or wash the dishes, and has been taught that for Mother to get a handful of kindling would be a disgrace to his as well as her fair name. Mrs. Munger believes that it is a good thing for every man to know how to cook and do for himself those things which contribute to his own welfare, and has never sewn a button on for him since he was five years old, as she said with a twinkle in her eye, "It makes him more careful that they do not come off when he himself has to sew them on." One picture in her study which this little fellow loves is a framed copy of Mary Ellen Sigsbee's little magazine illustration called "Weeds." In it there are four little children sitting on the curb outside of a big flower garden. One has the world-weariness of centuries of burden-bearing in her face, the second has been stupefied by overwork while yet a babe, the third, while stunted, frail and anemic, is yet full with passionate mother-love for the baby she cuddles tenderly to her. They are unkempt and unkept, while across the fence a trained gardener cultivates and lavishes love on stately tulips and vivid blooming flowers. The little "Weeds" wait patiently without the pale. The potency of the appeal of this picture to Mrs. Munger will be understood when I recall that one of the first articles she ever wrote was signed, "Yours for a world where every child shall be given a chance." The little boy in Mrs. Munger's home is being given a chance.

Mrs. Munger is now busily engaged upon her second book, which is to come out this fall, and which deals with the freedom of women from a different standpoint from that of "The Wind Before the Dawn." This time a woman of middle age secures freedom in a more subtle way, and only because there are threatening things in her daughter's life; but through the book will run the story of good men like Luther Hansen, as well as the story of the oppressor. Mrs. Munger openly declares that she has little if any use for the woman who uses all her gifts for the whipping of men. She holds that the individual man is the victim of the system as well as the individual woman, that man is enslaved as well as woman, and that the thing to do is to acquaint ourselves with the means of changing the system, since neither man nor woman is free unless both are free. "My aim in the new book is to push the curtain a little further back and try to see woman's life in its larger aspects, which must be done before anything can be done for either man or woman."

When I asked Mrs. Munger what books she had been most influenced by, she gave me the following list, which is a significant one. "Towards Democracy" by Edward Carpenter, "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman; "The Death in the Desert," by Browning; "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair; "Mill on the Floss" by George Eliot; and Howells' "Rise of Silas Lapham"; Emerson and Kipling. In speaking of Edward Carpenter's writings she pointed out his poem called "The Secret of Time and Satan" as one of the finest things she had ever read, and from Walt Whitman she read me the simple "Farm Picture"—"Through the ample open door of the peaceful country barn a sunlit pasture field with cattle and horses feeding, and haze and vista, and the far horizon fading away," saying that it was one of her dreams to write some day a story dealing with the beautiful side of farm life, which should give peace and joy instead of misery and heartache, which should be what it seemed when she tagged her brother around the barnyard at milking time. Continuing she exclaimed "Oh! Those Nebraska evenings, those prairie sunsets. How often I have brooded over those words of dear old Walt's, as I enjoyed the colors in the sky at sundown, have listened to the crickets' song, my heart filled with the content of things, longing for the peace and content of things in my own life that Nature seemed to give to the wild things about us. Yes, the farm has a beautiful and a joyous side and some day I shall write about it as I know it and as it ought to be."

I believe that Mrs. Munger has a specific work to do. It is not necessary to agree with all that she says to see that she has the power to stimulate thought in others. There is need of thought, clear and unselfish thought, ere many of the problems of life are to be reasonably solved, and in what she gives to the world, I believe Mrs. Munger is helping toward that larger and better solution for which both men and women long and hope, and, knowingly or blindly, strive.

SEEKING REST

by Walt Mason

WORN out by the city's clangor, its thunder and roar and wail, "I'll go," I remarked, in anger, "away to some rural vale, away from the bustling legion, away from the crowded street, and then, in some peaceful region, find rest for my heart and feet."

Away to the farm I journeyed, away from the clanging mart, where long I had fought and tourneyed with ogres that break the heart. "Here now, in this place of quiet," I said, "I'll revive eftsoons; sound sleep and a wholesome diet of cabbage and milk and prunes, fresh beef from the cornfed heifers will strengthen my shattered nerves; there's nothing like country zephyrs; there's naught like the farmer's curves."

I went to my couch serenely when shadows of evening fell, and all through the long night meanly the watchdog did bark and yell; he sat 'neath my attic casement and howled for his misspent life, in spasms of self-abasement that rended him like a knife. I threw him the water pitcher, I tossed him the old arm chair; more eloquent grew, and richer, his melody of despair. Anon, when he ceased his moaning, to give his tired throat a rest, the windmill kept up a groaning that harrowed my stricken breast. Oh, everything near was squeaking and everything raised a yell; the vane on the barn was shrieking like men in a torture cell; the gates on their rusty hinges screamed forth, as in dire affright—the heart in my bosom cringes whene'er I recall that night.

At last, as the night was going, I sank in a troubled sleep; then roosters began their crowing in clarion tones and deep; and dozens of hogs and horses, and dozens of mules and cows—all careless of what remorse is—and dozens of tenor sows turned loose with a morning chorus that shattered the welkin's frame. I cried: "By the blue skies o'er us, I'm tired of this rural game! A dose of that barnyard ditty is worse than a term in jail. It's me for the good old city, where quiet and peace prevail!"

PADRE BERNARDO'S *Peacemaking Conspiracy*

by

Harold De Polo

Author of "Padre Bernardo's Birthday Cake," "Padre Bernardo's Christmas Dinner," etc.

FOR the last two months the calm and serenity of the little village of La Cruz Blanca had been dispelled, causing the gentle Padre Bernardo to undergo many sorrowful and unpleasant hours, as he disliked, above all else, anything which disturbed the natural peace of his dear children. And the strife which held sway now, indeed, threatened to disrupt the community once and for all. Ah, yes, countless times had he gone over his worn, wooden beads as he prayed to the good *Dios* above to quiet matters; for truly the situation was most disagreeable.

Tomaso Ibañez and Blasco Velez, two fast, lifelong friends whose love for each other was known far and wide, had quarreled—quarreled most grievously—and their friendship had turned into bitter enmity. It was the more embarrassing for them as they found it necessary to spend their days so close to each other, as well as most annoying for all the villagers who dealt with them. Tomaso owned the little grocery store on the single wide street the town boasted; while directly opposite him Blasco presided over the butcher shop the village was so proud of. Not *all* small towns, it must be known, had a shop that sold meat and meat only; but Blasco Velez, to tell the truth, also made money from his several acres of waving corn. Anyway they *did* have a shop!

But what had they quarreled about? . . . Ah, *caramba*, what had they quarreled about, eh? . . . It was a question which made the eyes sparkle, the face grow red, the speech become loud, the hands to be raised and clenched and shaken! What had they quarreled about, indeed? Why, never in their lives had they been so insulted, so truly mortified, so fearfully hurt—never! Ah, that beast of a rogue who had said that he was a friend for those long years and had only been telling a falsehood! How disappointed they were; how they had nursed a viper in their bosoms; how . . . *Caramba*, no; never would they speak again—never, never, never! . . . Eh, what was the trouble? . . . Hah, by the *Dios* above them, but it was such a terrible thing that they dared not even whisper it! It—it— . . . *Bah*—rogue, rogue, rogue! . . . And that was all that anyone in the village knew; something terrible, of course, had been done—something too terrible to be repeated!

And then when someone tried to pacify them and say that perhaps the other had not *really* meant what he had said or done! What a storm it made—what a storm! . . . Why, were they trying to say that Tomaso or Blasco—as the case might be—

had been in the *right?* Were they trying to insinuate that *they* were the guilty party? *Hombre, hombre,* but be thou careful! Indeed, thou wert assailing their honor; yes, the honor of their sainted, long-dead ancestors, which was a *thousand* times worse than besmirching their own, bad as *that was!* . . . Oh, no; keep thy mouth closed if thou wouldst speak of that beast across the way—that beast without honor, without decency, without a heart! . . . What? It was not as bad as that? *Caramba, hombre,* but if it were not *thee* who was talking, perhaps there might be a dead man about the place—*seguramente!* Yes, indeed, that name must not be mentioned —*no, no, no!* . . . And that, again, was all the thanks anyone received who had generously tried to once more cement the long friendship which had been so suddenly and harshly terminated.

It was of this that Padre Bernardo thought as he walked through the little village, driving Pepe ahead of him with his baskets filled with grain and provisions.

But how the Padre wished that the feud between Tomaso and Blasco might be patched up. Many times, alas, had he tried it with his soft words, and always without the least success. They both, when he broached the subject, almost lost their respect for him and became quite angry as they told of the other's faults. Also, it was quite embarrassing on Sunday mornings, when they came to hear mass, as they always sat directly opposite each other, where they had sat for many years; and neither could be prevailed upon to give up his place. What, would they show themselves cowards? Oh, no—no! Why, it would be like admitting their guilt; admitting that the other had been right in their terrible quarrel! Thus the good Padre was always answered when he tried to make them listen to reason and tell them how very, very wrong it was to hold enmity toward any man. So he found it necessary to put up with their trouble, feeling very sad, though, as he noticed that they paid more attention during the service to the deadly looks they exchanged than to what he was saying. Also, he saw that *others* were beginning to pay more attention to them! . . . Ah, yes, truly it was a most heart-breaking situation, and he vowed that he would again try to persuade them that it was better to be friends.

Presently he came to the point where the two stores were situated, and Tomaso Ibañez, round, fat, of a naturally sunny disposition, called gaily out to him and wished him a happy morning. Then, from across the way there came Blasco Velez, thin, tall, also of a sunny disposition, asking him whether or not he enjoyed good health. But before the gentle Padre could answer, the butcher and grocer caught sight of each other. Their faces became somber, their foreheads frowning, and they glared back and forth like wild beasts; then, with a scornful twist of the lips they slowly and with as much dignity as possible, turned their backs and entered their respective shops. All of which caused the good Padre to shake his head dolefully and wish that matters were different—for, ah, how deplorable it is to see two people who have been the best of friends turn into the bitterest of enemies! Quite the saddest thing that one can imagine, almost! And, with a heavy sigh, he made his way into Tomaso's store in order to make a few purchases.

"Well, kind Padre," said Tomaso Ibañez, as the former was about to leave with his package, "I suppose that you will now have to buy some meat, eh? Ah, well, I pity your having to deal with such a frightful person!" And he turned up his big ball of a nose with infinite scorn.

The Padre's round, genial face became exceedingly grave, and into his merry eyes there crept a soft, rebuking look. "Ah, Tomaso, my dear friend," he said gently, leaning over the counter, "truly thou art wrong in bearing enmity—truly! Why, dost thou think that the good *Dios* who watches over all would be pleased? Ah, no—ah, no! Come, now—come and let me take thee over to Blasco and make thee both the good friends thou once wert. Eh, *hombre,* but it is foolish to quarrel—come," and the peaceful Padre held out his hand appealingly and smiled his biggest, sunniest smile.

But he was answered as he had been many times before. The grocer's large face swelled to the bursting point and he became very angry. "I—I—I promise you, kind Padre Bernardo, that I shall never in my life speak to that rogue across the way, I—"

"What, what, what?" broke in the Padre, laughing pleasantly. "Why, surely thou art mistaken. Not a better man lives than Blasco Velez, and I am sure that he still loves thee! Why—"

But Tomaso interrupted hotly, "Pardon me, Padre Bernardo, it is not my lack of respect for you, but it is the terrible anger which grips me! I—I say that never in my life will I speak with that scoundrel—yes, scoundrel!" And he shook his head emphatically.

So the Padre, with a huge sigh, left the little store as he had many times during the last two months, having to admit that his gentle words and kind efforts could do nothing at all in the patching up of the Ibañez-Velez disturbance.

He took a long time—much longer than was necessary, in fact— to place his bundle in one of the baskets which hung on either side of his burro, for a thought had suddenly entered his head that caused him to furrow his brow as he gave it his entire attention. . . . Why, why—*really* it seemed most plausible—indeed, but it did! Most plausible! Yes, if kindness and reason could do nothing, he would see what something else might do! It—it— . . . Of course, perhaps it was not just the right step to take, and undoubtedly it was a thing which the good *Dios* above might not like; but certainly his indulgent Master would pardon a few untruths and harsh words if they were for the ultimate benefit of two of his children! Surely it would be well—surely! Anyway, it would do no *harm* to try it, that was certain; for truly the situation could *not* be worse than it was at present—*no!* But—but would he be doing right—would he? He would do penance, though, for the things he would have to say! Yes, surely his Master would pardon him, for was it not for the ultimate good of two souls? . . . So the dear Padre, his round face creased in smiles and his bright eyes dancing happily, entered the butcher shop of Blasco Velez in order to begin his conspiracy at once.

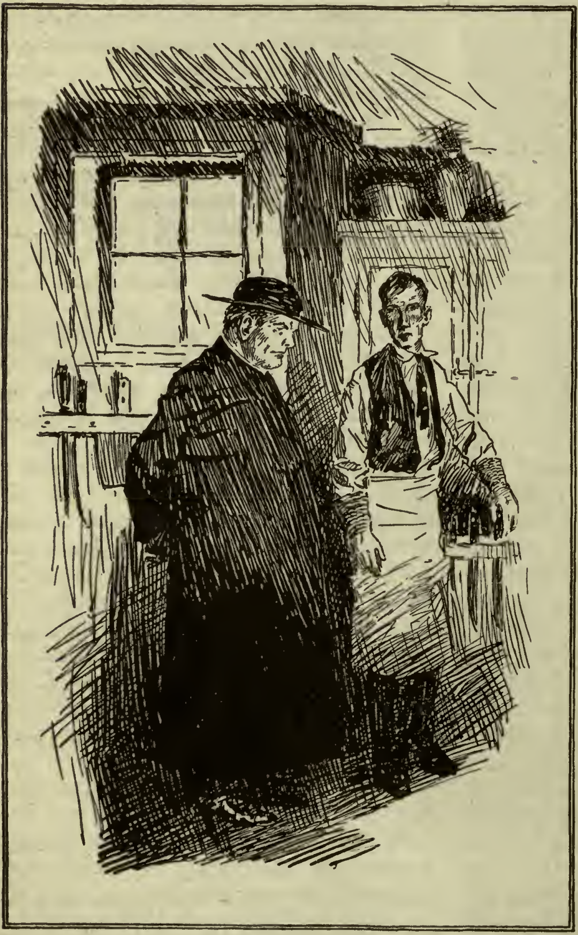
Before even the time of day was passed the proprietor broke out in a tirade against the shopkeeper across the way, striking the chopping block heavily with his meat hatchet to lend zest and force to his words. "Hah, Padre Bernardo, truly it must be very disagreeable for you to have to deal with that person across the way. Ah, *Dios mio*, but what a villain he is—what a villain! All the vices in the world are combined in him—all of them! Bah—he is a cheat, a hypocrite, a liar, a false friend, a—ah, yes, chiefly he is a false friend! *Caramba*, to treat a lifelong friend so—to—indeed, good Padre, you do not know of what villainies he is really capable—no!" And the long, thin tradesman, with a pucker of disgust on his lean countenance, shook his head knowingly, as if he, forsooth, were the only one who knew just what a despicable character Tomaso Ibañez really possessed.

The good Padre always had told Blasco that he was wrong and tried to soothe him; but now, before he spoke, he murmured a hasty, fervent prayer of forgiveness for what he was about to say. It was hard, indeed, to utter the words in his natural voice, yet he succeeded in doing so fairly well. "Ah, my dear friend Blasco," he said sadly, "indeed but I *do* know what a—a villain Tomaso Ibañez is—indeed I do," and he paused and looked at the floor with a sigh on his lips, shaking his head with a gesture which implied that *he* knew even *more* of the grocer than did the man before him; but at the same time he watched the other out of the corner of his eye.

The butcher's face was the personification of astonishment. He stepped back from his block and stood there gazing vacantly at the Padre, his mouth open, his eyes wide, and his body so rigid that he might suddenly have been turned into stone.

"Ah, yes," continued the Padre, at the same time reminding himself of the penance he must do for his words, "thou art quite right when thou assertest that no villany is too black for Tomaso Ibañez—quite right! Bah, the shameful way he has treated thee, the frightful manner in which he took advantage of thy long friendship, the wrong which can never be repaired, the—ah, me, I have said enough! But truly, Blasco—truly thou shouldst never speak to him again," and the Padre raised his head and nodded it firmly. Dear *Dios* above, though, pardon him for those horrible words—pardon him! They were for the ultimate good of two souls!

Padre Bernardo was vastly pleased with the other's answer, when the butcher had regained his presence sufficiently to enable him to speak. "Do—do you really think so, Senor Padre?" he asked, his voice just a trifle troubled and a little frown of annoyance on his brow. Why, ever since the quarrel no one had done a thing but try to tell him how *good* his former friend really was!


"Ah, my dear friend Blasco," he said sadly, "indeed but I do know what a—a villain Tomaso Ibanez is—indeed I do," and he paused and looked at the floor with a sigh on his lips

"Yes, my dear Blasco," replied the Padre with a sigh, but wondering what *under* the sun their quarrel might have been. "Truly he treated thee in a way that was indeed most terrible. Ah, it hurts me to think of it—it does! To treat *thee* so, when it was *he* who began the quarrel! Ah, never did I dream—*dream*—that he was so thoroughly bad!" Heavens, what words to say—what words! *Dios* forgive him!

Once more he was pleased with the result—ah, how pleased! Blasco stepped forward, took his hatchet in hand and played nervously with it on the block. His face was red and a bit angry, and his voice was low and gruff. "Oh, I do not know, Padre Bernardo. I—I tell you that we were *both* a little to blame. I say so in justice only; and—and perhaps I *was* a little bit foolish to say that he was *quite* such a villain. I—I remember several nice things he has done. I—we were friends for a long time, you know! I—I cannot believe that the poor fellow is *such* a rogue! Hem! Poor Tomaso—poor Tomaso!"

The Padre, although it pained him greatly to say so, rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "So-o-o-o-o?" he muttered, in that way which plainly says one does not believe a single word of what has been told to one.

The butcher's voice was not his usual cheery one; it was, in fact, quite rough—rougher than any voice the Padre had ever heard addressed to him. "Yes, Senor Padre, I do not think that Tomaso is such a villain, I— . . . Oh, well, maybe *I* was the one that was at fault! Maybe—" He stopped abruptly. "But what can I do for you, Senor Padre?"

And when, a few minutes later, the good Padre Bernardo left the store, he told himself that he fully believed matters would be nicely patched up within a week or so, even if he should, for a short time, make two enemies out of two friends. And it was not until he reached the steep hill leading to his little church that he allowed himself to laugh; but then he did, long and loudly and freely, as he thought of the peculiarity of human nature. Then, as he remembered the terrible things he had said, he suddenly stopped and chided himself angrily for having such an abominable sense of humor. So, his face grave, he crossed himself and dropped his head, uttering a prayer to the indulgent *Dios* above to forgive him for his many, many faults; especially for those words of calumny that he had spoken but a few minutes ago. Pardon him, though—pardon him; for they were for the ultimate good of two souls.

* * *

The next morning, bright and early, the Padre found an excuse for going into the village and making a purchase at the store of Tomaso Ibañez. It took him, though, a very, very long time before he arrived at his destination, for at every single hut that lay in his path, he entered the door and stayed inside for several minutes, talking quite earnestly. Then he would come forth with a great smile on his face and a curious sort of twinkle in his eye. Ah, but by the good *Dios* above, he would patch up that Ibañez-Velez quarrel if it was the last thing he ever did in the world.

On entering the grocery he was met with the usual salutation that had been made many times during the last two months. "Hah, dear Padre Bernardo," said the proprietor, his fat, moon-face puckered with a pout, "I see that you had to go into the store of that Blasco Velez yesterday, eh? Ah, me—what a pity it is that we have not another butcher—what a pity! Truly, it must be very disagreeable to have to deal with such a person. Such a rogue, such a villain, such a monster, such a false friend! Ah, yes, dear Padre, I truly feel sorry for you when you have to buy your meat from such a fearful man!" And the short, fat grocer folded his arms on his paunch and looked compassionately at his customer.

Padre Bernardo's genial face became grave and his eyes changed their expression of merriment to one of sadness. "Ah, yes, my dear Tomaso," he said, his voice sounding very doleful with the long, loud sigh he emitted. "Indeed it *is* a shame that I have to deal with such a person as Blasco Velez—indeed, it is! Ah, me, how I wish that there was another butcher in our little village of La Cruz Blanca! All that thou hast said of the one we have is quite true—quite true." And again, as yesterday, the dear Padre muttered a fervent prayer of forgiveness for uttering such abominable things.

Although Blasco Velez yesterday had been surprised at the Padre's answer, it was nothing to the way in which it affected Tomaso Ibañez. The fat grocer jerked himself back from the counter with a start which nearly upset him; his cheeks puffed out, his eyes almost popped from his head, his breath came very fast, and there was such a look of utter incredulity on his face as to make it difficult for the Padre to hold back his laughter.

"W-w-w-w-what—*what!* . . . I—" he stuttered.

Padre Bernardo gazed at the ceiling, apparently unheedful of the other's words. "Ah, yes," he continued, his voice bitter, "thou art quite right, my Tomaso, when thou sayest that Blasco Velez is a villain—quite right! Bah, the shameful way he has treated thee, the frightful manner in which he took advantage of thy long friendship, the wrong which can never be repaired, the—ah, me, I have said enough! And truly, Tomaso—truly I do not blame thee for feeling angry. No, peaceful as I am, I do not believe that I would ever again speak to such a person—never, never, never!" And the Padre brought down his head and gazed into the face of the grocer, folding his arms and striking an attitude that made him look exceedingly stern. . . . *Dios* above him, pardon him for those words—pardon him. For the ultimate good of two souls—for the ultimate good! Pardon him! . . .

Tomaso's answer pleased him as much—or even more—as had that of Blasco. The grocer finally resumed an almost normal look as he puffed very quickly two or three times; and then, eyeing the Padre suspiciously, he spoke with just a trace of annoyance in his voice: "Hem! You—you really believe so, Padre Bernardo? You—hem!" *Caramba*, everyone had always told him how wrong he was, and here was the gentle Padre saying that Blasco, once his dear, *dear* friend, was really the villain he had said he was!

"Yes, my dear Tomaso," answered the Padre, wishing that he might know what the quarrel was about, "truly he treated thee shamefully. Ah, it pains me to remember it—it pains me! To treat *thee* so, when it was *he* who began the quarrel! Ah, never did I dream—*dream*—that he was so thoroughly bad!" Again the poor Padre prayed forgiveness for his terrible calumnies.

Tomaso puffed out his cheeks in anger, and his deep-set eyes glinted most fiercely as he spoke in a thick, growling voice, his face as red as a beet. "Oh, well, Señor Padre, you must remember that I may have said some harsh things in my anger that I did not mean. I—we—I really do not think that poor Blasco is so *very* bad. I—maybe I, too, was to blame just a little. I—*caramba*—maybe I was *more* to blame, to tell the truth. I—I was wrong to say that he was such a villain. I— . . . Why, once we were the best friends in the whole big world, and—and it is hard to forget—very hard! Ah, yes—poor, unfortunate, hasty-tempered Blasco, what good times we did have together! Yes, I—hem! Ah, maybe I *was* more to blame!" And the grocer looked as if he would have sprung on the first man who would dare to speak ill of Blasco, feeling angry, for the first time in his life, with the kind and gentle Padre Bernardo.

The Padre, muttering a short prayer, went through the same gesture and word as he had with Blasco. "So-o-o-o-o?" he drawled out.

The grocer spoke hotly. "Padre Bernardo, I—I *know* that I wronged Blasco! *I* was the one who made the quarrel—I am *sure*. Poor Blasco—poor dear, lovable Blasco—how badly I treated him!" He stopped, his face growing redder and redder every moment as perspiration literally dripped from him, while his chest heaved with anger. "What—what may I give you, Senor Padre?" he finally asked, his voice exceedingly surly.

Again, as yesterday, the Padre felt much pleased when he left the store after his interview—more pleased than he had been with the butcher, in fact. For Tomaso, being a simpler soul, had shown him more clearly that what they both longed for was that their former friendship might be resumed. Ah, *Dios*, how queer the world was—how very, *very* queer! Here were two men who spoke terribly of each other; and the moment another did so, they became wildly angry. Ah, never mind, he would patch matters up, that was positive, thank the *Dios* above, and the little village of La Cruz Blanca would once more be peaceable. But—but may his dear, indulgent Master excuse him from the horrible untruths that were necessary in order to end the Ibañez-Velez feud that was so bad for the quiet and good-will of the community.

* * *

Padre Bernardo's peacemaking conspiracy went along with wonderful success during the next few days. All with whom the Padre had spoken—man, woman and child—did not wait an instant, after entering either the butcher or grocer shop, before starting in to malign the proprietor across the way, as the case might be. So much so, indeed, that both Tomaso and Blasco were now well-nigh wild with rage at almost every soul in the entire village. They spent most of their time, not in serving customers, but in arguing fiercely with them as to the many merits and virtues possessed by their enemy, whom everyone seemed bent on dubbing a rogue, or a villain, or a monster, or a false friend. But yet, strange to say, they did not show the least change to each other, and still went on scowling and turning up their noses and casting deadly glances across the little street.

Ah, yes, the good Padre Bernardo was vastly pleased with the way matters were going, even if he did have to spend most of his time doing penance for his many untruths. But, as he stood in front of his white, red-tiled church on the first Sunday after he had commenced his conspiracy, watching his dear children conversing in groups preparatory to going down the hill to their homes, he felt sure that now was the time to try and end, once and for all, the Ibañez-Velez feud. And so, with an amused chuckle going on inside him, he looked about the gay, chattering crowd in search of one or the other of the principals. Presently he spied Tomaso Ibañez, resplendent in a gorgeous *zerape* and new *sombrero*, and called gaily out to him.

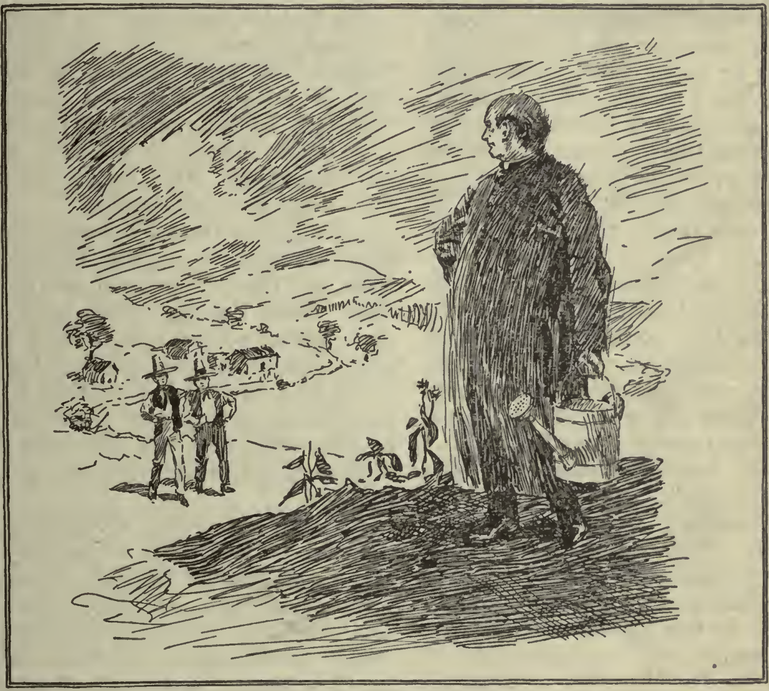
"Oh, Tomaso, could I speak with thee for a moment?"

The grocer, with a worried frown on his face, made his way slowly to the Padre's side. "*Buenos dias*, Senor Padre," he said, but without his usual joviality.

"*Buenos dias, mi hijo*," answered the Padre happily. But then, muttering a prayer for forgiveness and lowering his voice, he laid his hand on Tomaso's shoulder and looked at him gravely, speaking kindly. "Ah, Tomaso, I was glad to see *thee* so calm and gentle at mass when that terrible Blasco Velez was looking at thee with such deadly glances. Ah, yes, my dear Tomaso, thou didst behave well—very well—not to mind his angry looks." Again the poor Padre prayed. For, dear *Dios* above, this morning, for once, the two had been as quiet as mice!

If it had not been Sunday, if there had not been such a crowd about, and if it were anyone else but him, the good Padre really believed that Tomaso Ibanez would have completely lost his head. As it was, even, he clenched his hands and his large face became the color of a deep red apple. Then, with a monstrous puff of anger he emitted in a hiss, "Senor—Senor Padre! Were it—were it not—not that it—it was —was *you*—I— . . . Anyway—*I say that I am entirely to blame for everything!*" And, turning suddenly, he walked off to mingle with the crowd, causing the dear Padre to shake his head sadly and wish that such harsh measures were not necessary in order to make them friends.

Then, after he had told Roberto Valdez, one of his most beloved children, to somehow manage to bring Tomaso close to him when he saw him speaking with Blasco Velez, he looked about in search of the latter. When he discovered the long,



They came upon him as he was watering a bed of flowers beside his little church lean form rising a head higher than the group with whom he was conversing, he called merrily out to him:

"Oh, Blasco, couldst thou come here just a moment?"

The butcher also walked forward with a slow step and a scowl, sensing something unpleasant. "*Buenos dias*, Senor Padre," he said; his voice, too, a trifle low and gruff.

"*Buenos dias, mi hiio*," replied the Padre joyously, his round face beaming with pleasure. Immediately, though, it took on the same somber look as it had when he spoke with Tomaso; and his voice, too, was low and soothing as he placed his hand on Blasco's shoulder. "Ah, my dear Blasco, I was glad to see *thee* so calm and gentle at mass, when that terrible Tomaso Ibañez was looking at thee with such deadly glances. Ah, yes, Blasco, thou didst behave well—very well—not to mind his angry looks." May his dear Master forgive him those words—those frightful words which brought such pain to his big heart when he uttered them. Oh, well—for the ultimate good! He was glad, though, as he noticed Tomaso standing close by with young Roberto.

The lean butcher undoubtedly also noticed the proximity of his former friend, and he spoke up with a voice that was high and shrill. "No, Senor Padre,—I—I think that you are wrong—that you wrong him! I tell you that *I* am the one who was all at fault in our quarrel—and *not* my dear Tomaso!"

* * *

This was the chance that each had been waiting for; and, as Blasco had already taken advantage of it, so Tomaso now grasped his own opportunity. Breaking away from the side of Roberto, he rushed swiftly over to the Padre, his face beaming and red, his eyes wide and tearful, his mouth open in a monstrous smile.

"What—*what?* Did I hear thee say, my dear Blasco, that *thou* wert at fault—*thou?* . . . No, no—a thousand times no! It was I—*I*, *I*, *I*—I and I alone. Ah, Blasco! My dear, dear, *dear* friend!"

The butcher, his thin face happy, stretched forth his arms and spoke in a joyous, trembling voice. "No, Tomaso—*no! Ten* thousand times no—I say! It was I—*I*, *I*, *I*— and no one else. My dear, kind, noble friend!"

"Blasco—Blasco!" cried Tomaso, and forthwith circled the other's lean stomach with his pudgy arms. "I tell thee that never would we have fought had it not been for others—hem, others who spoke against us and tried to goad us on." He paused and cast an accusing glance at the Padre, and once more shouted the name of his friend in heartrending accents. "Blasco—Blasco—Blasco!"

The butcher, too, eyed the Padre with an angry frown. "Ah, yes, my noble Tomaso," he said, bending far over so that he might embrace his companion, "thou art, indeed, right when thou sayest that others caused us to have such a terrible quarrel. Ah, Tomaso—my good, kind, noble, generous Tomaso!"

And so, with Tomaso's short, stout arm doing its best to encircle Blasco's thin waist, and Blasco's long, slim arm reaching down about Tomaso's thick neck, these two marched off down the steep hill with great dignity, utterly ignoring the kind Padre who had patched up their trouble, and vowing, indeed, that it was he—and he alone—who had been the cause of the temporary halt in their long, true and tried friendship.

But the gentle Padre Bernardo did not care, for he knew that before very long they would come to him and tell him that they understood! Ah, *Dios*, once more the world was happy, once more tranquillity would reign in the little village of La Cruz Blanca, once more all would be well in his small church during the Sunday mass! How happy he was! how very, very happy! . . . But then, with a sigh, he remembered what he had done and what he had said in order to bring peace to the community; and so, with a hasty step, he made his way into his little church to pray to the good, indulgent *Dios* to forgive him.

* * *

The very next day, before the village of La Cruz Blanca was entirely awake, the Padre received a visit from the two who had but yesterday been so angry with him. They came upon him as he was watering a bed of flowers beside his little church; each with a bundle in his arm, each with a hanging head, each with a scarlet face, and each with the most sheepish voice that the good Padre had ever heard.

"*Bue—buenos—buenos dias*, Se—Senor Padre," they chorused, in very low tones.

"Well, well, well," cried the Padre, laughing his infective laugh and smiling his infective smile, "and truly I am glad to see thee both! How do we find ourselves this gorgeous morning, eh?"

For a moment neither answered. But then, with a brave effort, Blasco disentangled his arm from that of his friend and stepped nearer. "Dear Padre Bernardo," he said, "I—we now see what—what fools we were! And—and the fearful way we—we treated you! And—and we are sorry—we—we thank you for being so kind! Ah, Padre, you are so good—so good!"

"Yes, dear Padre—yes!" broke in Tomaso, coming forward. "We—we thank you with all our hearts! We—we would have been fools for who knows how long had it not been for you—we—"

"Eh, don't speak of it—don't speak of it," said the kind Padre, his voice soft with emotion and his eyes a trifle blurred.

The two looked up and smiled happily. Blasco then held out his bundle. "Padre, I had a wonderful leg of lamb that I thought you might please accept from me. And—and here are a dozen candles to burn before the Virgin. I—"

"*Gracias—gracias*," muttered Padre Bernardo, his heart full and his voice low.

"And—and here are another dozen candles, dearest Padre—big ones," broke in Tomaso. "And—and I thought that perhaps you might—might be so kind as to accept these few little delicacies. I—ah, Padre, you will never know how glad we are that you fixed our horrible quarrel."

"*Gracias—gracias*," replied Padre Bernardo, his heart fuller than ever and his eyes quite wet. Ah, *Dios*, what good children he had—what dear, kind, generous children! How simple they were—how innocent and simple! Ah, but he was glad that he had patched up the quarrel—indeed, indeed he was. But what good children—what very good children! . . . Then, deciding that he would really be justified in doing so, he asked a question that had long been troubling his curiosity.

"May—may I ask what it was that made thee both quarrel?" he said, a gentle smile on his round, genial face.

Blasco started, scratched his head, and looked vacantly at Tomaso. Tomaso started, scratched his head, and looked vacantly at Blasco. Then, very suddenly, they both broke out into a loud, long laugh. "*Dios mio*," they cried in unison, "I promise you, Padre, that I do not remember."

And the good Padre Bernardo, thinking of the trouble he had gone to, felt that he would be perfectly right in allowing his mirth a free rein, and throwing back his head and folding his hands before him, he joined in their laughter with such heartiness that he quite drowned both their voices.

AND Hera's altar, Buddha's fane,
  Fair temples to the Sun,
Cathedral aisle and soaring strain,
The fountained mosque, the pilgrim train,
  But seek the Eternal One!
Earth yearns, through strife and wrong and woe,
  The perfect Lord to find and know.

—*Edna Dean Proctor*

Creating an Emergency Currency

by Judge S. F. Prouty

Member of Congress from Iowa

OUR present national banking and currency system has now been in operation for forty-seven years. Every candid man will admit that on the whole it has furnished us a safe, sane and fairly satisfactory currency. It certainly is better adapted to our needs and institutions than either of our experiments with the central banks of issue, and infinitely better than our state banks in existence just prior to our present system. It has, however, too patent defects that everyone who has carefully studied the system admits. It lacks, first elasticity; second, ready expansive power to protect the country against panics.

Numerous suggestions have been made for the remedying of these defects. The panic of 1907 revealed these defects more clearly than any former experience of this country. This attracted the attention of Congress, and in 1908 it passed what is known as the Vreeland bill which created machinery for temporary relief and protection, and provided for a Commission to study and report on a general revision of our banking and currency laws. The Commission reported in 1912 and accompanied its report with a proposed bill commonly known as the Aldrich measure. This proposed measure has now been before the public for more than a year, and it is perfectly apparent that it does not meet with the approval of the country, principally for the following reasons:

1. It is a complete revolution in our monetary system.

2. It is cumbersome and difficult to put in operation.

3. It concentrates both currency and credits.

4. It creates a real money oligarchy.

5. It takes away from the government the power to control the issue of currency and places it in the hands of a large private corporation.

6. It makes every bank of the country dependent upon this central bank called the National Reserve Association.

7. It ties up one-fifth of the capital of all subscribing banks in this Central Reserve Association, and in this manner deprives one-fifth of the capital of each bank of the power to earn more than five per cent.

8. It would diminish the amount of money for circulation about $300,000,000, or about forty per cent of our present bank currency.

9. It becomes the depository of all the government funds, and the government's sole fiscal agent, thus making the government absolutely dependent upon it in all its fiscal operations in times of war or peace. The government could not go to war without the consent and co-operation of this oligarchy.

10. The control of the government over it is a sham. It is true that the general governor is appointed by the President, but the selection must be made from one of the three persons recommended by this oligarchy. It is also true that the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Controller of the Currency are ex-officio members of the board of directors, but they do not constitute a majority nor a controlling force in the organization.

This scheme has in it, in my judgment, all the dangers of the old central bank, which proved so disastrous. I do not believe this country will ever again surrender its right to control, or at least supervise, the issue of currency. Everyone knows that values can be raised by inflating and reduced by contracting currency. This is too dangerous a power to be placed in the hands of any set of men not responsible directly to the people. So I feel safe in saying that the Aldrich plan cannot and will not be accepted by the masses of the people of this country, however ingenious it may be, or however effective it might become in correcting some of the evils of our system.

Every one who has carefully studied our financial history knows that our currency and banking system is fairly satisfactory except in times of panic. In such times our reserve system is such as to augment rather than alleviate the situation. As soon as banks begin to realize that there is danger ahead they begin to increase their reserves either by calling in loans or refusing credits. They do this to protect themselves, but it only accentuates the panicky atmosphere and causes depositors to withdraw their reserves from the banks.

Now, in my opinion, this whole trouble could be obviated by a system which will enable banks to quickly make liquid at least a part of their assets in times of trouble. The Vreeland bill provided a temporary instrumentality for this purpose. It provided in substance for the forming of bank associations with which banks could deposit their collateral and through the association secure government currency. This law has now been on the statute books about five years, and while there have been eighteen associations formed under it there has been no real issue of currency.

But we have had no panics during the existence of this law, and it is claimed by the best bankers of the country that its presence on the statue books has been sufficient to command confidence and thus prevent panics. But it expires next year and every thoughtful and prudent man realizes that something must be enacted in its stead. I feel that a plan ought to be adopted that would preserve all that is good in our present system with the addition of only such alterations as may be necessary to correct its apparent defects.

I have introduced in this Congress a bill which in substance authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury, acting through the Controller of the Currency, to have printed and deposited with the national banks, that have twenty per cent or more surplus and are in good financial condition, notes equal to forty per cent of the capital and surplus of such banks. This money is not to be put in circulation until signed by the officers of the bank and consent secured for its issue from the Controller of the Currency. This money is intended purely for emergency currency and would not be released by the Controller of the Currency unless an emergency required it. To deter the use of this money for expansive or speculative purposes by the banks, they are required to pay interest at the rate of five per cent on the amount issued for the first ninety days that it is outstanding, six per cent for the second ninety days, and after that time ten per cent. This would deter the banks from issuing it except in case of emergency and would require them to retire it as soon as that emergency had passed. When a bank desired to retire this currency it would be required to deposit with the Treasury or Sub-Treasury of the United States lawful money in an amount equal to that which it desired to retire. The Secretary of the Treasury would lock up this money and use it only for redeeming these outstanding notes. While the identical emergency notes would not all be canceled at once, an equal amount of other currency would be withheld from circulation, so there would be no real inflation of paper currency.

The government of the United States, instead of associations, guarantees this currency, but it in turn is made a lien upon all the assets of the bank. It is thought by some that this provision might alarm depositors, but I can see no reason for its doing so. When banks fail in times of panic it is the depositors that suffer most, and this emergency currency would be sufficient, in my judgment, to prevent panics and thus form a real protection to depositors. This lien is a part of the system of every European bank of issue, and is especially provided in what is known as the Aldrich system. It is also provided for in what is known as the Vreeland bill, except that the bank takes a certain part of its securities and deposits them as collateral.

The greatest criticism that will come to my measure will be from those who feel that the Federal Government ought not to guarantee this paper. But an examination and analysis of the history of the national bank system of this country will show that there is practically no danger in it to the Federal Government. This money is only to be issued to National Banks that have unimpaired capital and twenty per cent or more surplus and are in good healthy condition. These banks are at all times subject to the close scrutiny and examination of the Federal Government, and it should not and would not allow banks of doubtful resources to exercise this high function of issuing currency.

In the forty-seven years that our national bank system has been in operation there have been 525 failures. Had a similar law to the one I propose been in existence during all that time, the government would have been required to pay out only $2,432,553, or an average of $37,000 per year. This is based upon the proposition that all of these failing banks had issued the full amount of emergency currency provided for in my bill. Under the terms of my bill, if all the banks had availed themselves of it, there would be an issue of about $526,000,000. One-tenth of one per cent of this amount would yield $526,000, more than ten times the amount that would be necessary to reimburse the government for its prorata losses.

The showing since 1896 is still more favorable. In these sixteen years the government would have only been required to pay $197,963, or an average of $12,000 per year. One per cent interest would produce $5,260,000, so it is perfectly safe to say that the interest that the Federal Government would receive on these currency issues would many times reimburse it for any losses it might sustain by reason of having guaranteed the payment.

This plan is so simple and so safe that it seems to me it ought to be adopted. The country is already quivering under the proposed change in our tariff law. I sincerely hope that the country may be able to withstand its effect. but I doubt very seriously whether the country is in condition to stand the shock that would come from a readjustment of our entire monetary system such as is proposed in the Aldrich or any other general bill thus far introduced in Congress.

This bill would, in my opinion, entirely prevent panics and give real elasticity to our currency. It would place in the banks of the United States about $526,000,000 of money that could be instantly used in case of panic. It would take away from banks a nervous condition and they could at all times release their excessive reserves for the use of business. Banks would not get scared because they would know that they have in their vaults currency by which they could liquidize a part of their assets. This plan is certainly an improvement over the one contained in the Vreeland bill. It relieves any one bank from becoming liable for the obligations of another. It also relieves a bank from exposing its note case to the scrutiny and examination of competitors. It leaves every bank and every community in a position to manage and control its own affairs without dictation or espionage by anybody except the Federal Government. It prevents any locality from cornering money. It prevents the bankers of the country from expanding and contracting currency at will, as they are under the control of the Controller of the Currency who must pass on the exigencies that call for the circulation of this currency. If the danger to the business of the country can be thus easily removed, why at this time engage in an entire revolution of our monetary system with all its attendant uncertainty and disquietude?

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By George Ethelbert Walsh

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER XXI

HALLIWELL did not know anything for a long time. In the blank period of unconsciousness which followed he had queer dreams. He was wandering upon the face of the seas searching for Patricia. Then his quest led him through the clouds and down into the bowels of the earth.

Through it all there was a sharp sensation of pain. This seemed to stimulate him in his search, and on and on he plunged, but always baffled when victory seemed so near. He caught glimpses of Patricia's fair face, pale and partly hidden from him, and he cried out her name in an agony of fear.

Darkness supervened, and he was lost in some horrible, smoke-filled pit. The sun and sky were blotted out of existence for him. Blacky's hideous face glared at him, passion-marked, and gloating over his helplessness. At first Halliwell shrunk from the hideous countenance; then he started to his feet with a shriek. The man was strangling the life out of Patricia. He could stand it no longer. He rose in his might and grappled with the foe.

Gradually consciousness returned to him, and he opened his eyes as he sunk back in the arms of Mango, who had been struggling to hold him from rushing upon deck. He lay on his back perfectly still. It was dark, but through the gloom he could see a ray of light.

"Where am I, Mango?" he asked breathlessly.

"Down in the hatch, mister," the darky replied, watching him with doubtful eyes.

"How'd I get here?"

"Youse stumbled here when they shot you, an' then me an' missus nursed you."

"Oh, yes, they hit me," he replied, memory recalling the events. "But who was shooting back of us?"

Mango grinned.

"Missus an' I took a hand, an' it was us shootin'. Did youse think it was somebody else?"

"You drove them back? They didn't get here? Where is—"

A startled face peered down the hatchway. Halliwell gave an exclamation of joy, and started up the steps.

"Patricia! You—you—"

Then he stopped. He was strangely weak and wavering.

"Don't come up here, please!" she begged. "You must not."

"I'm all right now," he said weakly. "But—where are the men?"

"They're forward. They don't dare come back here. Mango and I wounded several of them. Red fell, and Sandy had to crawl away. Pete and Stumpy are the only ones not injured."

Halliwell stared incredulously at the speaker. She looked pale and careworn, for the strain had been intense, but her eyes were brave and shining.

"How long," he asked, "have I been unconscious?"

"Hours and hours. It seems as if it must have been days and weeks," she answered in a low voice.

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"And you and Mango have been on watch ever since?"

She nodded. Halliwell lurched up the steps determinedly.

"Then it's my turn!" he cried. "I'm going to take my watch, if—if—"

He reached the deck, but would have fallen had Patricia not supported him. He smiled weakly up into her face.

"What a weakling a little thing like a bullet can make of a man!" he murmured—"and all in a few hours."

"Oh, but you lost a lot of blood!" she quivered. "I—I thought it would never stop."

"You dressed it beautifully," said Halliwell, looking at the bandage tightly drawn across his shoulders.

Everything was still on deck. The crew were forward nursing their own wounds or holding a council of war. Halliwell soon learned of the events which had followed the shooting, after he fell. Patricia and Mango had opened such a steady fire on the men that they were forced to retreat.

While Mango watched above, she had dressed his wounds. When the fever set in he struggled and fought until Mango had to come to her assistance. Then for hours she had watched while the two had wrestled in the hatch below.

The scene was too dreadful to repeat. With the danger of another attack ever threatening, Patricia had guarded and listened while Halliwell raved and struggled in the torments of delirium. More than once it seemed as if human nature could stand the strain no longer, and the girl quivered and shook under the agony of mind and body.

Night was approaching—a calm, tropical night that would have been entrancing for its beauty if the savagery of men had not spoiled it. Ahead a fog bank had loomed up like a great mist rising out of the sea.

With night closing about them the three in the hatch were not sure that it was a fog or a storm cloud hugging the horizon. The crew had evinced a great interest in the sight, and for a long time Stumpy had been studying it through glasses. There was a subdued excitement among the crew, and for a time they seemed to lose all interest in their enemies cooped up in the stern.

The subdued glow of the sunset was followed by a brilliant twilight which bathed the phosphorescent sea in an uncanny, if beautiful, halo of purple shadows. The deepening twilight of the tropical evening foreshadowed the coming of the galaxy of twinkling gems that studded the zenith.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the stars popped out of the eternal blue, glinting and scintillating with all the brilliancy of meteors, and the great Southern cross emerged from the obscurity of the azure depth to rival the flash of the heaving sea. No lunar display had ever seemed quite so beautiful, nor quite so welcome. In the mighty white path dancing across the ocean all objects were made as distinct as though it were day.

Patricia gazed in awe and wonder at the sight. Even Halliwell forgot his pain under the witchery of the moment. Then he said, with his mind upon present difficulties:

"This moonlight will make our night watch easier."

"Yes," the girl answered, "I was afraid they would overcome us when darkness fell. But now the deck is as light as in the day."

"Let me watch a while," begged Halliwell. "You take a rest, while Mango and I stand guard."

But the night was too glorious for sleep. Patricia lay on the deck watching the moon and stars, and listened to the surge of the sea. Once or twice she nodded. She even slept at intervals, but for the most part all three remained awake.

The yacht slipped smoothly and noiselessly through the phosphorescent sea. Forward the disgruntled crew watched and waited, but their minds were not burdened by any witchery of the night. The lust of gold had partly softened their wounds of body and mind. The nearness of their treasure had awakened them to new excitement. Even the spirit of revenge had yielded temporarily to the passion of a great selfishness. As the night wore on, and the moon rode high in the heavens, they watched eagerly the mist bank that ever hung above the horizon ahead of them. As it failed to disappear or vanish into mist their hopes increased.

It was well toward morning before they attempted a half-hearted sortie. Pete and Stumpy crouched along the rail, keeping well within the shadow of the cabin and flattening themselves at times to avoid detection. It was undertaken in the hope that the weary foe was sleeping or at least lulled into a sense of security by the long silence of the crew.

Nearer and nearer the two men approached, and with every step their courage and ferocity increased. Their victims were unconscious of their approach. There was only a short intervening space of open deck to cross. A rush and a short, sharp battle would end all.

Stumpy touched Pete, and at the signal they started to rise for the final attack. It was well planned, and its execution was almost complete.

Halliwell, rousing himself from a doze by a sharp pain in his chest, started violently at the sight of two shadows darkening the deck twenty feet away. At first he was confused and puzzled. It seemed like a continuation of his feverish dreams. Then the shadows assumed gigantic size; they were rushing toward him; they were now upon him.

With a yell he sprang up. His right hand gripped his automatic. Without intelligent consciousness his fingers worked the weapon, and there poured from it a volley of leaden missiles that awoke the echoes of the night. He saw one of the shadows reel and topple; the other halted, and then slunk away. The fallen shadow appeared to move, slowly and painfully, but it was away from and not toward him.

Patricia, startled from her dreaming, leaped to her feet in a paroxysm of fear. Halliwell pulled her down behind the shelter just as a bullet whistled over her head. Mango was on his feet, too, firing blindly into the air.

But the battle was over. The first repulse had satisfied Pete and Stumpy that the foe was watchful and ready. They cursed each other for allowing themselves to be led into a trap. They were sure now that the repulse had been carefully planned, and instead of taking the enemy off their guard they had been lured into a position that made them easy targets for the guns.

If they only knew how near they had come to carrying the day! Halliwell shuddered as he recalled it. Nothing but the twinge of pain from his wound had awakened him in time.

He did not like to speak of it to the others. To Patricia's inquiring eyes he answered briefly:

"They tried to get us. But I think that will serve as a lesson for the night."

It did. There was no further attack. The night wore away. The moon departed, but its face was barely obscured by the horizon before the first streak of day appeared in the east. With a sigh of relief they watched the welcome signs of the rising sun as it pushed upward in great bars of spreading light.

Then as the sea became illuminated a cry of joy escaped their lips. The sight which met their eyes was enough to make the heart gallop and the breath to come in spasmodic gasps.

Chapter XXII

The sun rose out of the sea, bathing it with its golden-tinted rays. But it was not alone the sea that it lighted up with its magic. Directly ahead of them, apparently not more than half a mile distant, was a lovely, sun-lit island, its shores of coral and white sand, and its interior clothed with rich, tropical vegetation. Waving palm trees marked the dividing line between the coral beach and the richer soil of the higher levels.

They could hear the pounding of the surf on the reef that guarded the island on all sides. It was all like a magic picture of some necromancer—this island which had risen so suddenly out of the sea.

Forward Blacky and his crew were assembled in eager anticipation. To them the appearance of the island brought joy of a different nature. Here was the treasure trove of their search. They recognized it, and without stopping the engines the yacht circled the island to find an entrance between the coral reefs to the quiet lagoon that indented one side.

"Patricia!" Halliwell whispered. "It's the island—isn't it?"

The girl was looking with dry, feverish eyes at the shore, and his words fell unheeding on her ears. Halliwell understood and silently pressed her hand. What must this home-coming be to her! What memories it stirred within her! What would she find thereon to reward her for her years of toil and self-denial!

Suddenly the tears started in her eyes. "Oh, I can't look!" she cried excitedly. "I can't look! I—I—I'm afraid!"

Now that she had reached the goal of her endeavor she was afraid to cross it, fearful of the mute signs of the tragedy of long ago.

"Patricia, dear—"

Then Halliwell stopped; he could find no words to comfort her. What could a man say? He permitted her to sob while he petted her hands as though she were a child.

When the sobbing ceased she looked up at him with a wan little smile. "How foolish I am!" she murmured. "I must be brave. I—I—know that I may not expect to find them, but—"

"We never know what the future holds for us," Halliwell philosophized brokenly. "Hope is better than despair. If we're disappointed then we can say that we played the game well. Life is all that way."

In his soul Halliwell was convinced that the results of the trip could only be disappointing to the girl. It was inconceivable that a couple had existed alone on the island for upward of twenty years. Or if they still lived—

Halliwell shuddered, and in his heart prayed that death had mercifully released them from their sufferings long ago. A third of an ordinary life time marooned on a lonely island meant—well, the law of life was for man and beast to revert to primal instincts and conditions when freed from the control of others of their kind.

What would Patricia find if they still existed on the island? Halliwell had read of marooned sailors degenerating into wild beasts, or worse yet dragging out an existence of bestial insanity. The loneliness, the deprivation, the intense despair could mean only one thing. Some robust souls like the mythical Robinson Crusoe might rise superior to their environment and subjugate nature, but outside of fiction what data had anyone for believing such things. It would be more merciful for Patricia to find her parents dead than to meet them in flesh and blood, he reflected. Their ways and her ways were as far apart as the two poles; they were of the past, she of the present. Even the bonds of blood relationship could hardly be expected to bridge the gap.

Suddenly the yacht changed its course and swung directly toward the breakers that were curling and foaming on the edge of the coral reef. Between them was a channel of blue water artfully concealed from view, a few hundred feet away.

Ahead a deep gash in the hills marked the entrance to a quiet cove, where the crew proceeded to pilot the yacht with the skill of navigators who knew their bearings well. As they passed the coral reefs and entered the quieter waters, a full view of the beautiful scene was afforded.

Birds rose in flocks at their approach and soared high in the air with loud screechings. The white line of beach shone like ivory in contrast to the blue of the water and the green of the verdure in the background. Beyond, the hills rose in serried ranks of tropical luxuriance, the colors changing with each step upward.

Then as the eye followed the curve of the beach and the sky-line of hills, it was halted by the sight of an object that did not belong to the landscape. At a distance from the sea it might have been mistaken for a lonely palm tree waving its ragged fronds in the wind—a solitary sentinel on the hill-top.

But from their nearby position its character was easily defined. It was a white rag—a signal of distress—floating from the top of a dead tree stump.

Every eye was directed toward it. Even Blacky and his crew stared in amazement at this indication of human presence on the island. They looked from the flag into each other's eyes. What queries rose to their lips Halliwell never knew. He was conscious only of a pointing hand by his side, and then a white face was turned to him.

The next moment a little cry escaped Patricia's lips—a cry of mingled hope, joy and pain. She swayed an instant, and then reeled toward Halliwell. He caught her in his arms and held her there as she sobbed in hysterical abandon.

The yacht nosed its way up the quiet

cove under half speed, creeping warily through the blue waters to avoid any treacherous coral point that might trip her. As they rounded a point of headland that jutted far into the water the machinery stopped and the anchor chain rattled with a splash into the water.

But the yacht's momentum had not been checked before a cry of amazement went up from nearly every throat on board. The discovery of the flying signal was nothing to the startling sight which now met their gaze.

In swinging around the headland, a part of the beach and cove was opened to their view that had until then been concealed. The inner sweep of the coral beach took a sharp dip, and at the very middle of the crescent they saw the most amazing thing of all.

Huddled together on the shore, partly protected by the palm trees and surrounded by verdant flowers and creeping vines, were a dozen primitive houses, or rather huts made of the bark and fronds of the palms. The surprise of the crew was so great that they merely stared in open-eyed wonder. Halliwell gasped and Patricia gripped his hand with nervous energy.

"What does it mean?" she gasped.

Halliwell shook his head and replied:

"It's the wrong island. This one is inhabited by quite a colony."

"Then—then—"

Patricia, with her hopes suddenly dashed to earth, could not finish.

"I fancy Blacky and his crew are considerably disturbed about it, too," he said.

This was quite evident. A hasty consultation was being held forward. But while they talked and argued, a commotion started on the shore. From the huts a stream of men, women and children appeared. There was a wild shout from them, and hands were waved frantically as the people rushed from the huts to the shore.

A dozen small boats of home manufacture—canoes of bark and solid logs, rowboats clumsily fashioned, and lanteen-rigged sail-boats—were drawn upon the shore, and toward these the motley collection of people rushed.

Before Blacky or his crew could arrive at any decision, or even give the order to weigh anchor and retreat, the yacht was surrounded by the horde of small boats. They were manned by white people, and not by dusky savages. They were unmistakably men of European origin. Their costumes were strange and of scanty cut, with legs and arms bared and bronzed by the sun, and heads covered with cool palm-leaf caps.

They climbed up the sides of the yacht with the nimbleness of monkeys. When they stood there they turned first to Blacky and the crew, and welcomed them with cries of delight. Then seeing the group at the stern they rushed toward them.

One bronzed fellow seized Halliwell by the hand, and exclaimed:

"Welcome, welcome, friend! Welcome to Junta! How did you find us? It's the first ship that we've seen in a decade! Welcome! Welcome!"

The others crowded about them, and still others climbed up the steep sides of the yacht to join in the demonstration. They were like prisoners who had suddenly been given their first glimpse of daylight after years of darkness. They talked clamorously, almost incoherently, asking questions of the great outside world, but never waiting for a reply.

Patricia had stood apart, trembling and cowering before the invaders, gazing at them with half fearful eyes. Halliwell noticed her shrinking and approached her side with a quick step. Then remembering her great secret and mission, he turned to one of the men.

"Do you know of a man named Horace Shelton? Did he ever live here?"

For reply the men pointed forward. They did not speak, but their actions were plainer than words. Climbing over the side of the yacht was a stalwart blonde giant, with a patriarchal look in his mild blue eyes. He had been one of the last to reach the yacht.

"Captain Shelton—he's the head of our community."

The bronzed fellow who spoke smiled and waved his hand toward the late comer. Patricia uttered a little inarticulate cry and leaned heavily on Halliwell's arm.

"Then he—"

He did not finish. A strange scene was being enacted on the fore-deck of the yacht. The blonde giant had stopped suddenly; the smile of welcome on his lips vanished, and the blue eyes flashed a quick recognition. He drew himself up to his full height and gazed with terrible earnestness at the crew. He swept them from head to foot. Stumpy, Red and Pete retreated a pace. Sandy seemed to shrivel up and even Blacky trembled as though stricken by sudden fear.

Then the man spoke in a voice of denunciation: "So you've come back—after twenty years—for the gold! Blacky, you devil!—and you, Sandy, Red, Pete and Stumpy, and where's Jim? Is he here, too?"

He swept his eyes aft. They met the group of his own people clustered around the hatch. Then they returned to Blacky and his men. A smile parted his lips.

"Jim isn't with you?" he said. "Dead, perhaps—gone to pay his final reckoning for his crimes. I wish he could be here. I think he would appreciate this little welcome."

The bitterness suddenly died out of his voice. When he spoke again he seemed triumphant.

"Didn't expect to find me alive, did you Blacky?—and with friends? Well, you've waited a long time for the gold. I knew you would come for it in time. That's what I've waited for and lived for. Well, it's here, you devil!—waiting for you. Expected to take it away in this yacht, did you?"

He laughed harshly, but suddenly his face grew grave and serious. A flush of anger entered his eyes; the veins swelled on his forehead, and the great knotted muscles of arms and legs grew tense and taut.

He sprang forward, his hands working spasmodically as if eager to clench the throat of Blacky.

"Where's my baby?" he cried. "Where's my little girl—my—"

Blacky raised a hand to intercept the attack, but his pistol was knocked from it, and the giant caught him by the throat with a grip that would have strangled him in a few seconds. Great as Blacky's strength was, it was not equal to that of this outraged father. All the passion of years of waiting was flung into that desperate attack.

The two went down on the deck with a crash. The rest of the crew made as if to go to their leader's assistance, but a crowd of swarthy men closed in upon them, and before they could draw their weapons they were disarmed.

Patricia, who had witnessed this scene from the stern, suddenly gasped and straightened herself.

"Oh, let me go to them! Let me go!"

She broke away from Halliwell's grasp and rushed along the deck. When she reached the side of the men, Blacky was purple in the face, choking and gasping as the relentless grip of the blonde giant tightened and held him down on the deck. The others had formed a circle around the combatants, and were silently watching the conflict.

Patricia knelt by their side and placed a hand on one of the bronzed, knotted arms. Looking up into the face of the victor she said with tears in her voice:

"Please don't kill him! I—I—am Patricia!"

The man stared at her, the lust of vengeance still in his bloodshot eyes. He did not comprehend, and the fingers held their vise-like grip until Blacky choked and gasped violently for breath.

"Please don't! Don't—for my sake!"

The hands slowly relaxed a little. The eyes of the man wavered. Then in a voice, thick and almost inarticulate:

"You? You—are—"

"Yes, yes, I am Patricia, your daughter."

Horace Shelton rose stiffly to his feet. The hand that had so recently sought the death of another was raised to his forehead. His brain was confused and bewildered.

"You—you—are Patricia?" he murmured incredulously.

"Yes—I am your daughter. Father!"

The giant stood in an agony of bewilderment for another moment. Then swiftly he picked her up in his arms and strained her to his bosom.

"My baby!—my little girl! my Patricia," he cried. And the tears rolled down his cheeks in streams.

Chapter XXIII

For a time utter confusion and bewilderment marked every face. The attack on Blacky had warned the men from the island that a bitter foe instead of a friend had invaded their home, and quick to understand their leader they had rallied to his assistance.

They outnumbered the foe seven to one, and resistance was hopeless. They were unarmed, except for the weapons nature had supplied them at their birth, but they were stalwart, swarthy fellows, with the bronzed skin and muscular development that life in the open had given, and they were formidable in a fight.

The crew were held prisoners until Horace Shelton could recover from his emotions. Blacky slowly came back to consciousness. The fearful strangle hold had nearly ended his existence. Weak and exhausted by his wounds he was in no condition to offer further resistance. With the rest of his crew, he was taken ashore and temporarily held a prisoner.

The presence of the colony on the island was as great a mystery to Blacky and his men as to Halliwell and Patricia. It was a thriving little village of perhaps thirty-five souls in all. There were five women in the colony, including Patricia's mother and ten children of various ages.

For nearly twenty years this little band had lived and thrived without once communicating with the outside world. No ships ever passed that way, and the island was unknown to any of the navies or geological surveys of the world. It was a mere speck in the great southern seas, lost to all civilization, but self-sustaining and independent.

The story of the little colony's existence began shortly after the marooning of Horace Shelton and his wife Una. For a time the couple had depended upon the few stores which the men left behind. Then, as they realized that they had to face an unknown future with none to help, they set about establishing a home on the island with such comforts as they could obtain.

They built a palm leaf hut in the sheltered cove, planted a garden with a few seeds they had, caught some of the wild goats on the island, and spent their time fishing, hunting or working about their home. In their strenuous effort to keep alive and cheer each other, their grief for the loss of their baby was partly assuaged.

Thus a full year passed, and they were partly reconciled to the monotony of the life. In each other's love they found some compensation for their great loss. Then one day they were awakened to a new and wonderful change.

During a three day's hurricane, which swept the island and destroyed most of their crops, a full-rigged ship was wrecked on the coral reef just outside of the quiet lagoon. It had been blown hundreds of miles out of its course to break its back on the white coral of the dangerous reef.

Horace Shelton had fashioned a boat out of the wood and bark of the palm trees, and with this he hurried to the wreck as soon as the wind and waves permitted. There he found crew and passengers, numbering nearly a score, anxiously waiting to be rescued. They had endured the agonies of shipwreck with little hope or expectation of relief.

He took them off in his boat, a few at a time, and safely landed them in the cove. When the last was rescued, he assumed leadership of the men, and got them to help save all they could possibly salvage from the wreck.

The ship slowly went to pieces, but for a week the men toiled desperately to save such articles as they might need on land. One of the ship's long boats that had been washed ashore was picked up where it had been battered by the storm, and this greatly facilitated salvaging the wreck.

With these additional supplies the colony was not so badly off. New huts were built to shelter them, and new gardens planted. The men gathered in more of the wild goats to domesticate for their milk.

As the prospects of getting away from the island were unpromising, it was decided to organize a village community and make laws and regulations for governing it. Horace Shelton was made head of the colony, and with the assistance of two others rules were enforced. A great bird colony on the south end of the island was at first raided by the gunners, but this was stopped. The birds were encouraged to roost there, and the colony was thus kept supplied with eggs during its entire existence.

A year passed, and no ship appeared. Those who had eagerly looked for an expected rescue began to lose faith. The prospects of spending the remainder of their lives on the lonely island frightened and depressed a few; but the older and wiser heads counseled patience and hope.

But the months and years passed by with never a sign of a sail. Gradually the members of the colony grew reconciled to their fate. After all the island could be made to furnish them with the necessities of life. Tropical fruits were abundant, and fish were plentiful in the lagoon. There were sea-fowl and eggs; the domesticated goats furnished milk, and in time the animals were bred for their meat and hides.

A fine bubbling spring flowed from the hills into the ocean to furnish them with all the fresh water they needed for drinking and cooking. They soon learned to strip the fibre from the trees and wild plants to weave in cloth, and from this the women fashioned clothes to wear.

The tropical climate was mild and delightful. Little protection was needed from sun, wind or rain. With the exception of occasional hurricanes in the stormy season, they enjoyed immunity from severe weather conditions.

Thus for nearly twenty years the colony had existed. Children were born, and marriages celebrated. In that time only three deaths had occurred, and the colony had every prospect of increasing steadily in numbers.

All hope of rescue had long since been abandoned—abandoned by all except the head of the community. His conviction was strong that Jim Everard, Blacky and the rest of the crew would eventually return to claim the treasure buried on the island.

"When they come," he had promised the members of the colony, "we shall be prepared for them."

The story of the treasure was common knowledge to all the inhabitants of the island, but the millions in gold, silver and plate meant no more to them than so much sand. No attempt was made to guard it. It was carelessly stored in one of the huts where no thieves or burglars attempted to break in and steal it. It was common property, and if rescue came it was to be divided pro rata among the people.

The coming of the yacht Margaret in the early morning had awakened the inhabitants from a twenty-year sleep that almost precipitated a panic. At first it had seemed like a dream, an illusion, a mirage of the deep. For a score of years they had waited and hoped in vain, and here before their eyes in the early morning was the fulfillment of their dreams.

Even Horace Shelton had forgotten his expectation of meeting his old enemies. He had ascended the sides of the yacht with no thought of vengeance. There was nothing but welcome in his heart and mind. But the sight of Blacky, Stumpy, Red and Pete had opened afresh the old wound and awakened the slumbering passion of hate.

It was a wonderful reunion of parents and daughter. Patricia, the stolen baby, had returned to the island from which she had been kidnapped in the full maturity of glorious womanhood. The mother who had mourned in secret for the babe of her bosom looked upon this beautiful creature with something akin to awe and wonder.

"You must give me time, dear," she pleaded with a smile, "to adjust myself. It seems so strange—so unreal! You left me a tiny baby, and you return to me a beautiful woman."

"Yes, mother dear, I had the advantage of you," replied Patricia happily. "I had a picture of you. See, it looks like you."

"It was taken in New Orleans—let me see, twenty-five years ago. What a long time!"

"Twenty-five years!" echoed the big blonde husband by her side. "Yes, twenty-five years, and you were twenty then—and as beautiful as—"

The face of the mother was lighted up with a smile.

"As beautiful as our lovely daughter now," she finished for her husband.

Horace Shelton looked from mother to daughter, and then shook his head. "No," he said, "as beautiful as you are now. No woman is more beautiful in my eyes."

"Oh, that I may have a husband who will think the same of me when I'm mother's age!" interrupted Patricia, clasping her arms about her father's neck.

A twinkle came into the blue eyes. "I think, my dear," he murmured, "there is some one who would like to qualify for that honor now."

"You mean—" Then Patricia blushed as charmingly as a rose. Her father patted her on the arm.

"He loves you, dear," he said gently, "and I hope you feel the same toward him. Any man who would follow a woman down here under the circumstances should have some reward. Don't you think so?"

She looked up into his eyes.

"Would you approve of my marrying your old enemy's nephew?"

A frown gathered on the bearded face. For a moment he walked the floor in silence, Patricia watching him narrowly.

"Jim Everard did me a fearful wrong," he finally said, haltingly. "I can never forget or forgive. I hoped some day to meet him and have a final reckoning. But fate has taken the punishment out of my hands. He is dead—then let us forget him."

Patricia waited.

"As for his nephew," he finally concluded, "we have no right to judge him by the foul deeds of another. Yes, Patricia, if you love him you have my blessing."

She turned her face upward and impulsively kissed him.

Chapter XXIV

The yacht Margaret lay at anchor for two weeks in the cove of the island of Junta. In that time great preparations were made for the departure of the colonists. The quiet, unbroken life appealed to many of the older ones, and they were averse to leaving their tropical home; but others of the younger set were eager to return to the great world beyond.

After much discussion it was decided to break up the colony and return in a body.

The capacity of the yacht would be taxed to its utmost in carrying all of the people back, but arrangements were finally perfected. The treasure was stored in the hold of the yacht—still under no lock and key. It was common property, and no one distrusted another. Their ideal communal life had bred in them trust and self-reliance. The ordinary temptations of civilization had not been in their midst for years.

There was one problem which faced the people, and discussion often waxed hot and excited over the settlement of it. Blacky and his companions were prisoners on their hands. Their past misdeeds were known and carefully considered. What punishment should be meted out to them? Horace Shelton favored taking them back on the yacht and delivering them over to the authorities for trial. Some of the men demanded immediate trial, sentence and execution. They were the duly constituted authorities on the island, and they had the power to make and execute their own laws. The death penalty could be passed by them as legally as by any tribunal in civilized lands.

Finally, Horace Shelton cut the Gordian knot. Three propositions were put to Blacky, Pete, Stumpy, Red and Sandy, individually and collectively. They could take the choice of one and abide by the results, namely: immediate execution, return on the yacht to be delivered over to justice in New York, or abandonment on the Island of Junta.

"And if you choose the latter," the head of the colony added, "I will leave with you sufficient of the treasure to make it worth while if you should ever be rescued by a passing ship. It will be yours to have, to keep, and to fight over."

The men unanimously chose to remain behind. There was a possibility of rescue and freedom. Hope springs eternally fresh in the human mind, and it brought to the outlaws a new lease of life. What might not happen in the course of a year?

Preparations for departure were carried on with this settlement in mind. On the day of the sailing of the Margaret, the five men were to be released. All the provisions and equipments for living were to be left behind for the outlaws to use. It was a just and liberal sentence, and its execution could be enforced without danger to anyone.

As the day for the departure approached, Halliwell and Patricia wandered over the island, searching out nooks and corners to gather mementoes of the visit to take back with them. To Patricia every part of the island was sacred and interesting. It was here that her parents had been marooned, and through the long years of their banishment they had lived in each other's love.

The cove; the pirates' cache; the bird colony; the coral reef where the ship had been wrecked; the hill from whose summit the flag of distress had floated for years; the interior jungle where the wild goats lived—all these were dear to her, and she never tired of visiting them.

Halliwell was her constant companion in these trips. He helped her climb the hills, carried her over the coral strand at low water, fended off the twigs and ferns as they broke a new trail through the tropical jungle, and paddled the small boat in which they completely circled the island. In the tropical warmth of the small paradise they often fell to dreaming dreams and building castles in the air. Sunburned by the exposure, the delicate beauty of Patricia took on a warmer and richer coloring. To Halliwell she was a nymph of the wood or a mermaid of the water rising from the clear blue of the lagoon. Then on the warm sands, with the spice-laden south winds wafting fragrant perfume to them, with the sun pouring its golden glow in soft, tremulous waves upon their heads like a benediction, with the birds flecking the blue with their white breasts as they darted seaward in sportive freedom, they whispered their love and opened wide the gates to a new and wonderful happiness.

Hand in hand they returned to the village. The glow of new life was on their faces and shining in their eyes. The people welcomed them with open arms, for they knew the secret before the happy young couple told it. Horace Shelton, gazing into his wife's eyes, smiled.

"My dear, the world is still young," he whispered softly. "It is always young so long as love is in it."

* * *

The yacht Margaret steamed out of the cove two days later. Standing on the deck a score or more of people waved farewell to their old home. There were tears in their eyes and conflicting emotions fought in their breast for mastery.

On the rim of the beach, five swarthy, ugly-looking men watched the departure of the yacht. As if by pre-arrangement they raised their hands and shook their fists, while their mouths filled the air with fervent maledictions.

So long as the yacht was visible on the horizon they watched and waited. Then they turned and looked at one another with unrest and suspicion. They were still stirred by the lure of the treasure.

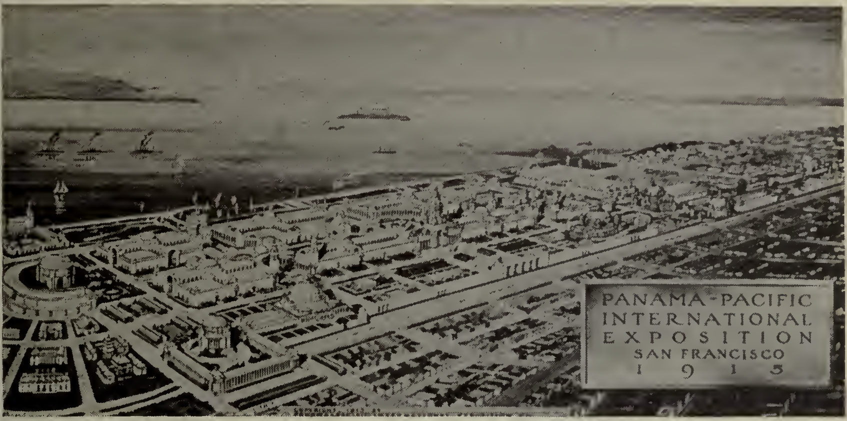
(*THE END*)

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE

By JO. HARTMAN

IF one false chord upon Life's lyre I struck
And to the rest I gave the measure due—
You say the echo ling'ring last of all
Would be the one which did not ring quite true?

Would, then, my harmonies all count for naught,
The patient, earnest toil of years be vain?
Ah, no! Should one short chord be out of tune
The others would sound sweeter in refrain!



Erecting a City of Palaces

by Hamilton Wright

WHAT American is there residing east of the Rocky Mountains who has not at some time in his life dreamed of a trip to the Pacific Coast? All eyes are now focussed on America's 1915 Panama celebration at San Francisco, and hundreds of thousands of people are already economizing, and making plans for the long journey and splendid outing of "the immemorial year."

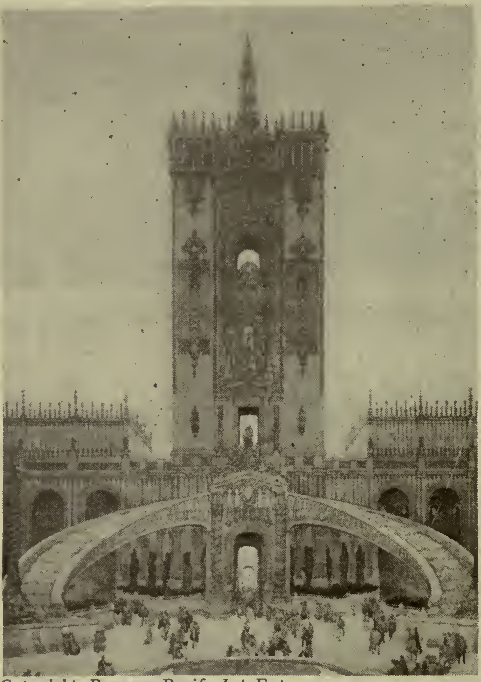
The gates of America's Panama celebration, the Panama Pacific International Exposition, will swing open to visitors from all parts of the world on February 20, 1915, but development in all phases of the exposition is so far advanced that even at this time it is possible to outline definitely a picture that will greet visitors in 1915.

In its unique brilliancy and splendor the Panama Pacific International Exposition will be totally unlike any of the greatest world's expositions of America and Europe.

The displays of foreign lands will be the most comprehensive ever shown. Of the nations that will take part, and this includes all the great powers, it is probable that each one will be more elaborately represented than at any international celebration ever held outside its own boundaries.

The assured participation of the powers of the world and of the American states promises that the most complete and varied exhibition in history will be displayed within the walls of the marvelous city of color and flowers upon the shores of San Francisco Bay.

Final details of the exposition plan have long been completed and work in all the departments has so far progressed that a picture may be presented of the exposition as it will appear when the exhibits of the world are installed within its spacious halls, when palms, evergreens, and great massed banks of flowers will lend warmth to the classic facades of the buildings and to the statuary, and when, as he enters the Golden Gate, the visitor in 1915 may behold, standing out against the background of the encircling hills, the huge four hundred foot tower of the Administration building. The tower, rising from a base one acre in area and flanked on either side by domes, towers, and minarets from 135 to 270 feet in height, will dominate the huge massed group of buildings that, from the Golden Gate, will appear as a single city of palaces, almost a mighty walled city of the Orient.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Great Cascade in the form of a staircase in the East or Festive Court. This Court will be one of three great Courts dividing the central group of Exposition Palaces from north to south. The waters of the Cascade, springing from a mysterious source, will flow into two great Fountains. The Court, representing the finest type of architecture of the Spanish Renaissance, is designed for pageantry upon a colossal scale. Here Pageants, surpassing the Durbar of India, will be enacted. The great tower, 270 feet high, at the northern entrance of the Court, will contain a great pipe organ with echo organs in the smaller towers Mr. Louis C. Mullgardt, architect of the Fisheries Building at the World's Columbian Exposition, is the designer of this Court.

A vast army of workmen is now transforming the grounds, which extend from the foot of Van Ness Avenue almost to the limits of the Golden Gate, a distance of nearly three miles. The first of the buildings was completed in January and now is occupied by the forces directing construction. Work upon five of the huge exhibit palaces is under way and the frame-work of immense Machinery Hall, the largest single structure, is almost completed. The building, covering more than eight acres, will be 967 feet long and 367 feet wide. Huge vaulted naves running throughout its length will rise 122 feet. All the main exhibit palaces are under construction, and all will be completed, under contract, by June, 1914. Then the landscape gardeners will adorn with millions of plants and flowers the grounds, which are now being covered with loam. Every detail of the exposition will have been perfected months before its opening, and the first visitor in 1915 will find every exhibit completely installed.

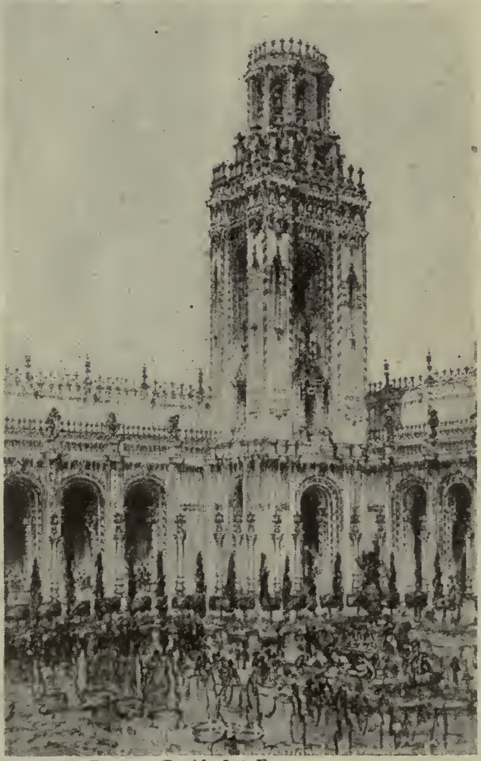
Other plans are being carried out as rapidly as those which relate to construction. Throughout the world exhibits are being prepared or arranged for; many of the exhibits will be very costly, a number exceeding in value a quarter million of dollars. The interest of the commercial world in the Panama canal and in America's great Panama celebration is attested by the fact that demands made for exhibit space almost exhaust the total available area. Undoubtedly the most important phase of an international exposition from an industrial and educational standpoint lies in the classification and arrangement of exhibits so that these shall convey the greatest lesson to the visitor. The classification by which the exhibits of the world will be displayed in the vast exhibit halls at San Francisco has been perfected under the direction of Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, undoubtedly the foremost exposition authority in the world today. It is pronounced the most advanced ever adopted at a universal exposition.

Quite as interesting as the exhibits though touching a different angle of life, will be the "amusement" features presented in the concessions district. The concessions will be the most original ever shown and will embrace such new enterprises as a working model of the Panama canal, with a capacity of handling two thousand people through its locks every twenty minutes; a reproduction of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, by the Santa Fe Railway; a panorama depicting the battles of Napoleon; another illustrating the evolution of the American Dreadnaught; submarine boats which will dive into a great lake into which will be gathered strange fish and plants from tropical waters, visitors will view marine life through the portholes of the boats. Almost three thousand applications for concessions have been received, involving an outlay of more than sixty million dollars. In both America and Europe purveyors of amusements are actively completing the details of a marvelous series of concessions to be presented in the amusement center.

* * *

A varied program of events of international interest and importance to extend throughout the exposition term, from February 20 to December 4, is assured. The most spectacular of the varied events will be comprised in the assemblage of battleships of the nations of the world in San Francisco bay. This composite fleet of the navies of the world, the largest international fleet ever assembled, will gather in San Francisco harbor shortly before the opening of the exposition. All the great powers will be represented by their most modern battleships or cruisers.

Following the visit of the battleships other great events will come at regular intervals. An elaborate program of these events will be published about six months before the exposition opens. One of the most unusual of the events will be a great international military tournament conducted throughout the summer under the direction of Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., military director of the exposition. Foreign troops and American militia and regulars will take part in the competitive drills and maneuvers during which it is anticipated there will be assembled nearly fifty thousand troops, including many detachments from the crack regiments of foreign nations such as the Tenth Hussars, the First Dragoon Guards, the Grenadiers, and possibly even Emperor William's own Potsdam Garde. Great international schuetzenfests, under the direction of the schuetzen societies of the world, will be held; there will be international conventions and congresses, aviation meets, yacht, motor boat and automobile races, agricultural and sociological conventions



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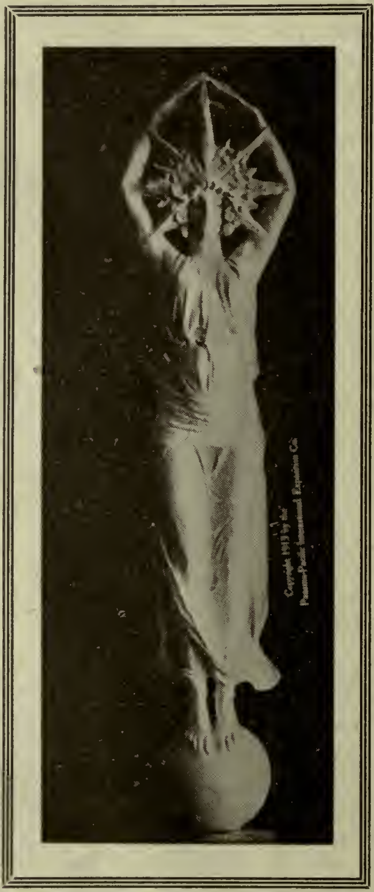
An Echo Tower in the East or Festive Court at the Exposition. At night the East Court, with its pavements of gold, its great banks of flowers, and its lofty palms, will be flooded with light. The world's favorite melodies will be rendered by the chimes in the towers. Great Saengerfests and Choral Festivals will be held upon the floors of the Court.

athletic meets of all kinds. The crack athletes of Germany, Greece, England, France, America and other lands will vie in feats of strength and skill. Equally fascinating is the gathering of songsters from all parts of America and Europe which will include choruses of twenty thousand trained voices. The Welsh National Eisteddfod is offering fifty thousand dollars in prizes for all sorts of competitions in vocal and instrumental music. Tyrolean, Swiss, Swedish, German, Italian, Norwegian, and other singing societies have long since started to raise funds so that they may be splendidly represented at what will be the greatest gathering of the singers of all countries in history.

* * *

Much is now being done at the exposition to encourage the musical program. The exposition management has appropriated one million dollars for the construction of a huge auditorium to be erected at the new civic center and to accommodate eleven thousand people. Seven hundred thousand dollars has been subscribed by citizens of San Francisco for a municipal opera house to be built upon the same location and large funds are also being raised by the backers of the opera house project to encourage the production of some great drama distinctively American in its flavor. It will be recalled that the Khedive of Egypt commissioned Verdi to write an opera to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal and "Aida" was the result. Who will be the Verdi for Panama?

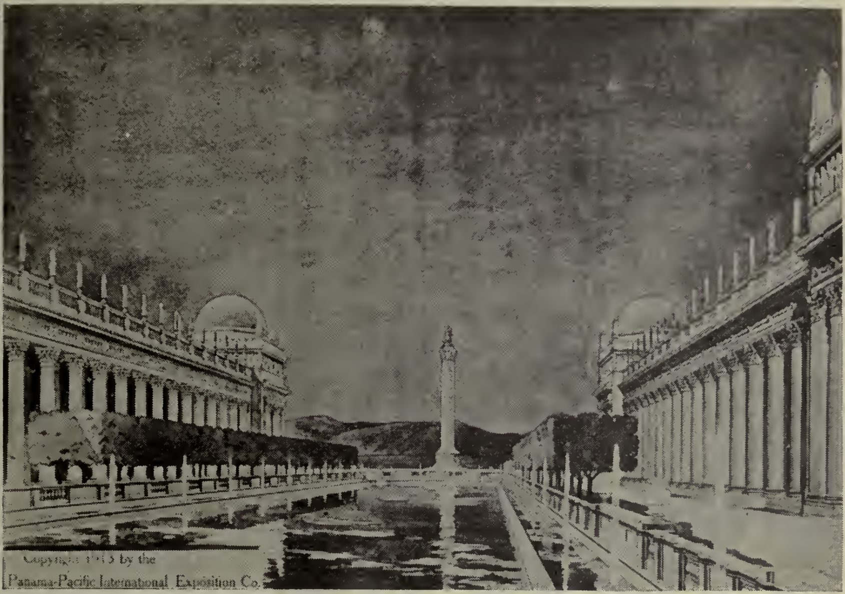


One of the figures, 14 feet in height, that will surmount the Colonnade encircling the Court of Sun and Stars. These figures, of which there will be 110, will each support a huge artificial jewel, 4 feet in diameter. At night the jewels will glitter with the reflected lights cast by the masked batteries of search-lights

Upon the exposition grounds provisions are being made for great choruses and vocalists. Festival Hall, which will be among the early buildings to be erected, will have a capacity of three thousand people and the great Festival Court at the exposition will be especially designed for the production of drama and music upon a colossal scale. The huge tower of the court will be provided with a great pipe organ with echo organs in the lesser towers. Mr. Louis C. Mullgardt, creator of the Fisheries building at the World's Columbian exposition, is architect of the Festive Court.

The artistic phases of the exposition will be notable. The greatest paintings of history will be assembled in the classical Palace of Fine Arts, a building in Italian Renaissance, partly circular in form, and describing an arc of a quarter of a mile in its outside circumference. The exhibition of the original paintings of the old masters will be, of course, a loan collection, and such paintings will not be exhibited for award. Awards will be made to encourage contemporaneous artists; all the varied schools of art both in America and Europe will be illustrated by paintings which have been executed since 1905. The object of this step is to encourage artists of the present day to do their best and greatest work and to develop a spirit of appreciation of contemporaneous American art.

Educational displays will be shown upon an elaborate scale. School children



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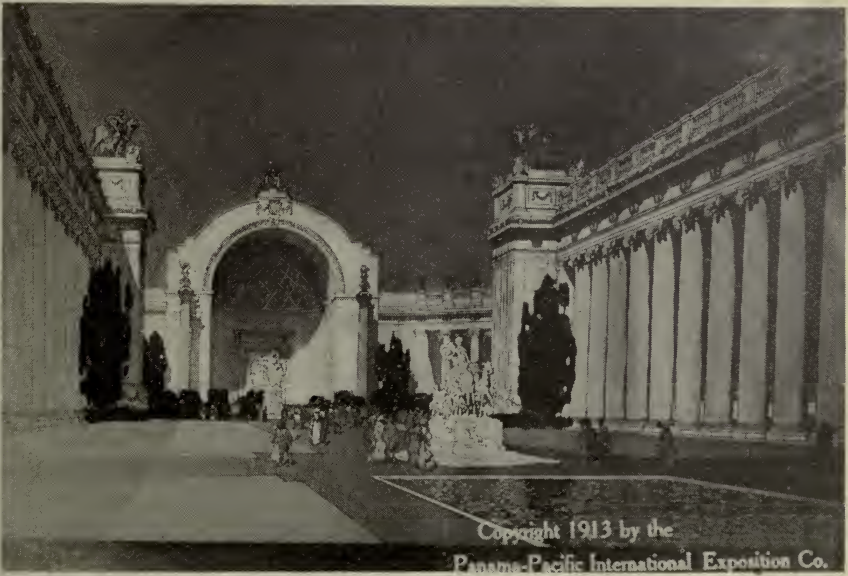
Looking toward the hills of Marin County through the entrance of the Great Court of Sun and Stars upon the harbor at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. In the center is seen a colossal column whose spiral represents man's climb towards fame. At the summit of the column the huge symbolical figure is designed to convey the Spirit of Success



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Niche in the Court of Four Seasons or Great West Court of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. In each of the four corners of this Court, which is designed by Mr. Henry Bacon, creator of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, there will be a great niche containing statuary typifying the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The Court will be luxuriant with tropical growths. Behind the columns of the colonnade, encircling the Court, will be mural paintings expressive of the theme of the Court and designed by Mr. Jules Guerin throughout the United States will contribute their best work, for the dominant note of the exposition is educational. All of the great world's expositions have summarized the achievements of mankind up to the time they have been held, and the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will carry forward this work to its highest point. At the exposition all methods that tend to make the child healthier and happier and the man a more useful and efficient citizen will be illustrated. Indeed the exposition, with its modern children's playgrounds, modern methods of manual training, of agricultural training, and of child development will be a city complete in itself—everything that tends to make the child healthier and happier and the man a more useful citizen and a better American will be illustrated. Social science will be in the hands of one of the most expert sociologists in the United States, Dr. Frank A. Wolff, formerly of the United States Department of Agriculture and now Chief of the Bureau of Social Economy.

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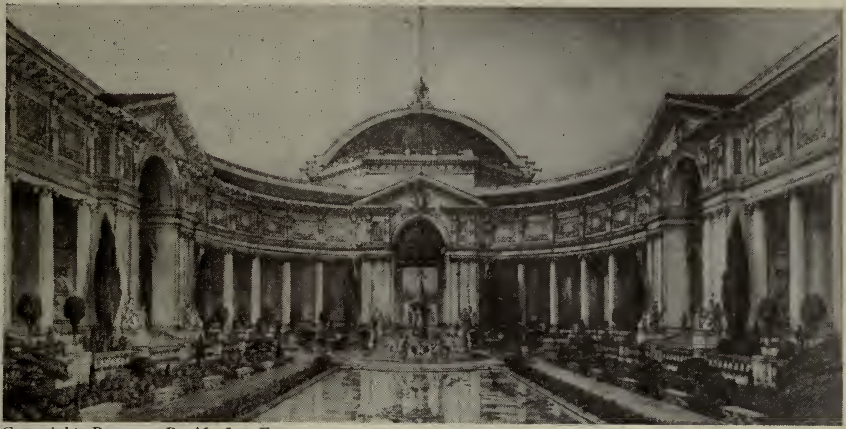
Colossal column at the entrance of the Court of Sun and Stars, on the Esplanade on San Francisco harbor, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, 1915. The spiral of this column, leading upward, will symbolize the Endeavors of Mankind. At the summit of the column will be a figure typical of Fame, a youth pointing his arrow at the sun

* * *

This is the first of the great expositions of the present generation to be held at a seaport and consequently a large number of the heaviest and most bulky exhibits that could not otherwise be readily transported from Europe will be displayed. It will be possible for ships from all ports of the world to land their cargoes directly at the exposition docks and thence even the heaviest pieces of machinery or of armament will be transported on railway trucks into the huge machinery hall or the great transportation building, ten miles of railway being built on the exposition grounds for this purpose. An extremely interesting feature of the exposition will be that all exhibits, so far as possible, will be shown in motion. The steps in the processes of manufacture will be reproduced so that the visitor in 1915 may comprehend the conversion of the raw material into the finished product. In the great Mining Palace, for instance, huge crushers will be shown in action; in the Palace of Varied Industries looms will be shown weaving the fabrics of both domestic and foreign manufacture; in the Transportation building will be seen the most modern designs of monoplanes, biplanes, hydroplanes, submarine boats, motor boats, yachts, and other inventions used to transport man through the air, beneath the water, or upon land and water—all phases of modern life in which the world has developed marvelously during the past few years.

One of the most marvelous and interesting phases of the exposition will be afforded in the department devoted to automobiles. The automobile industry has made tremendous strides in the United States and Europe and in fact in all countries of the world during the last few years, and many exhibits of automobiles little known to the general public will be shown.

The live stock displays will be wonder-



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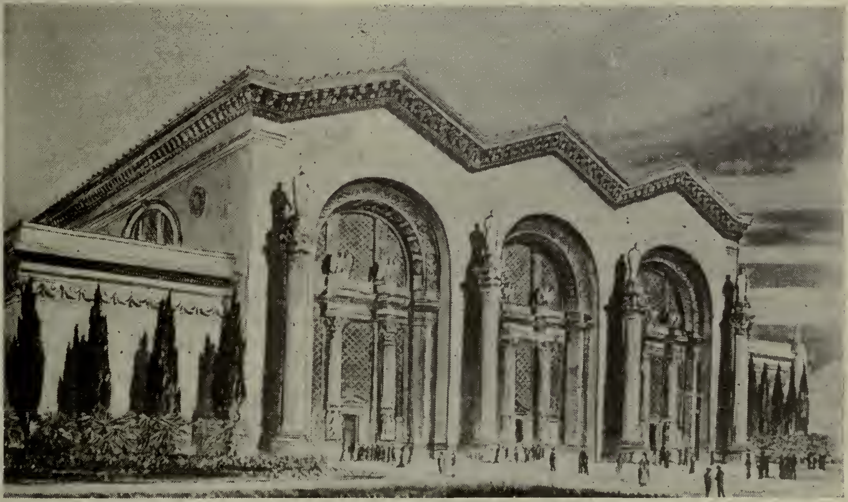
The West South Court, or Court of Palms, at the Exposition, looking north. From this Court the visitor will pass through the arched portal seen in the center of the picture to the Great West Court or Court of Four Seasons, whose theme will symbolize the march of the Saxon to the West

fully comprehensive. Not only will the prize cattle of America and Europe be exhibited, but many rare breeds from the south of China, from South America, and other lands will be shown. The exposition management has set aside $175,000 for premiums and cash prizes in the live stock exhibitions, and this sum is in addition to what is being raised by several of the great wool-growing, beef, and breed associations of America. Many notable breeders will be represented. King George of England



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The imposing facade of Machinery Hall, the largest building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The structure will be 367.8 x 967.8 feet and will be decorated with more than a mile and a half of ornamental cornices. The architectural design of the building is based upon the Roman arch motif, prototypes of which may be found in the big Roman Baths at Hadrian and Caracalla. The interior arrangement consists of three naves 75 feet in width, 122 feet in height and more than 900 feet long

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The Court of Palms looking south toward the Horticultural Building. The Italian towers at the entrance of this Court will be 40 feet square and 200 feet in height. There will be two towers, at each side of the entrance of the Court, and they will be identical in architecture. One of the towers is seen in the center of the illustration

will, it is anticipated, be among the exhibitors, sending his prize shorthorns and Herefords in competition with the best of these breeds to be exhibited from other lands. Prize dairy and beef stock from Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, England, Australia, China, Brazil, and other countries will be landed from ocean-going vessels at the quarantine station at Angel Island and thence transported directly to the exposition grounds.

The site of the exposition, at Harbor View, lies within the city limits as a crescent upon the shores of San Francisco bay, just inside the Golden Gate. No more picturesque location, nor one more appropriate to the celebration of a great maritime event, could be imagined. On the south, east and west it is encircled by towering hills with varying contours rising successively from 250 to 900 feet above sea level, like the enfolding walls of a vast amphitheater. Upon the north the site opens out upon the harbor of San Francisco. The panorama at Harbor View recalls the famous Riviera upon the shores of the Mediterranean. In the harbor before the site lies Alcatraz Island, the location of a military prison whose white walls are reflected in the waters of the bay. Beyond are the hills of Marin county rising up into the hundreds and in some instances into the thousands of feet, with Mount Tamalpais, loftiest of all, its summit often shrouded with a turban of fog, as a background for the setting.

The central portion of the site lies slightly above the sea and is encircled on three sides by gently sloping ground; within a short distance from the boundaries of the site these slopes change to steep hillsides and thus the center becomes the floor of a huge amphitheater from whose sides the exposition will be seen stretched out below. To the east and south the residence section encircles the exposition grounds, and to the west and southwest the site is embraced by the wooded slopes of the Presidio military reservation, dark with cypress and eucalyptus and interspersed with occasional vistas of green valleys.

All told the site comprises 625 acres, the exposition buildings, built upon an east and west axis, will face upon the north; they will parallel the stream of the great incoming traffic of the world through the western gate of the United States. The harbor itself will be a part of the great theater upon which will be staged the world's jubilee, and the Golden Gate will be the entrance to the theater.

There will be three great groups of buildings at the exposition. In the center of the grounds will be set the fourteen exhibit palaces occupying, with their courts, more than one hundred acres; on the east and nearest the Ferry building will lie the concessions district, occupying sixty-five acres; on the west and nearest the Golden Gate the pavilions of the states and of the foreign nations will rise tier upon tier up the slopes of the Presidio military reservation.

The exposition site at Harbor View called for huge effects. The grouping of the fourteen great exhibit palaces will present this result. From afar the central group, facing for almost a mile upon San Francisco harbor, will seem as one colossal structure, a great Oriental city, with walls as high as the average six-story city block, and with golden domes, towers and tower gateways rising to heights of 150, 270 and 400 feet.

Between the exposition palaces at Harbor View will lie courts of superb distances, the most striking feature of the exposition architecture. There will be six great courts in all and three of these will carry out the theme of the exposition—the meeting of the East and West. One of the great interior courts, that dividing the exhibit palaces upon the east, will suggest the Orient, rich in Oriental splendors. Another dividing the group upon the west, will suggest the Occident; and the central court, the superb Court of the Sun and Stars, will symbolize the meeting of the East and West at Panama.

From the mountains across the harbor the exhibit palaces will seem a veritable walled city, its verisimilitude being accentuated by a wall sixty feet in height, which will mark the bounds of the exposition grounds upon the south. Between this wall and the main exposition palaces will lie a great garden, adorned with tropical growths, palms, tree ferns, and, in sheltered pools, the lotus. During the entire season of the exposition the great south garden, seventeen hundred feet in length, as long as the Champs Elysees in Paris, will be a mass of gorgeous coloring, a great kaleidoscope of floral brilliancy. Only blossoming flowers will be set in this tropical garden, flowers whose blossoming season is past will be replaced by others.

In the courts marvelous blendings of colors will be attained. Pompeiian red, strong Italian blues, vermilion and orange will predominate. The roofs of the exhibit palaces will be covered with Spanish tile, a reddish pink. But from afar the sightseer will gain the effect of the blending of the various tones.

The Court of the Sun and Stars will be 750 feet in width from east to west and nine hundred feet along its main axis. At the south end of the court will arise the huge tower of the Administration building, four hundred feet in height, and dominating the architecture of the exposition. In the center of the court will be a great sunken garden, with benches to seat about seven thousand people surrounding the garden. In the garden will be groupings of classic statuary, dancing

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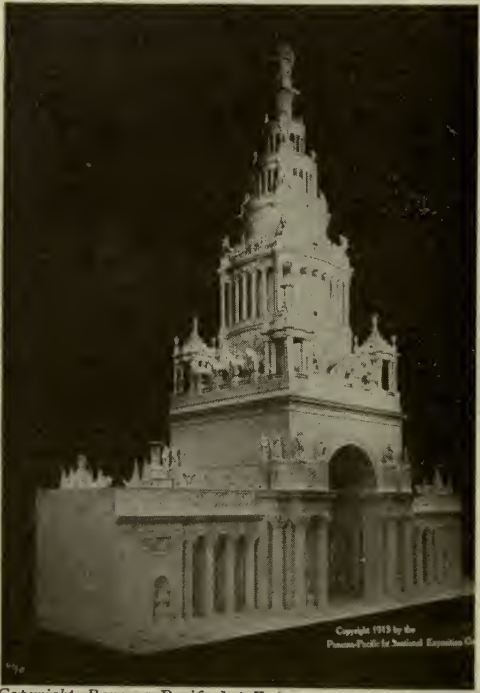
Model of a great Fountain in the Court of Sun and Stars figures, fauns, satyrs and nymphs; flowers, trees and vines will contrast with the statuary and with the superb colonnades and the towering golden domes.

To the east as one passes from the Court of Sun and Stars to the great east or Festive Court will be a huge triumphal arch ninety feet in height and surmounted by a colossal grouping of statuary; camels, elephants and Oriental warriors will crown the summit of the great arch. To the west on the approach of the Court of Four Seasons will be a triumphal arch of similar size, surmounted by a group representing western civilization. A huge prairie schooner will comprise the central motif of the group.

Under the direction of Mr. Karl Bitter, Director of Sculpture, and his assistant, Mr. A. Stirling Calder, models of the more important pieces of sculpture are rapidly assuming form. The general theme of the sculpture, it may be observed, will carry out the note of the exposition in celebrating the union of the East and of the West through the opening of the Panama canal. Figures of the explorers of the oceans, statuary symbolical of the Orient, representations of struggle and achievement, afford a vast and varied field for the sculptor. Under the direction of Mr. Jules Guerin, Director of Color, sketches of the great mural paintings that will adorn the walls behind the colonnades and decorations for the facades, domes and towers of the buildings are nearing completion. In its color scheme the exposition will stand alone. Preparations for the landscape effects are far advanced. Hundreds of thousands of trees, shrubs and palms raised from seeds and cuttings are being introduced from Japan, England, Holland, Australia, and South and Central America. Five hundred palms from twenty to forty feet in height; innumerable orange and lemon trees, ten thousand rhododendrons from West Virginia and from England; tree ferns from Australia; banana plants from Central America; redwoods from the California forests; thousands of rare shrubs and dwarf trees from Japan; madrones, manzanitas, and Monterey cypress, are among the vast and varied assortment of plant life that have already reached San Francisco or have been ordered to render the grounds a tropical and semi-tropical paradise. The exposition will be set as in a garden.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The dominating architectural feature of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915, the imposing tower of the Administration Building, which will lie at the south end of the Court of Sun and Stars. This tower, 400 feet in height, will be indescribably beautiful with statuary, mural paintings and mosaics; at its summit will be a grouping of statuary supporting the Globe, typifying the World.

Although by day the exposition, with its faint ivory buff as the prevailing tint, with its red tiled roofs, green domes and flashes of gold and blue, will give an effect of harmonious color, yet at night it will be even more mystical and marvelous. Wonderful advances in the science of illumination will permit of the lighting of the exposition in a manner that would have been physically impossible five or six years ago. The striking feature of the illumination will be the way in which the light is diffused. In the lagoons perfect reflections of whole buildings will be obtained. The details of the exposition palaces and of the statuary will stand out as clearly at night as if by day. Within the recesses of the columns encircling the courts concealed lighting will illuminate the paintings upon the walls of the buildings. Perhaps the most spectacular feature of the lighting will result from great batteries of colored searchlights. Anchored in the harbor a battery of thirty-six twenty-four-inch searchlights will direct its shafts over the exposition city and pick out in colors the domes and towers. Cut glass jewels set in the towers will reflect the colored shafts of light throughout the exposition city. Masked batteries on the roofs of the exhibit palaces will cast their rays throughout the grounds. The zone of the general illumination will extend twice the height of the tallest exhibit palaces. The effect of the scintillators in the harbor will be marvelous. The batteries will go through evolutions of color forming auroras in the sky and over the exposition that will spread like a great lily. On clear nights the shafts of light will be visible forty or fifty miles. At night the visiting fleets will be brilliantly illuminated and their lighting will add to the superb illumination of the exposition palaces.

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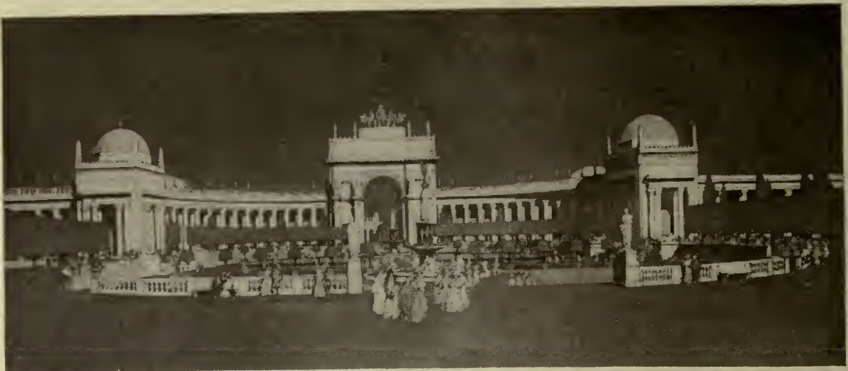
One of the superb Italian towers that will mark the approach to the Court of Palms at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. There will be two of these Courts, identical in size, one south of the Court of Four Seasons and one south of the Festive Court, which will be known as the Court of Flowers

* * *

This vivid picture of future glories and attractions is of interest to myriads of Americans who will seize this opportunity of seeing their own country and realizing some of their schoolboy dreams, and later "castles in the air." Recently in passing through Williamsport, Pennsylvania, I was interested to learn that the Northern Central Trust Company of that place had already organized Panama Exposition clubs. Placards were out referring to the trip to the Exposition as the event of a lifetime, and offering sight-seeing educational advantages unrivalled, but with the thrift of the far-seeing Yankee the Northern Central Trust suggested that in order to get there and have sufficient funds, it would be well to join a Panama Club. Everybody was made welcome, and no charge was made to join. Thousands of people have already started paying $2.50 every two weeks except in December when the drain comes for Christmas presents. It was figured out that on



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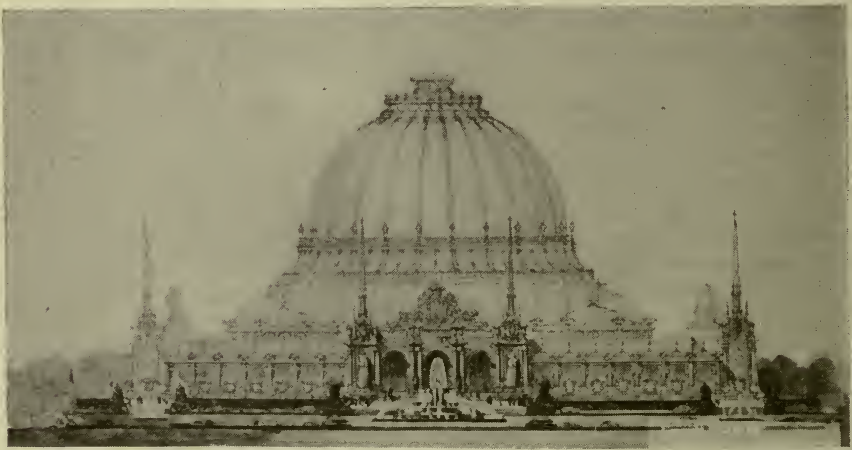
Section of the Grand Court of Honor, looking toawrd the Triumphal Arch that will lead into the great East or Festive Court. The dimensions of the Court, exclusive of its opening on San Francisco harbor, will be 750 x 900 feet. One of the most impressive features of the Court will be comprised in a huge colonnade with columns 60 feet in height, screening the walls of the surrounding buildings. In the center of the Court will be a sunken garden 5 feet lower than the rest of the Court. Flowers and palms in the Court, and behind the colonnade great mural paintings designed by Jules Guerin, will lend color and imagery to the scene

January first, 1915, there would be a check for savings account for $125 with interest available for a trip, and it has been computed that this amount would defray the entire cost of the excursion. This seemed to me to be the most effective plan yet suggested, and the Williamsport contingent to the Panama Exposition promises to be a large one. This same idea has since been taken up in many other towns throughout the country, and boys and girls are already saving their money for crossing the continent and attending the greatest international exposition that has ever been inaugurated.



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Horticultural Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The building will be 630 x 295 feet and will be one of the most notable structures of the kind ever built, being composed almost entirely of glass; set in the west end of the South Garden opposite the Palace of Education, its glittering dome, 165 feet high, will be seen as one of the striking features by those who enter the Exposition from the tropical South Garden

THREE POSES OF MISS MARGARET NYBLOC

An Active Summer in Stageland

by Ann Randolph

THE summer is a busy season in stageland, although the theatres may be closed, and the passenger lists of European vessels seem to be a veritable roster of the theatrical "Who's Who." Nevertheless in the first weeks of June, when the list of plays remaining in New York had dwindled down to about a dozen, the theatres were thronged with actor-folk returned from long "road tours," eager to see everything that Broadway had left to offer. At that time six or seven companies bravely resigned themselves to play all summer "if necessary," but as warm weather set in, one by one the theatres closed, and only two dramatic productions remained. "Within the Law," the season's greatest success, will go on record for an uninterrupted season-to-season run. Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart" will also continue through the summer. "Romance," Mr. Edward Sheldon's new play, and the little band of players at the new Princess Theatre were among the last to leave Broadway, both scheduled to re-open early in the coming season. It was nearly impossible to see Miss Billie Burke in "The Amazons" during its last weeks, and "The Sunshine Girl" closed its doors only because Miss Julia Sanderson, the star, badly needed a vacation. This winsome young lady won many admirers in "The Arcadians" and with Mr. Donald Brian in "The Siren"; this season in "The Sunshine Girl" she was presented to Broadway as a star. She has a sweet voice and that youthful, girlish personality especially beloved by women theatre-goers.

* * *

The dramatic late-season sensation was "Damaged Goods," and before it closed, many hundreds were turned away from the box-office of the Fulton Theatre. Mr. Richard Bennett, the star of the play,

MISS WILLETTE KERSHAW
As she appears in "Any Night," a play of the underworld, at the new little Princess Theatre

made a curtain speech at his last matinee (he and his delightful family sailed for Europe the following week), promising to bring back with him from abroad Mr. Eugene Brieux, the author. During its run "Damaged Goods" seemed to be on every tongue in New York. Some "wondered why they allowed it on the stage," some "heard that women got hysterical over it and men left the theatre," others were "dying to see what it was like." Mr. Bennett asserted that it had shaken society as no drama had done since the beginning of time, which sounds like a broad claim to those who have not seen the play. "Damaged Goods" is deadly serious, pointedly direct. Mr. Bennett said that he and his co-workers believed they were doing good by presenting this play, and perhaps that helped to make their acting so realistic, for they held their audience spellbound, and those who came wonderingly or daringly or curiously went away strangely thoughtful.

One of the little plays at the Princess Theatre has exerted a scarcely less powerful influence than "Damaged Goods." "Any Night," by Edward Ellis, is a sordid picture of life in the underworld. Miss Willette Kershaw, who is poignantly realistic in her impersonation of the unfortunate girl of the play, is one of the most beautiful young women on the American stage. Artists call her a "type," and photographers are never quite satisfied with results when she poses, but Miss Kershaw deliberately sacrifices her beauty in such plays as "Any Night," to secure the character delineation which is her specialty. Willette Kershaw's career was initiated under the direction of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and a painstaking effort in stock companies enlarged her experience and versatility. In "Any Night" her exquisite depiction of the character which she represents is worthy of the great French artist who first recognized her genius. Through all the praise of critics and the applause of audiences, Miss Kershaw remains a sweet and unaffected "home" girl. She confesses to no particular hobbies; but studies a great deal and has hosts of friends who love her for herself and not for her artistic accomplishments. She is genuine, sincere, great-hearted —indeed a girl after one's own heart.

* * *

To balance the serious pictures of life drawn by "Damaged Goods" and "Any Night," there are others that are bright. "Peg o' My Heart," in which Miss Laurette Taylor was presented as a star, is described on the theatre program as a "Comedy of Youth" by J. Hartley Manners—and it is all that. The play scintillates with wit and humor and wholesomeness—it is also, as Miss Taylor insists, "a really brilliant play" (she said it with due wifely pride, for in private life she is Mrs. J. Hartley Manners). There is no melodrama about "Peg o' My Heart," but plenty of emotion —emotion to the extent that the audience either laughs or cries all the time that Peg is on the stage. And as Miss Taylor mournfully remarked in her dressing-room (she was tired that evening, having "hung draperies" at home all day), Peg is on the stage practically all the time. Peg is a little Irish lassie, with a rolling eye, an infectious smile and a wealth of red-gold curls. She comes "to be made a lady" to the home of her English relatives, the Chicesters—and then the fun begins. Peg is one of the most lovable characters the stage has seen in a number of years, and it is pleasant to know that after the play had made its successful opening at the new Cort Theater, the author of the play Peg took to his heart the creator of the role Peg—thus "Peg o' My Heart" will remain a felicitous memory with the Manners family.

MISS WILLETTE KERSHAW
In "Fancy Free," and giving a better glimpse of the beautiful young actress as she is

* * *

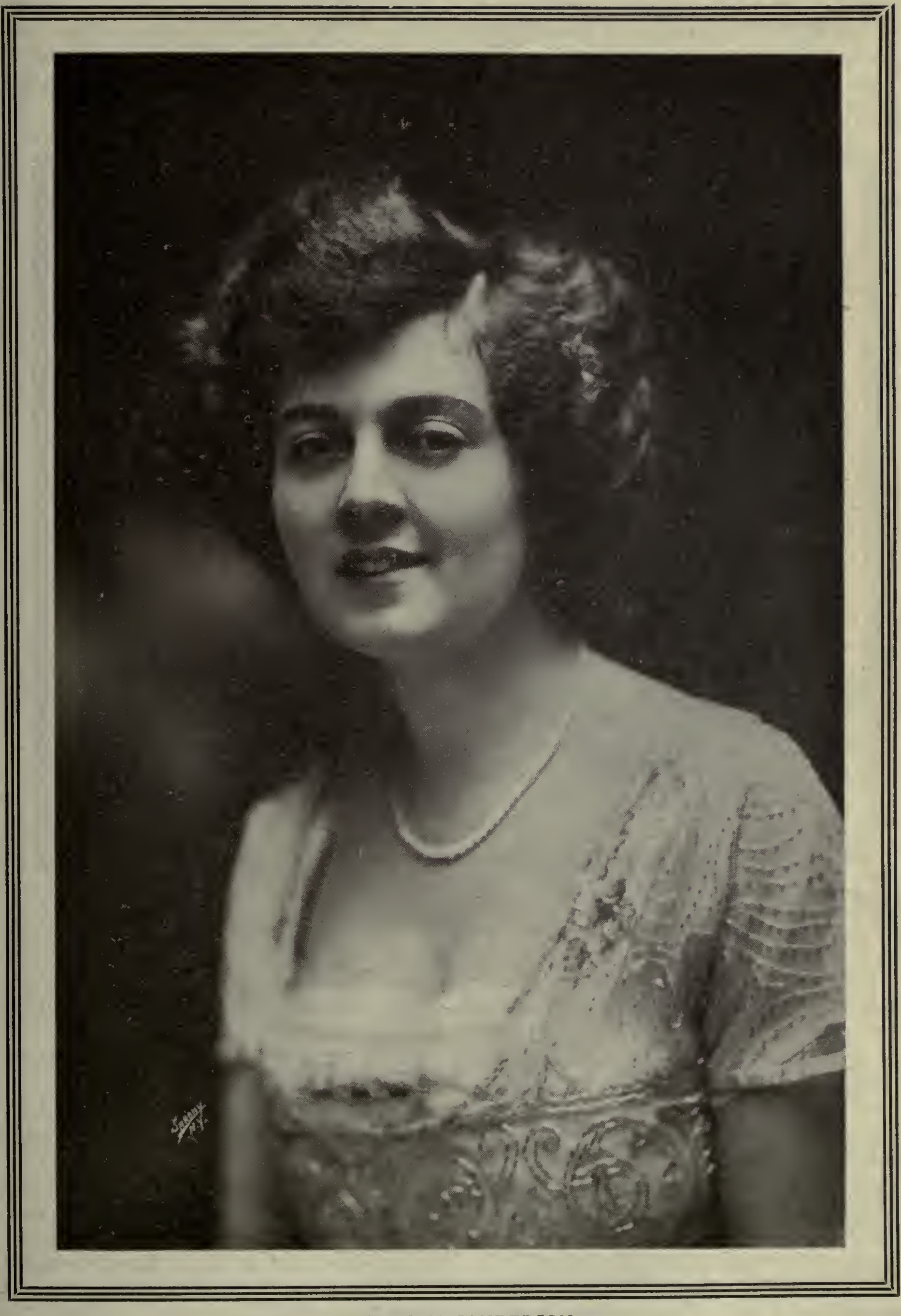
So there are few stars twinkling on Broadway this summer, and not many more in any of the large cities. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are largely in the hands of stock companies and vaudeville houses. In Chicago, Mr.

H. B. Warner is playing in "The Ghost Breaker," and since the run is still reported as "indefinite" by the *Dramatic Mirror*, and Mr. Warner is a special favorite with Chicago theater-goers, his play is likely to continue throughout the summer. Most of our other stars are accounted for by the passenger lists of foreign steamers. Left at home, however, are many stars-to-be, or prominent character actors who having ended their regular season are playing stock for the summer, scattered here, there and everywhere.

MISS BILLIE BURKE
In the gymnasium blouse which she wears as Tommy Belturbet in "The Amazons," her vehicle for an autumn tour

The Plymouth Theater, Boston's unique new playhouse, opened its doors for the summer season with Miss Eleanor Gordon and her capable stock company. The Plymouth has earned its title, "the house of real drama," by a record season that saw the all-star cast of "Oliver Twist," Mr. George Arliss in "Disraeli," the Irish players and their repertory, Mr. Robert Loraine in "Man and Superman," and Miss Horniman's splendid company of English players. Some say it is this exceptional program, others insist that it is the manager, Mr. Fred E. Wright; perhaps it is both, but the Plymouth has an individuality that seems to decide the character of its productions. A theatre with personality is unusual, but the personality of the Plymouth is too notable and too tangible to be described as mere "policy." It represents the best drama, the best actors, the best producing art—it represents its manager, Mr. Wright. After all, it is to him that the Plymouth owes its unique position, for Mr. Fred E. Wright means the Plymouth as much as the Plymouth means Mr. Wright.

For the summer, Miss Gordon and her company are holding to the Plymouth plan in their production of such dramas as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The House Next Door," and an occasional new play for the encouragement of native playwrights. While Miss Gordon is playing in Boston, Miss Ada Dwyer is heading a company at Salt Lake City. Mr. Fuller Mellish is in Canada, Miss Violet Heming is in Portland, Maine. Then there are a number of well-known actors in vaudeville for the summer. Miss Margaret Nybloc, who created the part of Teenie in the Scotch comedy "Bunty Pulls the



MISS JULIA SANDERSON
A new star on Broadway, who was presented in "The Sunshine Girl" and is the idol of women theater goers

Strings," filled a six weeks' engagement with Mr. Sanderson Moffett, the Weelum of the Bunty company, in a little Scotch playlet, "A Wee Bit o' Married Life." Miss Nybloc is one of the excellent English character actresses now playing on this side of the water. She gained her versatility from an excellent training with Miss Horniman's company in Glasgow, and plays widely different parts with equal success. One evening during her engagement at Keith's in Boston, I watched her preparing for her act and, as she "made up," amused her by frequent exclamations. She began by coiling her heavy dark hair and smoothing it down into the smallest possible knot. "Why, you're just like a boy," said I. "Oh, I used to play boy parts."

She put a dash of color on her lips and cheeks, and a lock of hair strayed over on her forehead. "But you're more like a little girl."

"I've done little girl parts in 'Ada Jones' and 'Oh Christina.' "

Slowly she proceeded to darken the lids of her eyes. "Have you ever played a Japanese role?" I asked; "you make up exactly like a Japanese girl."

MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR

Another successful new star. Her play, "Peg o' My Heart," was written by J. Hartley Manners, whom she married shortly after her opening night

"Perhaps not yet," laughed Miss Nybloc, deftly pinning on her little Scotch bonnet and changing her expression.

"But after all, you're a real Scotch Maggie MacGregor!"

There were still a few moments left before her "turn" was called, and we looked over some photographs taken in her different character parts. They made an interesting story in themselves, and the three grouped at the beginning of this sketch show her in three favorite roles, in "Ada Jones," "Quality Street" and "Wee MacGregor."

At the different theatrical offices, many of the managers were absent in Europe,

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THREE CHARACTER POSES OF MR. CYRIL MAUDE
The eminent English actor, who will play in America next fall. In the upper photograph Mr. Maude is shown as the Rev. Cuthbert Sanctuary, D. D., in "The Headmaster"; in the lower left hand photograph as Major Bingham in "The Second in Command"; in lower right hand as "The Flag Lieutenant"

tentatively "looking over the ground for new material." When Mr. Henry W. Savage came back to New York from abroad early in June, with the word "nothing worth while in Europe," native playwrights redoubled their efforts and hurried off their manuscripts to be "examined." Sometimes it has been whispered over the manuscript mail in the NATIONAL editorial rooms that the whole country seems to be engaged in short story writing, but after a glimpse in the Savage offices, one had to agree with Mr. Percy Heath that "everybody's play-writing now!" For the coming season, Colonel Savage will keep on tour several of his recent successes; his great new production will be a Lehar opera which promises to be the logical successor of "The Merry Widow."

Both Mr. George Tyler and Mr. Stanhope of the Liebler Company were abroad, but young Mr. Theodore Liebler, who was found busily pasting up photographs and English press notices of Cyril Maude, said that Mr. Maude's American tour was the only new Liebler production for the first of the season. Mr. Maude is one of the greatest artists on the English stage today, and his visit to America will be a real event.

Among the other producing managers, Mr. Charles Frohman was in Europe, Mr. Belasco was in Europe, Mr. William A. Brady was in Europe; Mr. Lee Shubert had been in Europe.

In all the offices, "play-reading" seems to be the order of the day. Play reading, preparing, producing—that is the manager's program, while actors look hopefully forward to "good parts" and audiences for good plays and another season.

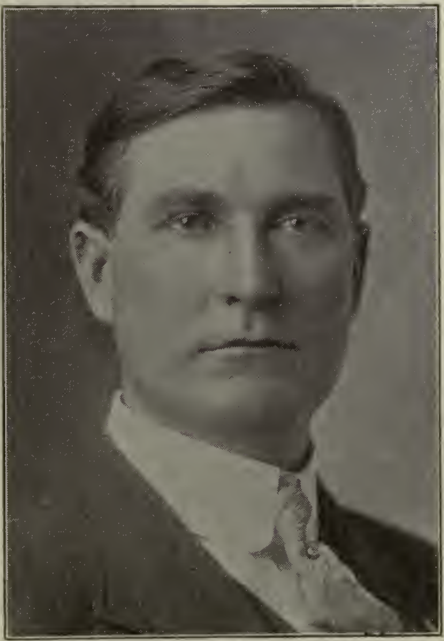
MISS MARGARET NYBLOC
The versatile young Scotch actress who can "make up" for almost any role

Flashlight Glimpses of Congressmen

by The Editor

THERE is always an interesting story about each one of the many new members of Congress who won out in the last campaign, for each includes the study of a distinct personality. Percy Edwards Quin of Mississippi was born in Amite County in 1872. His father was a farmer and Baptist preacher, but when very young the boy was left an orphan upon a mortgaged farm, and obliged to work early and late to save the home. He hustled in the old style; picked cotton for fifty cents per hundred pounds and saved a few dollars with which he started for college after the crops were gathered. He graduated from Mississippi College in June, 1893, and in the interim of going to school and beginning his life work was engaged in teaching school, an experience singularly common in congressional biographies. Mr. Quin taught in the Mississippi High School at McComb and then studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1894 and built up a large law practice in the town where he first began as a school teacher. He became an aggressive member of the State Legislature, and was one of the early crusaders for primary elections. He made his first run for Congress in 1910 and lacked only a few hundred votes of winning in the second primary. He tried again in 1912 and carried eight out of nine counties.

Congressman Quin has announced himself as an ultimate, free-trade Democrat, and believes that there should be no tariff at all, but that the revenue to support this Government should be raised in such a way that all the burdens should not be borne by the people who work for a living. His campaign methods are unique, for when he was a candidate for Congress he secured a good riding horse and a pair of saddle bags and rode from farm to farm to see the farmers and tell them how he stood on all national questions, in just the same way and spirit as the old circuit riders. He earnestly favors open caucuses, and is certainly very near to the hearts and ideas of his constituents.



HON. PERCY EDWARDS QUIN
The young Mississippi Congressman who was left an orphan at an early age, and by picking cotton and watching the crops, gathered together the money to go to college. He has been both a teacher and a lawyer, and is one of the free-trade Democrats in the new House

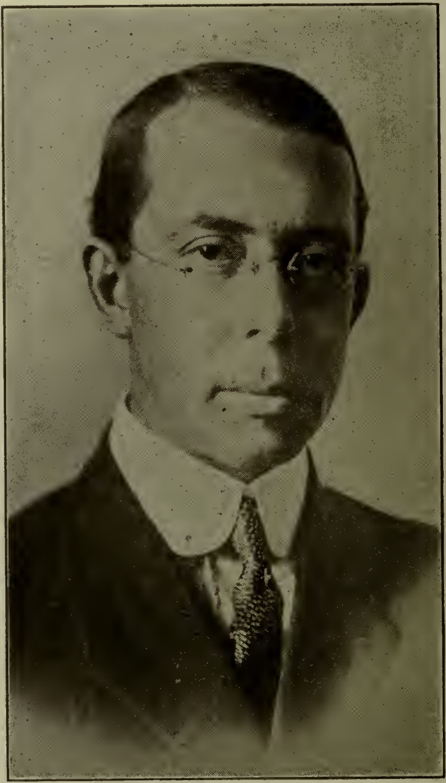
* * *

THERE is one man of the House known as "The Mail Order Congressman," Mr. Francis O. Lindquist, of the Eleventh District of Michigan, who nine years ago was a laboring man. His career reads like a story book. Nine years ago he came to Greenville, Michigan, with forty dollars of borrowed money in his pocket; opened a bazaar store and laid the foundation of a business that is today one of the largest of its kind in the United States, the

Canada Mills Company. He has been a close student of the relation between consumer and manufacturer, and has sane ideas on the High Cost of Living. He started in the old-fashioned way by gaining the confidence of his customers and saving them money in the purchase of a suit of clothes. He secured a large contract from a factory in New York City. The growth of his business each year places him in a position where he is continually reducing the price on clothing. He buys the raw material from the woolen mills, manufactures the goods himself, and sells them to consumers at prices as low as wholesalers sell to the retailer. His great hobby is to pass a national law protecting the consumer from purchasing misrepresented merchandise under false pretenses.

HON. C. A. LINDQUIST
Whose election to Congress from Michigan was the climax of an adventurous career. Nine years ago a common laborer, Mr. Lindquist has by sheer persistence built up a substantial business in his state, and a warm place in the hearts of his constituents

Small in stature and frail in body, many wonder that Mr. Lindquist was able to stand the strain of entering a political campaign. He organized his campaign for Congress much as he would organize a mail order campaign, having received replies direct from voters appealing to him to stand as a candidate in behalf of the people. He would not permit any man to expend any money whatever in his campaign. Thousands of letters come to his office in the Capitol from all parts of the country, indicating that Mr. Lindquist, known as "The Man From Michigan," will make a record that will be most gratifying to his constituents.



HON. LOUIS C. CRAMTON
One of the aggressive newspaper writers in Congress. Mr. Cramton is one of the Republicans in the new Congress—a Republican of the Progressive kind

THE new Congressman from the Seventh District of Michigan is Louis C. Cramton, and here again another newspaper man is coming to the front. Mr. Cramton is a Republican—one of the progressive kind. For three terms he was law clerk of the Michigan State Senate, later Deputy Commissioner of Railroads, and a member of the Michigan House of Representatives in 1909, but his chief distinction is that he is editor of the "Lapeer County Clarion," a newspaper that with clarion directness rings out the convictions of the editor. He knows how to handle a blue pencil on yellow paper, and is one of the promising new congressmen in the minority party.

* * *

IN early manhood Charles Forrest Curry, representative from the Third District of California, was a mining prospector, woodsman, hunter and cattle man. He located in San Francisco, and was a clerk in a bookstore. Many years ago he was elected a member of the California Assembly. As a legislator his energies were especially devoted to education, labor and for the proper conduct of public institutions. He was the author of a measure to make arbitration the legal and effective remedy for differences between capital and labor, and he advocated and secured the enactment of a law to make it compulsory to teach in the public schools the bad effects on the human system of narcotics and stimulants.

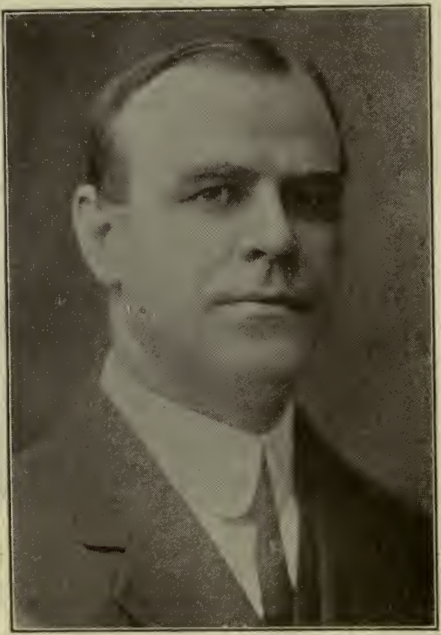
HON. C. F. CURRY
A real Californian, who was in turn a mining prospector, woodsman, hunter and cattleman, before becoming one of the most celebrated public officials who ever served as Secretary of State in California

He served in County and also in the State office, and while in the County Clerk's office put in operation the Collateral Inheritance Tax. In 1898 he received the Republican nomination for Secretary of State and served three consecutive terms, and during that time secured the enactment of a law providing for a Graduated Corporation Filing Fee, and for a Graduated Annual Corporation License Tax, which made his office one of the best revenue-producing offices in the State.

HON. WILLIAM GORDON
The Congressman from Ohio, who boasts that he is a real farmer boy. He has also been a school teacher and a lawyer, and is an ardent admirer of President Wilson

Always active and busy, Congressman Curry was one of the earliest advocates and supporters of the Direct Primary Election Law. He is an uncompromising Republican, and is proud of the fact that his father was one of the original organizers of the Republican party in Wisconsin. He was born at Naperville, Illinois, and moved with his parents to Seattle. His father was one of the early pioneers of California. Mr. Curry has the happy faculty of calling man, woman and child by name more frequently than any other man in public life in California, and the handsome majority over all which he secured in the three-cornered fight, the largest majority of any congressman in the State, tells the story. Three of his ancestors were in the Continental Army in the Revolutionary War.

An instance is related of his career as Secretary of the State, showing just how thoroughly he does things. One of the clerks was busy at the time an elderly woman called, and the clerk replied in rather an abrupt manner to her query. From his private office Curry heard it and dropping his pen he stalked out into the front room.



HON. ALLAN B. WALSH
One of the Congressmen from the home state of the President. Mr. Walsh is of an inventive turn of mind, and his plan for a voting machine received the hearty support of many Congressmen

"What did you tell that woman?" he demanded. "I told her I didn't know," replied the clerk. "Well, it is the business of this office to know, and I wish you would call her back and hunt up the facts she seeks until you do know," said the Secretary of State.

* * *

TO be born on a farm is becoming a rare distinction in the biography of public men. One of the new Congressmen from Cleveland, Ohio, is William Gordon, born on a farm near Oak Harbor. After leaving school he took a business course at Toledo and then served seven years as bookkeeper for his father. Like many of his colleagues he taught school in the winter and attended college in the summer. Later he attended the University of Michigan and graduated from the law school. He went to Cleveland in 1906 and began to take an active interest in affairs political. He has always been a Democrat, and having served as a delegate to the district and state conventions, was chosen as delegate to the Democratic National Convention when William Jennings Bryan first ran for the Presidency in 1896.

He was nominated at the primary election in 1910 and again in 1912, and early in the recent campaign announced himself as a strong supporter of Woodrow Wilson, pledging his voice and vote for the legislative program outlined by him. Mr. Gordon is one of the Congressmen who retains copies of his campaign circulars and says he intends to keep them lying on his desk and to live up to the pledges given prior to election.

* * *

FROM the home state of the President Congressman Allan B. Walsh of Trenton comes to Washington. He has hit on a project popular to every visitor at the Capitol, in his plan of a voting machine that will save the time now expended in calling the roll in the House of Representatives. Not less than half an hour is required to call the roll of members, and a favorite method of filibustering to prevent action on pending legislation is to force numerous roll-calls, which consume a lot of time. With the instinct of a practical electrician Congressman Walsh proposes to have an "aye" and "nay" vote occupy only a matter of a few minutes. The idea when described appealed to Speaker Clark. The voting apparatus planned by Mr. Walsh would enable each member to cast his own vote as he pleased, and in addition to saving time, each member would know for a certainty that he was properly recorded. On the wall behind the Speaker's desk, and high enough so that it can be seen from every part of the house, Mr. Walsh proposes to erect an electric signboard, on which the name of each of the 435 members would be printed or painted in letters large enough to be read from all parts of the chamber. Opposite these would be two small electric lamps of different colors, one red and one blue. In front of the seat of each member or on the back of the chair ahead of him would be an electric switch connected with the bulletin board. Each member would have a key that would fit his own exclusive voting switch. When the question was put, a member would go to his own switch, take out his key and turn the switch to cast his vote. Turning the key one way would turn on the red light opposite his name on the board and would record him "aye." Turning the key the other way would turn on the blue light, which would record his vote in the negative. By this method a roll call could be figured at a glance and greatly discourage the "pairing" system, by which members who do not want to go on record on a question and manage to agree with somebody else to let their votes offset each other without either answering to the roll call. Quick as a flash the adding machine would give the result when the keys were turned in and all the lights sparkled like a Christmas tree.

It is a simple device and is certainly ingenious. Congressman Walsh is an expert in his trade and measures electrical currents like a yard of cloth, and is an authority in making tests. Now he proposes to make a test in the House of Representatives which will save time and expedite business, and make the droning dreaded roll call as winsome as a moving picture show.

* * *

THE successor of Hon. John Dalzell in Congress is Melville Clyde Kelly, a young man with a strenuous career. He is one of the large army of school teachers now in Congress and was in turn school teacher, salesman, book-keeper, reporter, editor and publisher. He has been waging a characteristic political war in his district for many years. In the Pennsylvania legislature he was one of the leaders of the insurgent forces and was always found where the storm centered. He has made many a whirl-wind campaign in his district, and has visited every nook and corner. He has been active in civic affairs in his home district and has taken an especial interest in educational institutions.

Like President Wilson, Mr. Kelly is a Presbyterian and for many years has conducted one of the largest Bible classes in the country. He is president and managing editor of the Braddock *Daily News Herald* and has developed an influential publication from a struggling small weekly.

HON. M. CLYDE KELLY

Representing the 30th District, Pennsylvania. A reformer whose influence has already been felt in the new Congress. Older legislators watch his movements with keen interest

Before the Congressional campaign Mr. Kelly published a book entitled "Machine-Made Legislation" which attracted widespread attention and ran into several editions. He is one of the ardent reformers who has a specific remedy to offer for every fault, and his work in Congress promises to leave a decided impress upon the political history of his state. He is one of the youngest members in Congress.

* * *

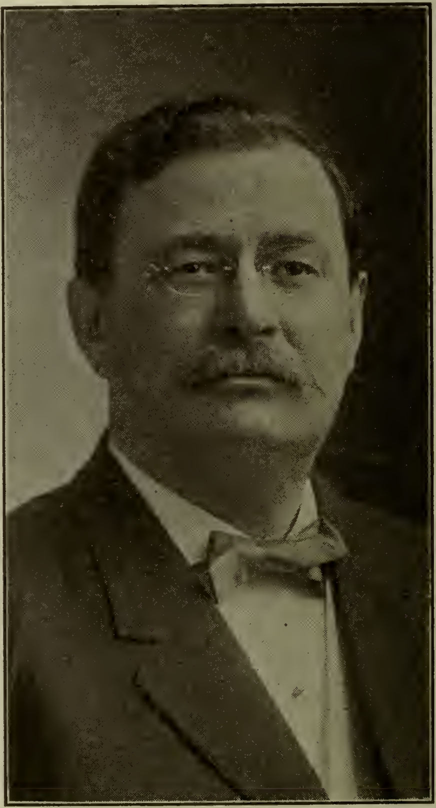
FROM Bloomington, Illinois, where he was born, has blossomed the career of Louis Fitz Henry, one of the new Illinois delegates. He was educated in the public schools of Bloomington and attended the Wesleyan University. He became a journalist at an early age and has had considerable experience both in the business and editorial departments of newspapers. In 1897 he concluded that he ought to be a real lawyer and was admitted to practice in both the state and federal courts. As a Democrat, he was elected city attorney of Bloomington, a strong Republican city, and re-elected in 1909. Then someone suggested that he ought to go to Congress. The suggestion was adopted. He made his first run in 1910, and was defeated, but in 1912 he made the race against Hon. John A. Sterling and received the highest number of votes of the three candidates in the field. For some years he was a member of the Democratic State Central Committee, and now as a United States representative takes his place as one of the Illinois leaders of the Democratic party.

HON. LOUIS FITZ HENRY

A product of Bloomington, Illinois. By birth, education and public services he is perhaps the best known and best loved man in his thriving home city, and is now demonstrating "the Bloomington way" in the House of Representatives at Washington

* * *

THE most sanguine expectations of friends have been more than fulfilled in the political record of Fred E. Lewis, Congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania, who was born in the city of Allentown, Pennsylvania, attended a New England military institute and Muhlenberg College, and having been admitted to the bar, began his public career in his native



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HON. FRED. E. LEWIS

A favorite of the working classes in his district of Pennsylvania, where he was born and educated. He has faced severe political struggles, but with the people on his side, has won the battle state. Before he had attained his thirtieth year, he was elected mayor of Allentown, defeating a former member of Congress and a man of national reputation.

His opponents tried to make political capital out of his youth and lack of experience, but Mr. Lewis soon demonstrated that there was a self-reliant and balanced head on youthful shoulders. He devoted every minute of his time to the work entrusted to him by the people, and his second administration even surpassed the achievements of the first.

Heretofore a Republican of the stalwart type, but now a Progressive, active with his voice and influence in the party, he has been a strong factor in every important campaign, and is especially popular with the working classes because of his engaging personality and unaffected, democratic manner. The same enthusiastic public spirit in which he conducted public affairs in Allentown is now given to the constituents of the large and important state of Pennsylvania.

* * *

OVER and over again in the biography of many new Congressmen one ascertains that they were at one time teachers in public schools. Franklin Brockson, Democrat, of Clayton, Delaware, has had this experience, which is often a prelude to public prominence. He was born on a farm in Blackbird Hundred, New Castle County, Delaware, and at one time served as clerk in a clothing store. He taught school at Port Penn and Marshallton, Delaware; graduated from Wilmington Conference Academy, Dover, Delaware, and from the law department of the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia, and soon won a reputation as a successful trial lawyer. He served two terms in the State Legislature. As a native son of Delaware he has made a vigorous campaign throughout the little state which has no reason to be ashamed of the record in peace and war of "the Blue Hen's chickens."

* * *

THE Congressman-at-large from Florida, Mr. Claude L'Engle, has had a spectacular career. His name stands out conspicuously because of the apostrophe, which has occasioned much stuttering and hesitation on the part of Northern colleagues. He is one of the legion of newspaper men in Congress, and has for many years been recognized as a leader of progressive forces in Florida. In the Democratic primary he was vigorously opposed, but in spite of all efforts he carried forty-four out of forty-eight counties in the state. Mr. L'Engle is responsible for much of the reform legislation in the Palm State. During the sessions of the Legislature he opened and maintained a "People's Lobby" at his own expense. His frequent exposures of legislative tactics in a daily paper issued at Tallahassee during the legislative sessions put to rout many well-seasoned lobbyists.

HON. FRANKLIN BROCKSON
Congressman-at-Large from Delaware. His name also finds a place on the list of those who have been school teachers and lawyers before entering public service. He is a home man, democratic in manner, and is what his constituents call "a real Representative"

Aggressive as a fighter, and standing loyally by everything he regards as beneficial to the masses, Mr. L'Engle's friends predict that he will prove himself a leader at the national capital and achieve early prestige and usefulness.

A PEACEFUL NOON HOUR AT CULEBRA BACHELOR QUARTERS

The Social Side *of* Panama Life

by Peter MacQueen, F. R. G. S.

THE three thousand American women on the Zone are adapting themselves with a facility truly American to the climate, the life, and the tropical conditions of the Zone. They have clubs and reading rooms; they play tennis and ride horseback. Some of them are remarkably good housewives. They all lend a charm and homelikeness to the strange, bizarre, novel Americanization of this tropical swamp. They have even class distinctions; not to say a bit of gossip now and then. A bevy of pretty American girls is to be seen twice a month at the dances of the Tivoli.

Women's clubs number in membership three hundred or four hundred. There are 1,500 white and 1,700 colored children in the schools and nearly fifty teachers. There are two hotels, the "Washington" at Colon and the "Tivoli" at Ancon near Panama, that compare well with our first-class hotels at home. Dr. Gorgas is a profound Christian as well as a great original medical genius. Mr. Bucklin Bishop, secretary of the Canal Commission, is a gentleman and a resourceful scholar. Dr. Mason of Ancon hospital is a famous botanist, gathering flowers and marking trees, as well as ministering to wounded humanity. Thirty thousand negroes from Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, and Lee Martinique are rising in the religious and economic scale, while six thousand Spaniards and Italians are falling. This strange phenomenon is told me by members of the Commission and others. The six thousand Americans stamp everything with their pronounced individuality. Inventions spring like magic from a hundred brains. One young workman invented a steel plow for emptying the long trains of rock and soil. Another young American engineer invented the wonderful "emergency dam" contrivance for the Gatun Locks.

The wonder of wonders at the zone is the lack of mosquitoes. This accomplishment of Dr. Gorgas and his staff must stand with the digging of the canal as a thing apart from and above all ordinary events of history. I was there ten days and did not see one mosquito.

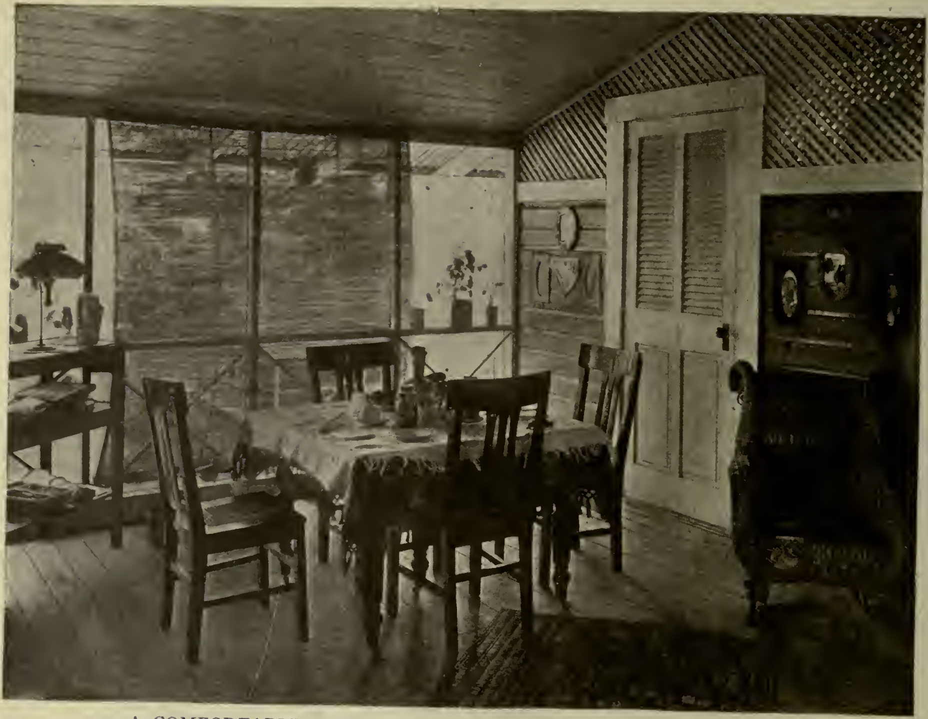
The American men are from every state in the Union. The school children are from thirty-six different states, and the mothers from each state want the schools to be run on the plan in vogue in their own state. Thus a Boston woman wants schools like those of Massachusetts, and Oregon women say Oregon schools are the *ne plus ultra* of schools. But of course the authorities cannot give each state its own system, and so they have put in force what they consider the best form of school for the time and place. The kiddies are just as bright, hearty and healthy here as they are at home.

A PANAMA STREET BEING PAVED UNDER DIRECTION OF THE CANAL COMMISSION

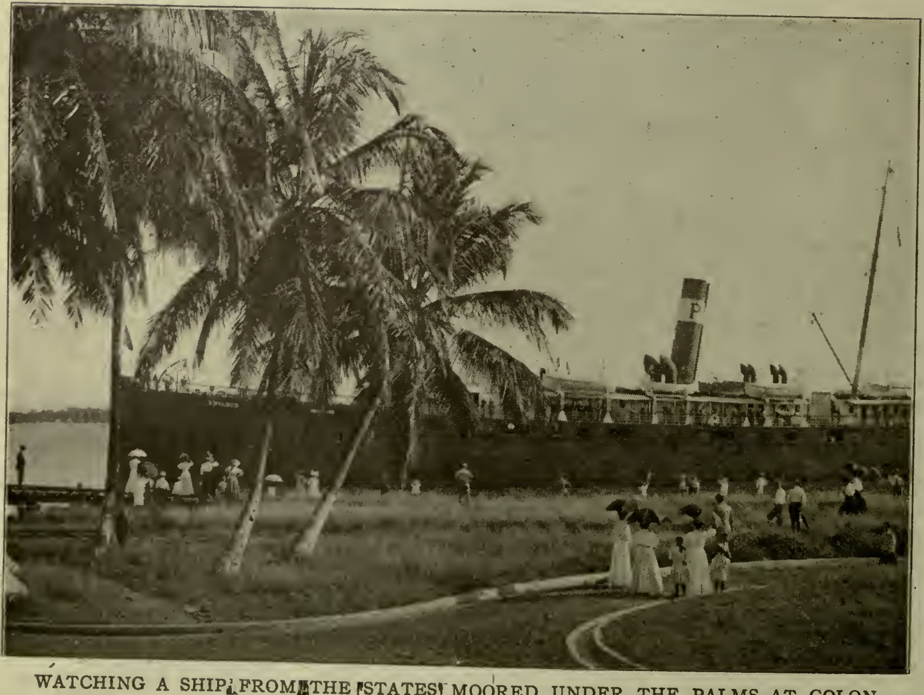
* * *

The laws of the benevolent despot, Colonel George Washington Goethals, are kept by everybody, and each man feels that he is getting justice. On Sunday mornings any man or woman on the zone can get an audience with the chief, and state any grievance, real or imaginary. And this wise tyrant manages so well to give out even-handed justice that all are satisfied. Some examples may illuminate. A man has been home to the States on a vacation and returns to find his house and his job taken by another man. Colonel Goethals goes to work and investigates this case, finds the man has been wronged, and walks two miles to the workman's lodgings to tell him his work will be ready for him in the morning. Negroes have a riot. The leaders come before the despot. What was the riot about? Well, it was over a quarrel of two men as to whether Judea would have a king at the second coming of Christ!

Religion exists at the zone. But whereas the American at home is a formal churchgoer, at the zone he is more or less indifferent. Nevertheless the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association average fifty at each of the services. There are Catholic and Protestant churches in nearly every village and hamlet, and the Government has established a building in every village which can be used by any denomination, and which has a hall suitable for fraternal societies like the Masons, The Knights of Pythias, The Knights of Columbus, etc. The negroes have improved in religion and are better and more industrious workers than when they came, whereas the Spaniards (who were the best workmen at first) are dragged down, and the American is more indifferent to religion than he was. The conduct of the average American, however, is reported to be very good, and men of our nationality are



A COMFORTABLE DINING ROOM IN THE MARRIED QUARTERS



WATCHING A SHIP FROM THE "STATES" MOORED UNDER THE PALMS AT COLON learning how to live wisely and govern well in the tropical countries.

The American man is, of course, the deciding factor of the life and work on the canal. And never have men done so well and never has a stupendous enterprise been governed so justly as here at Panama. Even the most captious could not cavil at the fine fair play that has been characteristic of the whole enterprise.

THE STREET UNDER PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION

STREET WHEN PAVING AND IMPROVEMENTS HAVE BEEN COMPLETED

If the Panama people are not grateful to the United States Government, they ought to be. Very magnanimous has Washington been with Panama. The streets of Colon were filled in and a good sewerage and water system installed as well as electric light. The same work was done at Panama City. The two cities, though in the ten mile zone, were given to the Panama Republic. The money for the improvements was advanced by the American government, and is to be paid slowly by a slight water tax. In addition to the $10,000,000 originally given by the Government, Panama receives every year after 1913 a rental of $250,000 per year. This, added to the interest on six million dollars still remaining from the purchase money, gives the new Republic a yearly income of more than half a million dollars, without any taxation at all on the people of Panama. Of course they need more than half a million to run the government, but the taxes tend to be very light in Panama. All liquor licenses on the American territory will be revoked July 1, 1913, and the revenues from liquor will then all be taken in Colon and Panama. The revenues from licenses on the zone were $75,000 per year. The liquor stores were kept by Chinamen, East Indians and others. Most of these villages will be abolished when the canal is opened. The recent slide in Culebra cut will delay the passing through the canal of the first ship till December 31, 1913. It was the plan of Colonel Goethals, he told me, to put a vessel through on October 5, the four hundredth anniversary of the day that Balboa discovered the Pacific.

It is a pity that some drunkenness exists at the Zone. Yet it is not to be wondered at. In the first place, there are many rash, adventurous souls in every such enterprise. In the second place, many young fellows away from home for the first time are left without their ordinary recreations and safeguards.

Everything that a powerful, rich and kindly government can do has been done by the Americans at Panama to give to the native people and to their own citizens and employes the best physical, mental, social and civic conditions.

Engineers and diplomats, travelers and publicists from every country in the world have sent trained men to Panama. And these all with one voice declare that for engineering skill and civic management, the enterprise of finishing the Panama Canal is a lesson to the world and an epoch in the great events of civilized mankind.

LITTLE OLD DREAMS

DREAMS, old Dreams, is a funny old man,
You never, no, never, can tell
Which of his dreams, when the night time comes,
He is bringing to you to sell;
It may be a dream of a soft twilight,
Of a sun that is sunk to rest;
Of a cool, sweet breeze and the rose perfume,
And a face that you love the best.

Or it may be a dream 'fore the lights are lit,
And the fire in the hearth burns low,
And the shadows creep and the room is filled
With the days of "long ago."
It may be a dream of the blue, blue wave,
And the sound of the moaning sea;
Of a rudderless ship that is drifting far
From the harbor of what "could be."

Or a dream of a night, of a dark, dark night,
With no hope-sent star in the sky;
Of an empty room, and from out the gloom
The sob of a tearless sigh.
But if dream of good or if dream of ill,
(For we never, no, never, can tell)
When old Dreams comes we must buy of him
The Dream he is come to sell.

—*Margaret Erskine.*

The Harmony of Figures

by W. H. Landvoigt

THE greatest necessity of modern business is a thorough system of auditing, superior to the old methods of Latin countries which are utterly inadequate to business need in the United States. Balance is the immutable law of nature, and permanently an essential factor of successful business operations. The United States Post Office Department has recently introduced a mechanical auditing method which is already eliminating the financial "deficiency" of years past. There is no doubt that calculating and recording machinery is not only labor saving, but insures speed, accuracy and efficiency that cannot be attained by the old methods.

What business house is not interested in securing a perfect audit of its accounts, one that will disclose with mechanical accuracy the state of its business, without the possibility of mistake; to which humanity, however careful or experienced, is so prone? And how much deeper, therefore, must that interest be, if it be established that there is a simple system of securing these results with the additional advantage of a saving in time and money over the long-accepted methods of the counting house?

These seem remarkable hopes to raise in the heart of the busy man who has no time to indulge in chimeras or conundrums. Yet enough is now known to render it absolutely certain that these hopes will be fully realized by the use of the wonderful mechanical auditing methods recently installed in the office of the Auditor of the Post Office Department, the accounting officer of the United States Treasury Department, who is relied upon to check up and square the accounts of perhaps the most gigantic business enterprise in the world—the postal service of the United States.

This system has almost ended its first year in auditing the money order business of the country, whose transactions during the last calendar year aggregated more than a billion three hundred millions of dollars, or, to be exact, $1,335,366,193.34, involving approximately eight hundred thousand money order accounts with the various postmasters and approximately one hundred million money orders. In the language of the street, "This is some business." Certainly it is gigantic enough to test the system in its every detail.

Not only has the system thus far been a success, but it has been operated with 125 less employees than under the old system, and the audit can be completed in a remarkably shorter time.

Auditor Charles A. Kram says that this business is growing at such a rate that under the old system of auditing it would require an additional force of sixty people each year to do the work. Yet under the new system this increase from time to time can be taken care of without additional help, or even without additional machines.

The great bulk of the money orders issued in this country originate at forty-five thousand post offices. But they are paid, as a rule, in the large cities. One out of every six last year was paid in Chicago, the totals amounting to $107,257,292.71. New York paid one out of every ten, the totals amounting to $67,204,642.71.

Sixty per cent of the business of the entire country is transacted in the fifty-two largest post offices, which are required to make daily reports of their transactions to the Auditor. The remaining offices make reports monthly or semi-monthly, according to their importance and the size of their transactions. A complete audit is required every three months.

Every account of the money order business, under the new system, is given a double audit. That is to say, the accounts of the postmasters who issue the money orders as well as the accounts of those who pay them must be carefully examined and

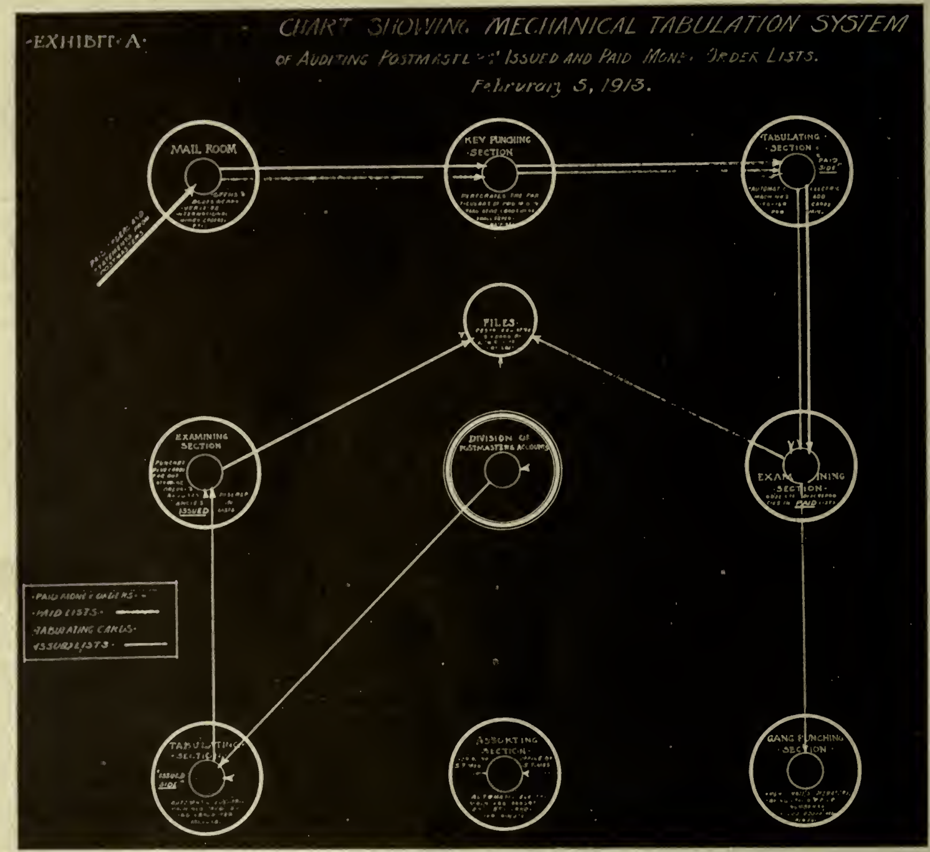


EXHIBIT A
CHART SHOWING MECHANICAL TABULATION SYSTEM
OF AUDITING POSTMASTERS' ISSUED AND PAID MONEY ORDER LISTS.
February 5, 1913.
MAIL ROOM
KEY PUNCHING SECTION
TABULATING SECTION
"PAID SIDE"
FILES
EXAMINING SECTION
ISSUED
DIVISION OF POSTMASTERS ACCOUNTS
EXAMINING SECTION
PAID
TABULATING SECTION
"ISSUED SIDE"
ASSORTING SECTION
GANG PUNCHING SECTION
PAID MONEY ORDERS
PAID LISTS
TABULATING CARDS
ISSUED LISTS

CHART SHOWING MECHANICAL TABULATINGSYSTEM

verified, and both sets of postmasters debited or credited, as the case may be, by the Division of Postmasters' Accounts. The accounts of the one must be checked against those of the other. This is effected under the new system by the tabulation of the totals and their comparison, that a balance may be reached which will show the outstanding or unpaid orders when the audit is made.

To properly audit the accounts of the postmasters who issue the money orders, the cards representing the orders must be assembled by States and alphabetically by the names of the post offices, as well as in their numerical sequence, for each order bears its own serial number. This arrangement also is necessary for the sake of easy reference in the future. Under the old system it was necessary to assort, by hand, the money orders themselves.

The Auditor, in a recent official statement, said: "The Auditor is required by law to keep all accounts and vouchers for a period of three years. The paid money orders alone which reach his office within that period, if tied in bundles a foot thick, would reach half way from Washington to Baltimore"—a distance estimated at forty miles. As it is often necessary to produce money orders required in specific cases by the Post Office Department, or by postmasters, or by clerks of court, where accounts get into court through criminal proceedings against postmasters or postal employees, the difficulty of locating orders under the old system may be better imagined than described.

Under the new system, the Auditor says a given order can be located at the outside in fifteen minutes.

The advantages of the new mechanical

system which is undergoing a wonderfully successful test are briefly stated by the Auditor to be as follows:

It has already saved $100,000 annually in the cost of office operation, a force of 300 employees now being able to complete the double audit in less time and with a greater degree of accuracy than 425 employees under the old system where the orders were assorted by hand and clerically audited. Not only this, but the smaller force is also taking care of the steadily increasing volume of business without a necessity of additional appropriations.

It has already resulted in increasing the average compensation of the machine operatives twenty-five per cent, and approximately twenty per cent of them complete their maximum day's work in six hours, whereas under the old system they were required to be on duty seven and a half hours daily with a half hour's allowance for luncheon.

Absolute accuracy has been easily secured in the audit; opportunities for clerical error have been reduced to a minimum through a system of control by totals, and "double credits" which are likely to arise from the issue of duplicate money orders to replace those lost or destroyed are detected with absolute certainty.

It has made possible accurate keeping of the audit of paid money orders current, and of reducing the elapsed time in the audit of money orders issued by from four to six months.

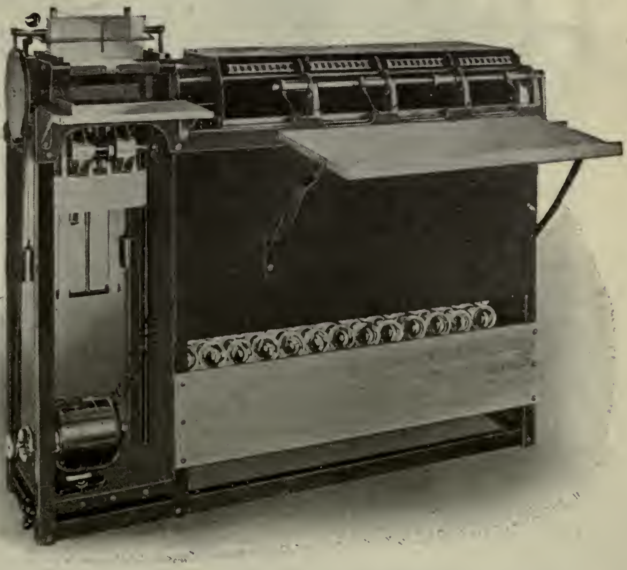
It has resulted in the entire discontinuance of the alphabetical assorting of the money orders in post offices, which was necessary in connection with the old system of auditing, whereby it is estimated that a saving of $400,000 a year has been effected.

Now, how has all this been accomplished?

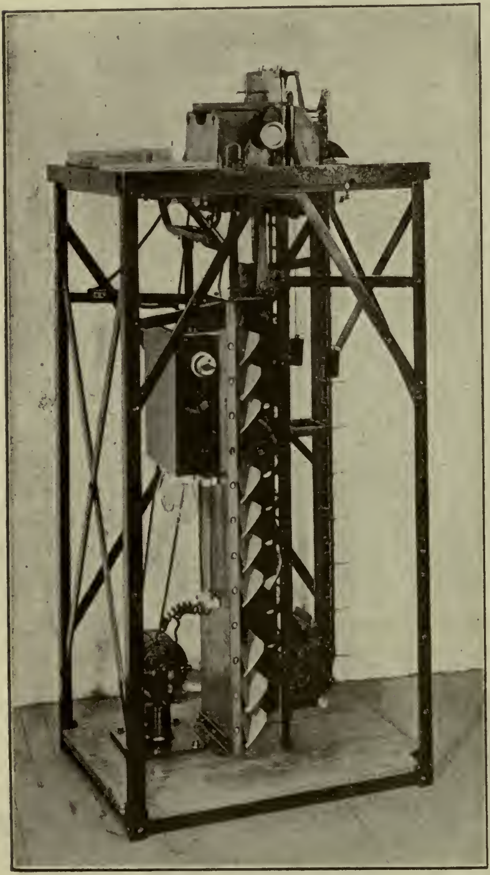
Simply by the use of four types of machines, two of them, the "card punch" and the "gang punch" operated by hand, and two, the "tabulating" machine and the "sorting" machine, operated by electric motor power. All the machines are manufactured by an American company, and what seems remarkable is that their principle is such that they can be adjusted to any kind of business auditing. Indeed, prominent officials of the government have ventured the suggestion that their success in the office of the Auditor for the Post Office Department virtually means a revolution in the method of all governmental auditing.

By this system, as soon as the paid money orders are received, they are sent to the "card punchers" who, by punching holes in certain columns on small cards, make the latter show the number of the post office where the order is issued (for each post office has its own number), the amount of the order which has been paid, the amount of the money order fee paid the issuing postmaster for the order, the serial number of the order and the month of its issue. Eleven keys on the punching machine are sufficient for the purpose. Operators manipulate the keys like a typewriting machine. The resistance in punching the card, however, is much less than might be imagined. Key punch operators will punch about twenty-five hundred cards a day.

These perforated cards are then sent to the tabulating machine, where the amounts



TABULATING MACHINE USED IN GOVERNMENT AUDITING on them are added at the present rate of from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand cards a day, thus furnishing the totals for comparison with and verification by the totals claimed by the postmasters in their statements. Discrepancies are marked for correction and card, money order and statement are sent to the examiner for final audit and adjustment. After the audit of the paid money orders is thus completed, the examiner sends them to the files. The postmasters' statements, however, are sent to the Division of Postmasters' accounts, for appropriate credits to the postmasters, and the cards are sent to the "gang punchers" who perforate them at the rate of about seventy thousand a day, with holes in appropriate columns showing the operator's number, the number of the paying office and the file number, all common to a great many cards. The "gang punch" is a small machine operated with a hand lever and fifteen or more cards may be punched with it at each fall of the lever. It is easily adjusted to any combination.



SORTING MACHINE

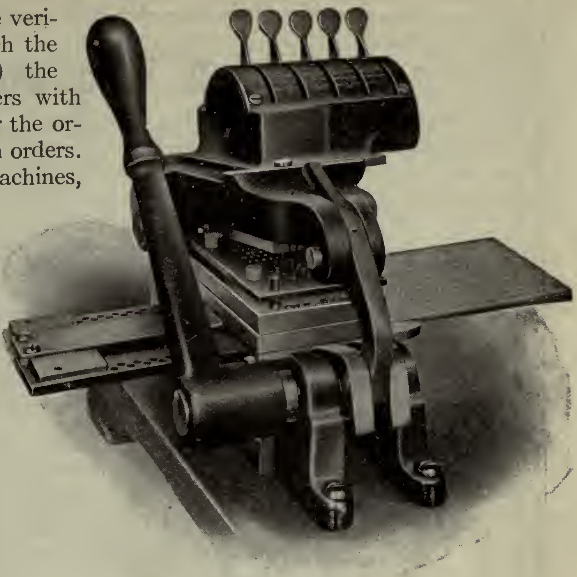
The perforated cards are then sent to the sorting machine, which assembles all the cards of each post office of issue, and arranges them in rotation by the serial number of the money orders, at the rate of one hundred thousand cards a day. They are then ready for the second audit, or that of the money orders issued.

When again run through the tabulating machines totals are secured, both for the amounts of the orders and the amounts paid as money order fees, and these are compared with the totals of the money orders issued. Discrepancies here, as in the case of paid orders, are marked for correction and sent to the examiner of money orders issued for final adjustment and audit.

If a given money order has not been presented for payment at the time the issuing postmaster's statement is audited, a card of a different color is perforated to show all the particulars contained in the statement. This serves as a record of outstanding or unpaid orders and also as a check against the money order itself when it is returned as paid.

This double audit is really simple, although a description of it seems complicated. But it is effected by eight processes: (1) The making of the perforated card by the "card puncher"; (2) the tabulation of the cards to get the totals for comparison with the postmasters' statements; (3) the comparison of totals, correction of errors and closing of the accounts, in which event the statements are sent to the bookkeepers for properly crediting the postmasters with the sums they have paid out; (4) the "gang punching" of the cards for their general assembling with full particulars; (5) the assembling of the cards by post offices of issue and their arrangement in rotation by serial numbers of the money orders; (6) the second tabulation of all the totals, including outstanding or unpaid orders, for comparison with the statements of the issuing postmasters; (7) the verification of these totals, after which the cards are sent to the files; (8) the debiting of the issuing postmasters with the amounts received by them for the orders issued and also as fees for such orders.

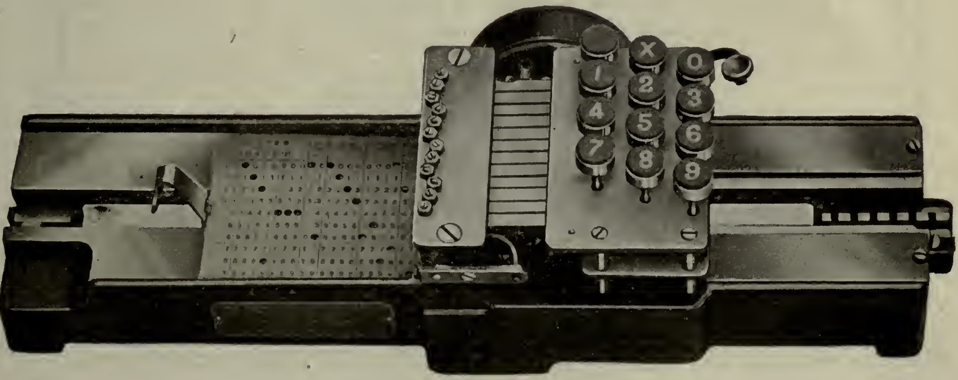
The tabulating and sorting machines, both of which are operated by electric motors, perform their function on a principle similar to that by which a music box produces music from perforated sheets of paper. While a discord is indicated by the latter in the music given forth, an error in the cards is soon made known in the totals shown by the machines. They seem to be endowed with almost human intelligence, but their "intelligence" has this difference, it is mechanical and unerring.



GANG PUNCH

The new system was installed August 24, 1912, to commence operations as of July 1, 1912, with a force almost totally inexperienced, yet which each succeeding week has shown increased efficiency in the operators and an almost illimitable capacity on the part of the machines. The keystone to the system is the perforated card made by the "card puncher" whose errors are noted with infallible accuracy in the short page totals after the cards have passed through the tabulating machines. They are thus quickly detected for correction and the responsibility for them fixed.

Many of the operators, because of their civil service status, have never before been able to earn more than from $660 to $720 a year, no matter how richly they deserved it. Under the piece-rate system their efficiency is its own reward. They get paid for what they do, and over ninety per cent of them are making more money today than it was ever possible for them to earn under the old system, while the Auditor's office is being run at a lower cost, a quicker audit is being obtained, and now, as never before, the Post Office Department is able to tell where it stands in a financial way.



KEY PUNCHING MACHINE

A Requiem

"Westward, on westward, the great soul of the 'Poet of the Sierras' has passed to the Golden Beyond."

—*Joe Mitchell Chapple in April National.*

MORN upon the Sierras.
  Bathed in an opal sheen;
Forest, and glade, and mountain,
  Valley and sheer ravine.
Voices of birds and beast folk
  Echo throughout the brake;
Nature has marshalled her forces—
  Joaquin, her friend, is awake.

Noon upon the Sierras,
  Bathed in a golden glow;
Forest, and glade, and mountain,
  Valley and purple snow.
Sitting beside his cabin,
  Harking unto the stream,
'Terpreting nature's voices,
  Joaquin, the poet, doth dream.

Twilight upon the Sierras.
  Bathed in an eerie light:
Forest, and glade, and mountain,
  Valley, and stream, and light.
Hushed are the birds' sweet voices,
  Stilled is forest and glade,
Softly the evening breezes
  Blow o'er a mound, new made.

Night upon the Sierras.
  Bathed in a somber shade:
Forest, and glade, and mountain,
  Cabin, and mound, new-made.
Like a great band the darkness
  Circles the distant west,
Decking the land in mourning,
  Joaquin has gone to rest.

Hark! On the evening stillness
  The cry of a wolf comes shrill;
Higher and higher it ranges,
  Then again all is still.
Far down the valley the north wind
  Starts up a dismal moan,
Echoed by valley and mountain:
  "Joaquin, our friend, has gone."

—*William Edward Ross.*

A CLASS IN CARPENTRY AND BUILDING AT WENTWORTH INSTITUTE
Two sections of a house and a stairway, involving all the principles of house construction, being built by boys

A Survey of Vocational Work

THIS is indeed an age of emphasized specialization. One little realizes how much is being done merely to adjust effort to existing conditions, after specialized plans are completed. A number of earnest women, who realized that it was chiefly a question of effective combination, have taken up the work of perfecting the opportunities for vocational education in Boston. After thorough research and personal investigation of many other institutions, Mrs. Bryant B. Glenny has prepared a magnificent series of charts which demonstrate the whole subject at a glance. Mrs. Glenny's work has been especially commended and commented upon by the official government reports of the Department of Commerce and Labor, for the commissioners realize that efficiently trained teachers are the strongest factors in attaining higher standards of education and the uplift of the social life of the community. The normal school and university extension opportunities offered in Boston seem to reach every phase of educational work. The special field of the normal school is the actual training of young men and women for teaching; and a new access of originality, a broader understanding of human nature and a spirit of helpfulness is acquired by actual contact with people and practical experience.

The curriculum indicated by Mrs. Glenny's charts would seem to cover every phase of educational activity, including drawing, the industrial arts, preparing students to become school teachers, instruction in manual and physical training, qualifying students to take positions in primaries, or as mothers' helpers—preparing them, in a word, to become an active part of the practical philanthropy of the times.

On the chart are given all details of the special feature courses, the subjects and requirements for admission and tuition, expenses and the placing of students. Special schools are proposed to teach electricity, navigation, marine engineering and seamanship.

With such a wide scope of training for social service, whether paid or volunteered, the young people of today are making a closer study of family and community relations, of neighborhood improvements in city and country, and of charity and public aid than one can well realize. By reason of these charts the vocational educational work in Boston has more than kept pace with development in other lines.

THE RUSSIAN COMARANSKEISO
One of the stately Russian dances being taught

There is a school for home making in Boston where the subject is taken up in a practical way. This is differentiated from the domestic science and art courses, in which scientific instructions in the management of the home are given. Courses in law, commercial science and agriculture, physical and dramatic education, and training schools for nurses connected with the large hospitals are all outlined. The Red Cross "uniformed standard of qualifications to govern the enrolment of nurses" for government service, is set forth with all the details as to just what qualifications are deemed necessary for the work.

In the Marlborough Street office, at Boston, all this information has been collected with painstaking care, showing when and where these opportunities for education are opening, with a precision more definite and perhaps even more reliable than a railway timetable.

The professional schools, including schools for speaking, expression, the spoken word, elocution and dramatic art, are already liberally supported in

THE ITALIAN TARANTELLA
Performed by the pupils in the vocational schools at Boston

Boston. It is impressively pointed out that the proper training of the mind and voice ensure a livelier sense of beauty and more intense sympathy with nature and art. Professional training in the science of expression prepares the teacher, story teller, orator, reciter and actor, and even if not used in a professional way has accomplished wonderful results.

Young women students are assisted in finding suitable rooms by applying to the Student's Co-operative Registry, and never before have educational advantages been so comprehensively outlined as in the chart series of education.

Day continuation schools, opportunities in settlements and other neighborhood centers, professional schools, commercial training, art and music schools, and all schools undertaking this work are listed in the chart and give assistance in securing positions for students. In looking over these charts, one finds a veritable encyclopedia of vocational education opportunities.

The Evening Industrial and Evening Elementary schools are all carefully listed and described. Many of the schools are free to residents of Boston. In fact, this general supervision work has been largely carried on by volunteer contributions and effort, just to help find the right place for the thousands of young people coming to Boston and seeking for opportunities and training, that must be of great value to them in later life. Life, after all, centers in one thing—to "know how" to do things, and to do one worthy thing better than any one else. That has been given as the all-conclusive evidence of success, and in devoting years of arduous work to this cause Mrs. Glenny has given to the Educational Department of the Women's League invaluable service. With painstaking care she has gathered together all the loose ends so that the doors of opportunity are opened even still wider to the energetic and ambitious youth of today. No mariner ever had more reliable charts to direct him to safe harbors across wide oceans than Mrs. Glenny has prepared to direct, as well as to inspire, a healthful thirst for that vocational education which leads to a better livelihood for all concerned, and associations that make all the conditions of life more delightful and radiant with the light of loving helpfulness for humanity.

* * *

The vocational schools are not confined to hard and fast practicalities. Illustrations are here given that show the splendid advances made by them in the renewal and preservation of the old customs whereby the characteristic dances and pastimes of many countries, as represented by immigrants coming to this country, are preserved. This is what adds beauty, grace and poetry to the prosaic activities of life. What would the hard, rugged life of the peasantry of Europe be but for these dances and pastimes? The stern life of the Highlander found its compensations in the evenings when the pipers played the old pibrochs of war and gaiety and the gillies and lasses danced the "Gillie Callum" and the "Highland Fling."

THE PICTURESQUE SCOTCH LILT
One of the dances taught in the new vocational schools

The Hungarian dances are poems in themselves, and the dances of the Russians and Italians are both wonderful and picturesque. This work in Boston, under the direction of Mrs. James J. Storrow and other prominent Boston women, has been especially successful. The story of the industrial work taught at the Wentworth school indicates how easy it is to teach young people to do useful things and to make the most of their environment in working together with that sympathy for their fellow-beings that characterized the great Lincoln.

Modern ideas of education are reverting to a scientific study of those conditions of household labors too long regarded as an unwelcome burden, but which have been after all blessings in disguise—for one who has duties to perform or hardships to overcome is likely to have the courage and initiative to succeed. In the initiation and development of educational institutional work, Boston has reason to be proud of the splendid record already made. The news of her success has spread to other cities, and Mrs. Glenny, one of the leaders of the movement in Boston, is now engaged in the work at Columbia University, New York City. The Empire State with its great building in Albany dedicated to educational work is making a splendid response to the appeal to promote vocational education among the people.

Whether there is a tendency to do too much for boys and girls, instead of permitting them to develop their own individual faculties, may be a mooted question, but Senator Page's bill, which passed the Senate for vocational, agricultural and industrial education, has reflected the sentiment of the American people, who have declared in words that cannot be mistaken, that they believe in liberally providing for the educational and vocational work of the country. By such measures the future destinies of the republic are assured.

THE MASTER COMRADE

THE Master-Comrade, so the records tell,
In bitter poverty and pain was born,
And toiled with hands, and oft was weary, worn;
Yet helped the faint who by the wayside fell,
And prayed for those who, blind, insensible,
About his brows had bound the cruel thorn.
The scornful priest He withered up with scorn,
But could not judge the woman at the well.

Rich in the riches of the heart was He,
And yet a homeless proletarian.
He gave his life to save and to set free,
And left a record on the hearts of men
More deeply graven than with sword or pen,
Which speaks for Brotherhood—Humanity!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

SOME of our readers may have forgotten it, but there are a large number of friends of the NATIONAL who are helping each month in the collection of "Heart Letters," which will be an appropriate successor of "Heart Throbs." In order that we might remind you of it, we are publishing one of the numerous letters which have been received. Nearly every day brings in selections for "Heart Letters" to go in the new volume. Some of the contributions are personal letters with the names changed, and others have become famous in history, but all are letters that mirror the soul and spirit of an individual, whether celebrated or unknown to public print.

So don't put it off until too late, and sigh when the volume is out, "If I had only thought!" but set about to find that letter of five hundred words or under that has touched your heart, and send us a copy. The collection is proving a veritable gleaner's sheaf of priceless experience touching almost every phase and condition and environment of life.

The famous letter of Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby early became a favorite in the contributions. The letter of General Pickett to his fiancee before making the fatal charge at Gettysburg has also been sent in many times. The several beautiful epistles written by the Southern leader during the dark days, full of those touches of hopefulness that have kept human nature mellow and sweet under severest strains, have an inspiration as human documents that few purely literary masterpieces possess.

The following, which appears in the published volume of the late General's letters to his wife, was written just before he led his famous charge:

> We have been on the qui vive since midnight and as early as three o'clock were on the march. About half past three Gary's pistol signaled the Yankees' attack upon Culp's Hill, and with its echo a wail of regret went up from my very soul that the other two brigades of my old division had been left behind. Oh, God, if only I had them—a surety for the honor of Virginia, for I can depend upon them, little one. They know your soldier and would follow him into the very jaws of death—and he will need them right here, too, before he's through.
>
> At early dawn, darkened by the threatening rain, Armistead, Garnett, Kemper and your soldier held a heart-to-heart powwow. Just as we three separated to go our different ways after silently clasping hands, our fears and prayers voiced in the "Good luck, old man," a summons came from Old Peter (General Longstreet) and I immediately rode to the top of the ridge where he and Marse Robert were making a reconnaissance of Meade's position. "Great God!" said Old Peter as I came up, "Look, General Lee, at the insurmountable difficulties between our line and that of the Yankees—the steep hills, the tiers of artillery, the fences, the heavy skirmish line—and then we'll have to fight our infantry against their batteries. Look at the ground we'll have to charge over, nearly a mile of open ground there under the rain of their canister and shrapnel."
>
> "The enemy is there, General Longstreet and I am going to strike him," said Marse Robert in his firm, quiet, determined voice.

* * *

WHEN Mr. Stanley Clague of Chicago tilts his head to the right and narrows his eyes, it is safe to say there is an idea being incubated in his mind that will make a deep dent in some business exploitation. He has made a record allotted to few advertising experts, and seems to know exactly how to reach the people through the printed word.

Some of the most successful innovations ever made in advertising activities were conceived and executed by Mr. Clague. It was he who made "Toasted Corn Flakes" known the world over, and introduced the juvenile advertising that has given delight to thousands, yes millions, of the children and their fond parents. Mr. Clague it was, too, who originated the "Heart Throbs" campaign, thus finding its way again to the home circle.

Photo by Voorhees

MR. STANLEY CLAGUE

An advertising expert whose success has been founded in the principle of combining art with publicity

Born on the Isle of Man, Stanley Clague came to America when a boy, filled with the artistic and literary instinct of the traditional Manxman. He combined business sense with his art, and took up advertising as a serious life work. He launched his career with a determination to make a place for the best art and literary effort in publicity campaigns, and is one of the pioneers who gave advertising its present dignity and prestige. Mr. Clague has engaged the services of the world's best artists and writers in the cause of advertising. When in England a famous artist was employed to make drawings for Pears' Soap, the house of Pears did on special occasion what Stanley Clague is doing every day. A keen student of human nature, he recognized years ago that in American homes there is an increasing intelligent and discriminating appreciation of art. The throngs who visit the art galleries tell the story. The names of famous artists have become as familiar to the people as publications themselves.

A series of announcements which Mr. Clague recently prepared for Montgomery Ward & Company, Chicago, is without doubt the most artistic and impressive publicity announcement that has ever appeared in public print. It represents the best art talents in America, and the results show the correctness of Mr. Clague's unerring judgment that work rather than celebrated names is first appreciated by the people. He has proved the futility of the old-time method of appealing to farmers in crude advertising on the theory that they are isolated on farms and have no appreciation of art. Through the artistic announcememts planned by Mr. Clague, his clients are presenting art that in itself has the same subtle influence possessed by masterpieces that hang in art museums. Back of these Montgomery Ward announcements is a conviction that reveals an uncompromising belief in the practical artistic taste of the people. They are in themselves a compliment to American intelligence.

This strikes the keynote of Mr. Clague's ideal. Each advertisement prepared by him tells an artistic story, with the commercial idea subtly suggested in the fact that a firm putting out this quality of advertising knows how to furnish values that have the real and intrinsic worth, indicated in the medium and method of announcement. A few years ago the art represented in these advertisements would have been executed only to grace the text pages of *Harper's* or *The Century*. In these progressive days, however, the work of the most famous artists is appearing in the agricultural papers for the benefit of the modern farmer—the farmer who has his automobile, his gas engine, telephone and rural delivery. He has also his books, and magazine, and knows what is best in modern art. His children, if not himself and wife, have seen the world's great paintings, for they have traveled in proportion much more than their city cousins, and have seen and appreciated the points of interest which those in the city pass without notice.

No more significant event in the annals of advertising has occurred in years past to reveal the rapidity of American progress than these masterpieces from the pens of Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, Henry Hutt and other popular artists. There is a heart touch in the two drawings by Charles Dana Gibson entitled "Friends for Forty Years" and "My Father Loved That Book." On the shelf is the catalogue of Montgomery Ward & Company. The daughter remembers that her father pored over that book in the chimney corner, studying out the economies that would mean better education for his daughter. The drawing tells the story of an American farmer's life. Henry Hutt, who is noted for his characteristic young men and dainty girls, pictures a young couple starting on their honeymoon and here again is the suggestion of having a Montgomery Ward & Company catalogue. James Montgomery Flagg cannot resist portraying the glow of the home circle, with the father and daughter planning in secret on a gift for mother, the Montgomery Ward catalogue at hand.

Garth Jones has a suggestion of the classic in his portrayal of Neptune, with the text "From the Ends of the Earth to the Ends of the Earth," an appropriate title in connection with the catalogue. "The Store of a Thousand Windows" is the subject of Dan Sayre Groesbeck's famous drawing, but the classic is approached in his stunning presentation of the Statue of Liberty holding the torch aloft in the right hand, while in the left is the inevitable catalogue. There is something of the sturdiness of an old wood engraving in Franklins Booth's drawing, which has a picturesque flash of "Three Generations." Kyohei Inukai's contribution has a foreign impress quite as emphatic as the name, but the title "Looking Backward" and "Looking Forward" is graphically portrayed.

MR. BEECHER W. WALTERMIRE
One of the charming story writers from Ohio who has delighted readers for many years with his inimitable tales of mystery. One of our regular contributors to the National

Louis Fancher's portrayal of Mercury stands as the symbol of modern business methods; Adoph Treidler with his glimpse of the Orient expressed another individuality; Earl Stetson Crawford's "Aim Higher" looks like a print from some of the old masters flashing forth a famous maxim of the Montgomery Ward & Company. "When Dreams Come True," another of Franklin Booth's drawings, has all the pastoral feeling of American farm life. Even the juvenile is portrayed, showing how the baby loves to tear the books and above these are Japanese characters indicating the necessity of babies as well as catalogues in every home.

Going over the proofs of the announcements is like turning the pages of an art album. The personality of each artist is most emphatically emphasized in the individuality of his work, and yet the picture tells the story of the trade. No business firm in the world has ever been presented in so memorable a series of advertisements. Hung on the wall or pasted in the scrap book, the drawings form a modern art collection that encompasses representative work of the most famous artists of the day. How the world does move when art and business genius of the age are brought into such close and indissoluble relations!

MR. HENRY COCHRANE
Who managed the Advertising and Printing Congress in New York

WHILE visiting the many interesting exhibits at the Advertising and Printing Exposition held in the Grand Central Palace, New York, I looked in vain for one of the old Kelsey printing presses with which so many publishers and printers of today as boys began their career. In its stead were exhibits evidencing the remarkable changes and improvement in printing equipment, many of which have taken place within a few months or years at furthest. Among the thousands of visitors who crowded the aisles a feeling of comradeship generally existed, for many of them could take a stick, go to a case and set type, thus proving their early apprenticeship, and to these the occasional aroma of benzine and printers' ink awakened pleasant memories of bygone days when the "devil" was the village authority on the mooted and debatable question of the existence of "type lice."

The phenomenal improvement in all the equipage of print craft during the past ten years is a striking feature of recent American industrial development. Better tools, better presses, typesetting machines, furniture and general equipment that save money and time has brought about a phenomenal progress, which has placed the printing business to the sixth place in the industries of the country. Nowhere has the invention of automatic machinery played a greater part, and in the printing business today everything seems to be working automatically except securing orders for business.

While gossiping among the printers my mind wandered back to the time in far-off Dakota when an indulgent mother induced a reluctant father to sell old Kate, the family horse, for a real printing press with real rollers on the sound principle that "it would keep the boy out of mischief." This was a partial fulfillment of boyhood's dreams inspired by the career of Horace Greeley. The time has passed when the public sneers at the poor printer, and with it the days of ghost walking on pay day and elusive wage envelopes.

The old-fashioned, all-around printer who could set type without copy before him, make up the forms, run the press and address the wrappers has, for the most part, passed to history, supplanted by modern machinery; and yet the old-time apprentice who learned his trade with thoroughness and variety of resource gave us most of the men who have developed the strong and initiative forces which have made the printing trade what it has become in the business of today. Many eminent Americans were trained to work in the atmosphere of old printing offices, and perhaps some day some graduate of this self-reliant cult may climb into the executive chair of the nation itself, where he can wield the mallet and "shooting stick" to close the forms, and give an administration "that will justify" a clear and even impression of true democracy.

Among the thousands of young men visiting the show—pressmen, feeders, and compositors—there were many who will some day have charge of their own printing establishments, while others will recruit the ranks of the noble army of editors and reporters. Their keen interest in the exposition was indicated by the armsful of literature and leaflets illustrating the development of printing which were carried away. The whirr of big presses, the quick, staccato clank of the swift running job press, the rhythmic hum of the automatic presses, the click of the monotypes and linotypes, all blended into a symphony of industry. The "noise" made the playing of the splendid orchestra a mere pantomine; but who cared! The printing presses were alive, moving, producing pictures and folders, each conveying a message of progress in the printing art. Eager eyes followed their operation, while fingers calloused by file and hammer pointed out intricate parts and explained complicated actions to those whose minds were bent "on understanding." Mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts were there, and in their eyes shone the pride of being so closely connected with a trade long monopolized chiefly by the skilled and efficient, for the printing office heads the list of educational industries, and is insistent in its demands for intelligence.

Every printer was delighted to see here the equipment of his own shop on exhibition. The Monotype exhibit was thronged, for this machine not only fascinates printers, but all who are interested in mechanism that not only approaches but surpasses the quality of hand-work. There were also our familiar Miehle presses, Dexter folders, Seybold cutters, Boston stitchers—in fact, nearly every make of machine used in THE NATIONAL plant was on exhibition. The automatic appliances increase each year and are truly marvelous in their capacity.

The success of the exposition was largely due to the efforts of Manager Henry Cochrane, who as an exposition manager has established a record. When an exposition is in progress he is the busiest and best-natured man—all at the same time—that ever held command. He has made elaborate plans for the exposition of the coming year and manages to move things by schedule time. While not a printer himself, Mr. Cochrane seems to have an understanding and sympathetic appreciation of just what printers need in bringing the work of their craft to the attention of the public. He believes in the enthusiastic, "get-together" spirit that has been a marked characteristic of the expositions which he has managed. For several years expositions have been his special study and it is felt that the acme of success is reached when the display of printing machinery can be made to have an attractiveness that rivals the various fascinating attractions of New York City.

* * *

THROUGH a regrettable oversight, credit was not given to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for the illustrations which accompanied the article "The Battle of July 2d at Gettysburg," appearing in the July NATIONAL. We hasten to rectify the omission, with apologies to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which kindly loaned us the splendid electrotypes showing the scenes about the battlefield. It was through the courtesy of the Baltimore & Ohio also—which traverses this storied district and has made a record for speedy and safe transportation of a vast multitude of participants in the semi-centennial of the three days' battle—that the NATIONAL was able to reproduce in its Gettsyburg issue the account of the battle by General W. S. Huidekoper.

TO keep weight down is a problem confronting many women, especially sedentary workers in towns and cities. All kinds of remedies for "reducing" are prescribed, from radical rules for "dieting" to measures for strenuous exercising. Some women vouch for the efficacy of the "ten miles a day" walk, others claim that they "keep down" by going without breakfast, and many of our own readers have been helped by the beef-juice diet suggested by a contributor to "Little Helps." Miss Billie Burke has discovered a plan for reducing weight that is simpler and saner than most of those now observed.

She learned the secret while playing "Tommy" Belturbet, the girl who grew up as a boy, in "The Amazons" at the Empire Theatre, New York, the piece in which she will take a short "swing-around-the-circle" in the autumn.

When Miss Burke began her engagement in "The Amazons" at the Empire she weighed exactly 125 pounds. At the end of two weeks she tipped the beam at just 118 pounds. Seven pounds off in fourteen days or half a pound a day—that isn't bad at all. And how did she do it? Miss Burke will give the recipe herself.

"Those little gymnastic exercises that I take at every performance in the third act of 'The Amazons' are what did it," says the actress. "You'd hardly believe it—I know I wouldn't myself—but it is really the truth. You know one scene in 'The Amazons' represents a gymnasium and in the course of the act I go through a few very simple exercises with a light bar bell. I jump about, too, with the other members of the cast in quite a lively dance, but the whole thing doesn't last more than five minutes at the outside and the exercises with the bar bell are such as any woman, no matter how weak she may be when she starts, can take very easily. The only thing is—and this is the real secret, it seems to me—that she must do it regularly at the same time each day.

"A physical culture teacher once told me that that was the chief thing in taking exercise—the taking it regularly at the same time each day. He said that a very little exercise taken in that way did far more good than a great deal of exercise taken irregularly or at different times during the day. And my experience in 'The Amazons' has proved to me conclusively that that is true. You know, of course, that when one starts out to take calisthenic exercise after a day or two it becomes real drudgery and one is very apt to put it off or let it go until one has more leisure or something of that sort. In 'The Amazons,' of course, I have to do the exercise just at that point in the play and it always comes just about the same time every night. Hence the result.

"And I know that it is that little exercise with the bar bell, added maybe to the dancing, that has taken off those seven pounds, because while I do some walking in the country and some riding, I have always been accustomed to do that and

To My Old Friends

For over fifty years I was on the American stage and enjoyed a career that has made the sunset of my life serene and happy.

Have been at work for some years preparing my reminiscences in which I know you will be interested. These will be published in book form by the Chapple Publishing Company of Boston and I hope we can have your name as one of the charter subscribers for the book, which will be liberally illustrated and issued in handsome binding.

The publishers have kindly consented to make on this limited edition a price of $2.50, about the price you have paid for your theatre tickets to see the "Bostonians" and Ideals with myself as "The Sheriff of Nottingham." Instead of having one night at the theatre with Henry Clay Barnabee you can now have a cordial visit through the autographed edition of my book, limited only by the remembrance and sweet companionship of those illustrious personages I have met and known during my fifty years on the stage.

With best regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Henry Clay Barnabee

P. S.—I have written this because I feel that those who know me will want one of my books. Could you fill out the enclosed order and send to me and you can send the money after you have received the book and looked it over and feel that you have as good measure of value in the book as in the old days of the "Bostonians."

....1913

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE
16 Roanoke Avenue,
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Enclosed please find $2.50 for first edition, autographed copy of your "Book of Reminiscences," with the understanding that if, after looking it over, I do not feel satisfied that it fulfils the idea of "Barnabee, his book," money will be refunded.

Name..

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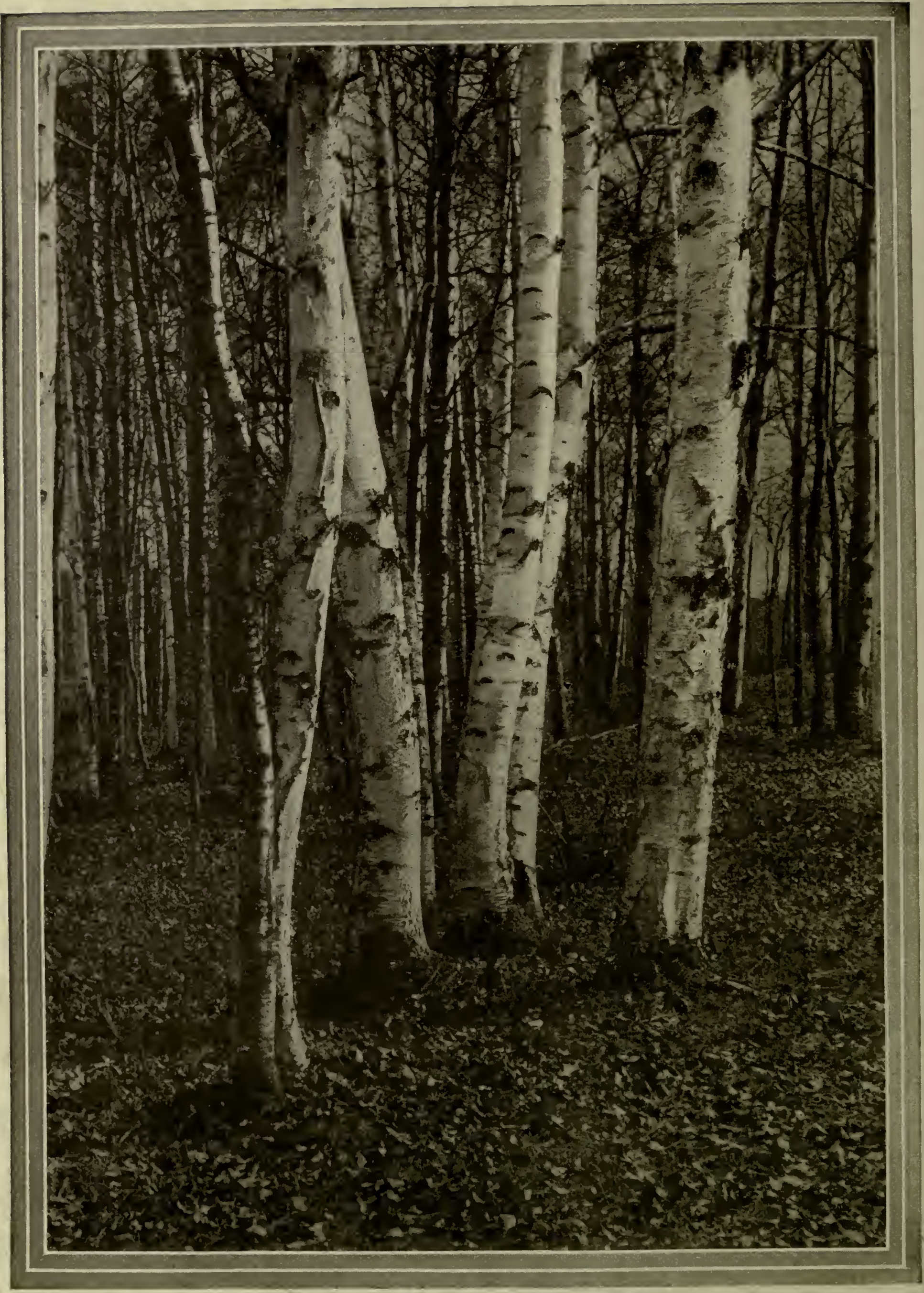
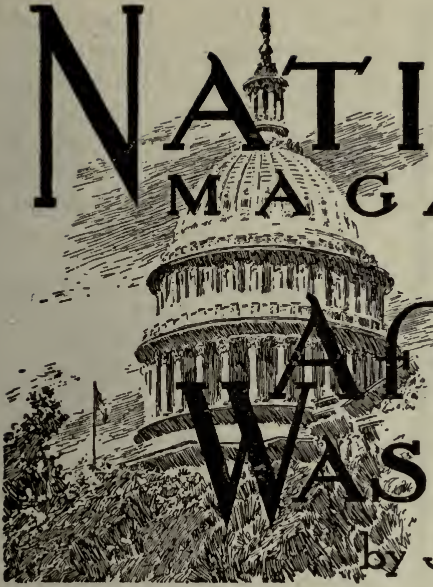


AUTUMN IN THE VERMONT WOODS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER, 1913



Affairs at Washington

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

MEMORIES of cool northern breezes and the green mountains of Vermont flitted before the fancy of Washington legislators as the congressional mill continued to grind. The discussion of the tariff bill opened with a display of forensic fireworks. The vigorous and aggressive attacks from the Republican side of the Senate were especially interesting, and in the queries that flew back and forth there was a punch that refreshingly suggested many years of past dominance and prestige.

As the dog days of August came and went, Speaker Champ Clark made the prediction that the extra session of Congress would close five minutes prior to the opening of the regular session in December. Most of the Congressmen seemed to accept his prophecy as fact, and began taking their vacations schedule by schedule, as it were, while quorums in both the House and the Senate were maintained by relays.

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TAKING it all in all, it was not the hottest summer in the memory of Washington's oldest inhabitant, but as one Congressman put it, it was "hot enough to make one want to keep cool." Members put aside conventional black and solid business tweeds, and appeared at sessions in pure white, until, as a Southern visitor remarked, the dignified legislators looked like a convention of Jamaica planters.

After a brief holiday at "Harlakenden," the President returned to the White House, and, feeling that the caucus in the House had virtually determined the fate of the tariff bill, turned his attention to exploiting the currency bill. The Cabinet did not lack for active employment. The Attorney-General was brought into the unpleasant McNab case; Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo had his troubles over currency matters; and Postmaster General Burleson found difficulties in parcel post extension. All other sensations were eclipsed, however, by the appearance of the Secretary of State on the lecture platform. It was made the subject of senatorial sarcasm as to how much salary was sufficient to keep a Secretary of State from the Chautauqua circuit. But Mr. Bryan remains Mr. Bryan, as in the old days.

* * *

IN Congress the tariff discussion continued to hold the center of the stage. While it was conceded that the bill framed in the Democratic caucus would be passed, yet predictions were made that a pressure might yet disintegrate party lines, for business depression and shrinking wage envelopes crystalize public opinion in a manner difficult to combat. While readjustments were being made for a new tariff, the eyes of the country turned toward the agricultural regions, for bumper crops may yet save the day.

MISS MARGUERITE PRESTON DRAPER
A Washington girl whose engagement to Count de la Tour D'Auvergne was recently announced from London. Miss Draper is the daughter of the late Genereal William Draper, and inherited a large fortune. She is the godchild of Queen Margherita of Italy, for whom she was named, and has been presented at court in England. Her coming marriage is of international interest

When the bill, as finally passed in the caucus, was brought forward for consideration in the Senate, the Republican members lost no time in giving their frank opinion of its shortcomings. Senator Bristow, emphasizing his points with characteristic left-hand gestures, demonstrated how the farming class had been outrageously ignored. Senator Works of California declared that his state was the "hardest hit" by the changes made. Senator Lodge coolly analyzed some of the inconsistencies of the chemical amendments, while, at the end of the aisle, Senator Smoot sat at his document-littered desk, calmly watching every detail like the experienced tariff legislator which he has grown to be. Senator LaFollette early loaded his guns for the coming bombardment, and Senator Townsend of Michigan gave the Senate one of those old-time speeches for which he was famous when in the Lower House. Senator Cummins insisted that if, as claimed by its opponents, tariff had put the country on stilts, its legs ought not to be cut off to abate the evil. Senator Gallinger led the floor forces like a veteran.

The Democrats defended the bill in a vigorous way. Senator John Sharp Williams, always interesting in debate, courageously led his forces up to the opposition breastworks, frankly confessing that while the bill might be illogical, it was so because of the work of his predecessors in framing tariff bills. The Senators were overwhelmed with letters and telegrams from business and industrial interests of their several states in regard to certain measures of the new tariff. The various sub-committees, caring for the bill on the Democratic side, indeed had their troubles, and some of the new Democratic members began to realize that General Hancock, when he ran against Garfield for the presidency, was decidedly right in declaring that the tariff was in the last analysis "a local issue."

* * * * *

THE celebrated lobby hearing in the Senate was moved to the Capitol, from the Office Building, in order that the sub-committee could be close to their work upstairs. In this historic room hangs a characteristic photograph of George F. Edmunds of Vermont, long a prominent tariff leader and one of the framers of the Sherman Law. A painting of Allen W. Thurman of bandanna fame also graces the room.

The hearing was attended mainly by newspaper men. Under the grilling attentions of the committee, the witnesses sat in spacious chairs on a well-carpeted platform. Mr. Mulhall and the Mulhall letters were the star attractions at the first hearing. The Lamar impersonations were also a feature. Even on a mid-summer Saturday afternoon, when all the stores were closed and people were afield or off to the baseball games, the Senate continued to grind schedule after schedule—though rarely making "schedule time," as planned by the Democratic steering committee.

After following the sessions of the Senate, one can understand how much is threshed out in the final discussions. Any question that can escape observation from ninety senatorial points of view must perforce be pretty thoroughly dissected. With a discussion of economic questions predominating, much of the personal acrimony of previous years has been eliminated. A senatorial day is usually concluded in executive session, and no schoolboy ever heard a bell ring with more pleasure than the Senators hear the adjournment alarm clock go off when Senator Bacon rises from his seat, makes the motion to adjourn. For when the majority says "adjourn," it means adjournment; but even the majority with all its power cannot stop the endless tariff discussion, which will be the characteristic feature of national legislation in this year of our Lord, 1913.

"THE DRUMMER BOY OF CHICKAMAUGA"
John L. Clem, now commander of the Western Division, United States Army, when he was made a sergeant after Chickamauga

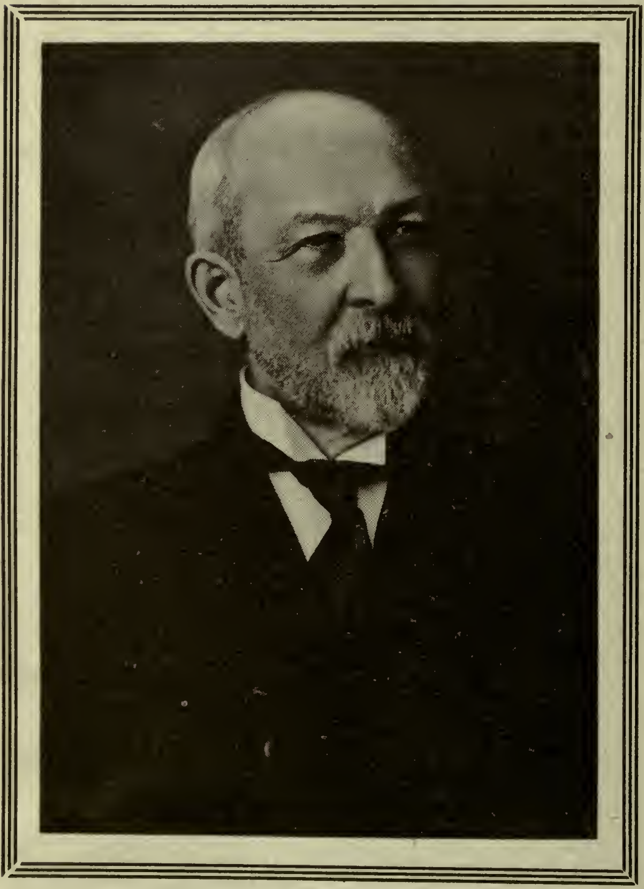
* * * * *

THE youngest soldier enlisted in the Union Army during the Civil War was Colonel John L. Clem, Chief Quarter-Master of the Central Division at Chicago, and known to history as "the Drummer Boy of Chickamauga." Born in 1851, at the age of ten he begged to go to the front with a regiment passing through his native town in Ohio. He was rejected on account of his youth, but persistently followed the troop to Cincinnati. There he tried to join the Twenty-Second Michigan Infantry, whose officers would not permit him to enlist but allowed him to accompany the regiment as a drummer. At the battle of Shiloh, his drum was smashed by an exploding shell, and he continued serving without pay until at Chickamauga he won the honorable title of "The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga." At Chickamauga he had been given a sawed-off rifle in exchange for his drum, and for his gallantry in battle was commended by General Rosecrans and made sergeant. Later he served upon the staff of Major-General Thomas.

After the war he made an application to General Grant to be admitted to West Point. He failed in his examinations, but he went to General Grant with his story. When asked the cause of his failure he replied, "Why, you see, Mr. President, when I was in the war other boys of my age were at school." At this time Clem was hardly sixteen. He related his experiences and President Grant wrote something on a piece of paper and said, "Take this to the Secretary of War." He took it to the Secretary, supposing that it was his admission to West Point.

"Does this paper admit me to West Point?" he inquired.

"No," said the Secretary sharply, and the young veteran's jaw dropped. "It is an order for a commission as Second Lieutenant of the army."



SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE OF VERMONT
A statesman whose public career typifies the Vermont spirit for work—hard work—work that brings results

Colonel Clem has to his credit today more years of service than that of any other name enrolled on Uncle Sam's army records. He is the only Civil War veteran on the active list, and at the Gettysburg Reunion was the youngest of the veteran corps.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS VIRGINIA HAMMOND
A Washington debutante whose picturesque beauty is greatly admired in social circles. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Hammond of Washington, and was educated in Paris

CONSCIENTIOUS and capable service are the two things of which the people of Vermont feel assured, when reference is made to Senator Carroll S. Page. Since he took his seat he has missed fewer roll calls on "quorums" as well as "yea or nay votes" than any other member of the Senate. Furthermore he is one of the members who never misses the opening prayers in the Senate. This favorable attendance at sessions is remarkable. It shows what his early training at school must have been, for old boyhood friends say that you could not conceive of Carroll S. Page as a boy being tardy or absent from school. Now in the vigor and full maturity of threescore years and ten, he continues his activities as in former days.

Senator Page maintains that youthful buoyancy and aggressiveness which has won him a myriad of friends in all parts of the country, both in a political and in a social way. Whenever his name is reached on the roll-call, the clerk of the Senate knows that he is ready. There is no chasing to the Cloak Room. Many of his colleagues wonder how he accomplishes so much in a single day. His mail is said to come up to White House proportions. Every individual constituent in Vermont seems impelled at one time or other to write Senator Page, and each one is sure of an answer—a courteous, personal answer. It is said that Senator Page trains more stenographers in the art of writing courteous letters than any business college in the country. Public business in the office of the Senator from Vermont is dispatched with the same alacrity and efficient service which made Carroll S. Page one of the greatest business leaders in the Green Mountain State, and the pace he has set for senatorial service is difficult to exceed.

He is the business legislator in every sense in the word. In order that he might remain with a crippled father, Carroll S. Page launched a business in his home town in Vermont that has grown to national proportions. He has always had in him the pioneer spirit which is at the very root of American progress. Undaunted in the face of danger, he was the first to make the trip in the hydro-aeroplane when the tests were made mid-air in Annapolis.

Senator Page was successful last winter in having the Page Vocational Bill pass the Senate, and it can be truthfully said that no man in the Senate has given Vocational Education more thorough and exhaustive study. Senator

Page, whether in political convention or senatorial conference, is a man whose cool-headed common sense is counted upon to meet every emergency.

* * * * *

IN the marble room of the Senate a Japanese visitor was waiting to see a Senator. The situation impressed one a little because of the warlike conditions set forth so forcibly by the yellow newspapers. The little man seemed placid enough as his eyes wandered up and down the pages of a Japanese magazine, printed on a fine tissue paper much like the light and filmy old-time paper napkin. He explained that he was reading an interesting account of whale fishing as now carried on in the Pacific, which showed that the monopoly heretofore held by our New England towns of New Bedford and New London has been taken over by the sturdy little Jap sailors who have dreams of one day becoming masters of the Pacific.

MRS. HEATHCOTE S. GRANT
The wife of Captain Grant, naval attache of the British Embassy, and their children. They have been warmly received in Washington

On the ruins of the American enterprises that largely led to her introduction into the family of nations, Japan has built up a great whale fishery. The American Consul at Hakodate, Japan, recently made reports on this interesting subject, tracing the industry from the year 1620, when the American whaler

Maro commanded by Captain Joseph Allen, and an English ship in charge of Captain Coffin of Nantucket, visited Japanese waters and in three short months "filled up" and sailed for home. These waters, of course, soon became a favorite whaling ground and in 1850, out of five hundred and forty-three whalers sailing under the American flag, fully one hundred cruised in or crossed the Japanese grounds. In fact the importance of this American fishery, the occasional loss of whalers on the Japanese coast, and the inhumane treatment shown to shipwrecked crews, were among the principal reasons for the dispatch of the Perry Expedition, which made the first American treaty with Japan. The American whaling interest has gradually declined until in 1908 one solitary whaler flew the Stars and Stripes on the coast of Japan.

After Japan was opened to the world, a few Japanese took up the business, at first with crude and inadequate apparatus and vessels. The Japanese government in 1894 and 1895 sent selected men to San Francisco and New Bedford, where they shipped as common sailors and landsmen on American whalers. Their investigations into the business were painfully exact and minute, as shown in a book edited by three of these agents, who shipped in a whaler cruising on the Atlantic grounds. This book chronicled not only the name, rig and tonnage of the vessel, and the names of her owners, officers and crew, but every detail of her construction; the size of every timber, plank and bolt; the length of every rope; the size, dimensions and material of all her whaling gear, and trying apparatus, with the amount of food taken to sea, how the whale blubber, tongue, case, head oil, bone, was "cut in," stowed, rendered, packed, with the shares system of division and payment, the food outfit and equipment of the crews, and even a list of the clothing taken to sea by the captain, the whole being vividly illustrated. This further indicates the Japanese devotion to detail, so vividly portrayed in plays like the "Typhoon" or "Madame Butterfly" and books portraying Japanese characters.

COMMANDER W. H. G. BULLARD
Head of the Naval Wireless Bureau recently established at the Navy Department

When dead, the whale is towed ashore, the blubber stripped off, sold fresh or salted like fat pork, a part of the meat canned or sold; the bone and ivory saved for manufacture, and all the refuse turned into bone, charcoal, poultry food and fertilizers. Most of the companies are prosperous and some pay dividends of from twenty to sixty per cent annually.

The little man from the East nodded thoughtfully as the discussion was closed, and the ponderous form of the Senator approached in time to hear the last sentence of what he was pleased to call "a whale of a story."

* * *

SENATOR WILLIAM PAUL DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT
Another of the Senate's hardest workers. He has served with honors on the most important committees, and is an authority on the subject of immigration

NEVER can I forget the ride over the hills into Waterbury, Vermont, the birthplace of William Paul Dillingham, United States Senator. There is a charm about the emerald verdure of the mountain slopes of Vermont that never palls, and the thought recurs to every traveler of how many distinguished men of the nation have come from the homes scattered among these hills.

Senator Dillingham received an academic education at home, and was admitted to the Vermont bar in 1867. After serving two terms as State attorney, he was made commissioner of State Taxes and it is in Vermont you hear about the "grand list," which in plain language is the poll or tax list of the town. During the centennial year, the young attorney from Washington County was sent to the legislature (every man of distinction in Vermont, at one time in his life, serves in the legislature). Later he was state senator, and then made governor of Vermont at the time of President Harrison's election. Thirteen years ago he was chosen United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justin S. Morrill, and when that term had expired he was re-elected for two successive terms.

Senator Dillingham, in his quiet way, has been long recognized as one of the strong men of the Senate. With sturdy integrity, he has given to every undertaking in his public career conscientious and painstaking effort. Year after year I find him in the committee room barricaded behind a mass of books and papers, working with the same industry that characterized the young attorney starting in life at Waterbury.

As a member of the Appropriations Committee, the district of Columbia, Immigration and Judiciary, visitors early and late have found Senator Dillingham giving assiduous attention, following his convictions and unswayed by clamor of prejudice. Earnest in the hearings he has conducted and in his general work, Senator Dillingham has proven a typical Vermonter in maintaining the deep-rooted and conscientious traditions of his commonwealth, yet has always been found in the front rank when constructive and progressive legislation is sought. A tall man with iron-gray hair and mustache, whose dark twinkling eyes and pleasant manners always make and retain friends, Mr. Dillingham is a senator in whom Vermonters take pride, whether they find him at Washington or roaming among his native hills.

* * * * *

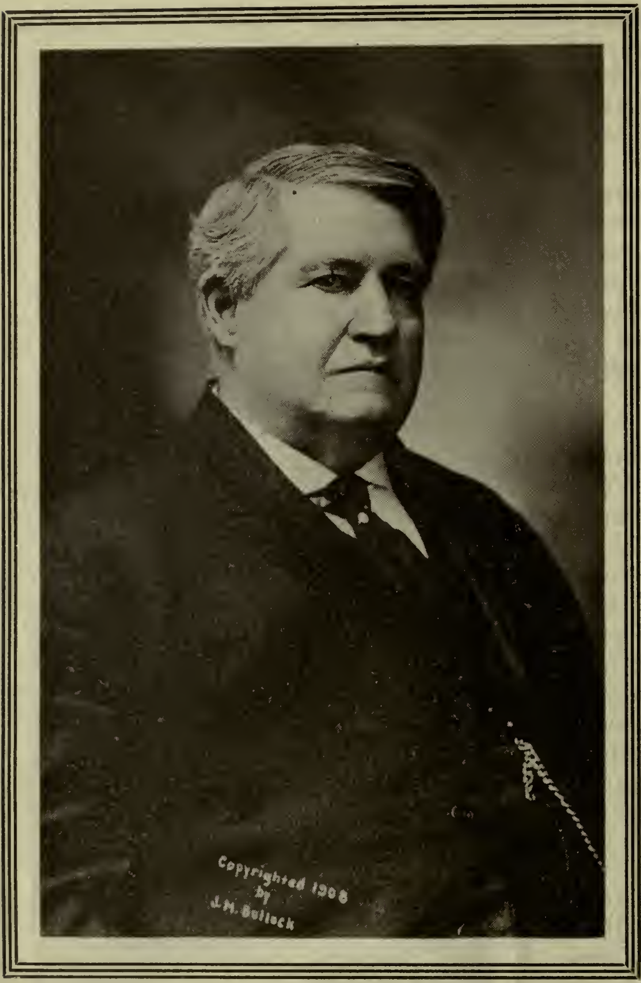
THERE was something more sterling than mere political success that Frank Plumley of Vermont brought with him from the Green Mountain State to Washington. He was known far and wide as a public speaker, as well as an arbiter of international disputes. Both social and political gatherings have been charmed with his postprandial oratory, and as a campaign speaker he is always in demand. He "stumped" the state of Michigan during the presidential campaign of 1884, and made such an impression upon his hearers that he was recalled for the campaigns of 1886, 1888, 1890, 1892, 1896 and again in 1910, despite pressing duties incidental to his Congressional election in Vermont. Every campaign found him active and energetic, advocating his political principles with convincing fervor. His speeches are usually extemporaneous, and one of the best addresses of his career was made entirely without preparation before the Vermont Association of Boston. The speech was later printed without editing or revision in the Green Book, published by the Association, and has been widely read. In the present Congress, Mr. Plumley entered into the thick of the tariff fight, and his recent address on commercial independence outlined the position of Republicans in clear, forceful summaries like the following:

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. EDWIN S. UNDERHILL
The wife of the New York Congressman, and one of Washington's most popular hostesses

The true way, the Republican way, is to adjust the tariff so as to retain the American market for the American producer so long as he sells his products at a fair price to the

American consumer and subject him to competition from abroad when, and only when, his prices to the consumer are unfair, undue or exorbitant. We contend that the fair price and the proper tariff to maintain it shall be ascertained by a scientific investigation through a permanent nonpartisan board or commission into every economic feature, condition or factor which will aid in ascertaining and definitely determining the true difference in production cost of every foreign product seeking entry at our ports to compete with the similar products of America.



HON. FRANK PLUMLEY
Congressman from Vermont. He is a noted lawyer, arbiter and public speaker, and has been upwards of thirty years in public service

Mr. Plumley was born in Eden, Vermont, and their home town is to all Vermont-born boys a veritable Paradise of happy memories. He was educated in the public schools and in academies, admitted to the bar in 1869, and settled in Northfield, where he has since practised his profession. Like many other prominent men in Vermont, Mr. Plumley began his career as State's attorney, but later was appointed United States District Attorney for Vermont, under President Harrison. He has served two terms as chief judge of the Vermont Court of Claims, and was chosen umpire by President Roosevelt of the mixed commissions of Great Britain and Venezuela and Holland, which sat at Caracas, Venezuela, in 1903. Two years later, Mr. Plumley was sought by France, to represent her on the second Venezuela mixed commission. This was an unique honor for a private citizen; and an unparalleled instance in modern history, for foreign countries to arbitrate their international difficulties in this way. It made Judge Plumley an international character and the success of the arrangement established his reputation as one of the world's peacemakers.

Mr. Plumley began his legislative career in the Vermont House of Representatives in 1882, and in 1894 was elected to the Vermont Senate, of which he was *pro tempore* president. He was chairman of the committee on temperance legislation, and his legislative service made him the natural and logical choice of his party as congressional nominee. He was first elected to the 61st Congress, and the handsome majority received in 1912 tells the story of what the folks think of him at home, even in times of political upheaval. Vermont long ago established the rule of keeping in office her efficient public men. That is one reason why, in the councils of the nation, the little Green Mountain State has retained so much influence. Congressman Plumley never shirks work and in the busy days at Washington never fails to keep in mind the folks at home. Yet the boundaries of his district and state do not in any way limit his usefulness in public service. As ranking member of important committees, his constituents confidently expect that when the wheel of political fortune turns again, Vermont will be well represented in committee chairmanships and political leadership of the country.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. OLLIE JAMES
The charming wife of the Senator from Kentucky. Mrs. James is a typical Kentucky beauty, with the dark eyes and "blue black" hair famous in song and story

* * *

INTIMATE knowledge of a man before he attains distinction is a valuable aid in forming a just comprehension of his character and ability as a public official. Years ago when I stopped at St. Albans for a quiet Sunday, I met a hospitable editor who not only chronicled the goings and comings of people in St. Albans, but was always ready to give them a hearty greeting. The St. Albans *Daily Messenger* under the editorship of Frank Lester Greene wielded a strong influence in Vermont affairs, and it was only logical that the successor of the late David J. Foster should be Frank Lester Greene.

Born in St. Albans in 1870, at the age of thirteen young Greene went to work in the audit office of the Central Vermont Railway. Those were the days when boys studied during leisure hours, and soon Frank Lester Greene was a competent stenographer and next advanced to the office of chief clerk. But despite brilliant prospects in railroad work, the young man entered the newspaper business and starting as reporter became assistant editor and finally editor of a lively Vermont publication. He served in the Vermont National Guard and was a captain in the First Infantry, Vermont Volunteers, in the Spanish-American War. Although he never previously sought or held an elective position, yet at a special Congressional election, Mr. Greene was elected to the Sixty-second Congress by a rousing majority, to the Sixty-third Congress by figures all the more gratifying because of the mix-up of party lines and general national unrest prevailing. This of itself tells the story of the popular confidence in Frank Lester Greene, one of Vermont's new congressmen.

HON. FRANK L. GREENE
The Vermont Congressman, who has had an active career in newspaper work. He is one of the veterans in Congress, having served as captain in the Spanish-American war

* * *

OBSERVATIONS made during a summer session of Congress seem to acquaint one with the true inwardness of things much more vividly than those made during the winter sessions. Sweltering in his hotel, one torrid evening, a prominent leader was bemoaning his lot. Only a few miles distant a delightful summer home awaited his coming, but alas—he was detained here to look after the caucus! Yet John Kern, Senator from Indiana, had no intention of "hooking jack" from duty. It was a humid evening and the perspiration stood in beads on his broad brow, and how could a human Senator be expected to forget the home of his heart, amid the Virginia mountains? Here his father was born, and in emigrating to the West, the elder Kern dreamed of the time when he might return and own the land which so greatly and wonderfully figured in the pictures of boyhood. His wishes were more than fulfilled, for he spent many happy days at the old home during the sunset of life.

Senator Kern is known as a true Hoosier. Like many Indianans his forefathers came from Virginia to Kentucky and thence to Ohio. With his old home town of Kokomo are associated stirring memories of youth. The noted jockey, Tod Sloan, was befriended by the Senator in early days and did not forget him in the heyday of fame, for he never missed an opportunity of calling to see his friend Kern. In his own inimitable way, the Senator recalled the early days of Indiana; while his mind was set upon holding the Democratic caucus in line and watching every move to secure the passage of the tariff bill. His tactics during his senatorial service are pronounced as effective as his assiduous work, which knows no relaxation until his purpose is accomplished. He is the man of the hour in Democratic leaderships.

WHEN applications were filed at Washington by women seeking to be employed as wireless operators on ships, it brought forth an interesting observation from an old army surgeon in reference to the women of today. "The day of swooning women is past," he declared testily, "and women are beginning to hold their nerves as they begin to take part in business operations." When the edict went forth that women would not be received as wireless operators at sea, or be acceptable for other responsible positions on the ground that a woman cannot be depended upon in a crisis, there was an outburst. Facts have been developed by United States Radio-Inspector R. B. Wolverton, that women think quicker than men, but he insisted that "until the old order changes and 'women and children first' gives way to a free-for-all, everyone-for-himself scramble in times of stress, women wireless operators will not be accepted for duty at sea." So ancient chivalry stands in the way.

In spite of the verdict against them, more than fifty women successfully passed the examinations, and tossed their heads at the government's contention. One woman, who is drawing a large salary in masculine executive work, insists that the day when women collapsed in times of stress is buried in the remote past with hoopskirts and crinoline. The heroism displayed by the late Mrs. Isidor Strauss, who preferred to die with one she loved rather than save herself in the *Titanic* disaster, was one example of feminine chivalry. Incidents are now being related showing that in times of great emergencies women have proved real heroines, and stories of the devotion of her attendants to Mary Queen of Scots and of Flora McDonald to the last fugitive Stuart are revived. Surely, "the old order changeth," for today the woman who is to succeed must possess more than the mere beauty and

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. MARTIN W. LITTLETON
The wife of the New York representative. She is known as one of the busiest women in Washington, and has led more than one campaign on to victory

winsomeness of the past—she must have brains and culture. Beauty and figure will not carry her very far if she is not equipped for her position.

Miss Ida Tarbell's declaration that "the married woman is the most pernicious quantity in the business world" has provoked discussion. Statistics prove that in New York alone three hundred thousand women are working and supporting themselves, and oftentimes unfortunate husbands and even whole families. For the typical woman, novelists of the future will have to revise their descriptions of the clinging vine and the tender, sweet, dulcet phraseology of the Romeo and Juliet love scenes, and make their heroines according to the fashion set by Ibsen and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

* * * * *

ONE dangerous duty, ever dreaded by incoming presidents, is the necessity of appointing a collector for the port of New York. With this appointment is associated not only political but human tragedy. The choice of John Purroy Mitchel was a happy solution to what promised to be a vexatious difference between Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and Senator O'Gorman of New York. Ever since the days of President Monroe, this office has been a source of executive worry. Following the appointment of Judge Robinson by Garfield, a feud was begun that ended in the tragedy of the assassination of the President. Grover Cleveland had his troubles with the post, which Senator A. P. Gorman of Maryland smoothed out through the appointment of Judge Galbreath.

HON. JOHN PURROY MITCHEL
The new Collector of the Port of New York; a young politician who is accounted one of the most promising leaders in the Democratic ranks

It is not generally known that President McKinley was asked by Senator Lodge and Speaker Reed to appoint Theodore Roosevelt Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and that the President delayed because of the opposition of Senator A. P. Gorman of Maryland, who could have held up the confirmation. Senator Murphy, who was a personal friend of Roosevelt's, recalled this incident of the Cleveland administration, and appealed to Senator Gorman to cease his opposition, because Mr. Murphy had it made possible to secure Judge Galbreath's appointment by Grover Cleveland, and assisted Senator Gorman in smoothing out another appointment wrinkle four years previous. His efforts secured the confirmation of Colonel Roosevelt's appointment to the Navy

Department, which, undoubtedly, eventually resulted in his later accession to the Presidency of the United States.

Important events hinge upon comparatively trifling incidents, and "Collar and Cuff" Murphy of Troy as United States Senator from the Empire State had much to do with boosting Theodore Roosevelt into the political importance of later years.

* * *

SPEAKING of the ladies, a Scotch bachelor who was visiting the capital could not resist saying that of all the *blankety* things that could happen in these enlightened days, the limit was approached in separating the sexes in the art gallery. It is proposed to have one for men and one for women, dividing up the statues according to sex.

"Are we to suffer this too," demanded a Senator, "for art's sake?"

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

MRS. ELBERT JOHNSON
One of the summer's brides. As Miss Lucinda Carpenter Pennebaker, she was one of Washington's most noted beauties and a social favorite

One thing that has been perplexing the average man from boyhood to old age is the mystery of feminine adornment. The costumes displayed in the shop windows have gratified this curiosity to some extent, but there are some mysteries which even the show windows of fashionable shops do not reveal.

This oversight will be remedied in a museum where the different fashions, season by season, are all placed in cases carefully labeled. On the opening day, a rush is predicted that will make a moving picture show look pale in comparison. If the tickets should ever become mixed in trying to eliminate the women's art galleries and ladies' wear museums from the list of co-educational institutions, some curious developments may be expected.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS ELIZABETH LOVE MATTESON
Another of the season's debutantes. Miss Matteson is the daughter of Mr. F. W. Matteson, a well-known Washingtonian

AT Arlington House, the little troop of visitors listen closely to every word told them of the old-time chivalrous romances of Custis, "Light Horse Harry Lee" and Lafayette. The lady from Boston was especially impressed, but was slightly puzzled when the guide in telling all about Major L'Enfant, called him "the man who *laid out* Washington." She pursed her lips, however, and asked no questions as the party looked here and there among the old nooks and corners, redolent with historic memories. Finally she approached the guide, and during a moment's intermission burst out, "I don't believe that I quite understand what you have been saying about Major L'Enfant, 'the man who laid out Washington.' He was an engineer, was he not?" "Yes'm," replied the guide politely.

"Well," confessed the lady, "I thought all the time that he must have been a distinguished undertaker, for you kept saying 'the man who *laid out* Washington.'" The expression that came into the guide's face reflected the professional sadness of an undertaker at a double funeral. "Lady," he murmured, "the first and only other time those words were questioned was years ago when I took out a delegation from a Western college. Then the football captain said, 'Laid out George Washington? Why don't you say *beat him up?*'"

The lady smiled in a puzzled way as she joined her friends, and the guide resolved to mend his ways. He no longer skims over the story of the "man who *laid out* Washington" but recites with great precision about "the man who drew the plans for the city of Washington." The romance of Major L'Enfant still lingers in the mind of the Boston lady, while the purveyor of facts at Arlington insists that the word "laid" is banished from his vocabulary and used now only in connection with the exclusive prerogative of the American hen.

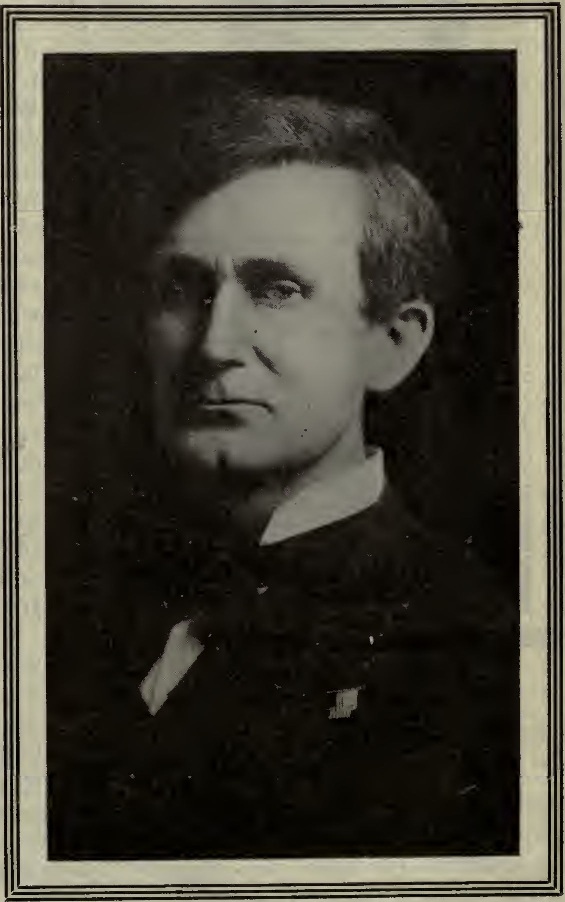
* * * * *

HOW much I prize the last autographed letter received from George Meredith, dated at "Box Hill," Surrey, England, arranging an appointment. He had suffered an accident which deferred the visit at that time, but I treasure the letter because it is from the pen of the last of the great Victorian writers, who raised the standard of English literature up to the level of the glories of the Elizabethan Age. The tributes paid to the genius of Meredith have not fallen to the lot of many literary men in these days.

Down at Box Hill in Surrey he lived in a curious little house of flintstone, and to have seen George Meredith coming down the walk to meet you was like a picture from some quaint old volume. His voice, which at first seemed boisterous, mellowed with acquaintance and seemed to fit the activities of the nervous and highly strung author and poet. His was a lavish hospitality, but although a connoisseur and a lover of rare old wine, he was forbidden its use. However he enjoyed watching his guest sip it, in A. Conan Doyle style, and was indeed a princely host. In his novels, his characters used the original modes of expression peculiar to himself. For instance, one visitor overheard him commenting to the housemaid, "Jane, the jelly seems to be as treacherous as the Trojan horse." In his letters recently published, there are frequent glimpses of wonderful tenderness that reveal more than ever the humanity of George Meredith. The movement to purchase "Box Hill" will meet with hearty approval of the American admirers of George Meredith and provide another literary shrine for the tourist.

* * *

IN a ringing speech in the United States Senate, Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman of Illinois made his first appearance in the senatorial arena. He spoke in support of the amendment to the Deficiency Bill, contending that the law should not exempt farmers and labor unions from the operation of the Sherman law. In his tense, rather high-pitched voice, the popular Illinoisan gave his opinion of "selling indulgences and making laws of the land to apply to one class and not to another," and pointed out the dangers. The earnestness and vigor of Senator Sherman's speech indicated well-seasoned legislative training. For many years he has had much to do with shaping state legislation in Illinois, although his name has seldom appeared in the title of a bill. But as many



SENATOR LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN
The Illinois statesman who bears a striking resemblance to the late President Lincoln. He is one of the strongly individual characters of the present Senate

a legislator knows, it is usually the case that those who have the most to do in formulating a measure seldom have their names associated with it when at last it reaches the stage of nation-wide prominence.

The situation in Illinois, with a Democrat and a Republican Senator elected by the same legislature, produces a peculiar anomaly in political affairs as the result of the primary system. Mr. Sherman clearly won the fight in the Republican primaries as did Senator J. Hamilton Lewis in the Democratic primaries—and there you are. It shows how both parties can be utilized in the primaries on much the same plan which was bewailed when the alleged bosses ruled.

* * *

SOMETIMES our appreciation of home institutions is accentuated by the commendation of outsiders. When I heard Dr. Achilles von Deschan pay his tribute to American bankers at a Washington hotel recently, I wondered if the popular impressions concerning American bankers were not all amiss. Stroking his chin, the distinguished Austrian accounted it especially fortunate that the depression in America was not as keen as that in Europe during the Balkan War. The millions of dollars sent by American workingmen to various European nations prevented much of the distress in foreign countries that formerly necessitated a call for help to American generosity as in the early days of the century—and later during the famines in Ireland and in Russia.

Dr. Deschan seemed gratified that the situation in Europe had cleared and was especially enthusiastic in his tributes to American bankers. His comments on the monetary situation were interesting to a number of Congressmen who had assembled to hear him speak. The currency bill was, at the time, on every tongue, for the allurements of discussing financial questions, with all its mystification, date back to the very birth of the republic. History is ever turning a new light on the story of banks and banking.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS SADIE MURRAY
The daughter of Major General Arthur Murray, United States Army, now commanding the Western Division at San Francisco. The Misses Murray are favorites in the Washington army circle

Put your finger on any one vocation that has been primarily and vitally associated with the development of the country and the welfare of the people, and banks and bankers must be named well up in the list. With all the popular prejudices against bankers, do you ever think of how any real beginning is made in development before bankers take hold of matters, gathering together the deposits of the people in a co-operative way to meet the needs of the investments which have accelerated progress. It does not require a student of finance and economics to analyze the growth of any business, large or small, throughout the country, and to find back of it somewhere the broad vision of some banker in city or country town who "banked" upon confidence in character and the ability of fellowmen to make development possible. I know many bankers, and one of the most favorable signs of the times to me is the personnel of twenty-five thousand American bankers, as pointed out by Dr. Deschan.

MISS CAROLYN MURRAY
Who with her sister, Miss Sadie, has as many friends and admirers in the Capitol City as in San Francisco, where her father, General Murray, is now stationed

The spirit of saving and thrift among people does not lie in the old penurious way of hiding gold in stockings, where the talents are hidden in a napkin, but in a broader appreciation of the fact that every individual with his five cent savings is an integral part of a great, American banking system. The organization of Christmas clubs for saving, even two and five cents a week, may seem infinitesimal in its beginning, but in the aggregate it mounts up to millions, and stimulates that spirit of thrift which has made France a financial power. As Dr. Deschan declared, people are beginning to appreciate the fact that banks and bankers are institutions which are their very own, and under the regulations of today, present few of the hazards of former "wild cat" banking days. Banks are the co-operative clearing houses where projects that baffle government enterprise are undertaken, and brought through to success.

Give the American banker his just mead of appreciation, even if it seems popular to damn him on general principles before a throng of ardent but misguided "nation savers."

* * * * *

THE gift of something like ten thousand dollars to the Hospital for Crippled Children in Chicago will mark the final distribution of the fund of pennies which was over-subscribed by the school children of the United States for the purpose of erecting a monument to General Lafayette in France. The

THE LAFAYETTE MONUMENT
Erected by the school children of America and presented to the French Government

name of Lafayette and the romantic part he played in the successful fight of the American Colonies makes a strong appeal to the budding patriotism of school children, and it is small wonder that a fund for such a purpose extended far beyond the amount desired.

Hon. Robert J. Thompson of Chicago, whose idea it was for the American school children to build this monument to Lafayette, is now consul at Sheffield, England, and as is often the case, has been up to this time almost without recognition for his great work. There is now, however, a strong feeling that Mr. Thompson should be advanced to an important post in the French diplomatic service, because of his effective work in cementing the good feeling which exists between the two nations.

In America, the Daughters of the American Revolution, who assisted in the contributions toward the memorial, have perhaps been more appreciative of Mr. Thompson's work than any other patriotic body, as the subject comes directly within their province. In writing Mrs. Luther Derwent, the chairman of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Rockford, Illinois, Mr. Thompson recites for the first time the complete history of the erection of the Lafayette Memorial.

HON. ROBERT J. THOMPSON
An eminent and experienced member of the American Consular Service, now stationed at Sheffield, England, and the originator of the plan for the Lafayette monument

I first thought of a monument in Paris to Lafayette sixteen years ago. It came about in this way: The late William E. Curtis, in writing an article on the old cemeteries of Paris, gave a very interesting description of the Picpus Cemetery in the vicinity of the Place de la Nation. He incidentally referred to the fact that Lafayette was buried there by the side of his wife and that his grave was marked only by a plain granite slab, bearing no recognition from America, but that the place had become something of a pilgrimage for patriotic and curious Americans for whom a register was kept by the concierge. My attention was directed to this item by two things, both of which were conditions of my own mind, and which, in the final analysis, had no connection whatever with the patriotic ideas and sentiments with which I have been credited. I have been complimented, I presume, a thousand times in the press and personally, on the high and beautiful motives which prompted this undertaking. But I am going to tell you, for the Daughters of the American Revolution, and for the first time, just why and how I happened to think of this enterprise, one of the most successful, if indeed not the most successful of the kind ever undertaken. It was essentially selfish. While I was still a boy certain moral and family obligations made it appear to me fitting and necessary that I make a trip to Europe. Without either money, profession, or business I had, like thousands of our young men, gotten married when I was little more than a boy, eighteen years of age, and we could not make the trip that I intended without either money or position—So what was to be done? Ten years of work, perhaps more or less preparatory, but with no definite plan further than a fixed idea that I would succeed brought me no nearer to the realization of my ambition, so far as I could see, than I was at the beginning, until I read Mr. Curtis' letter.

I organized the project of the Lafayette Memorial and worked it out in every detail. I enlisted the ardent support of President McKinley and perfected the formation of the Lafayette Memorial Commission through the Commissioner General to the Paris Exposition, my friend, Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, of Chicago. I spent about five thousand dollars in the preliminary work of the commission, which was afterwards returned to me. Something like two years had been spent in thinking the thing out, and six weeks of actual work was enough to bring it into the fullest fruition of achievement. In those six weeks over a million pieces of mail matter, circulars, programs for schools, addresses, etc., were sent out. The president and forty-three governors issued proclamations asking the schools to recognize the undertaking and to hold exercises on the nineteenth of October, 1898, as Lafayette Day. (This was the date of the fall of Yorktown.)

The result was that nearly four million school children raised a fund on this day of over forty-five thousand dollars. The government appropriated fifty thousand souvenir Lafayette dollars for the fund. A premium of thirty-five thousand dollars, making from this one source eighty-five thousand dollars, was realized. The state of New York gave from its school fund ten thousand dollars and the Daughters of the American Revolution gave about fifteen hundred dollars.

The fund amounted to about one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Paul Bartlett was the sculptor. He made eight or nine different studies, having commenced his work in 1898, and delivered the finished statue in 1908. Thomas Hastings was the architect. The dedication took place on July 4, 1900. The speakers were President Loubet, Ambassador Porter, Archbishop Ireland, Ferdinand W. Peck, Mrs. Manning and myself. I was appointed a special envoy (1900) to France by President McKinley and was the private guest of President Loubet at the Elysses Palace, the opera and theatre.

Thus you see that when I launched the project it was not wholly due to patriotic feeling—it was in line with a belief that the man with a selfish motive, if the motive be square and worthy, is the man who generally meets with success.

It is not unlikely that the American people would view with especial satisfaction a proper recognition of Mr. Thompson's work in his present field of activity, that is, his appointment to France, where through his thought and tact we have laid the foundation and reared this great souvenir of our appreciation of the friendship of France at a time when friends were needed and when they were likewise scarce.

Mr. Bryan has the floor.

* * * * *

WHEN the two hundred and fifty-seven survivors of the Apache Indians were freed from custody, it released the last prisoner of war held by Uncle Sam. Since 1894, they have been in semi-imprisonment at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, but have now been returned to the reservation, where in the early eighties the Apache Band committed crimes that filled the whole country with terror. Their leader was Chief Geronimo, who was captured after many futile attempts, and forced to surrender in 1886. During their years of captivity at Fort Sill, many of the Apaches have worked on the reservation and acquired personal property of their own, and now that they are entirely free, they go happily forth to become prosperous Western farmers.

UNION STREET, LIMA
One of the busiest streets in Peru's splendid capital

Peru *and the* Opening *of the* Canal

by Peter MacQueen, F. R. G. S.

I HAVE just had an hour of very interesting conversation with His Excellency, President Billinghurst, the head of the Peruvian Government. Mr. Billinghurst is of mixed Latin and German blood, speaks English perfectly, and has energy, force and determination like a South American Roosevelt. He is a short, stout man about fifty, with a vigorous, clear-cut face, and carries the air of a man who knows and does. He has been President of Peru since last autumn and has already made his mark upon the country. He has been conducting difficult and delicate negotiations with Chile concerning the Arica-Tacna provinces that have been held by Chile since the war of 1879–82. It is now proposed that Chile pay a rental for the provinces for twenty-one years, and at the end of that time the question of whether they will belong to Chile permanently or return to Peru be determined by a popular vote. The matter has not been settled; and this is only one of the many important questions of the Billinghurst administration.

The opening of the Panama Canal interests this live and up-to-date President. He gave the party from the Boston Chamber of Commerce a most whole-souled reception; he shows in his administration an aptness to grasp practical opportunities for his country and for the development of its wonderful resources that are characteristically Yankee. The Lima of today is not the one Pizarro founded. It is modern and enthusiastic, and yet it was in the very palace where Pizarro was assassinated that I was received by the President of Peru. I handed him a copy of the National Magazine and he asked what circulation our magazine had. I answered 240,000. "Oh, how big everything is in the United States," exclaimed the President. "You wonderful Yankees, you do nothing small. The wealth and daring of the Americans is the wonder of the world. Look at the Panama Canal. There is a miracle, a splendid creation of the brain, a marvellous dream realized. It seems easy for Americans to do the impossible." I asked him how he felt that the Canal would affect the destinies of the South American republics. "Immensely," he replied, "and Peru will be right in the line of that new development. We have begun to prepare for the big ships that are to take the place of the smaller ones. Instead of 5,000 ton vessels, there will be 15,000 ton ships, and bigger ones will come. In Callao, the harbor of Lima, we can bring to the docks only vessels of twenty-two and a half feet draft. With the opening of the Canal we will need a depth of twenty-eight to thirty-five feet. This we must have." The President went on to tell me the plans he has for deepening the harbor of Callao. There is an island in the Bay and a strait of the sea between that island and the main land. The distance across is about five thousand yards. It is proposed to make a mole across and close in the strait, as our engineers have done at Balboa outside the Panama Canal. This will enable a hundred ships of any size whatever to come right up to the wharf at Callao and make it the biggest, best and safest harbor in all the west of South America.

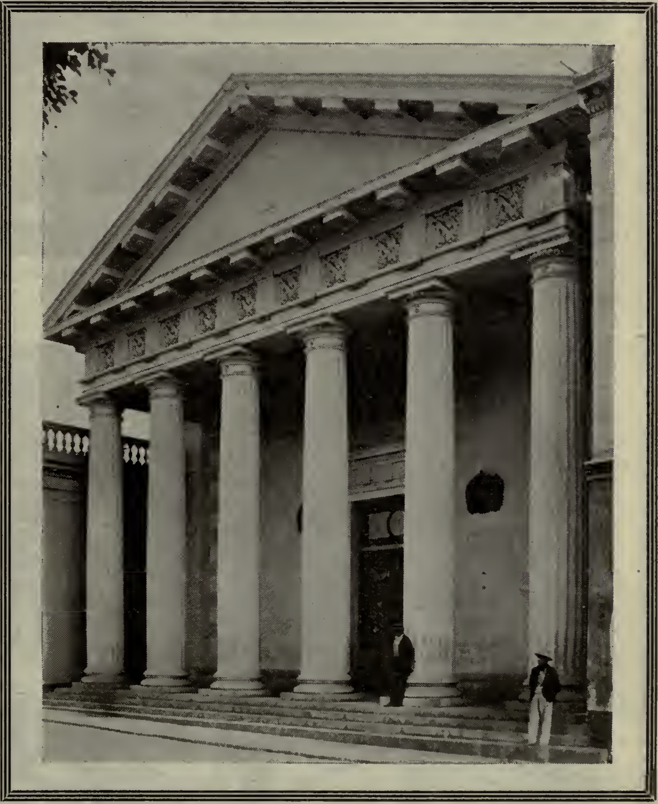
PRESIDENT GUILLERMO BILLINGHURST OF PERU

Two and a half million dollars will be spent on the wharves, and half a million on beautifying and improving the capital city of Peru, the lovely and splendid city of Lima—140,000 inhabitants. In this old palace of the Spanish viceroys, under the rich hangings and with pier glasses and regal furniture around me, it was strange to hear this modern Latin President say: "We are going to cultivate the friendship and commerce of the people of the United States. England and Europe have splendid methods. We like to come in touch with their superb men; but we also have a feeling that the United States can teach us much. We have no feeling of suspicion or fear; we know that the great Republic of the North wants nothing from Latin America but friendship and commerce and development, mutual and for the good of all mankind. When the Canal is finished you Yankees will find Peru waiting for you at the Pacific side with open ports and open hearts." Now this view of the case by Peru's brilliant President is an echo of the attitude I find everywhere in the country of the Incas. I have been a week in Lima and along the Central Railroad of Peru. The President has offered me a command of soldiers to go to the head waters of the Amazon on an exploring expedition which I think I will take next spring.

* * *

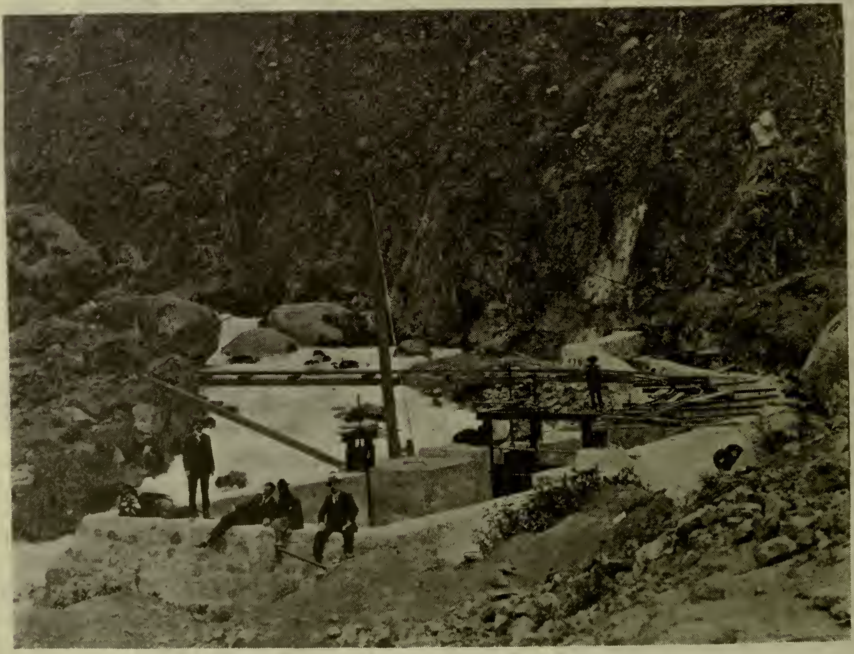
But let me tell you about Lima and the Peruvians. First, we are twelve degrees south of the equator; we are in the capital of a country three and a half times the size of France. We are in the city founded by Pizarro in 1535, and in the place which was the seat of Spanish power in South America for three hundred years, where in 1825 San Martin, the Argentine patriot, proclaimed the independence of Peru after he had crossed the Andes to help Chile and Peru.

We sailed from Panama on the good ship Aysen of the Compania Sud American de Vapores, the famous Chilian line. Captain Graham of Cumberland, England, was the master of the ship—a hearty old sea dog. All Chilian and Peruvian ships have English captains. It was delightful and comfortable on the steamer. We called at Peruvian ports Payta, Pascamayo, Eten and Salaverry, the latter the harbor of the important town of Trujillo. It was so pleasant on the steamer that at first I felt homesick when I landed in the busy seaport of Callao, just fourteen days from New York, if you come direct. Some day I will write you about how to get to South America, but today I am thinking of Lima—the City of the Kings.


THE SENATE BUILDING AT LIMA

Twenty minutes by a fine American electric car brings you to the city from the harbor. At once the spell of old Spanish days is on you. The sweet tropic air blows in from distant, sunburnt hills, delightfully cool, yet warm in the sun. Palms rustle, cattle graze in the grass of the plain irrigated by the waters of the River Rimac. Lima is a corruption of the word Rimac, and Lima is the gift of the Rimac, for outside the zone of water everything in the South American coast is barren and without vegetation—a desolation wrought in old eternity. But by this pleasant river Rimac the old Spanish conquerors built their seat of power. And here today is New Peru. There are plazas, prettily planted with shrubs, and fine monuments, to native heroes and to heroic men of Spanish blood. Among these are the marble statue to Columbus; the bronze statue of Bolivar; a group called the "Second of May," commemorating the glorious victory against Spain in 1866, with bronze statues representing Peru and her allies at the time—Chile, Ecuador and Bolivia; the Bolgnesi monument, in mem-

BALTA'S BRIDGE AND MOUNT SAN CRISTOBAL, LIMA



CASAPALCA INTAKE IN MINING PLANT

ory of the terrible combat on the Morro of Arica during the Chilian War; and the monument to San Martin, showing that famous general proclaiming the independence of Peru.

I came up the Calle del Mercado, the principal street of Lima, and was amazed at the rich stores and shops. The old Spanish houses are exceedingly picturesque and handsome, and these examples are being wisely preserved. It was impressive also in this far-off capital to see the handsome men and stately women, and to hear the children lisp in soft Castilian, which I am told is the most pleasing type of Spanish spoken in South America. On every side were evidences of wealth, beauty and culture, busy thoroughfares,—quaint balconies, the new strange accent, and over all a sky of troubled blue.

So out we come from the crowded del Mercado into the Plaza de Armes. In front of us is a small and exquisite park. The trees, flowers and birds of the tropics greet our senses. Before us rises the great Cathedral founded by Pizarro, and in a chapel here rest the ashes of that restless man.

This is the center of Lima. Street cars, automobiles, carriages, newsboys and vendors of lottery tickets are around the various parts of the Plaza. The Cathedral occupies one side, whilst the National Palace extends along another; on the remaining two sides are colonnaded buildings used now for shops and restaurants, but formerly occupied by the hidalgoes of old Spain. The interior of the Cathedral is very imposing. The altar is of silver, and the carved wood of the choir is equal to some of the best of its kind in Europe.

Lima is a city of churches, there being sixty-seven in the place. Besides the Cathedral there is the San Pedro Church, famed for its wood-carvings, rare paintings and gold scroll work. Here worship the devout women of Lima. Then there is La Merced, a large and fashionable church; San Francisco, in the cloisters of which are exquisitely carved beams resting on stone pillars; Santo Domingo, with the beautiful statue of Santa Rosa, the patron saint of Lima; and San Augustin, with a wonderful statue of death carved by an Augustinian monk, whose own death marked its completion.

COUNT OF FORRE FAGLE'S PRIVATE HOUSE, LIMA

* * *

In the Peruvian character there is a strong scientific and literary trend, which will certainly be of value to the country

HIPODROMO, SANTA BEATUZ, LIMA
Horse race track and stadium

as time goes on. Indeed, Lima is a storehouse of literary tradition and culture superior probably to any other capital in South America. To begin with, the Peruvians have the reputation of speaking the best Spanish in South America. It is in marked contrast to the short, virile, staccato speech of their Chilian neighbors. The Peruvians have been writers and poets since the time of the viceroys. The Incas and Quechuas were of imaginative and sentimental character, which qualities remain until the present day among the descendants of these ancient peoples.

The splendid public library of Lima (the foremost in South America) was ruthlessly damaged by the Chilians during the war of 1879–1882, but was again brought together by the famous Peruvian historian, Ricardo Palma. An Italian by birth, Ricardo has devoted his life to the surveying and description of Peru, and his works upon its natural history, mineralogy and kindred studies are most complete sources of information.

At the exposition restaurant one evening during my stay in Lima I was the guest of Senor Alberto Larco Herrera, a prominent Peruvian of Trujillo, whom I met on the steamer. Senor Larco is a graduate of Cornell University, class of 1898. Our companion was Romulo E. Garcia, one of the editors of *La Prensa*, a very clever young journalist of the American type. Around us were a galaxy of literary men, among whom was the famous Peruvian poet, Jose Galvez, who has written some very elegant verse upon the old Spanish influence in Peru. The restaurant was as fine as the best in New York; the men were brilliant and the women beautiful, and I have never tasted viands more relishable and rare. Senor Larco proposed to me a

THE "INFIERNILLO BRIDGE" BETWEEN THE TUNNELS visit to Dr. Jose Toribio Polo, Peru's most industrious and conscientious historian. Accordingly, next morning my friend came for me in his automobile and we went to the home of the great man. It was a quaint old Spanish house on one of the squares, with flowers, bird song and sunshine. As we entered the study of the litterateur, we were greeted with Castilian courtesy by a modest and scholarly man. Larco told him that I was interested in Peru. The historian was delighted and showed me his private collection of rare old books and manuscripts, and the manuscript of his greatest work, "A History of the Viceroys." Senor Polo was much interested in the work on Peru by our own clever historian, Prescott.

Polo has in his collection a letter of marque and reprisal against the vessels of France, signed by President Adams. When I told him that Adams was the first signer of the Declaration of Independence he waved his hands with delight and fondled the letter as though he had discovered a long lost or neglected child. Among his letters also was the first grammar of the old Peruvian tongue, written by hand in 1614; the autograph of Pizarro; the actual death sentence of General Mateo Garcia, who was the first Peruvian to draw the sword against the king of Spain. He was sentenced to be hanged, his head to be sent to Cuzco, his right arm to Arequipa, his left arm to be exposed in the Square at Lima and his body reduced to ashes, as a warning. I actually could read myself the Spanish words written on the document by the executioner, Jauan Ramirez: "Immediately the sentence was executed, after time was given for spiritual preparation, which I certify." Spain took no chances with rebellious subjects, and this was in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo.

Polo has a marvellous collection of the secret memoirs of the Jesuits, the records of viceroys and archbishops from the very days of Pizarro. His historical work will be of enormous value to the South American Prescotts and Bancrofts of the future.

THE SAD SEA

WHAT makes the sea so sad, mother?"
  Whispered a little child.
"Why do the billows sigh and break,
  And why are the waves so wild?"
"The rivers run down to the sea
  With all their grief, my lad,
And flood the sea with their misery,
  And that's why the sea is sad.

"The Hudson goes with Gotham's woes,
  And Paris chokes the Seine;
The Danube blue and the dark Thames, too,
  All hurrying to the main;
Losing the song of the running rill,
  But keeping all that's bad,
They flood the sea with their misery,
  And that's why the sea is sad."

—*"Songs of Cy Warman."*

A Criminal's Life Story
The Career of
ARMANDO NORMAND

By

Peter MacQueen

SOME months ago the civilized world was astonished and horrified by the revelations of murders and other atrocities perpetrated by the agents of the Latin-American rubber houses, who manage the great parties of seringeros who are now obliged to traverse the most remote wildernesses of the Amazon and its tributaries. Exposed to all kinds of perils, diseases and hardships, and the constant attacks of savages and the emissaries of competing concerns, the life is at best a very hard and precarious existence, in which the loss of a life is too often an ordinary incident of the calling. As it was on the Congo when human greed begot inhuman cruelty, so, it is alleged, prison fire, torture and violence did their full work in the mad competition for the rubber treasures of the Amazonian wilderness. Following the investigations of Sir Roger Casement in 1910, one Armando Normand was arrested as the arch fiend of this jungle inferno, and confined in the city prison.

While in Peru Mr. Peter MacQueen went to the Guadelupe gaol, in company with Mr. C. N. Griffis, also an American journalist, to interview Normand. This man has been accused of murder, treachery, cruelty and bribery in connection with South American rubber interests, and the two visitors looked forward with tense interest to meeting so desperate a criminal. Having been admitted to the dingy prison, their first surprise was in the appearance of the prisoner. "Normand was brought forward," writes Mr. Griffis, "a slight, active figure. His features were clean-cut and determined, his eyes bright and intelligent, and his manner fearless and at the same time courteous." Normand then briefly outlined the story of his life, giving an explanation of the events that led up to his arrest and imprisonment, which follows:

By ARMANDO NORMAND

I was born in Cochabamba, Bolivia, thirty-two years ago and spent the first twenty years of my life in that city and vicinity. My father is a Peruvian and my mother a Bolivian. I consider myself a citizen of the latter republic. Our family was one of the first in the Province of Cochabamba, and I was afforded excellent opportunities for securing an education. After graduating from the Seminario in my native city, I spent two years studying law, but finally abandoned the course and went to the Argentine. I attended the National School of Commerce in Buenos Ayres and graduated from that institution as a public accountant. Altogether I remained about two and one-half years in Buenos Ayres.

In 1903 I went to London and studied for a few months at the Pitman School in Russell Square in order to improve my knowledge of bookkeeping and modern business methods. While in London I was several times a guest at the home of the Bolivian minister, Mr. Avelino Aramayo, and had the pleasure of meeting many prominent members of the Bolivian and Peruvian colonies there.

In 1904, with a letter of introduction from Mr. Aramayo to Mr. Carlos Larrañaga, manager of the Pará branch of the well-known Bolivian rubber firm of Suarez Hermanos, I went to the Brazilian port in search of employment. Mr.

Larranaga had nothing open just at that time, but kindly gave me letters of introduction to Mr. Julio Arana and others and advised me to go up the river to Manaos.

I left Parà in January, 1904, and went to Manaos and there found employment with the Peruvian consul, Mr. Manuel Pablo Villanueva, staying at his residence during the ten months I spent in the latter port. My work there was chiefly in connection with the publication of *La Union*, the newspaper owned by Mr. Villanueva at Manaos, and I also gave lessons in English and bookkeeping and did translation work for the merchants of the port.

In October of the same year I accepted a commission from the Arana firm to accompany Mr. Abel Alarco as interpreter to Barbados where he was going to secure Barbadians to work in the rubber regions. Mr. Alarco was one of the managers of the firm. We contracted for thirty-six men to return with us and arrived back in Manaos some time in November. It is worthy of note that on the entire voyage the Barbadians constantly complained about the quality and quantity of every accommodation given them. They were always quarrelling among themselves and could not be trusted. We remained at Manaos a week, where a young Argentine, named Glieman, who had worked for some time in the rubber regions, joined the party. At this point Alarco placed Glieman and myself in charge of the Barbadians and directed us to take them further up river to Iquitos. We left Manaos in the steamer Javari and went as far as the mouth of the Putumayo, where we met one of the Arana Company's steamers and received orders to transfer our men on board. Mr. Juan Vega, a member of the Arana firm, and Mr. Ramon Sanchez, both Colombians, were on this steamer and took charge of the expedition. We proceeded up the Putumayo River to its branch, the Igara-Paranà, and thence to La Chorrera, the principal establishment of *Arana-Vega Compania*, as the Peruvian Amazon Company was known at that time. It took us five or six days to reach this point. The manager of the station was Mr. Victor Macedo and the sub-manager Miguel Loayza. The Barbadians were here equipped with guns and we started off in a northeasterly direction into the wilderness to erect a new station. Sanchez and a man named Lizcano, both Colombians, were first and second in command, Alcorta, a Peruvian, who died in Lima about four years ago, was third in command. Glieman and myself went along as interpreters. On the way we passed two company stations—Atenas and Entre Rios. We received constant warnings regarding the activity of the Indians—the savage Andokes. In May of the same year Sanchez had led an expedition of twenty-eight white men into this same region and twenty were killed by the savages, Sanchez escaping back to Iquitos with only eight men. Such incidents were common in the Amazon country, and yet they ask in London why we carried guns.

* * *

At the end of about seven days on the trail we came to a deserted Indian house. The Amazon Indians of that region do not live together in villages, but apart in lonely huts in the forest. At this point we decided to build our station, naming it Matanzas. Altogether we had about forty-five men. Several attacks were made on us at that time by the savages, who were armed with guns taken from the various expeditions that had fallen into their hands.

The trouble with the Barbadians about food and work continued. They were lazy and constant grumblers. Because I was an interpreter and the intermediary between Sanchez and the men, they always blamed me if anything went wrong or they failed to secure what they wanted. It finally grew so bad that Sanchez was obliged to whip some of the negroes to get any work out of them at all. The whippings, as far as my knowledge goes, were light.

During this time, because of the enmity of the Indians, we had been unable to secure any rubber. In February, 1905, one of our men, Crisostomo, a Peruvian, was killed by the Indians. I heard at camp that the savages made the attack because Sanchez had whipped two of their number. I never had any proof of this. In June, 1905, because of the Company's dissatisfaction with his work, Sanchez was discharged. His brother was made chief of the station and remained there one or two months, when he was recalled to Iquitos. I understand that the first Sanchez was killed in a quarrel with a fellow Colombian on the Jivari River a couple of years later. He was not in the employ of the Company at the time of his death.

During all of this time we were constantly having small encounters with the Indians. We kept sending our Indian interpreters, those who were able to speak Spanish, into the "bush" in attempts to induce the natives to bring rubber to the station and receive goods in exchange. At the time the last Sanchez brother left Matanzas, I received a note from Vega at La Chorrera informing me that I, together with another man at Matanzas, whose name I cannot recall just at this moment, would be placed in charge of the station. We were to receive, besides our small monthly salary, three *soles* on every fifteen kilos of rubber collected. This partnership lasted until about February or March, 1906, when the other man was dismissed because of his attitude toward the Indians. He attempted to coerce them into bringing rubber to the station, and would go out into the forest threatening them with various punishments if they failed to secure the amount he demanded. I knew the Indians, and the only result of such methods would be to drive them away from the station and we would get no rubber at all. I went to Vega at La Chorrera and stated the conditions to him and was then placed in full charge at Matanzas.

In November, 1906, we heard that the Indians were laying plans to attack the station in force. I wish you would emphasize the point that the grudge the natives held against the white men, or *blancos*, the very old one—was that they were being dispossessed of land that was rightfully theirs, and so far as my experience teaches, the question of their treatment is only a minor issue. I often asked the Indians why they were conspiring against us and the answer invariably was that we were taking their lands away from them.

As soon as I heard the rumors of a general rising, I sent my interpreters into the forest to find out what the trouble was. To three of the interpreters I had given the following names—Roosevelt, Antonio and Pablo. The interpreters surprised a party of Indians and brought thirty-five of them, whom they found armed with guns, back to Matanzas. They reported that the savages had given a big war dance at which the main feature was three long poles about ten feet high, placed in the ground, and the middle pole bore on its top the mummified head of a white man who had been killed some time previously by the natives. We placed the rebellious natives who had been brought to camp in the stocks and gave two or three lashes to the more recalcitrant ones. Considering the fact that they had planned to wipe out our entire station, I consider this a very light punishment. During the two or three days we held the Indians prisoners, the other Indians in the forest sent them food which we unsuspectingly allowed the prisoners to eat. It turned out, however, that the food had been poisoned by the Indians because they believed those held at Matanzas had deserted them. This is probably the origin of the stories told that I have poisoned many Indians. Eventually the rising came to nothing and conditions became normal again.

The real cause of the uprising planned I believe was due to the agitation of a party of Colombians who, a short time previously, had come down to the Colombian border and across the river Caquetá, and were, we understood, laying plans to drive us out of La Chorrera rubber district and take possession of it themselves. I had received a warning note from headquarters to move very carefully in the matter. We knew that a number of Indians were armed by these Colombians for the purpose of attacking us. It will not be necessary to go into the details of this affair. I finally managed to meet several of the Colombians and arrange an *entente* with them, although a slight skirmish occurred during the negotiations and two of my interpreters were killed. That is, I crossed the Caquetá river with two of the Colombians and my men to meet the main party of Colombians. My men were ahead and as they approached the Colombian camp were fired on before they had an opportunity to explain their mission. At the camp I narrowly escaped death when a Colombian drew his revolver and was about to fire when one of my men knocked his gun into the air. But, as I said before, the matter was finally arranged satisfactorily.

The most important event during 1907 was a big fever which swept over the district, about fifty men dying in my section. I did everything possible to alleviate their suffering, sending to La Chorrera for quinine and other medicines. I had the bodies of a number of those who died cremated in order to prevent the spread of the fever. I am probably charged with the murder, by fire or poison, of all these people. What is there to say?

* * *

It was in 1908 that Captain Whiffen came to my station and stayed for five or six days. He told me that my station was the best of all of those he had visited and that my men were in the best condition. I gave him the best quarters in the settlement and treated him as well as I could. He told me that he had been a great traveler and that he was exploring in the Amazon for pleasure, and he also told me of his high connections in London and of his great importance in his own country. *Quien sabe?*

In the year 1909 there was a small rising in which I lost a number of men. A short time previously I had placed a Colombian, named Buchelli, in charge of a sub-station several miles from Matanzas so that when the rubber was brought in the natives would not have to carry it so far. There were four Peruvians with him. The Indians fell upon this house and looted it, slaughtering the men there.

I got wind of the affair just in time to prevent the same fate befalling Matanzas. After the looting of the small house there was a quarrel between the Indians as to sharing the spoils and in this quarrel an interpreter, named Segundo, was killed.

Some time in the latter part of 1910, Sir Roger Casement made his visit to Matanzas. He was there four or five days. I do not know where he gained his title of Sir—I know an English gentleman when I see one, but Casement most certainly was not one of them. Mr. Tizon of the Arana Company was with him, and there were several other white men in the party. The only evidence I saw of judicial procedure was Sir Roger Casement taking two of my Barbadians into a room, one at a time, and bullying them for several hours. I know he bullied them into making untruthful charges against me for while they were in the room I often heard his voice raised in threatening tones, and once I heard him say "jail." I suppose he threatened them with imprisonment if they refused to give him the testimony he had come for. I questioned the Barbadians concerning the actions of Sir Roger Casement and they replied that he was attempting to force them to say that I had killed Indians—many Indians. That they could not truthfully say. He took the Barbadians away with him. Why did he not take their testimony before me at Matanzas, or before some other witness in the station? I was condemned by the testimony of Barbadian negroes taken in a closed room. Such justice!

* * *

Then Sir Roger Casement wanted me to lend him forty Indians to carry his baggage back to La Chorrera. I told him that my Indians were tired out and that within a day or two they must carry a big consignment of rubber down to La Chorrera. I then had about 220 men. He grew angry and I also grew angry. I told Mr. Tizon that the Company might discharge me, but I saw no reason why I should burden my Indians with the Englishman's baggage, with its large consignment of whisky. I wonder now how many murders I was charged with because of my plain speech. But Sir Roger did not get my Indians for his baggage. He was forced to send to another station for the men, and left my station early one morning at six o'clock, without saying good-bye or by your leave. That day my Indians were going down to La Chorrera with rubber. You know his story of that march—all lies. The Indian women who went along carried only the food for themselves and their husbands, they did not carry rubber. Half way down I met one of the other Englishmen in the party. He offered me whiskey, but I did not take it. Several Indians were taken ill on the march. Do you know of any tropical country where fever does not worry the line of march? I placed those who were ill in deserted houses along the trail and gave them medicine. But enough—my refusal to favor Sir Roger Casement had determined my fate as far as it lay within his hands.

I will not deny that I was often forced to place my Indians in the stocks—*cepo*—for short periods. What would you do with men who would not work, with men who steal and lie, with men who would murder you in cold blood if you gave them half a chance? I worked, often all day long, in the pouring rains; I suffered from chills and fevers and much sickness. I never was cruel to the natives. Considering the hard conditions under which we lived I treated them as kindly as I possibly could.

Early in 1910, before Sir Roger Casement came and before anyone had heard of his coming, I had asked to be relieved. I was often ill and had symptoms of the dread beri-beri. Victor Macedo, who was then manager at La Chorrera, said, however, that the Company had no one to replace me and asked me to stay several months longer. I did this under protest for I had spent five years in the great jungle without seeing anything of the outer world or having any of its comforts. The fact that the Company retained me nearly a year after I asked to be relieved indicated the standing I had with them at that time. Later my father received a letter from Julio Arana in which the latter had only praiseworthy things to say of me.

* * *

I left Matanzas in the latter part of 1910, a month or two after Sir Roger Casement left. From there I went to Manaos, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso and then to Antofagasta, where for two years I made a business of selling Panama hats. During that time I made two trips to Ecuador and was in Lima for a number of days. I did not know of the charges pending against me and I have always traveled under my own name. It was not until December of last year when I went to my home, at Cochabamba, that I learned of the lies circulating against my name. In Cochabamba I had started the business of buying and selling Chilean horses. When Sir Roger Casement's report was brought to my notice I immediately wrote a long letter to the Minister of Justice here in Lima, denying one and all of the charges against me, and offering to present myself at any time before the Peruvian courts for trial. The answer was an order for my arrest and extradition. Today you see me here in prison, but I am not afraid to face my accusers. You ask me to allow my picture to be published, but I do not desire that because I am now branded as a criminal and the world will not believe my word against that of the men who have falsely accused me. After my trial in Iquitos I shall be glad to send you my picture, for then I shall have vindicated myself in court and cleared an honorable name.

NIGHT

A COOL, dim chamber, underneath the eaves;
  A cool, soft couch, and curtains crisp and white;
The fragrant scent of lilacs, wet with rain;
  And far-off sounds, that whisper of the night.

From twilight time, until the dawn-lights wake,
  And pale stars tremble in the misty west,
This dear, sweet starlit solitude is mine;
  Thank God—for peaceful night, and sleep, and rest.

—*Jessie Davies Willdy.*

The Beegum Camp Meeting

As Narrated by Judge Koons

by Dr. R. K. Carter

Author of "Caleb Koons," "Teddy's Trip to Mars," etc.

"ARE you going to the Camp Meeting?" I asked of my old friend, Judge Caleb Koons, as I sauntered into his office one bright day in September.

"What meetin'?"

"Why, don't you know? The respectable body of our colored citizens is to hold one down in Pryor's woods. Will you go down this evening and see how they manage it?"

"Sure, I will," answered the Judge. "Somehow them niggers are cute. Yes, sir. They can put things just pat. May use a mighty common sort of a figger, but it hits the nail straighter an' harder'n many a white man's oratin'. Never told ye of the time I had at the old Beegum Camp, did I?"

"No," I replied, scenting a treat. "Let's have it, Judge, by all means."

So that's the way the story came, and I pass it on to you. The Judge settled himself in his chair, set his thumbs in his vest pockets, and—

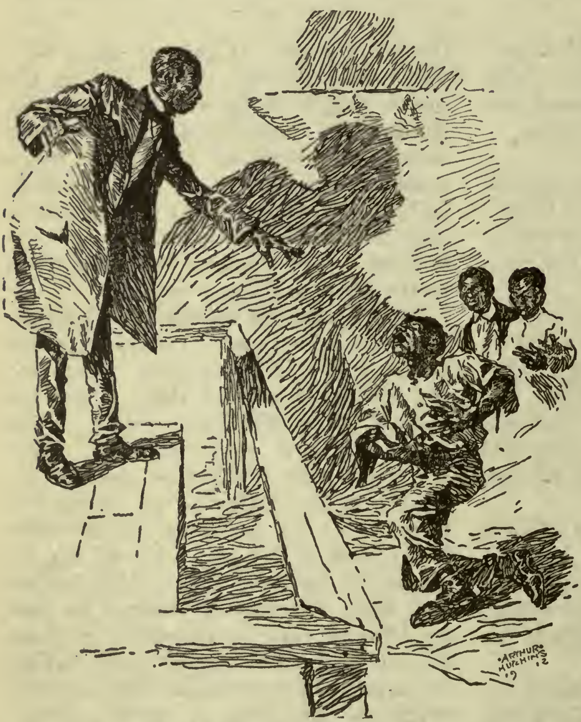
"It was way down in the Western reserve, not far from the river. There was lots of niggers in the district, an' once every fall they had to hold a Camp. They had one or two powerful preachers, 'cordin' to their standards, an' some of the doin's was amazin'. The day I'm thinkin' about the Reverend John Washington had the platform. My feathers! he was a character, an' the way he was converted was enough to set a man with brains to studyin'.

"John Washington was a mighty slick sinner, a sort of out an' out blasphemer when he was nigh twenty, an' the preachers was all afraid of him when they saw him hangin' round the back seats. He wasn't scared at anything, an' could be counted on to do the meanest stunt at the worst time. But this time he got caught right through the gills. Can't explain it very well, but somethin' struck him in the breast, judgin' by the way he grabbed his stomach, an' rubbed his big paws over his heart. You might ha' thought he had a considerable sized pain, an' I really believe he had. He got down in the straw at the altar rail, an' he groaned, an' cried, an' hollered till you could ha' heard him down to the river, half a mile off.

"Now I want you to notice I ain't makin' fun of this performance. I'm only reportin' to you just what I saw done. There was fun enough come in all right. Whatever stopped John Washington right in his tracks was worth while considerin'. Can't get round that. When he give up an' went down in the straw he was just startin' to break 'up the proceedin's,' as he called it, to some of his pals. He got up an' started fer the front to do the breakin'-up act, when somehow he seemed to hear what the old preacher thundered out 'bout hell an' damnation comin' quick behind the sinner to ketch him an' sling him into everlastin' fire 'fore he knowed whereabouts he was anyhow'—somethin' like that. John Washington kinder stopped, an' his black face lost the grin it had been a-wearin'. He swayed a little to one side an' the other; then he throwed up both his hands an' made a bee-line for the altar, droppin' on his knees, an' cryin' out to the Lord to have 'mercy on his po' soul.'

"Well, sir, there he rolled an' hollered, an' prayed, mighty mixed up kinder prayin' too; an' all the crowd that trained with him was a-standin' on the back benches to get a glimpse of the doin's, an' makin' remarks about John that wasn't very complimentary to his previous conduct, leastways as decent folks looked at it. Then, while the excitement was white hot, John gave a screech like a steam-power engine, an' kerflunked right down in a heap, an' laid still.

"That kind o' thing happens all the time at them Camps in the nigger country, an' they're all prepared for it. They picked him up, just as stiff as if he was made out of oak wood, an' carried him to one side where there was a kind of platform built out of brush an' covered with leaves. They laid him out on that an' went on with the meetin', the old preacher tryin' to make some more of the heedless youngsters pay attention an' take warnin' by what had happened to Washington.



"*Well, sir, there he rolled an' hollered, an' prayed, mighty mixed up kinder prayin' too*"

"The meetin' it went on; some few others went stiff, an' was laid up on the 'coolin' shelf,' as the boys called it, but John never stirred till near the next mornin'. Then he begun to move, an' presently he was on his feet, but actin' mighty different from what he did before he went down in the straw.

That mornin' they was a-callin' fer converts, an' considerin' whether they could be taken into the church on probation. Every convert had to give in his experience, an' after a while they come to John. Never shall forget it till I die. I'll give it to you, best I can remember it. When they asked for his experience, he got on his feet an' says:

" 'I dunno, bredderin', can't somehow ketch hol' of my min'. 'Pears like my knowledge is chilled.'

" 'Go on, Brudder John, go on,' calls out one of the preachers, to help him a little. 'Gib us yer 'sperience.'

" 'I dunno,' says John. 'I was a goin' up dat ar ile, an' somefin' hit me in de chist. 'Peared like I had a orful pain, an' I was scart to def, just plum scart to def.'

" 'Lawd, help him!' called a voice. 'Give him a hist right now.'

" 'Amen! Amen!' says some more.

" 'I dunno, bredderin',' says John again. 'I was a-hollerin' fer mercy, dar in de straw, an' nex' t'ing, I didn't know nuffin'. Mebbe I was daid. Reckon I had orter bin.'

" 'Holp him, Lawd!' says the preacher, gettin' more interested. You could hear the crowd breathin' hard, all a-listenin'.

" 'Den I just woke up,' says John. 'I done woke up, an' dare I was out in a big fiel', wif not a pickaninny anywheres, only a big ladder standin' on de groun', an' me a-lookin' at it, projeckin' what in de nation it was fer nohow. Den I heerd a little voice, an' it says, "Clomb, Jekup, clomb!" Dat's what it says, shore. An' dis po' niggah didn't know what to do.'

" 'Holp him, Lawd! Holp him!' come the shouts, gettin' louder an' louder. Half the crowd was a'standin' up by this time, an' stretchin' their necks to see an' hear.

" 'Dat air voice keep a-sayin' to me, "Clomb, Jekup, clomb!" An' I was a-tryin', shore I was. I got one foot on de ladder, an' den one han', an' den I clomb up, an' up, an' up, an' up.'

"John's voice went up an' up, too, an' his hand was raised a little at a time, an' that whole crowd just follered his hand till you could most believe they was goin' off their feet; an' when he stopped as if he couldn't get no higher to save him, half the congregation let out a long, swishin' sigh, like the wind in the winter trees, an' there was more calls fer help, an' lots of Amens throwed in besides. John, he got some little encouragement, an' tried it again. He says:

"Gee! but I was tired, plum tired out. Dat air ladder reached way up to de clouds an' I was pow'ful 'fraid I'd git skeered an' drap.'

"'Eugh! Uwish-ish eugh!' went the crowd, holdin' on to each other.

"'But it kep' a-sayin' to clomb; so I put in my bes' licks, a-holdin' my haid up so I wouldn't see down, an' drap offen de ladder. Den, fust ting, dare wan't no mo' ladder 'tall. An' it didn't retch up.'

"I tell you the grunts an' the swishes, an' the cries came thick an' fast. John Washington got a fresh hitch on his story an' he says:

"'I was a-standin' dare, on de top roun' pow'ful 'fraid I'd fall, an' it says, "Jump, Jekup, jump." Yassir, dat's what it says. An' I says, says I, "I'm scart to jump, pow'ful scart." But it just kep' on sayin' to jump. "Jump, Jekup, jump!"'

"A regular chorus of 'Holp him, Lawd,' 'Amen! go on brudder, go on!' come in when he appeared to hesitate. I saw him swallow a big lump in his throat, an' then, with his voice risin' high, an' swingin' his arms like he was a-thrashin' wheat, he yells out:

"'Yassir! I mek up my min' to jump, an' I swings my arms, an' spits on m' han's, an' den I, den I—I jumps; but by golly! I missed it an' come fallin', fallin' way down, down clar to de groun', kerplunk!'

"'Eugh! Wish-swish! Eugh! Lawd, holp! Sabe us, Lawd!'

"When the air got a mite clearer, an' the excited crowd settled down a little the old preacher says to John:

"'Now, Brudder Washin'ton, what was de res'?'

"'Dare ain't no res', Brudder Thompson,' says John. 'I just done woke up, an' day was a-liftin' me down from de shelf.'

"Well, sir, old Brother Thompson scratches his head a while and then he says:

"'We'se all pow'ful glad our young Brudder Washin'ton has got dis here 'sperience. We'll take him in on probation, an' ef he walks 'cordin' to de Sperit, we'll all be mighty glad to 'stend de right hand ob fellowship in six months.'"

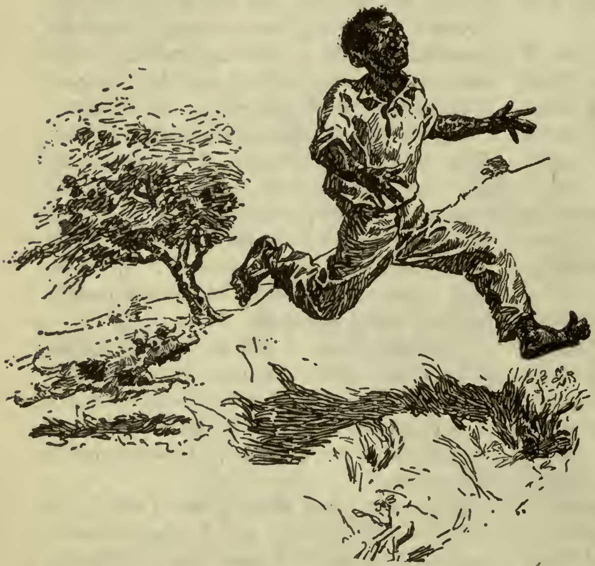
"Did he stick, Judge?" I inquired at this point.

"Stick? Now I want you to notice, that chap turned over a new leaf from that very day, an' kept it a sight whiter'n many a man an' woman you an' me knows of. 'Twan't bery long before he felt called to preach, an' after a while he was at it, full-fledged, an' was one of the best nigger preachers I ever heard in my life. I often tell you things John Washington said. Well, he's the same man. Put things cute as a fox many a time. He's the one his master asked how he liked the great Bishop Bascom, him that would preach three hours with the people standin' in every inch of room, an' John Washington says, lookin' kinder sheepish:

"'Massa Tom, I tell ye. He hang de pot so high up de chimney dat I couldn't tell 'zactly what was in it.' Now no white man could hit that nail better on the head than that: if you ever heard Bascom, you'd say amen!

"Well, sir, that same John Washington was presidin' at the old Beegum Camp, down by the river. I mind it was a Sunday afternoon an' there was s big crowd fer a nigger camp, mebbe about five hundred or more. John Washington got up an' give out his text. I couldn't manage to forget it. 'Zaccheus, come down!' That was it. I've wished many a time a first-rate shorthand reporter had been there; but my feathers! no reporter that ever wrote could set down John Washington, as he really talked an' acted an' looked. I remember he had a shiny beaver hat, a regular old stove-pipe. No matter how hot the weather was he never went to preachin' without that hat. He took it off an' rubbed it carefully with a tremenjus bandanner, an' then polished up the top of his head that was gettin' bald. He had on a long straight frock coat that had belonged to some white man forty years ago, an' a blazin' red figured vest. Heaven knows where he ever got that; it was his pet. Then he wore a real old time choker collar an' stock, that come down from his boyhood times in the south. He wasn't old, for it hadn't been more'n fifteen years since he was converted, but he was as solemn as a funeral, an' had a stack of dignity for official occasions.

"I can see him now, standin' there an' peerin' at the congregation over his big specs. I don't believe he needed any specks, an' reckon they had window glass in 'em, but he wanted to support his dignity, an' look imposin'. He stretched out one long arm an' pointed at a big tree nigh the platform, an' announced his text again: 'Zaccheus, come down!' Then he preached one of his sermons—nobody ever could do it but him. I can't begin to give it to you, only a word here an' there. He said:


"So po' Sam turns and runs fer de fence, ol' Ben Butler runnin' arter him wif de ca'tridge fizzin' an' sputterin'!"

" 'Zaccheus, come down! Dat proves, fellow-sinners, dat he was kinder uppish. Ef he had to come down, he must ha' been up. We kin all see dat, shore. It doan' do, bredderin' an' sisters, to be too uppish in dis worl'. Shorely we'll have to come down; mostly when we doan' 'spect it. De 'Postle says somethin' bout not thinkin' of ourselves mo' high den we orter think. It's a bad complaint, feller-sinners, an' it's a ketchin' disease. It shorely is.

" 'Lots of folks get the uppish complaint; an' lots of folks just like you-all, gets a itchin' in yore han's, to trow bricks at what's upper'n you air. Dat's so, shore.'

" 'Amen! Amen!' grunts an old chap nigh the front.

" 'Now, you, brudder Jefferson,' says John, shaking his long finger at him, 'you hol' to yer amens till dey fit in correckly. I'm just a-talkin' to folks like you, an' de res'. You'all 'minds me offen of a low down white-trash boy I knowed onct, down de ribber. I seed him one night, wif a stone sling in his han', standin' up on de hill, nigh to one ob dem city lamppos'. De light was a-shinin', an' he was itchin' to smash it. I knowed what he was after. So I kep' still an' said nuffin', an' he swung an' swung de sling, an' bimeby ker-smash, went de stone right troo de lamp, an' busted it to flinders. Now, dat's what lots ob you-all feels like doin' minute yo' sees somebody dat's up, or hears some troof dats higher'n yo' be. Yo' wants to bust it all to smash. But I just tells you-all, dat boy wif all his bricks didn't outen that lamp; no sah! An' all de slingin' in de worl' ain't a-goin' to put out de troof. Now, brudder Jefferson, dar's de place to fotch in yo' amen!

" 'I tells you-all, ef you is up, you-all's got to come down. Yaas-sir! Got to do it; ain't no way of 'scape. I axes yo' kind 'tention to who it was said "come down." 'Twan't no po' niggah like John Washington. 'Twan't no big white man preacher. No, sir. Who was it? Yo-all just read it your own self. It was de Lawd. He was a-walkin' 'long, an' sees ole Zaccheus way up in dat tree. An' de Lawd tol' him to come down. Now I wants to ax you-all right dar, ef de Lawd says come down, what niggah is a-goin' to say he won't come down? Ain't good for yo' health to go tudder way to de Lawd.

" 'Now I'm a-goin' to gib you-all what

de big preachers calls a "gesis ob dis tex'." Yaassir! A "gesis." Whaffur dat Zaccheus clomb up dat tree? Aint' no harm axin' de reason. No big grownup man goin' to shin up a big tree widout a reason. Like Sam Lee, down to de Co't house. De odder day, Sam Lee made up his min' to go fishin'. Sam's smart when dere's some chance fer gettin' somethin' widout doin' much. You'all knows dat. So when he foun' a stick ob dyn'mite in de road he cal'lated he could kill a string ob fish an' not turn his han'. So he started off for de big fishin' hol' whar de creek runs down to de ribber.

" 'But bredderin', when we'se too uppish, de bes' plans we mek offen goes to smash. Sam's got a onery yaller dawg, named Ben Butler, an' he trots off after Sam down to de creek, an' when Sam lights de dyn'mite, an' trows it in, cal'latin' on killin' ebery fish in a hundred foot, dat ar onery pup jomps right in, an' fetches de ca'tridge out ob de water an' comes a prancin' up to Sam, lookin' as proud as ol' Lucifer himself, waggin' his stub tail, an' payin' no kin' 'tention to Sam's yellin', go home! go home! go 'way! git out an' all dat. So po' Sam turns an' runs fer de fence, ol' Ben Butler runnin' arter him wif de ca'tridge fizzin' an' sputterin', an' gittin' ready to bust de stuffin' outen anythin' handy.

" 'You-all kin bet yo' last terbacker chaw dat Sam wan't lazy dat time. He got ober dat fence headfust, anyway, all de way; an' po' ol' Ben Butler tangled up in de rails—an' dat, feller-sinners, is de only reason why Sam Lee's otuside de hell he deserves to be in dis minute.'

"There was a lot of groans, an' some of the congregation noticed that the very Sam Lee John Washington was talking about was perched up in a crotch of a big gum tree that stood one side of the platform, with a branch or two reachin' out over the altar below the platform. But John Washington never seemed to look that way. He went right on.

" 'I done tol' you-all dat a man's got a reason fer what he does. So had Zaccheus, an' he never clomb dat tree fer nuffin'. I kinder 'spec it was a gum tree, an' Zaccheus clomb up lookin' fer honey. Oh, I done see you grin, Brudder Jefferson, 'cause it says sycamore tree in de Book. Yaassir! dat's all right. I ain't goin' 'cross de Book. But I heerd some ob dem big preachers one time talkin' 'bout what dey called "ternal offences,"* an' bimeby I foun' out dey meant some reason dey foun' in de tex' diffrunt from what it said in plain English. An' dey foun' it out by tinkin' an' turnin' it over in dere min's. So I just turns dis ober in my min', an' I believe ol' Zaccheus clomb up a beegum arter honey. Mebbe dere was a sycamore clost to it, an' some folks t'ought he was in dat.

" 'But, feller-sinners, I ain't goin' to fool roun' wif Zaccheus no mo'. I'm arter you-all, right here today. Dere's ol' Sam Lee now; right up dat ol' beegum tree. Look at him, feller-sinners. Look at him.'

"As he got to this point John suddenly turned an' pointed up at the man in the tree. It was a mighty big gum, an' the bees had been storin' away honey in it for a hundred years, I reckon. One big heavy branch stretched out nearly over the altar, and Sam Lee was settin' on it leanin' against the trunk. There was two other niggers up in the tree besides Sam. They all crawled up there to be close to the front an' see what was goin' on. When John Washington called his name and pointed his finger right at him, Sam give a jump an' nearly fell out of the tree. John Washington went right on.

" 'You, Sam Lee, whaffur you straddlin' up on dat limb? Yo' place is down here at de altar. Doan' yo' know dat? Yo' po' mis'able sinner. Yo's too uppish; dat's what's de matter wif you. Mebbe yo' had a reason fer clombing up dat tree, but yo' hear what de tex' says? Come down, Sam Lee! Come down! Come down! Git on yo' marrer bones in de straw, an' mebbe de Lawd'll ha' mercy on yo' mis'able soul.'

"The crowd was getting excited; lots of the women begun to cry, an' some of the men were groanin' an' gruntin' too. Sam Lee tried to get down, but one of the other chaps was in his way, an' he stood up on the big branch an' tried to reach another one to one side. Nobody knew it, but that old beegum was gettin' mighty weak, an' when Sam threw his weight on his outside foot the big branch cracked an' began to fall. Just then John Washington yelled out:

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* Internal evidences.

" 'Yo' can't stay up, Sam Lee, ef de Lawd says come down. Yo's a sinner; we-all knows dat shore. Come down, Sam Lee! Come right down to dis here altar.'

"Well, sir, Sam felt the branch going from under his feet and made a wild grab at the nigger next him, but missed him; the branch split a great slice from the trunk, an' opened a hollow place where there was an awful pile of honey.

"The rumpus stirred the bees, an' just as Sam an' the branch come down with a big crash right in front of the altar about seven hundred an' fifty-nine bees came a-swarmin' out, crawlin' over the wreckage, investigatin' Sam, an' buzzin' like half a dozen church organs.

"The mix-up was awful. It surely was. When the most of the crowd saw Sam fall in the straw they actually thought some kinder heavenly thunderbolt was responsible, an' the way they yelled an' screamed, an' started to run, an' rolled on the ground was amazin'. Then the bees got busy with the front rows, an' there was more yells, an' such another fightin' an' swishin', an' slappin' as you never saw in your life. Sam Lee was on his feet, dancin' the worst old wild-Indian fire-dance anybody ever heard of, an' fer a minute the crowd at the back thought he was a penitent, prayin' for his soul. He was prayin', sure enough, but not specially for his soul right then. Both his big ears was covered with bees, an' he was busy scrunchin' 'em with both his hands, an' tryin' to get out of the fracas. The women was scared plum nigh to death, an' screamed like nigger women can scream when somethin' is hurtin' 'em right bad. I had to light out myself to keep away from the bees, but I waited as long as I could to see the last of the fun. Oh, my soul an' body! but it was great!"

"What became of the Rev. John Washington, Judge?" I inquired, when I could manage to speak.

"Last I saw of him," asnwered the Judge, "he was tryin' his best to keep up his dignity an' get the meetin' steady. But the bees was at him, too, crawlin' up his pants, an' I saw him make a tremenjus slap at his leg, an' then another, an' grabbin' his precious stove-pipe hat with one hand an' slappin' his thigh with the other, he yells out as he dived off the platform:

" 'Bredderin! de word ob de Lawd's in my mouf, but de debbil's in my britches!' "

THE MEASURE OF LIBERTY

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE tide obeys the mandate of the moon;
The swift-winged bee in all its flowery round
Circles unceasing in fixed mede and bound;
The song has music only in the tune;
The grains of dust upon the roadway strewn,
Planets whose poising doth the mind astound—
Their glory and magnificence abound
In laws that make obedience a boon.

The heart that humbly bows itself in love
In virtue grows, and in high reverence gains;
The soul that flings away its false estate
To seek for truth wins to the heights above.
The Christ upon the cross through all His pains
Was master of Himself and of His fate!

A BORROWED · EDEN ·

By

Jennie Harris Oliver

Author of "Cherries," "The Earthen Pitcher," etc.

I

TOWARD a lone structure—white in the interminable sun-bleached waste of the desert—a prairie schooner bounced and wallowed through a billowy sea of tumble-weed. From the cowled head of the vehicle, like gray, tired eyes, two dusty forms peered anxiously, before again referring to a letter one of them held in a thin, fine hand.

". . . . This abandoned ranch," she read, running her eyes down the page to a well-thumbed portion, "lies on the east fork of Ladder Creek—the dwelling built of snowy magnesium rock, surmounted by a mica-tipped weather-vane. A fringe of mesquites bristles between it and the creek; the bare prairie, interspersed by columns of white rock, stretching on three sides.

"People who went over to close up the house after King's sudden departure say it will never be molested, as that is the unwritten law of the country; but there could be no objection to its use for a season, and it would make an ideal camping place for the summer. It is my belief if you can get Molly away from the marshes, you can save her.

"If you go by schooner, the dry heat will be too gradual to cause much discomfort, and your only danger will be possible sand storms. It is said, with slight irrigation, broom-corn does splendidly there; and as King put up an immense wind-mill, perhaps you had better invest what you can scrape up in seed. If I could get a renter for my place, I'd go with you; but it is too late in the season—"

The reading ceased abruptly. The fierce gust of wind that had torn the letter from the woman's hand, screamed up from the south, flinging ahead of it the fringes of the desert's menace. An undertone of weird moaning and hissing—a never-to-be-forgotten sound—trembled and grew in the mesquites. A sand storm was upon them.

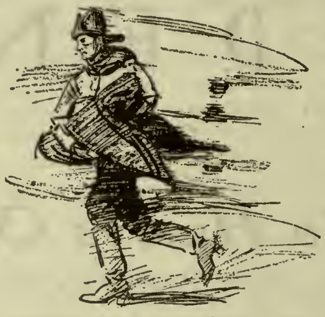
As the driver leaned to fling the whip over the exhausted team, the woman climbed back into the wagon and drew into her arms the figure that lay huddled there on a mattress. So thin a burden was it, so sallow and lifeless, that the mother's eyes filled with tears. Lifting the girl's arm from over her closed eyes and smoothing with pride the heavy black hair that framed the wasted face in a flood of dusky beauty, she cradled the sleeper's head in her neck, protecting it from the whip-like flashes of flinty sand, and the barbed arrows of splintered weeds that hurled in with an inferno of wailing voice-like sound.

Outside the situation was even more bewildering. A dense layer of air crowded down, lifting objects in mirage. Under the wavering sand-curtain, the house they were nearing, glimpsed, an inverted castle; rocks towered spectrally; a homing horseman, crossing the trail, swam, a mighty mintaur, hoofs striking the upper air.

But gradually, as with the wipe of a

giant brush, the distorted picture came together, resolving itself into one human shape—the horseman, struggling with the big iron gate of the ranch corral; and, desperately wallowing in the tangled weeds, the schooner rocked through the opening, bringing up in the lee of a big stone barn.

Here the horseman flung himself from the saddle and briefly offering his services, took into his big arms an inert, blanket-wrapped form—carefully lowered to him from the tail of the wagon. Holding his burden closely, and waiting for a momentary lull, he made a dash for the house, halting in an angle of a wide stone porch.



Holding his burden closely, and waiting for a momentary lull, he made a dash for the house

Thrilled curiously by the helplessness of what sagged in his arms, the stranger shifted it slightly and looked down at the face lying against his shoulder—a thin, girl-face, clasped vividly by jet-black hair, a face that once had been exquisitely lovely. Suddenly, under his intent gaze, long lashes lifted from luminous, violet-tinged eyes—asking eyes, wherein lurked an evading world of dreams.

A moment the man gazed, fascinated, then the lid-curtains fell. Possibly the girl had seen him, though he doubted it. What had she seen? "Maybe you'll make it back, little stranger," he mused, frowningly, a half hour later as he dashed homeward through the storm-tossed mesquites. "Maybe so; but it's my belief you've wandered a bit too far!"

II

No storm goes and comes like the sandstorm. A day after the world had seemed a hopeless ruin, Molly Calvert lay in the wide stone porch of her borrowed Eden, and looked out over sunlit spaces, where bended the most glorious of azure skies.

A horseman loped up from the mesquite fringe and dismounted at the gate, to loiter for a time by her little white bed, and she studied him silently, with wistful interest. He was so big and blond, so hand-in-glove with life. He was so all that she was not!

Many more times the horseman, emerging from the one line of green in all the white, white world, came to the shade of her breezy bedroom, before she managed to smile and nod; but one red-letter day the silent friendship, now a strong, lusty bud, blossomed. Before the rider had thrown down his bridle rein, Molly greeted him with a cheerful "hello."

The visitor dashed up the steps and swallowed her wisp of a hand in his big, warm palm. "*Awful* smart, aren't you?" he laughed. "Like plover eggs?"

"I don't know," the girl smiled back; "why?"

The young man felt carefully in his pocket and laid a dozen pearly objects on the blue and white coverlet. "They're good, roasted; and no end of fattening."

Something that was going to be a dimple quirked the girl's cheek. She looked almost festive in a crispy, white frock, her long hair in two satin smooth braids. The visitor looked his approval as he bestrode the porch rail, leaning back comfortably against a column.

"I forgot my calling card," he smiled; "but I'm Ordway Kaylor. When not here I herd a few cattle over on Ladder Creek. But I suppose you knew that."

The "quirk" did its best. "Yes, the folks told me. They hoped you'd come over to advise them about the broom-corn. They are cleaning out the ditches now."

"They're too frail for that sort of thing," frowned Kaylor. "Guess I'll go round and help."

"Wait—I want to ask you; do you know the Englishman who owns this place?"

"Well as I want to." Kaylor spoke absently. "Why?"

"I don't see how a girl could have jilted all this for a mere title. Still—I shouldn't have trusted her; her upper lip's too short.'

"How do *you* know?"

"Her picture's on the mantel over the fireplace—a tall panel, on a silver easel. 'To Arthur from Elizabeth,' it says on the back."

"Arthur King is a dough-man!"

"No—I think I understand. He was here in the silence and thought only of her. It's wonderful, the home he made. I dreamed of furnishing houses all the time I was ill; but I couldn't imagine anything like this."

"Pretty swell, is it?"

"That isn't the word—it's a poem. What an artist he must have had to do the decorating! The fireplace—I wish I could describe it! It is set round with tiles like the wainscoting—carved, and tinted with ducks flying down to a lake from a vivid sunset sky. There are chimney-seats, too; deep and long—cushioned with crimson silk. These cool evenings father lays me in one of those red nooks and I watch the firelight dance on the polished tables and little round windows. *I* came very near having a home—once—"

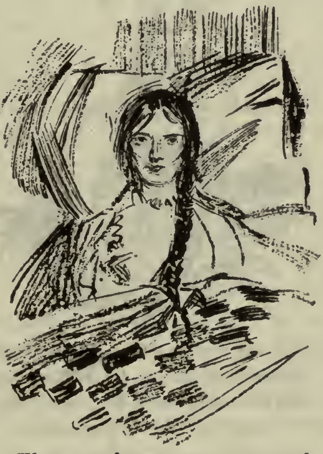
"Go on," urged Kaylor, as the girl paused, retrospectively.

"I'm too sleepy," she turned away her eyes. "I believe I've talked enough for one day."

"Then I'm going out to the ditches. Bye!"

Molly gathered up her plover eggs and carefully laid them on a chair by the bed. They were too pretty to eat, she thought; "though, of course, if they were fattening—"

She laughed and fell asleep.



The convalescent was propped up, with a turned-over chair and pillow beside her. She studied her visitor absently

III

"So you only 'came near' having a home?" Kaylor reminded Molly, as he again emptied his hunting jacket of plover eggs. "What happened?"

The convalescent was propped up, with a turned over chair and pillows behind her. She studied her visitor absently.

"It seems like a dream," she said, slowly. "My father is a revivalist—a backwoods one. and we have camped, mostly, or lived among the brethren. My earliest recollections are of tree-shadows flickering on tent-roofs. Did you ever watch tree-shadows on a sun-white background?"

"I live in a tent, you know."

"Well, the shadows were soothing, but for the rest, dogs usually fought among the benches and babies always cried. I was pretty bad that way myself. I didn't know why then; but it was just plain homesickness. After I grew up, a lumberman asked to marry me and I said 'yes' quick, for fear he'd change his mind."

The girl paused, pleased with her own audacity. "It was even worse than it sounds," she went on, "I didn't care about the lumberman, only the new house he was building. I could see myself hanging up my shiny dish pan and whisking my new broom about. When I wasn't embroidering doilies and braiding rugs, I went over and watched the men drive nails. They were going to be my nails, you know. I had some geranium slips rooted and about a quart of hollyhock and nasturtium seed. I meant to make all the fences blaze with blossoms. Father and mother were to head in there when they were tired. O, it was the love of my life—that house!"

"Was?" Kaylor smiled dubiously. "Why isn't it now?"

"You see—it belongs to another girl. I got sick and we found we must move to a dryer climate."

"Did he—" Kaylor flamed up, "did the brute marry someone else?"

Molly nodded and swiftly changed the subject. "I've seen Arthur King," she said, "his large, handsome nose and his piercing black eyes."

"Where?"

"Just riding around. He looked at me as sharp as anything and left his card stuck in the iron loops of the gate. I'll show you."

She groped in a fold of the bedspread and handed Kaylor a bit of cardboard. "He doesn't look a bit broken hearted," she went on, "but then, one couldn't appear pathetic with that nose."

"So he's come out of the wilds?" mused

Kaylor, soberly. "He's been hunting moose up in Canada, or something like that. I told you not to waste your sympathy. Think how hopeless my case is—I live in a tent. I sit on a soap-box. What girl would care enough for a fellow to do with soap-boxes?"

"You might find one that would love them," Molly consoled him. "All are not like me."

Kaylor was in his favorite angle, leaning against the column, jacket open, shirt turned in from his smooth, bare throat, brown eyes half closed. For a time he mused soberly, then sat up and looked about for his quirt. "How would you like to ride over to the rocks as soon's you're fit?" he turned to ask, after clearing the railing. "They are the quaintest things—names and pictures carved everywhere."

"You're the best ever," cried Molly, delighted. "I *can* ride—at least I could."

"Then I'll bring over Clabber in a few days. He is pretty safe. Guess I'll go round now and look at the broom-corn."

IV

A week later Kaylor was vastly surprised. Molly, straight on her two feet, ran out to meet him and Clabber.

"Wait," he laughed, as she made straight for the chalk-white animal she was to ride, "I want to look at you. Out here in the sunshine your hair is so black it's purple; and your lips and cheeks flame like cactus blooms!"

"Excitement, my friend," returned the girl, "and plover eggs hath wrought this miracle. I wasn't much when you carried me in out of that terrible sand-storm."

"O, I don't know—" Kaylor lifted her with a gentle swing and settled her in the saddle. "I don't believe I saw anything but your eyes. They were great. By the way—how's the Honorable Arthur coming on?"

"He continues to trail around the fences and stare at me; but he never offers to come to the house. It is getting on my nerves."

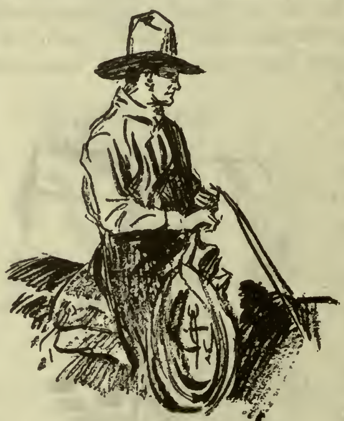
"One can't blame him for fighting shy of the house," said Kaylor. "To be honest, it always impressed me as being rather haunted. Glad you don't feel that way."

Molly sighed. "I believe he is making up his mind to oust us. Of course, I don't blame him; but I wish he'd stayed away."

"So do I," agreed Kaylor, "but let's not worry on a day like this."

Molly looked at him and then away. Riding side by side, her crispy white linen scraping his stirruped boot, her color deepened and her heart stirred strangely. Suddenly there arose a vision of crowded, dingy tents. Dogs fought and babies wailed. The minister's patient exhortation arose and fell endlessly. She frowned and lifted her eyes to the rocks.

"I'm going to lope," she challenged. "Let's go."



No one ever took more interest in a crop that was not his own than the man who made his silent trips around the borrowed eden

V

Tall and straight and even, the broom-corn billowed in the breeze. One who has seen a field of ripe broom-corn has witnessed a thing worth while; but certainly, no one ever took more interest in a crop that was not his own than the man who made his silent trips around the borrowed Eden.

His keen eyes took in other changes, too; the flocks of yellow chicks that yeeped along the fences; the resurrected alfalfa; the clean ditches; the revel of a dark-haired girl in her game of health. The girl wondered at the silent rider's appraisal of her.

"He looks as if he meant to eat me up some day," she confided to Kaylor, as their horses loped with the wind one freakish day at the end of summer. "Why, do you suppose?"

"Maybe," Kaylor ventured, looking soberly toward the wind-swept spaces, "he has divined, by some strange interchange of thought, your craving for a fine home. Ever think about that?"

"Yes, I have," declared Molly, frankly.

"So have I. Over there in my tent, sitting on my soap-box, with the trees tapping the roof—say, Molly, do you know that's the greatest place in the world for thought!"

"About—what?"

"Well—mostly what you said of the possible girl."

Molly looked at him and they both laughed, whimsically.

"I draw up a soap-box close to mine—a nicer one; you know I have an assortment! And when she gets tired of that—why, there's my knees! Once or twice I even imagined her arm about my neck. I can't see what more one would want than that."

"I can."

"That's because you never cared. Now, for instance, if I were your—your *man*, you'd rather be here, racing before the wind for nowhere in particular, than in the finest mansion with anyone else."

"Dreamer!" mocked the girl. "Very likely, for my tender abandonment, I'd be buried in a Kansas sand-heap. Look behind you!"

Kaylor wheeled in the saddle and got his eyes full of dust. "That's no dream, at least," he exclaimed. "Touch up Clabber and we'll race for the rocks. 'Ware of holes!"

In a second they were ripping the white-blown curtain of the desert, their flesh atingle with arrow-points of flinty sand. The man, straining his eyes toward the boulders, finally lurched and grabbed his companion's bridle, bringing both horses to a plunging halt. Flinging himself down, he snatched Molly from her horse and battled his way into the coveted refuge—dust-gray and out of breath.

Between the rocks they seemed to have entered a new world, so completely did the great white columns close them round. It was a place of enchantment and haven from threatened danger, and before the keenness of his anxiety had passed, Kaylor did an unfair thing—he kissed the girl that he still held fast in his big arms—kissed her as he had dreamed of doing in the silent watches of his tent.

Molly Calvert was uneducated in caresses. She had managed to salute the lumberman once every week after the engagement, wiping her lips afterward, frankly as a child. Why she should have thrilled under this man's touch was a mystery. Frightened and ashamed, she pushed away from him, and immediately Kaylor loosed her.

"Do you know," he said, unsteadily, "that if we'd missed those rocks, we might never have gotten back. There's badger holes and every blamed thing to trip us!"

Still dazed by his caresses Molly leaned, against the rock, staring at him, dumbly.

"Don't, honey," he begged. "I won't touch you again; I didn't just know what I was doing. It was brutal, but I love you. I have since that other sand storm when I stood with you in my arms and tried to read the message of your big, strange eyes.'

He turned and patted the ponies that had crowded after them, giving unnecessary attention to the cinches. "We'll have plenty of time to do some fancy carving on these walls," he added, in his old comradely way. "I got you a dandy new jack-knife."

The sun was low before the storm finally blew itself out. Molly and Kaylor rode silently home across the weird-blown prairie. The girl's practical nature had reasserted itself. She was grateful to Kaylor for ignoring the foolish moment between the rocks. At the ranch gate the man dismounted to see her through.

"I believe you have company," he said, as he gathered his own bridle in his hand. "I saw a strange shadow cross the firelit pane just then. Wait—I'll fix your hair."

He gathered the immense braid, blown free from its fastenings, and wound it twice around her head, pinning it with the red stone that had held his neck scarf. "You look like a princess," he bragged, viewing with pride his handiwork. "I've a good mind to follow you in."

"Do," Molly begged him. "I have often wished you would."

Kaylor hesitated and then sprang into the saddle. "Some other time, maybe. The moon is ripe for ghosts tonight. Bye!"

Molly hurried up the steps, but no sound came to her through the thick walls. In the hall she listened again. Yes, there was a strange voice. She entered the living room—the place of the chimney-tiles and crimson nooks. Her father's voice greeted her pleasantly in the firelit room.

"Molly, you have a caller, the owner of this ranch. Mr. King, my daughter."

The girl came forward with unconscious grace and King arose, towering big in the dimness. Instantly Molly compared him with Ordway Kaylor. He was handsomer, in a florid, dark-hued way; he was even larger; but for the rest, he lacked the clean, straight look of the dweller in tents.

"Please be seated," she said quietly, walking to the fire and holding a slim hand to the blaze. She was vaguely excited, wondering what would come next.

"I am a man of few words, Miss Calvert," began King, after a moment's silence. "I am asking you to marry me. I believed once, I should never again be attracted by a woman; but, I may add, I had not then seen you. I don't think I am an adept in love making; I state the matter simply. I would like your answer now."

"*Now?*" In a flash Molly Calvert was face to face with the chance of a lifetime. "Wait!" she begged him, and stood straight and tense, the fire lighting her dark hair and big, excited eyes. Then she turned away and began walking about the room, touching rare treasures on polished mantel and table. The scarlet cactus blooms sprawling over the side of a crystal bowl, she lifted carefully into place. A film of lace she shook out over one of the little round windows.

It was all hers for the taking; but a sudden trembling had shaken her lifelong desire from its pedestal. She was back among the rocks, her cheeks and lips burning with that divine test, the primal lure of the world. Tears of exquisite comprehension stung her lids—she had come into her own!

Unconsciously she had made the round of the room and was back at the fireplace. "Thank you, Mr. King," she said steadily, "but my answer is 'no.' "

The man in the shadow winced. "I was too hasty," he conceded. "Please give my offer more consideration."

"I have had plenty of time, Mr. King—I *know.*"

There was silence again, save for the snapping of the mesquite fire, then King, who knew the girl had spoken with conviction, turned to her father:

"I should like the occupancy of my house and ranch at once," he announced, with quiet meaning.

"I estimate it will take about four days to market my broom-corn," returned the other man. "Kaylor, a young neighbor, will help me out. Meantime, you could move in—"

"I am tired of strangers," King spoke decidedly. "You certainly should be satisfied that I ask no other rent than the crop. You took great liberty in locating here—remember that."

"It was a matter of life or death, Mr. King!" The mother spoke suddenly, with flashing eyes. "We brought our child here on a bed. Your ranch had run down and we reclaimed it. You certainly do not mean to put us out—empty-handed!"

"I want immediate possession here, madam," replied King patiently, "unless your daughter sees fit to reconsider—"

Molly crossed the hearth and laid her arm around her father's bent shoulders. "There is nothing to reconsider," she said.

Suddenly a gust of air stirred the flames and fluttered the curtains. The door, for some time held ajar by an impatient hand, slammed wide. Ordway Kaylor came into the room and without waiting for an invitation, joined the wondering group at the fireplace. Quietly he laughed, and turned full upon the bulky figure just outside the crimson glow:

"Didn't know me without my fringe, aye?" he asked, sarcastically. "No wonder—I hardly knew myself, at first. Collins, how much do I owe you?"

The man named Collins sprang to his feet, breathing heavily, his handsome face convulsed with humiliating defeat.

"You were gone so long, King," he stammered, "the thought occurred to me that you might never return, and—"

"I understand, fully." Kaylor took from his pocket a folded paper. "I could not help spying a little—you gave me such a conscientious report of everything! I think that pays you in full. It's a beautiful evening—*outside.*"

Collins stumbled out in a daze.

The owner, standing motionless before the fire, studied the tall panel upon the silver easel. Then he lifted it down. "Thank you, Elizabeth," he murmured, and laid the pictured face on the coals.

A Deal In Bandits

By

HAROLD DE POLO

Author of "A Deal in Rubber" and "The Padre Bernardo" stories

MR. RICHARD MANNING, correctly attired in spotless white linen, in faultless buckskin shoes, and in an immaculate wide-brimmed Panama, emerged from the entrance of Bello's gambling place and sauntered leisurely down the Calle Principal, a pleased smile on his coppered face, his monocle cocked jauntily in his eye, and a light bamboo stick twirling lightly between his fingers; a vastly different looking person than the man who, but a short week ago, tattered and penniless, had put through his deal in rubber.

In his rear, as usual, walked his man, Tomaso Gutierrez, tall, gaunt, grave, he also appearing far more prosperous than a week ago, with clean white tunic and pantaloons, and wearing, instead of his worn sandals, a pair of new, creaky shoes, while over his right arm he carried proudly a bright new *zerape*.

Manning puffed on his cigarette, blew forth the smoke and flicked the butt away from him. "Tomaso," he said, turning and speaking in English, "this Vera Cruz is an abominably hot place in July. Let us go to the plaza and imbibe some cooling beverage."

The Mexican peon bowed his head. "Yes, my master," he said in his slow, precise English, with deep respect, and followed the slim, well-built form of the American over the blinding hot pavement that sizzled in the hot afternoon sun.

Mr. Richard Manning was in exceedingly good spirits. "Tomaso," he continued, "it appears that we are again on the road to fortune, eh? I managed to even up a trifle with Bello by cajoling some four hundred pesos from his roulette wheel."

"Yes, my master," answered Tomaso, in his grave voice. It was his inevitable answer to any question or remark that allowed it.

Presently they reached the plaza, where Manning selected a table under the arcade of the Hotel Universal and forthwith ordered two claret cups from the fat, obsequious waiter who instantly rushed forward to do the bidding of the Americano that tipped so generously; while Tomaso, never quite able to get over the honor of his master permitting him, when they were alone, to sit beside him, seated himself gingerly on the edge of a chair pulled far away from the table, his arms folded quietly and his head respectfully lowered.

Manning slowly sipped at his glass, enjoying the iciness of the red fluid as it trickled down his dry throat. He gazed dreamily out before him at the pretty little park in the center of the square, with its bandstand, its winding path, its well-kept bushes and large flamboyant trees, tall and spreading and green, with their gorgeous, red flowers adding the sparkling touch of color that set it all off so well.

Manning liked this spot with the old, big Cathedral that lay opposite, gray and solemn except for the brightly painted statues of saints in their niches, dotting the sombre wall here and there, and the large mosaic-worked dome of many hues, thickly covered with black, dozing vultures, waiting for a scrap of food to drop in the street before they swooped greedily down upon it, shrieking and fighting.

Manning leaned back; he stroked his blond, upturned mustache and removed his glass from his eye; he sighed. "Ah, Tomaso, I again remark that Vera Cruz is a charming place, but that it palls upon one in this weather."

"Yes, my master," agreed Tomaso.

"Quite so, Tomaso," smiled Manning, "and I most heartily wish that something exciting would turn up. We have been idle practically a week, silent one, and I fear that we shall again have to try prospecting if nothing else comes along."

"Yes, my master," answered the peon, in his grave voice.

Suddenly Manning's blue eyes twinkled and he rose from his chair, as he saw the white-clad figure of Jenkins, the American consul, round the corner.

"Hello, Tom," he called out, "come and join me."

The consul, large, heavily-built, dripping from the heat, beamed with pleasure and walked forward. "Well, well, if it isn't Dick! Didn't expect to see you back so soon after you'd dropped me that line from Campeche! How are things?"

"Oh, pretty well."

"Good! I see our friend Tomaso is looking comfortably, eh?" and he pointed to the tall, quiet figure who was now standing upright behind his master, and who bowed gravely at the consul's mention of him.

"Well," said Manning, "sit down and cool yourself."

Jenkins started. "By Jove, Dick, I'd almost forgotten about the thing in my surprise at seeing you. Have to rush away. Can't stay a second. Important business! Have to get to the cable office and send a message immediately!"

"What's up?" questioned Manning, instantly interested.

"I—I'll tell you later. Must go now."

"Oh, come now! Sit down for a scant five minutes. Maybe it's something I can help you out with."

"Not this time, Dick, I don't think," laughed the other. "But I suppose I *can* spare you a few moments."

He sat down and Manning ordered a drink for him. "Well," commenced Jenkins, "I've just received a wire from Cananea that old Smith—you know J. B. Smith, the millionaire railroad and mining man—has been captured by Zapaca, the famous Sonora bandit, and is being held for fifty thousand pesos ransom."

Manning leaned forward, his face set, his eyes narrowed; he was now the man of action, intently listening.

Jenkins continued. "Smith had come down here to look into some gold mines up in Sonora, near Cananea, and this very devil of a reckless bandit rode almost into town one day, when Smith was starting out on a trip to an outlying mine, and managed to get away with him. Then he sent a letter to Cananea stating that he was holding the American for fifty thousand pesos and would hold him until he got it. He said that old Smith had offered ten thousand himself, that was all, and he mentioned that if Smith's friends didn't pay the whole amount he'd make it pretty hard for him. You know what that means—torture! . . . Well, I guess you've heard what a peppery, obstinate old codger Smith is, and I'm sure he's the kind that would suffer anything rather than part with fifty thousand."

"How interesting," drawled Manning.

"You see, the great trouble is that Smith has to be back in New York exactly two weeks from today to sign a document. In fact, his being there on time means millions. And—and to tell the truth, I myself am interested in the company to which the paper pertains; that's why they wired me, for I guess I'm about the only one that knows our private code. I'm going to cable to Smith's partners and have them send the money immediately, even if it is against Smith's will. They'll do it, of course, for if he doesn't get there on time it means a big loss."

"*Quite* interesting!" said Manning softly, staring thoughtfully into space, his sharp brain working quickly.

"Yes," answered Jenkins, "it is amusing to think of that old chap refusing to give up a mere fifty thousand that doesn't mean anything to him, even to save as much as a cool million. Jove, I'll bet he'll howl when he hears what his partners have done. You see, it's the only thing to do, for this Zapaca holds practically an impregnable camp away up in the mountains, and even if they did send a regiment up there to rescue the captive, this bandit is the kind that would make an end of Smith without the least bit of hesitation. So the only thing, you see, is to give up the fifty thousand."

Manning said nothing; his eyes were fixed, his face inscrutable.

Jenkins rose. "Well, I'll have to get that cable off now. So long, Dick."

Manning put out his hand. "Just hold on a moment, Tom," he said, smiling easily. "I've been thinking."

The consul put his arms akimbo and chuckled amiably. "Now, look here, you wizard, you! I've known you to put through a lot of apparently hopeless things, and I know you're called Lucky Manning, but—but *don't* tell me that you believe you can rescue old Smith."

"Tom, my dear boy," answered Manning, slowly and softly, "that is exactly what I *was* going to tell you."

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" laughed Jenkins, pleasantly derisive.

"I mean it!"

"Dick, my boy, you're mad—hopelessly mad!"

"Not so—hopelessly," answered Manning. Then his voice became deadly serious. "Tom, I mean what I say. I'll free Smith! All I want is the ten thousand he'd been willing to give the bandit. Do you think I could count on it?"

"You certainly can," returned Jenkins. "*if* you free him! Old Smith keeps his word when he says a thing. That's just the whole trouble, in fact, for now that he's said he'll only pay ten thousand, he'll stick to it."

"Excellent! Now, Tom, I'll want your help a bit. You say Smith isn't due in New York until two weeks, eh? . . . Good! Well, I want you to hold that money, when you get it, for just four days, see? It won't do any harm. If you don't hear from me in that time, go ahead and ship the money to Cananea and Smith will be in plenty of time to get the express across the border. What do you say?"

"Dick," replied the consul, "you're an enigma, but I'll do what you want. I won't ask you your plans, for I know you always keep silent until things are all over. But although I've known you to work wonders, I'm hanged if I see how you're going to do this one. By the way, may I ask if our friend Tomaso is to take part in this little affair?"

Manning turned to his man and smiled, also speaking for the peon's benefit. "He most assuredly is! It's an important one—in fact, he sees more real action than I do myself."

The Mexican's eyes glittered as he heard these words; it was about the only way in which he showed his pleasure.

Manning extracted his watch. "Just a moment, Tom, while I give Tomaso a few orders. My train doesn't start for over an hour and I'll walk down to the cable office with you."

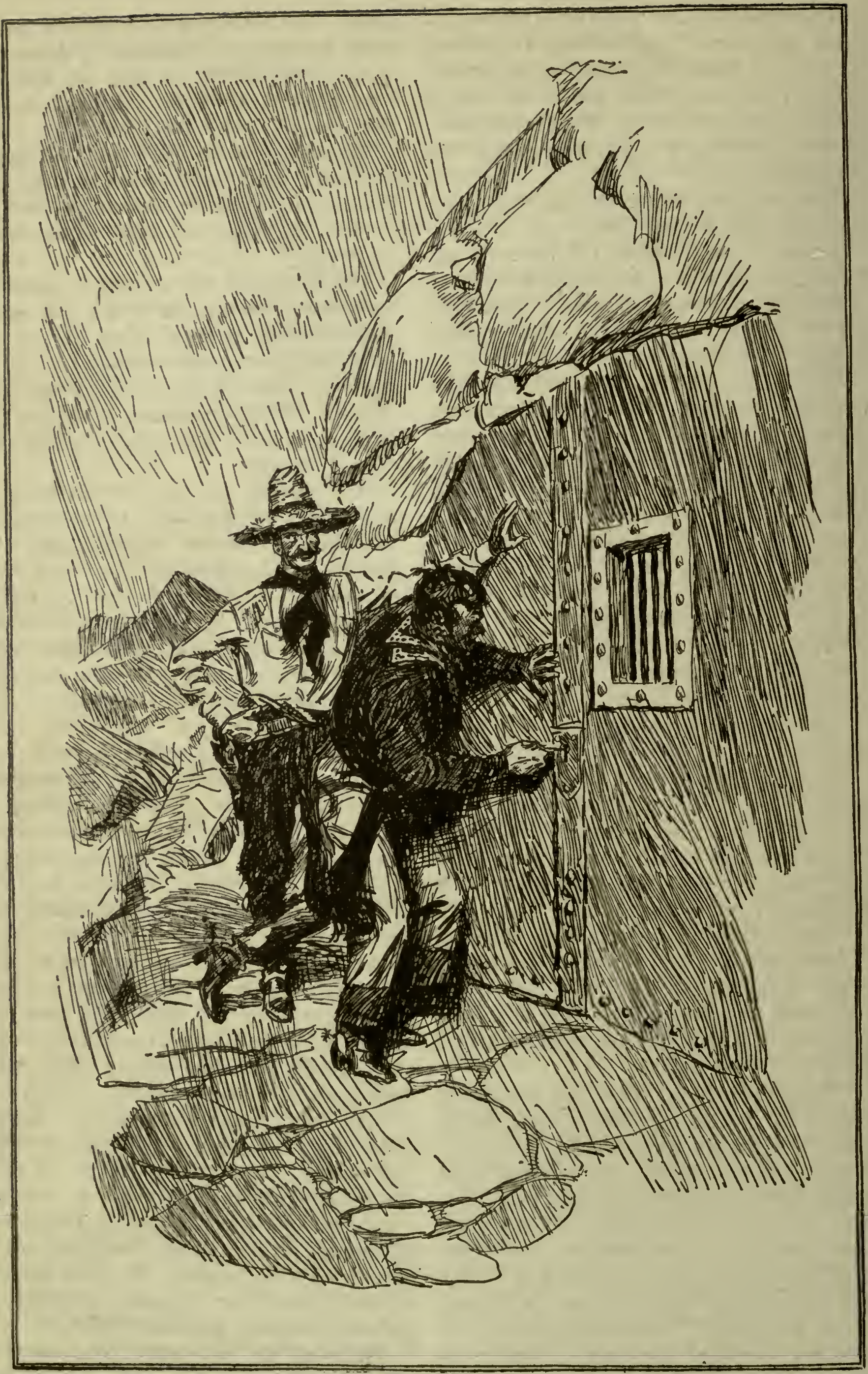
He turned to his man and talked rapidly in Spanish, handed him a roll of bills, and told him to depart immediately, while Jenkins wondered what under the sun such phrases as "eight revolvers," "a pair of spectacles" and a "butterfly net"—which were the only words he caught—could possibly have to do with the rescue of J. B. Smith, American millionaire.

* * *

Mr. Richard Manning, a little more than an hour after his talk with the consul, boarded the late afternoon express for Mexico City, spending his first two hours on the train in giving Tomaso Gutierrez valuable instructions; and two days later the pair arrived in Cananea, where they immediately wended their way to a hotel and where Tomaso once again received still more instructions—that is, after his master had spent some two hours or so in learning every single bit of news and gossip that he possibly could about one Zapaca, a famous Sonora bandit.

The next appearance of Mr. Richard Manning, American mining man, soldier of fortune, gentleman of leisure, or whatever happened to please him at the time, was some forty miles out of the city of Cananea, riding a small sturdy burro over the sun-baked prairie. It must be mentioned, also, that Tomaso Gutierrez, his trusted follower, was not with him.

Although it was really Dick Manning himself who rode the little animal over the prairie, it was rather difficult, for one who had seen him before, to believe

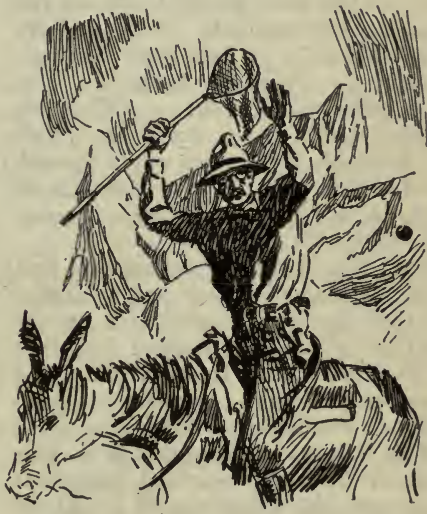


So unsteady were his hands that he encountered great difficulty in finding the keyhole of the lock that held together the huge iron gate which barred the entrance that such was the case. Gone was his debonair air; gone was his monocle; gone was his upturned mustache. He was dressed in stiff, new khaki; he wore a pair of round, black-rimmed spectacles; he stooped far over like an old man; his blond moustache was turned down and straggled, as if it were tired, around the corners of his drooping lips, and over him all was an air of meekness—an air of unassuming meekness and frailty which would cause all who saw him to think him the most harmless being on earth. He carried with him, to strengthen this opinion, the kit of an insect collector, the most prominent part of which was a long, large butterfly net. He had traveled hard that day, riding the horse which he had left a few miles behind at killing speed, and now, as his reward, he saw the tall, dark mountain at the top of which was the stronghold of the great Zapaca.

Mr. R. Manning allowed himself to sigh with relief; he was nearing his destination. So he flicked his animal sharply on the flank and jogged forward, the two big revolvers that dangled at each hip flopping crazily, and the four others, which he had hidden most carefully about his person, rattling against him in an uncomfortable manner. Behind his large glasses and apparently unseeing eyes, he kept a sharp lookout for any sign of human life which might appear, while most of his glances were directed behind him, much in the manner of a man that expects to have something appear from that quarter. The mountain now loomed up not half a mile in front of him.

If one could have been on top of the mountain one could have seen, besides the lone figure of the American, the crouching form of a Mexican, lying flat on his stomach, a rifle gripped firmly in his hands, behind a cactus bush at the very edge of the steep mountain—the bandit sentry; one could have seen also, not more than half a mile in the American's rear, another figure, on horseback, riding persistently forward at a steady lope—a tall, lank, villianous-looking creature, with a great black mustache, a pistol at each hip and a long knife stuck in his belt, a person who looked as if he meant great harm to the little man riding ahead.

Very shortly the action became a trifle more interesting. When the American on the burro was not more than some two hundred yards away from the watching sentry, the man who was riding behind him suddenly quirted his horse forward in a furious burst of speed, and stopped only when he had come up to the meek little man who was trembling like a leaf on his small burro, to the great discomfort of that animal; while the bandit sentry stuck out his head and watched the proceedings with interest.



The American raised his hands slowly, shaking as if he had the ague

The lank Mexican with the black mustachios and brace of pistols pulled in his horse and roared out in a voice of thunder, resounding and ear-splitting, while he brandished a revolver in either hand to add force to his words:

"Ha, *gringo*—my *gringo* dog! I have you at last, eh? I have you now! Dolt! Worm! Imbecile! I am going to take you to the great Zapaca—the most wonderful man of all time, I say—the great Zapaca! For long months have I wanted to join his honored band, and have been waiting only to capture some wealthy person whom I could bring him to hold for ransom. Ha, coward, raise your hands, I say—raise your hands!"

The American raised them slowly, shaking as if he had the ague, and his meek face became even meeker and there crept into it a look of terrible fright. He stuttered and gaped, and gaped and stuttered, and finally spoke in quavering, broken, queer-sounding Spanish. "You—you villain! You s-s-shall s-s-suffer—for th-this! D-d-do you—k-know that you are a a-assaulting Professor T-titus Cy-cyclops, the g-g-great American n-n-naturalist?"

"Bah—bah!" roared the Mexican. "I tell you, little man, that I am going to take you to the great Zapaca, whose follower I wish to become, and when I heard that you had left Cananea I followed you as quickly as I could ride. Ha, let me have your weapons! . . . Excellent! And any money! . . . Excellent again! . . . So, three hundred pesos, eh? . . . You have nothing else? . . . No, that I see. Well, this is enough, and Zapaca will be pleased. No doubt he will deign to allow me to enter his worthy band. Forward, *gringo* dog—forward!"

And Mr. Richard, playing his part finely, shaking with fear and stumbling out that the Mexican would yet rue the day that he had dared to touch the person of Professor Titus Cyclops, the great American millionaire naturalist, was made to amble onward on his little burro to the bottom of the mountainside, while the long Mexican ride in his rear and roared out curses and told how he wanted to join the great Zapaca.

Once there, they were met by the pointed rifle of the bandit sentry. "Halt, what do you wish?" he asked, although he had plainly heard every word that the fierce fellow of the mustachios had addressed to the quailing American.

The aspirant of Zapaca's band again roared forth, apparently not the least bit awed by the other's rifle: "*Hombre*, I would be taken to the presence of the glorious Zapaca. I would become one of his followers, and for that reason I have brought him this prisoner, whom I learned was an American millionaire. Quick, take me to the great Zapaca!"

He spoke brazenly, curling the points of his black mustachios and fixing the sentry with sharp, drilling eyes; and the bandit, noticing carefully the gaunt, muscular frame and the fierce face, thought that here was a man to be feared and a man whom the great Zapaca could surely find some use for.

"Come," he said, a trifle gruffly, "I shall take you to him."

For a good hour they climbed the mountain, leading their mounts, over concealed paths, through almost impenetrable undergrowth, up steep inclines, over dangerous chasms, until, finally, after they had skirted a narrow ledge that ran about a perpendicular cliff, they came out upon a broad, level plateau surrounded on all sides by high rocks, and the bandit informed them that they had come to the stronghold of the great Zapaca.

"Then call him," shouted he of the black mustachios.

The sentry whistled twice, a long, gradually rising note that soared high and shrill at the end.

In a moment more, from the mouth of a large cave in the rock, there appeared the squat, heavy, thick-set figure of Zapaca, his large, ugly head set close to his shoulders on his large bull's neck, cocked questioningly to the side, his small pig's eyes peering viciously forth from under his bushy brows.

"What is it, my child?" he asked, his voice slow and rumbling and guttural.

Before the bandit could answer the capturer of Mr. R. Manning—or Prof. Titus Cyclops—stepped briskly forward, his head held high and proudly and his lean, muscular frame stiff and upright. He spoke in a voice that echoed loudly about the rocks.

"Do I speak to the great Zapaca?"

The bandit chief eyed him closely before replying, a trifle angry at his arrogance. Then he looked at the American, eyed his sentry, who nodded that all was well, and then turned back to the man with the black mustachios and with the four pistols stuck in his belt.

"Yes," he answered, "I am Zapaca."

Professor Titus Cyclops here tried to break in, but his capturer raised his fist and bid him be quiet in a voice of thunder, and he was instantly obeyed.

"Excellent," he then said, facing Zapaca, his stern face breaking into a smile, "I have wished to meet you for a long time. For many months I have wanted to join your honored band. And to show myself capable I thought it best to capture some wealthy prisoner that you might hold him for ransom. Here is the man," and he jerked his head scornfully in the direction of the American, "and he is a very wealthy one, I tell you. He is one of those fool *gringo* bug hunters who is thought a great deal of in his own country. I think that he will fetch a good hundred thousand."

Professor Titus Cyclops could not be held back, and he spoke in his trembling, weird Spanish. "I—I tell you that you shall suffer for this! I shall have the authorities after you, villains! A hundred thousand pesos! Never—*never!*" He shook his fist in the air, his small, stooped frame shaking convulsively. "I—I—I will not give more than twenty-five thousand—twenty-five thousand pesos. *That is absolutely the most.*"

The bandit chief laughed mightily at the little man's rage. Then he turned and eyed the Mexican with searching eyes. Here was a man who had brought him a hostage who at the first moment admitted that he would pay twenty-five thousand pesos, and that meant that in the end he could easily be made to give a cool hundred thousand—for he had a way with him, did Zapaca!

Zapaca suddenly turned aside. He beckoned his sentry to him and conversed in low tones. Then, after a moment, he nodded decisively and walked close up to the man who wished to join his band.

He thrust out his coarse face and smiled nastily, and when he spoke his voice sounded ugly. "My friend," he said slowly, "suppose that instead of allowing you to enter my band I should take it into my head to kill you, eh? Dead men tell no tales, you know. And I have nine men in that cave who will spring out at a word from me, also the sentry behind you with a pointed rifle."

The long, gaunt man looked calmly to the side of him and met the barrel which was aimed at his head. Then he turned back to the chief and smiled. "Zapaca, if you did that, I promise you that before I was killed you would be a dead man!" he said, his loud voice strangely quiet and cool, and exceedingly earnest.

The bandit instantly changed. A smile broke over his face and he put out his hand. "Fine, *hombre*—fine!" he roared. "That's the spirit, fine! Just the man I need! You are one of us now! Come; I shall have you meet my gentle babes; they are all brave boys—brave boys and true."

"Ah," rumbled the tall one, sighing joyously, "my dream has come true! I am one of the great Zapaca's followers."

But, happy as he seemed, Professor Titus Cyclops, by the momentary sparkle in his eyes behind his spectacles, seemed even more pleased by the way in which things had turned out.

"My chief," said the newly appointed bandit, "I have brought you something which I took from this *gringo* dog. Here are his two new revolvers, which the pig never even tried to use; and here, also, is about three hundred pesos which he carried with him."

Zapaca took these offerings with a happy smile. "*Hombre*, decidedly you are fit to join my band. I like your honesty, for I was wondering if you would give me all you took. My sentry there told me just how much you had taken from this Americano."

"I am honest with my friends," answered the other proudly.

"What are you called?" inquired Zapaca.

"Juan Barra."

"Good!" Zapaca now turned to the sentry and handed him a key. "Take the *gringo* pig and put him with his countryman." Then he turned to the other: "Come, Juan, you shall now meet your brothers and we shall have a grand banquet to celebrate your arrival."

Zapaca and the new bandit walked away and into the cave, and Professor Titus Cyclops, American millionaire naturalist, was led, shouting and gesticulating wildly against such treatment and vowing that they would yet suffer for offering such indignities to his person, to a small cave in the furthermost rock on the plateau, where he was most unceremoniously thrown into the dark and where he instantly heard the heavy, massive gate close upon him and the key turn gratingly in the lock, and he found himself in the presence of the stout, pompous, gray-haired Mr. J. B. Smith, American millionaire railroad and mining man.

Zapaca and his recently discovered follower entered the cave, and the light from the single, ill-smelling oil lamp showed the individual who had said his name was Juan Barra the forms of nine bandits stretched out at their ease on the ground. Most of them were sleeping, soundly snoring without the least bit of harmony, and but one or two of them raised their heads at the chief's entrance and rubbed their eyes and grunted, for most of their work was at night and during the day they wooed slumber as best they could.

"Awake, my children, awake!" shouted Zapaca, "I have brought you a new brother."

Some of them swore at this unfeeling and hurried mode of bringing them from a peaceful sleep, but in a moment more, at a second genial command from their leader, they were all sitting up and gazing, still sleepily, at the tall, gaunt form of their new companion.

"Come, my babes, up, up! Greet your brother! He has brought us another *gringo* dog who will fetch a cool hundred thousand. Up, up, and prepare a feast. You, Bautisto, kill me a good dozen of those chickens which we foraged yesterday, and let there be cooked the best we have; plenty of it, and make it a noble feast. You, Roberto, bring in those two cases of wine which we took from old Ramirez a good month ago. You, Carlos, go and bring that large skin of *pulque* which poor Garcia pays us each week to leave his miserable little farm alone. Up, all—up! Up and prepare the feast and meet your good brother, Juan Barra."

"Yes, my brothers," yelled Juan Barra in his lustiest tones, "up and let us feast! It is the happiest day of my life! At last I am one of you—one of the chosen followers of the great Zapaca! Yes, let us feast well, for I love you all."

The chief was in excellent spirits at his good fortune in getting hold of such a man as he of the fierce mustachios. "Ha," he rumbled, "see how fine he is—how companionable! Yes, he loves you all and you must all love him."

They came forward, greeting the newcomer warmly, as their leader had bid them, eyeing his long frame and stern face with curiosity—and respect; for truly he looked to be a most formidable person.

The talk grew loud; men hurried here and there to prepare the meal; they boasted in loud tones of former escapades and adventures, and all was as merry as could be.

* * *

After an hour had gone by the banquet was ready. Numerous stenching lanterns now made the place gay and light; the fumes of the repast did something to smother those from the lamps; the big, long table was crammed with food of many kinds, and over it all were large stone jugs of wine and *pulque*.

"Let us eat; let us drink; let us be happy!" cried Zapaca, when his merry ruffians had noisily taken their places; and he raised a glass full to the brim and drained the contents of it at a single gulp, while his gentle babes followed suit with a hearty laugh. So, apparently, did Juan Barra, who sat at the chief's side; only, if the truth must be told, most of the liquid went down his chin and down his neck and from there onto his chest.

The appetites of Zapaca and his band were truly marvelous; they ate, they gorged, they made away with food as quickly as it was put before them; but, even with still more rapidity, did they wash their throats with huge goblets of oily wine and thick *pulque*. Every moment, it seemed, a toast was given; and a toast meant a full goblet of drink. Therefore it was no wonder that some two hours after the feast had begun most of Zapaca's children were slipping down in their chairs, their eyes glazed, their hands fumbling, trying their best to roar out some drunken ballad, and failing dismally. Even the great Zapaca himself tottered about when he stood on his feet—tottered about and vehemently cursed his legs that behaved in such an awkward manner.

But most unsteady of all, most noisy of all, most songful of all was the individual who had affirmed that his name was Juan Barra. He hiccoughed out silly jokes, he hugged every man there and lovingly dubbed him brother, he sang out at the top of his lungs, and he roared and staggered and howled and raved with more fervor and volume than any three of them together. All of which, if the truth must again be told, seemed really a trifle strange; for, if any of the gentle babes had paid close attention to Juan Barra while he was drinking, they would have noticed that most of the contents of his glass or goblet was spilled upon the floor, thrown over his shirt, or else spat forth when he thought no one was looking.

But none knew this, and all, especially bull-like Zapaca, swore that Juan Barra was the bravest brother he had yet seen, as he knew how to get drunk like a man and not fall down sleepily in his chair.

Presently, when tongues were so thick that they interfered sadly with the talk of the merry ruffians, their new brother suddenly sprang up, glass in hand, and slapped Zapaca affectionately on the shoulder.

"Ha, my chief! My—hic—my brother; my—hic, hic—my noble friend! I—hic—I have an—hic—an idea! A—hic—a won-wonderful—hic—idea! Let us go and—hic—visit the—hic—the two *gringo*—hic—*gringo* dogs—hic—and make sport—hic sport of them. Let us—hic—"

Here the great Zapaca broke in, winking diabolically and hugging the newcomer in glee. "Ex-excellent, my—hic—my best —b-b-best of—hic—children—hic—excellent! We will—hic—will go and—hic—bring them here and—hic—and make them—hic—dance for us! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

He stumbled out, his head wagging wickedly, and his whole body lurching crazily about, while his clan followed him in a zigzag line, those that could do so laughing uproariously at the expected pleasure the prisoners would give them. And again, had anyone noticed him particularly, they would have seen a rather peculiar smile flit over the lips of Juan Barra for a brief instant.

At the cave where the two Americans were held captive, Zapaca drew forth a large key and ordered one of his band to come forward with a lantern. So unsteady were his hands that he encountered great difficulty in finding the keyhole of the lock that held together the huge iron gate that barred the entrance.

Finally, after many efforts, the key slipped into the keyhole, the great lock clicked, and the massivegate swung ponderously open.

"*Gringo*—hic—dogs!" roared Zapaca, "come forth, I say."

Not a sound came from the cave.

"Pigs!" howled Zapaca, "come or—hic—or I sh—hic—shall kill—hic—kill you—hic—later."

Still the black cave was silent.

"*Caramba*!" shrieked Zapaca, raging mad, "let us—hic—let us enter—hic—enter and—hic—kill the—hic—beasts."

He snatched a lantern from the nearest man and sallied into the silent cave, his band stumbling drunkenly after him, their heads lolling sleepily about, too much under the influence of wine and *pulque* to care about anything; while the individual who said his name was Juan Barra dropped slowly behind and was the last man to enter the cave.

In exactly one second more the great Zapaca descried his prisoners, backed against the further wall. Only, when he saw them, he did not spring forward and crush them beneath his fist, as he had intended. Instead, he let out a roar like that of a maddened, trapped bull and dropped back, his swarthy face white, his brain cleared, dead sober at once.

For in the hands of each prisoner there rested a long, blue-steeled, wicked-looking revolver that bore the name of Colt and that was of the caliber of 45. Also, standing beside the stout, pompous, peppery, but cool-headed Mr. J. B. Smith, there appeared to be an altogether different person than the frail, quaking, insignificant Professor Titus Cyclops, American, millionaire naturalist.

In his place was a slim, straight, well-proportioned individual with a handsome, coppered face, a blond, upturned mustache, a monocle set jauntily in his right eye, and a smile playing over his lips that boded extremely ill for anyone who attempted to interfere with him; and his two revolvers also were most steady—steady and aimed directly at the head of Zapaca, the famous bandit.

The bandits, most of them too drunk to realize what had happened, backed off against the wall and stayed there, too dazed to move. Zapaca, the only one who had a weapon with him, suddenly reached down to his belt.

But before his hand could get there one of the revolvers in the hands of Dick Manning spoke with a spurt of flame, and the chief grasped his wrist with a howl of agony.

Then, for the first time that evening Manning spoke—spoke in clear, melodious, faultless Spanish.

"Zapaca, my friend, you should be careful. I do not believe in murder, and if you should be so indiscreet as to again reach for your gun, I very much fear that I shall be compelled to commit it. Kindly raise your hands—all of you!"

The great Zapaca was no coward, and for an instant he clenched his fist and made as if to spring forward. But then, as he looked into the deadly cool eyes of Dick Manning, saw the dangerous smile on those lips, noticed the steadiness of those hands, he very slowly raised his arms above his head and kept them there; while his drunken, thoroughly frightened band instantly followed his example.

* * *

Mr. Richard Manning smiled his thanks. "Excellent!" he said, while Mr. J. B. Smith, American millionaire of an exceedingly peppery disposition, stuttered and fumed at the trapped bandits and swore he would have them hanged.

Manning presently quieted him down and spoke for the third time that night. "Tomaso," he drawled in Spanish, "thou hast done well."

"Thank you, my master," came a soft, grave voice from the background.

Zapaca looked about; looked about and cursed mightily at what he saw. There at the cave mouth stood the individual who had been called Juan Barra. But now, instead of a drunken, blustering, murderous-looking ruffian, there stood an humble, deadly sober peon, his face long and grave—long and grave and clean-shaven—while only a red welt across his upper lip showed where the fierce black mustachios had been glued on. And he also, in each hand, grasped firmly a revolver that bore the name of Colt and that was of the caliber of 45.

Zapaca hung his head, knowing that he was thoroughly beaten.

Again Manning spoke. "Tomaso, relieve our friend Zapaca of those two new revolvers of ours; also the three hundred pesos which we were so kind as to let him keep for us."

Tomaso did as he was bid.

"Excellent, my Tomaso. Thou may keep the three hundred pesos for thyself, silent one, for thy master has this night made ten thousand of them, which Mr. Smith has promised him the moment we arrive in Cananea."

"Thank you, my master," replied the peon, his voice filled with gratitude.

"And now, Tomaso," continued Lucky Manning, "go and get ready three horses so that we may start immediately. We will leave friend Zapaca and his children safely locked in here so that we may inform the authorities when we reach Cananea—and possibly receive *another* little reward."

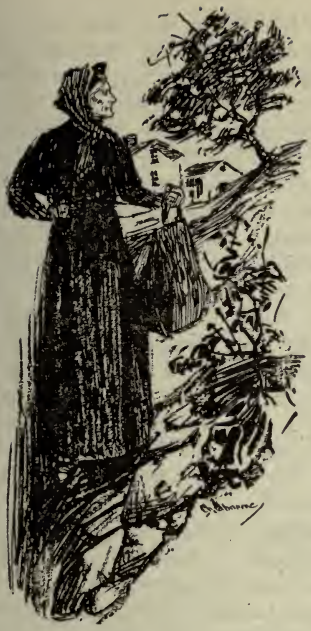
Then Manning, followed by old Smith, walked smilingly past the bandits and out of the cave, and in a moment more the great gate clicked on the swearing, drunken band of trapped robbers.

"Tomaso," said Manning once more, "thou art truly a wonder!"

"Thank you, my master," answered Tomaso, his heart full at such praise from his hero. Then he allowed himself, this silent one, the use of just a few more words. "But—but it is you who are the wonder, my kind master."

Mr. Richard Manning laughed. "Run, Tomaso," he said, "and saddle the horses instantly, for the terrible language I hear coming from the cave is most distasteful to me."

And such is the history of how Mr. Richard Manning and Tomaso Gutierrez freed Mr. Joshua B. Smith, American millionaire, in plenty of time for the latter to reach New York on the date of signing his important paper.



GRANDMA'S FLIGHT

by

Constance Morris

FOR many weeks the old lady had been under a great strain, struggling with all her strength against the warring passions that tore her and cried for utterance. She had been working for an hour or more: hurrying from one homely task to another. But at length they were finished; and now the supreme moment had come.

It was in that first clammy dawn when there is hardly enough light to work by. A flat stone house flanked by green fields stood at the top of a sloping patch. The sky was grey, the house was grey and the woman who stepped quietly from the back porch was grey. She stooped—not with her shoulders alone, but with that stoop of the spirit which it takes many flogging years to produce—as she stood, silently, taking one last look at the place which for more than half a century had been her home. The collie thrust his cold, pointed muzzle against her clasped, gnarled hands; and she took him and locked him in the barn. Then, without so much as a farewell glance, and keeping her shabby gown out of reach of briars, she crossed the fields, and set off through the wood, along the deeply-furrowed road—the road by which Ellery and his sons took to the big town the sleek calves, the yellow corn, the tons of fragrant hay.

In her descent of the precipitous hill upon which the wood road emerged, she dislodged a stone, and it startled her. She held one work-hardened hand to her side and looked apprehensively back, fearful of pursuit. She was over seventy and to her the way was long.

Weary, she at length came in sight of the railroad, and its little cross-road flag station, and her old heart beat flutteringly as with trembling, nervous fingers she untied the crocheted hood that covered her rusty bonnet and waved it frantically towards the train. It stopped at her signal, and approaching kindly hands helped her aboard.

Now, there was no going back. She tried to choke down the tears as the train bore her into strange scenes, but they eluded her and crept down the wrinkled old face, and a sob arose, and under her little, faded cape her bowed shoulders quivered.

Betty Tyndal, who was on her way to Dakota to help her young husband weather the storm, had just put two whimpering, fretting babies to sleep, and being a woman known to grief, she crossed to the old woman's side.

"Are you going far?" she asked softly, eager to help the one who had brought back the memory of a dead grandmother as faint and far-away as the scent of the wild flowers that were going so swiftly by.

"Nebraska." The faded old eyes searched the young face.

"Dear me!" Mrs. Tyndal smiled reassuringly. "That's a long journey."

"Yes'm; dre'ful long; but I ain't going to lose my courage as soon as this."

When at length they reached the great city, and the little, lonely figure became bewildered, Mrs. Tyndal left with her the two children and bought for her her ticket to Omaha. She had given the money from a clean pocket handkerchief, out of a queer little reticule, and many of the bills were faded and old and frail like herself.

It fretted her as the overland train thundered westward, she who had spent few idle days, to sit with hands folded; and so she tended babies for tired women, told the children stories, and talked of crops and farming to the elders.

Mrs. Tyndal was going west to fight the long drawn out battle of the soil. Anxiety and actual terror accompanied every dollar's spending and so they both, the older and the younger, knew many weary, worn-out nights on uncomfortable seats; but the brave spirit that the old frame encompassed never deserted her. Only once she showed a flagging of courage. It was when the plains, dreary and monotonous, dawned on her sight. The wide, level land, disclosing no human habitation, no oasis of green, made her faded eyes fill as she remembered what she had left.

"Grandma." Betty Tyndal ignored the trace of tears which it hurt her to see in the finely wrinkled face. The old lady took off her spectacles with trembling hands, and put them away in the worn tin case. There was a catch in her voice, as she said:

"I'll have to tell you all about it."

"Don't do it, dear. Don't unless you want to."

"I'd ruther, Betty," she returned. "I'd ruther. I ain't had a mite of peace thinking on it. It just seems I couldn't a lived a 'nother day. It's best I begin from the first. You see, I was little over eighteen when Ellery took me to Piney Ridge farm, and I ain't never left it for one day—no—not one day in all the fifty odd years, until—until—" the quivering voice fell into a low note, "I left it for good when you first saw me. I brought my two boys up, I denied all my young life for them; but we were very happy. Matthew—he's my youngest, he always was venturesome, and so, many years ago, he went west. But Ellery, he was like his Pa, steady and plodding, and so after Pa died we two ran the farm. I gave him the place after a bit, just to make him happy and contented as I was; and so he was till—till—well, I guess all boys ought to marry, but they ought t' marry one of their own kind. Lilly," she nodded ruefully at Mrs. Tyndal. "Yes'm, she didn't belie her name none; she warn't no farmer's wife. Wouldn't have no store room; had to have a twelve-foot bath room. Don't you mistake me, Betty." Grandma's bright old eyes met those of Mrs. Tyndal with a look of apology. "I didn't object to that, though I did miss my store room. Insisted on a washing machine and a patent bread-maker, had shining new hot and cold faucets and a fancy nickel-plated range, tho' my old sto'e was the best in two townships. My pantry was tore out to have a new ice-box built in, and washable paper was put on the walls in my kitchen," Grandma gulped, "where Pa and I ate and lived, and suffered and was happy."

Betty Tyndal reached over and took the trembling, wrinkled hand in hers, and stroked it gently. "That was a shame," she said.

"Well! Well! That wouldn't have be'n so powerful hard, but farms don't yield a plentiful lot of money these days, and the books in the sitting room closet had to have fine book cases and she'd sneer at me for wanting to use red table cloths. Threw out my best moquette carpet and got a lot of rugs; after a bit she had to have dinner at night, and soup and all o' that. All them dishes had to be took off the table; then the meat and taters; and them dishes had to come off. Then the hired girl got a silver trowel to scrape the crumbs off. And so," the finely veined face flushed hotly, "when company came, I was told 'twere best to eat in the kitchen. It just got worse and worse." A groan broke from her trembling mouth, "God have mercy! I was only a thing without no feelings, just a stick or a stone." She paused to wipe her faded old eyes.

"Lilly thought I was a burden," she went on. "Yes, she did. One day," the work-hardened blue-veined hands twitched convulsively, "I jest couldn't see my best, old silver, if 'twas old-fashioned, put on the help's table. So I up and spoke. Then she said such things! I jest can't tell you, Betty. Terrible things. O Father in

Heaven! I jest can't talk of it. She jest shriveled me; said old folks were only in people's way; when they got old 't were better they died. 'That's 'nough, Lilly Curtis,'" Mrs. Tyndal pictured the white, aged face, lashed beyond endurance by the younger woman's tongue. "'Your words have set me free, and I'm going.' 'I don't know where you'll go,' she says, 'nobody wants old folks. They're no use to anybody.' ''Tain't true,' I told her. 'I'm good for a lot of work yet.' But she jest tossed her head at me and jeered. 'Well, we ain't seen a bit of it, nothing but your whimpering and crying.' O Lord God, 'tain't true, 'tain't true, and I jest caught her by the arm, 'Take it back,' I cried to her, 'Take it back.'"

The old lady trembled with excitement as she reviewed the past. Those dreadful words still burned in her ears, unjust, untrue. She turned to the window with desolate, red, blurred eyes.

Betty Tyndal gave a sob under her breath, and her eyes blazed as she pictured what she had endured.

"My! It got awful," the old lady continued, after a little. "I sold rags for rugs at a penny a pound. There ain't so much in them," she added pathetically. "Then Ellery let me sell some wind-falls, once in a while, and I earned a little berry-picking and selling crullers. But, deary me, it takes a heap o' saving to make a dollar."

Mrs. Tyndal's heart was filled with amazement and fear.

"But—but, are you sure you'll find Matthew in Omaha?"

Grandma's lower lip trembled, but she looked up fearlessly. "My dearie, God once sent a star to guide three wise men of the East across deserts jest like these, and he's surely going to guide one lone woman," she said simply. "Matthew's last letter was from Burrsville. It's near Omaha. I don't doubt I'll find him still."

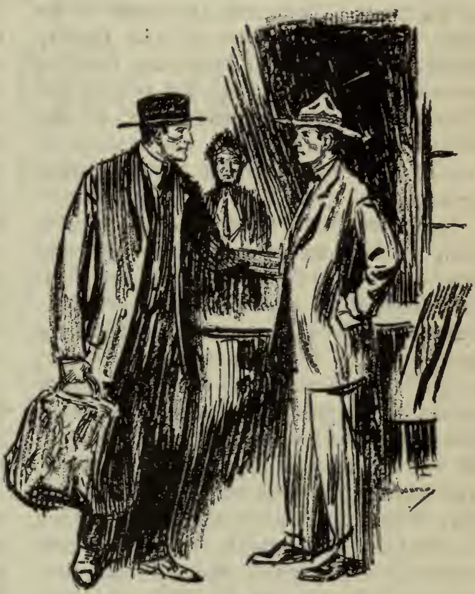
* * *

They reached at length the big city by the lake and Betty Tyndal threw herself into the strong arms of big Jim Tyndal. After she had told him all there was to tell, she brought her little old lady forward.

"This is Grandma, Jim, yes, she's going all the way to Omaha. I don't know what I would have done without her, with Noddy and the baby being so fretful. She just about saved me."

A little later, Jim Tyndal, appreciative, slipped off and sent a telegram to Burrsville. "Your Mother on Union Pacific, train 34, reaching Omaha 2:25." He addressed it to Matthew Curtis.

"It is only a straw, Jim, I can't think what will happen if he's not there," said Betty.



"References?" queried the big man in answer to Jim's husky words. "I don't want any more than the kindness you have shown my mother"

Another restless night was passed in the cramped seats. Once or twice Grandma brought her handkerchief furtively to her eyes, glancing about swiftly to see that no one saw her. She was beginning to doubt. The sure things of life began slipping away.

"It's dre'ful lonesome, all these big medders. It's sort o' upsetting. Makes me think Matty's further away than I ever calculated he'd be."

"Don't you worry, Grandma," said big Jim Tyndal, "you're not going to be a burden to anyone, even if you don't find Matthew."

The intrepid spirit that had existed through the long, tedious days—days of hardship and discomfort, would have collapsed at last, had it not been for that air of excitement incident to approaching arrival at a destination which pervaded the car. The hurrying and scurrying of passengers getting ready to alight, the gathering up of luggage and wraps, the hasty good-byes, the reiterated promises of future meetings, all kept Grandma from giving away. Then came the smoke of the mills, the yellow glare of the muddy waters of the Missouri River, and finally a network of steel rails, shining bright and gleaming in the westerning sun as the train ran shrieking into the station at Omaha, and halted to let the eastbound express pass.

Grandma Curtis' heart beat tumultuously. Her old face looked wan and pinched, and her lips trembled as she gathered strength to look out of the window. But she saw only rows and rows of strange faces, and her hands in their much-worn gloves fumbled nervously with the baggage at her side as she made ready to make her change for Burrsville. Then the door of the car slammed suddenly, and a big man, with eager eyes, blue and deep as Grandma's own, came down the aisle, looking keenly from left to right. At last his gaze found what it sought, and with one low, husky cry he hugged the little old lady to him.

"Mother! Ma! Oh, Ma!" he cried. She put out trembling arms, and held on to his broad shoulders as though she never meant to let go. And the tears streamed down her wrinkled face.

"Didn't I say God 'ud let me find you, Matty?" she cried brokenly.

Betty and Jim Tyndal openly used their own handkerchiefs, when the big man, with gentle hands, wiped his mother's tears away. All she could do was to pat him on the back with her knobby old hands and say, "Matthew, Matty, Matty."

In the hour's wait at Omaha, they gathered round the well-spread board in the restaurant of the station. Matthew Curtis' face had grown very white under his mother's explanation. For many minutes he was silent, but his anger broke bounds at last.

"By Heaven!" he cried. "It's hard, Mr. Tyndal, for a man to call his flesh and blood a thief. For ten years I've been sending my mother money. It wasn't much at first, but latterly it's been all she could spend. When mother never wrote, Ellery said she was laid up with sciatica and couldn't. Once Nellie and I planned to come East, but it's great things we are doing out here, Mr. Tyndal, and I couldn't leave."

And then it dawned on Jim Tyndal that this man was Matthew Curtis, the agricultural magnate, whose corn-sheller, feed-grinder and circular saw were known throughout the West. He had never once connected the shabby old lady with the man whose name was a power in the world of industry.

All of a sudden it made him shy and awkward, and he stammered and blushed like a girl on acknowledging who sent the telegram—the telegram which he never dreamed was going to *the* Matthew Curtis. It wasn't long before the latter in a few short, terse questions had the whole of Jim Tyndal's venture at his finger's ends—his pitting himself against want of money to further his interests, his tireless straining against overwhelming odds.

Betty Tyndal's eyes shone brilliantly and a slight red mounted to her cheeks when Mr. Curtis offered Jim the management of one of his big farms. She had hold of one of Grandma's hands, and held it tightly. It meant much for her, and Jim, and the babies.

"References?" queried the big man in answer to Jim's husky words. "References? I don't want any more than the kindness you have shown my mother." And he picked up the carpet bag and held it against him as one would wear a guerdon.

And so the great Matthew Curtis walked out of the station on to the street, where stood his deep cushioned auto, with a faded, shabby old woman on one arm and an equally faded old carpet-bag on the other. And as Betty and Jim Tyndal waved to her from the steps of the big station, a ray of sun gleamed on her happy, wrinkled face.

Betty crept close to the stalwart shoulders of her Jim, and as she gave his arm a loving squeeze, the tears stood shamelessly in her eyes for all to see.

"I'm glad the sun is shining for Grandma." She paused a moment. "It has only such a little while to shine".

VERMONT

· The ·

Green Mountain State

By

Walter H. Crockett

THE importance of the history of a country or of a state does not depend altogether upon area or population. If such a test were to be accepted, then the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE would not care to listen to the story of Vermont—a state with a total area of only 9,565 square miles and a population of only 355,956. History, however, is a record of achievements, not a compilation of land areas or a table of census enumeration.

Practically all of Vermont's history as a region permanently occupied by white men is included in the records of the past century and a half; but for its actual beginnings we must go back at least three hundred years. It is not impossible that when Jacques Cartier, "master pilot of St. Malo," sailed up the St. Lawrence River in 1535 as far as the Indian settlement of Hochelaga, on the site of the present city of Montreal, he may have seen from the summit of Mount Royal some of the peaks of the Green Mountain range. This, however, is merely speculation. Vermont was discovered by that famous pioneer of France, Samuel Champlain, who entered the lake that bears his name on July 4, 1609, a day of good omen. With two Frenchmen and sixty Indians, Hurons, Montagnais and Algonquins, in twenty-four canoes, he proceeded southward on an expedition that for him was a journey of exploration and for his dusky companions was a foray into the enemy's country.

Vermont seems to have been an Indian hunting ground and the scene of many Indian conflicts, but there are not many traces of Indian villages, similar to those found in Canada and Central New York. An exception is the region around Swanton, where ancient Indian burial places have been found.

The first white settlement within the present limits of Vermont was made in the summer of 1666, when Sieur de la Mothe, a captain of the Carignan Regiment, with a few companies of French soldiers, was sent to what is now known as Isle La Motte, near the northern entrance to Lake Champlain, to erect a fort, which was part of a chain of fortifications extending south from the St. Lawrence River. This fort was dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, and here a chapel was erected. In the fall of 1666 Fort St. Anne was used as a rendezvous for six hundred French veterans, six hundred Canadian habitants, and one hundred Indians, under command of Marquis de Tracy, this being a force sent out to subdue the Mohawks. Probably this fort was maintained only a few years, but Isle La

Motte was long a favorite stopping place along this great natural highway, and it is reasonable to suppose that the site of the French fortress never again became wholly a wilderness.

The first permanent settlement in Vermont was made within the limits of the present town of Brattleboro, when Fort Dummer, named in honor of Lieutenant-Governor William Dummer of Massachusetts, was erected under the authority of that colony in 1724, as a frontier post in which scouting parties might be stationed to guard against Indian attacks from the north. Lieutenant Timothy Dwight commanded the post and here, in 1726, was born Timothy Dwight, father of the first President Dwight of Yale College.

The French controlled Lake Champlain until the close of the French and Indian War and made some attempts at colonization. In 1731, they built at Crown Point on the New York shore, a small fort called Fort St. Frederic in honor of Frederic Maurepas, the French Secretary of State. It is claimed that the year previous, in 1730, the French constructed a small fort at Chimney Point, opposite Crown Point, on the Vermont side of the lake, and it is certain that there were settlements on the east side of the lake during the French occupation. Fort St. Frederic was enlarged and strengthened from time to time until it became, with the exception of Quebec, the strongest French fortress in America.

"*From the summit of Mount Mansfield beautiful views may be obtained*"

Lake Champlain is probably the most historic body of water in the western hemisphere. The French and Indian War was really a conflict to determine whether Great Britain or France should dominate North America, and the most important part of that bloody struggle was fought in the valley of Lake Champlain.

History tells of the defeat of Dieskau at Lake George; of the desperate battle of Ticonderoga in which Montcalm repulsed Abercrombie with awful slaughter; of the death of Lord Howe, the idol of the English army; of the border warfare in which Stark and Putnam learned how to fight; of the abandonment of the fortresses by the French and the construction by General Amherst of a great fortress at Crown Point, with ramparts of masonry and a moat, at a cost of ten millions of dollars. The Champlain Valley, a century and a half ago, surely was one of the most important theatres of the world's activity.

The French and Indian War did much to bring about the settlement of Vermont. A military road was constructed across Vermont from Crown Point to Charlestown, N. H., a military post then known as "Number Four." Militiamen from New Hampshire, Massachusetts and other New England States crossed portions of the present state of Vermont, going to or returning from Lake Champlain fortresses. For many years the valleys of the Missisquoi, Lamoille, Winooski, Connecticut, White and other rivers were used by scouting parties of both French and English as well as by the Indians, as a natural highway for war parties. Thus the attractions of this region became known to some of the most adventurous spirits of the New England Colonies, and when hostilities ceased, in 1760, many of these men began to come into this new region in considerable numbers.

"Noble elms mark the roadways through its villages"

* * *

With the expulsion of the French and the end of active warfare, Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire issued a large number of grants in the territory now known as Vermont. There was a sharp dispute between New Hampshire and New York regarding the boundary between these two colonies. The former province held that it extended as far west as did Massachusetts, while the latter province maintained that the Connecticut river was the eastern boundary of New York. Later a royal order was issued establishing the claims of New York and fixing the Connecticut River as the boundary between the two provinces. The government of New York construed the order to mean the annulling of all grants made by Governor Wentworth west of the Connecticut and demanded that the settlers repurchase their land, paying fees sometimes twenty-fold greater than those levied by New Hampshire. This policy meant disaster to a large number of settlers, who held their lands by virtue of New Hampshire titles. They were not the kind of men meekly to comply with the demands of New York. That colony, thereupon, regranted these lands, and actions for ejectment were brought.

Then began a period of border warfare that continued for twenty years, with greater or less vigor. The amazing spectacle was presented of this little band of mountain farmers defying the authority of the powerful colony of New York, punishing the officers sent to harass or eject them, and holding their little homesteads, won from the forest under such great difficulties, in the face of determined opposition. Perhaps the most picturesque leader produced during this unequal contest was Ethan Allen, who had come to Bennington from Connecticut, shortly after the close of the French and Indian War. He was a man of powerful and commanding physique, a man who could use the pen or the sword with equal readiness, and a born leader of men. Attending a land trial at Albany as a representative of the settlers, and perceiving that the courts were strongly biased in favor of the New York litigants, he declared that "the Gods of the valleys are not the Gods of the hills," a statement the meaning of which was made plain during the decade that followed.

At a convention held at Bennington, the settlers resolved "to support their rights and property in the New Hampshire Grants against the usurpations and unjust claims of the Governor and Council of New York, by force, as law and justice were denied them." It soon became an unpleasant task to serve writs of ejectment in the New Hampshire Grants. New York surveyors and sheriffs met with forcible opposition. Officers who persisted in serving writs were "chastised with the twigs of the wilderness," which meant, in more prosaic language, blue beech rods. This mode of punishment sometimes was called applying "the beech seal." One of the best known of the Green Mountain leaders, Captain Remember Baker, was captured by a New York party, but was rescued by his comrades before he reached the New York prison. In the conflict, however, Baker lost his gun and Seth Warner, another leader who was to figure prominently in the Revolutionary War, set out with a single companion to recover the weapon. He proceeded to the house of John Munro of Shaftsbury, a justice of the peace by New York appointment, and demanded the gun. Munro refused and ordered the constable and bystanders to arrest Warner, for whose capture a reward had been offered. Warner, thereupon, drew his cutlass, struck Munro over the head, felling him to the ground, and rode away unmolested. For this exploit, the proprietors of Poultney voted Warner a grant of a hundred acres of land in that township, the records declaring it to be "for his valor in cutting the head of Esquire Munro, the Yorkite."

Committees of Safety were organized in many of the towns, which performed some of the ordinary functions of government, and a military organization was formed of which Ethan Allen was colonel, and Seth Warner, Remember Baker and others were captains. The Governor of New York having threatened to drive this force into the Green Mountains, they took the name "Green Mountain Boys." There were many strenuous combats during the two or three years preceding the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, but the holders of New Hampshire land titles were able to keep their farms. A price was set upon the head of Ethan Allen and some of his associates, but, in spite of this, so great was his prowess that Allen was able to ride boldly into Albany, call at the principal tavern, order a mug of flip, drink it, and ride away in safety, no man daring to attempt his arrest.

Although most of the active opposition to New York rule was confined to the west side of the Green Mountains, the sentiment of hostility to Great Britain aroused by the unjust treatment of the colonies, was strong on the east side, and several conventions endorsed the action of the Continental Congress. The regular session of Cumberland County Court, held under New York jurisdiction, was scheduled to convene at Westminster, March 13, 1775. There was much dissatisfaction because New York had refused to adopt the resolutions of the Continental Congress and attempts were made to dissuade the judges from holding court, but without avail. Thereupon, some of the inhabitants of Westminster and adjoining towns took possession of the court house, to prevent the holding of a session of court, being armed only with clubs. Late at night, the court party, armed with guns, attacked the building, fired two or three volleys, and killed William French, fatally wounded

"The moisture-laden clouds passing westward from the Atlantic Ocean, pay toll as they pass over the mountain summits and keep the verdure of the region fresh and beautiful"

"*The Rock of Terror* (*on Mount Mansfield*) *projects over a tremendous precipice*"

Daniel Houghton, and inflicted wounds on several others. This conflict has been called the first bloodshed of the American Revolution.

The court party won temporary possession of the court house; but before noon of the next day, two hundred armed men arrived from New Hampshire. Other men who carried guns and knew how to use them continued to pour in from the surrounding country and from Massachusetts until five hundred men had arrived. All the persons implicated in the killing of French, including the presiding judge, were placed under arrest and taken to Northampton, Massachusetts, where they were confined in jail. This incident had much to do with intensifying the hostility to Great Britain.

Early in March, 1775, it became apparent to New England colonial leaders that open hostilities with Great Britain could not be delayed much longer, and in that same month of March, John Brown, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, returning from a secret mission to Canada, wrote to Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren: "The Fort of Ticonderoga must be seized as soon as possible should hostilities be commenced by the King's troops. The people in the New Hampshire Grants have engaged to do this business, and in my opinion they are the most proper persons for this job."

Immediately after the Battle of Lexington, the principal officers of the Green Mountain Boys and some of the leading citizens of the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was then called, assembled in their favorite meeting place, the Catamount Tavern, in Bennington, to discuss the situation. It was agreed at this conference that the capture of the forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point was necessary, as the British were likely to strengthen and reinforce those posts, a policy that would necessitate the abandonment of the settlements in the Champlain Valley. While this conference was being held, a committee from the Connecticut Council of Safety arrived, to discuss the possibility of capturing the Lake Champlain forts.

Steps were immediately taken to rally the Green Mountain Boys from their scattered farms and Castleton was fixed as the place of rendezvous. Among the messengers sent out by Ethan Allen to arouse his followers was Gershom Beach, a blacksmith, who went on foot to Rutland, Pittsford, Brandon, Middlebury, Whiting and Shoreham, making a circuit of sixty miles in twenty-four hours. It must be remembered that this was a journey through a country largely without roads, necessitating the climbing of hills, the crossing of unbridged streams, and the visiting of scattered homesteads. A journey of sixty miles on foot over modern roads would be considered now an athletic feat of no small importance. Such a journey as this is far more wonderful than the more familiar episode of the ride of Paul Revere. It has been celebrated by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, in a stirring poem entitled, "The Armorer's Errand." As a mark of recognition, General Washington presented Beach with a silk vest on which the portrait of the American commander was woven in silk.

The expedition, having left its rendezvous at Castleton, reached the shore of Lake Champlain at Hand's Cove in Shoreham, about two miles north of Ticonderoga, after dark on the evening of May 9. Allen had about two hundred and thirty Green Mountain Boys and about forty men recruited in Western Massachusetts. There was a great shortage of boats, and attempts were made to secure more. As it was planned to surprise the fort while the garrison was sleeping, it was impossible to wait until the whole force could be taken across the lake.

A landing was made about half a mile from the fort. Allen drew up his little band of eighty-three men and addressed them, saying in part: "We must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks." Every gun was poised.

Guided by Nathan Beeman, a lad living opposite the fort, the little band advanced to a wicket gate, wide enough for two men to enter abreast, which had been left open. A sentinel stationed at the gate snapped his fusee at Allen, but it missed fire. The attacking force swarmed through the gate and over the walls at the side, forming in a hollow square on the parade ground, where they gave three hearty cheers. Ascending the stairway to the quarters of the commanding officer, Captain William Delaplace, Allen, in a stentorian voice, threatened to sacrifice the whole garrison unless the captain came forth instantly, which Delaplace did without stopping to dress.

"With the exception of the Great Lakes, Lake Champlain is the largest body of fresh water in the United States"

Allen demanded the surrender of the fortress. The British officer asked his authority and Allen replied: "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The Americans already being in possession, the post was surrendered. The garrison consisted of fifty officers and men. A considerable number of cannon and a large amount of ammunition and stores were taken. Early the following winter, the captured cannon were taken overland to Boston by ox teams, under the supervision of Henry Knox, afterward a prominent American officer, and they were used by Washington in the siege of Boston.

* * *

It is true that the fortress of Ticonderoga was somewhat dilapidated, but it was by no means indefensible, and, in the public mind of all America, it was the symbol of the might and power of Britain. That a little band of Green Mountain Boys should be able to capture this fortress, for the possession of which Montcalm and Abercrombie had contended so fiercely less than twenty years earlier, was an event of tremendous significance. It heartened every American patriot, giving to the colonists confidence in their own ability to accomplish great things. It carried at the same time a significant warning over seas that the rebellion in the colonies was a matter of no small importance.

To Vermonters belongs the honor of the first capture of a British fortress and British troops as prisoners of war, and the first lowering of the British flag in the long struggle for American independence.

The capture of Ticonderoga was effected on the very morning that the Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia. When news of this important capture reached that body, it must be admitted that the members, at first, were more embarrassed than delighted, and a resolution was adopted directing that an inventory be taken of the captured stores and munitions of war in order that "they may be safely returned when the restoration of the former harmony between Great Britain and the colonies, so ardently wished for by the latter, shall render it prudent and consistent with the overruling law of self-preservation." This attitude of the Congress indicates how little even the colonial leaders realized of the nature of the struggle upon which they were entering.

Ethan Allen, without any active command, accompanied the American forces that invaded Canada in 1775. On September 25, with a handful of men, mostly Canadian recruits, he attempted to capture Montreal. This appears to have been a rash act, although it is by no means certain that he would have failed if his recruits had not deserted him, as the British forces were much alarmed and many were preparing to flee from the city. Allen was made a prisoner, was taken to England, and later was brought back to this country and was confined in prison at New York, where he suffered many indignities. He was released in 1778, but did not thereafter take an active part in the military operations of the Revolution.

As a part of the preparations against an expected British attack from Canada, a fleet was hastily built at the southern end of Lake Champlain and the command was given to Benedict Arnold. This little squadron, for the most part manned by landsmen, on October 11, 1776, was attacked between Valcour Island and the New York shore by a British fleet of superior strength. The fight was a desperate one. Arnold, with his own hands, pointed most of the guns on his flagship and great valor was displayed by officers and sailors. Arnold's fleet was seriously crippled, most of his officers were killed or disabled, and only a little ammunition was left. Realizing that to continue the fight next day meant annihilation or surrender, Arnold attempted a retreat. His plans were aided by a mist that had fallen. With no lights visible, the crippled American fleet succeeded in escaping from the net drawn about it, and on the following morning the British commander, to his surprise and chagrin, found no enemy to fight. If Arnold had not been compelled to pause to repair his ships, he might have reached Crown Point in safety. On October 13, the American squadron was overtaken near Split Rock and for two hours and a half a running fight was waged. It is marvelous that any defense could be made with ships that were almost sinking, but fight Arnold did, bravely and desper-

"At the base of the mountain on the eastern side is Smugglers' Notch, where, tradition says, smugglers concealed their goods in days gone by"

ately. When ten miles north of Crown Point, his desired haven, Arnold saw that further resistance was impossible, and determining not to surrender, he ran what was left of his sinking ships into the mouth of a creek on the Vermont shore. Here the ships were set on fire and, their colors still flying, were burned to the water's edge. Arnold was the last man to leave the fleet.

The Battle of Lake Champlain was the first important naval engagement of the Revolution and, although a defeat, like the Battle of Bunker Hill, it was more than half a victory.

In May, 1777, General John Burgoyne reached Canada with a force of seven thousand veteran troops, consisting of British and German soldiers, with which he planned to cut the American colonies in twain. This force proceeded southward on Lake Champlain with music and banners, making an imposing armada. The settlers in the Champlain Valley fled in terror as the British and their Indian allies approached, seeking safety in the more populous communities of Southern Vermont, or in the old homes in Massachusetts or Connecticut. The occupation of Mount Defiance by the British troops compelled the Americans to evacuate Ticonderoga, and the retreat was made through Vermont by way of Hubbardton and Castleton. The rear guard was commanded by Colonel Seth Warner, one of the leaders of the Green Mountain Boys, with a force of seven hundred men. Early on the morning of July 7, Warner's force was attacked by a British detachment, much superior in numbers, and for three hours this little American force held the enemy at bay, but, with the arrival of reinforcements of German troops, Warner was overpowered and he advised his soldiers to take to the woods and meet him at Manchester.

Having reached Fort Edward with great difficulty, after struggling twenty-four days through forests and morasses to cover twenty-six miles, the British commander found himself short of supplies. Hearing that the Americans had established a depot of provisions at Bennington, Burgoyne despatched Lieutenant Colonel Baum, with a force of six hundred or seven hundred German troops and one hundred Indians, to capture them. Meanwhile the people of New England had become thoroughly aroused to their danger and the militia rallied in large numbers. General John Stark had been sent to Bennington with a force of New Hampshire troops.

"Lake Champlain contains an island county in its northern waters, and it is surrounded by fertile farms and attractive summer camps and resorts"

"The best trout fishing in the world is in Vermont"

and many others assembled from Vermont and Massachusetts, so that Stark, who assumed the command, had a force of about sixteen hundred men. Finding greater opposition than he had expected, Baum took position on a wooded hill a few miles from Bennington and threw up earthworks, at the same time sending for reinforcements. On the morning of August 16, Stark sent out two detachments, one under Colonel Nichols of New Hampshire, and one commanded by Colonel Herrick of Vermont, the former making a wide detour to the north, the latter to the south, both uniting to attack the rear of the British position. After severe fighting, the enemy were overpowered and compelled to surrender. The militia had scattered over the field to collect plunder when news came that British reinforcements, under Colonel Breyman, were only two miles away. Colonel Seth Warner's force of one hundred forty men arrived from Manchester just in time to check the British advance until the scattered militia could be rallied. The battle continued until after sunset, when the British retreated, being pursued by Stark as long as he could see.

The importance of this victory was recognized by the British commander. When summoned before Parliament to explain the disastrous outcome of his campaign, General Burgoyne admitted that the affair at Bennington was fatal, and that he never despaired of the campaign until the defeat of his troops on that occasion.

There were no important military engagements in Vermont after the Battle of Bennington, although there were frequent alarms before peace was declared with Great Britain. This was true, in part, at least, because the Vermont leaders, by well-planned strategy, succeeded in deceiving the British authorities in Canada who hoped to detach Vermont from the United States, because Congress failed to admit the Green Mountain commonwealth as a state of the Union. Vermont never wavered in loyal allegiance to the American cause, but surrounded by hostile neighbors among the American colonies and confronted by a large British army to the north, it became necessary to use extraordinary means for self-protection.

Several conventions were held during 1776 and 1777, looking toward the formation of a new state, and early in July of the latter year, delegates met at Windsor to formulate a state constitution. While the provisions of this instrument were under discussion, word came of the British capture of Ticonderoga and the American defeat at Hubbardton. Realizing that the homes and families of the delegates were in imminent danger, the convention was on the point of adjourning, when a serious thunder storm passed over Windsor, compelling them to remain, and during this storm the reading of the constitution was hurriedly completed and it was unanimously adopted. This constitution, adopted amid the fury of the elements and the stress of war, the handiwork of a body of plain farmers, was more democratic than any other American constitution promulgated up to that time. One notable feature is that it was the first American constitution to prohibit human slavery. From 1777 to Vermont's admission to the Union in 1791, this state was, to all intents and purposes, an independent republic, coining money, establishing post offices, and carrying on all the necessary governmental functions. Finally New York became ambitious to become the national capital, contesting with Philadelphia for the honor, and it was found that the exclusion of Vermont was hindering the consummation of this plan. Negotiations were entered into whereby New York agreed to relinquish all land claims against Vermont upon the payment, by the latter state, of the sum of thirty thousand dollars. This agreement was accepted and, on February 18, 1791, Congress unanimously voted to admit Vermont to the Federal Union, and the Green Mountain commonwealth became the eldest daughter of the original thirteen states.

* * *

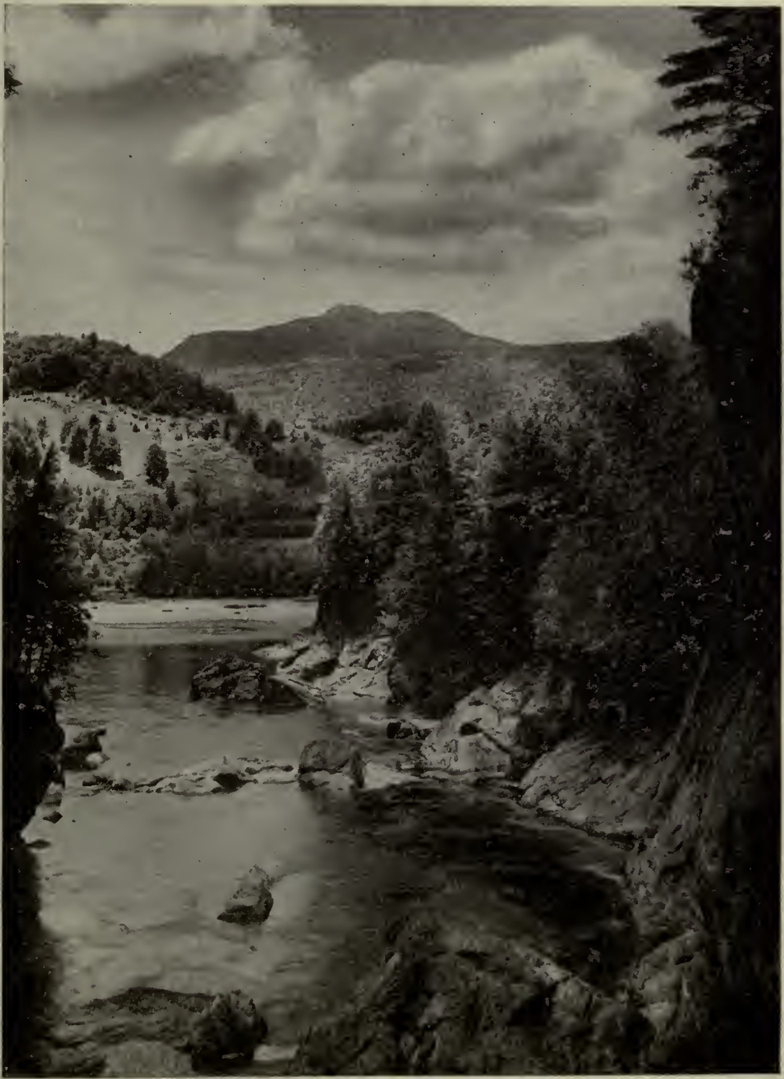
The period immediately following the Revolution was one of rapid growth for Vermont. Farms were cleared, villages sprang up, and the new state emerged from a wilderness into a settled and prosperous region. During this period, the year 1808 was made notable by the building at Burlington of the Vermont, the world's second successful steamboat. This craft was built only a year after Fulton's Clermont was first operated upon the Hudson River, the boat being twenty feet longer and eight feet wider than Fulton's boat.

When war was declared against Great Britain in 1812, the importance of the possession of Lake Champlain was recognized immediately. In September of that year, Lieutenant Thomas Macdonough, then only twenty-eight years old, was ordered by President Madison to proceed from Portland, Maine, to Burlington, Vermont, to take command of what, by courtesy, was called the American fleet on Lake Champlain. A considerable land force was established at Burlington and fortifications were erected overlooking the harbor which, in recent years, has been transformed into a beautiful public park. During a part of the war period, the main college building of the University of Vermont was occupied as army barracks.

In an order issued early in 1814, Macdonough was directed to build a fleet sufficiently strong to leave no doubt of American supremacy on Lake Champlain. Vergennes, at the head of navigation on Otter Creek, seven miles fom its mouth, was chosen as a place to build the fleet. The work of construction began in the spring of 1814. Forty days from the time that her timbers stood as growing trees on a Vermont hillside, the *Saratoga*, Macdonough's flagship, was launched. It may be interesting to compare this record with the time necessary for the building of a modern battleship, a century later. With this Vermont-built fleet, Macdonough won a brilliant victory in the Battle of Plattsburg, a battle which is considered as one of the most important of American naval engagements.

During the Civil War, Vermont contributed to the Union army ten men out of every hundred of her population, suffered a higher percentage of men killed in action than any other state, and never surrendered a flag in battle. Her soldiers won the reputation of being among the best fighters in the army. The flank attack made by General Stannard and his Vermonters on Pickett's division at Gettysburg was an exceedingly important factor in the winning of the pivotal battle of the Civil War. In the War with Spain, Vermont raised a regiment when her quota was only a battalion, and the two most famous admirals produced by that war, Dewey and Clark, are natives of Vermont.

Vermont is distinctly a self-governing



"*Camel's Hump is* 4,088 *feet high, and the third highest peak of the Green Mountain system. It affords a magnificent view of Lake Champlain*" commonwealth. Each of the six cities and two hundred and forty towns elects its own officers and, in Vermont, the town, and not the county, is the unit of government. The cities and the larger villages have paved streets, good water and sewer systems, adequate fire protection and electric lights. Neither extreme wealth nor extreme poverty is found to any considerable degree. Vermont is a thrifty state. On June 30, 1912, her thirty-three trust companies and twenty-one savings banks contained total deposits of $80,340,469.91, this being an increase for the year of $6,453,614.39, the largest increase of any year in the history of the state. In addition to these institutions, the state contains fifty national banks, or a total of one hundred and four banking institutions. If automobiles may be taken as a test of prosperity, then Vermont is prosperous, with approximately one automobile to every seventy of population, while the United States average is one to every one hundred of population.

Vermont is a healthful state. The air of the Green Mountain region is exceptionally pure, and lately there has been a notable decrease in the percentage of deaths from typhoid and tuberculosis.

The state aids in the establishment of libraries, and nearly all the towns and cities are supplied. A system of traveling libraries is very helpful in small communities. A public service commission exercises large powers over all public utilities and the state aids in the abolition of dangerous railroad grade crossings. The state aids materially in the construction of good roads.

Most of the rural schools are under the supervision of union superintendents, and teacher training classes are maintained to aid in producing suitable teachers for rural schools. The state contributes money toward the transportation of pupils to central schools and provides that high schools must be maintained or high school training provided for pupils who desire it. At the time this article is written the school system of the state is being studied by some of the best educational experts of the country. The three higher educational institutions—the University of Vermont at Burlington, Middlebury Col-

"Famous alike for its natural beauty and for its wealth of historical associations, this body of water seems destined to become one of the most famous of American tourist resorts"

lege at Middlebury, and Norwich University at Northfield—provide excellent facilities for the higher learning and they have graduated some of America's ablest men. Between fifty and sixty newspapers are published in the state, ten being dailies.

Vermont is free from the fierce tornadoes and disastrous freshets that devastate many parts of the country. Extreme heat is rare, and below zero temperatures in winter are accompanied by a dry, crisp air that is much more comfortable than the moisture-laden air of many other localities where the temperature recorded is not nearly so low as that of Vermont.

Vermont is a good state, but is rapidly growing better. Greater activity is being displayed than ever before in the development of the state's wealth of natural resources and, glorious as are the records of her past, it is safe to predict that Vermont's greatest days lie in the future.

* * *

When Right Honorable James Bryce, then British ambassador, was called upon to give an address at the Lake Champlain tercentenary celebration, held at Burlington in July, 1909, he spoke of Vermont as "the Switzerland of North America," and of Lake Champlain as "this noble shore, the most beautiful of all throughout eastern America. . . . I do believe that all eastern America will come more and more to value this region of mountains and lakes as the place in which relief will have to be sought from the constantly growing strain and stress of our modern life."

"Vermont offers wonderful opportunities to the ambitious young farmer"

This distinguished scholar and statesman recognized that Vermont was the great natural playground of the nation, a fact which needs to be called to the attention of the people of the United States, for probably there is no region of ninety-five hundred square miles in this country that contains such a variety of scenic charm as does Vermont.

The Green Mountains extend from the Massachusetts border to the Canadian boundary line and a little north of the center of the state this range forks, so that the system resembles somewhat a gigantic letter Y. These mountains with their foothills and outposts so dominate the state that there is hardly a town or city that does not contain some eminence from which a delightful view may be obtained. It is not by accident that these lofty hills are called the Green Mountains, for their verdure is a noticeable feature of the landscape. The moisture-laden clouds, passing westward from the Atlantic Ocean, pay toll as they pass over the mountain summits and keep the verdure of this region fresh and beautiful. The very name, "Green Mountains," has an alluring sound, and these hills are more delightful even than the name suggests. They are not stark masses of naked rock, frowning and inaccessible, but are pleasant, friendly mountains, clothed with forests almost to their summits. All of them may be ascended without difficulty and in some instances carriage roads have been constructed to the mountain tops. They satisfy the visitor as real mountains better than do some that are actually higher, for many of the western mountains rise from high table lands, while here the surrounding country is comparatively low, thus affording a contrast which gives a genuine mountain effect. And such far-reaching views and noble panoramas can be found in few sections of our country. These mountains are not in a region remote from civilization, but are surrounded by fertile fields and pleasant villages and are easily accessible.

From the slopes and summits of the Green Mountains flow a great number of streams and a recent compilation showed three hundred thirty lakes and ponds in the state. In very truth, Vermont is a land of "little rivers," and it is safe to say that there is not a single town or city that does not contain within its territory or on its borders some picturesque stream or pond or lake, and many contain a wealth of such attractions. There are twenty-three ponds and lakes in the town of Woodbury and twenty in the town of Eden.

The highest elevation in the state is Mount Mansfield, 4,364 feet above sea level and lying mostly in the town of Stowe. The main bulk of Mansfield is about five miles long and it has been likened to an upturned human face. The various peaks have been called the Forehead, the Nose, the Lips, the Chin and Adam's Apple. The Chin is the highest peak. The Nose is a great pile of rock and at its base a comfortable hotel is located. It has been said that there are more features of interest on and about Mount Mansfield than may be found upon or in the vicinity of any other mountain in the East. The Lake of the Clouds, fed by springs, lies a little way below the Chin in an evergreen setting. The Cave of the Winds is a great gash in the mountain side. The Rock of Terror projects over a tremendous precipice. At the base of the mountain, on the eastern side, is Smugglers' Notch, where, tradition says, smugglers concealed their goods in days long gone by. It is a pass between massive overhanging cliffs that rise perpendicularly one thousand feet or more. Some of the rocks have been worn into curious and fantastic shapes. From time to time, great boulders have been detached from the rocky heights and have ploughed their way down the valley. From the base of a towering cliff pours a wonderful crystal spring at the rate of a thousand gallons a minute. A good carriage road has been constructed at large expense to the summit of the mountain.

The easiest way to reach Mount Mansfield is to leave the Central Vermont Railway at Waterbury, take an electric car to Stowe, where transportation may be procured to the summit. It is possible to drive from Jeffersonville on the Burlington and Lamoille railroad, through Smuggler's Notch, and thence up the mountain, or one may ascend the mountain on foot by means of a well-defined trail from the west or Underhill side.

From the summit of Mount Mansfield wonderful views may be obtained. To the west lie outstretched nearly one hundred miles of Lake Champlain, with the Adirondack range in the far distance; while in the foreground may be seen, like a great map, a succession of fields, forests and villages. To the north lie rivers and farms and villages, with Owl's Head and Jay Peak near the Canadian border, and on a clear day Mount Royal at Montreal may be seen. To the east lie the Connecticut Valley and the White Mountains. The southern portion of the picture seems a vast wilderness of mountain peaks. This is one of the most satisfactory mountain views to be found anywhere, and the sunrise and sunset effects are worth traveling many miles to see.

Killington Peak, in Sherburne, Rutland County, 4,241 feet high, is the second high-

"One of the chief attractions of Vermont from a tourist standpoint is its good roads. No state has better natural dirt roads"

est elevation in the state, and probably no more comprehensive view of the Green Mountain system can be obtained anywhere than from this rocky crest. The view includes Kearsarge and other White Mountain peaks, Ascutney, Monadnock, the Connecticut River winding in and out between green meadows, Greylock, Anthony, Equinox and other mountains, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Lake Bomoseen, Mount Marcy in the Adirondacks, Mansfield, Camel's Hump and Jay Peak.

Camel's Hump, lying in Duxbury and Huntington, is 4,088 feet high, and the third highest peak of the Green Mountain system. It affords a magnificent view of Lake Champlain for almost its entire length. The summit of this mountain was given to the state a few years ago by Colonel Joseph Battell of Middlebury, as a state park. The Camel's Hump Club has erected a building near the summit. Good trails have been made and during the summer tents may be rented at the camp, maintained near the summit, and camp supplies may be purchased.

Jay Peak, six miles south of the Canadian border, is 4,018 feet high. The boundary lines of Jay, Richford, Westfield and Montgomery meet near its summit. From the pinnacle of Jay Peak may be seen nearly the entire length of Lake Champlain, with the Adirondack Mountains beyond; the Richelieu River from the point where it receives the waters of Lake Champlain to the place where it empties into the St. Lawrence; the Montreal and Ottawa Valleys; the Canadian peaks of the East, including some beyond the St. Lawrence; Lakes Memphremagog and Willoughby; the Green Mountain peaks; the Presidential range of the White Mountains; the mountains around the head waters of the Connecticut, the Chaudiere and the Androscoggin Rivers, and a great panorama of lakes, ponds, rivers and villages.

Mount Ascutney, a detached peak, situated in the towns of Weathersfield and Windsor, in the Connecticut Valley, is 3,320 feet above sea level. It is a mass of granite and is a landmark for many miles around. There is a good trail up the mountain. A stone house has been erected on the Windsor approach to the summit and a log cabin on the southern peak in Weathersfield. The view from this mountain is magnificent, reaching as it does from Jay Peak on the Canadian border to Stratton Mountain, well down toward the Massa-

"Lake Memphremagog is one of the most beautiful lakes of the East. It is thirty miles long, from one to four miles wide and two thirds of its area is in Canada"

"Guarding the southern extremity of Lake Willoughby, like grim sentinels, stand Mounts Pisgah and Hor, the former 2600 *and the latter* 1500 *feet high*

chusetts line. The visitor may see the White Mountains, the Green Mountains, and on a clear day, perhaps, the Adirondacks and the Atlantic Ocean.

Lake Champlain is 118 miles long, measured from Whitehall, New York, to the northern extremity of Missisquoi Bay, which extends into Canada, and its greatest width is twelve and one-eighth miles, just north of Burlington. Its greatest depth is 399 feet, off Essex, New York. This is not only one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the United States, but one of the largest. With the exception of the Great Lakes and Lake Okechobee, in Florida, which is more marsh than lake, Lake Champlain is the largest body of fresh water in the United States. It contains an island county in its northern waters and it is surrounded by fertile farms and attractive summer camps and resorts. The Champlain Transportation Company operates an excellent line of steamers. As long ago as 1842 when Charles Dickens visited this country, the steamboat service on Lake Champlain was one of the few things he found to praise in his "American Notes." Famous alike for its natural beauty, lying as it does in a valley between the Green and Adirondack Mountains, and for its wealth of historical associations, this body of water seems destined to become one of the most famous of American tourist resorts. The combination of the Green Mountains with their majesty and restfulness and peace, and Lake Champlain, with the mountain wall of the Adirondacks as a splendid background, is an ideal one.

Lake Memphremagog, on the northern border, is one of the most beautiful lakes of the East. It is thirty miles long, from one to four miles wide and two-thirds of its area is in Canada. Owl's Head, a mountain 3,360 feet high, a little way over the international boundary line, is a striking feature of the landscape, rising as it does from the water's edge. Every summer a lodge of Masons holds a ritual service in a rocky cleft far up the mountain side. Newport, Vermont, is the largest village on the lake, and from this port a steamer makes regular trips to the villages along its shores. Many tourists visit this region every summer.

Lake Willoughby, in the town of Westmore, is one of the most attractive of New England lakes. It is about six miles long, a mile and a half wide, and its elevation is 1,200 feet above sea level. Guarding the southern extremity of the lake, like grim sentinels, stand Mounts Pisgah and Hor, the former 2,600, and the latter 1,500 feet high. These mountains rise precipitously, almost like huge granite walls. This body of water has been aptly called the "Lake Lucerne of Vermont." An excellent road has been constructed along the border of the lake, which makes this route a popular one for automobiles. Artists of national reputation frequently visit this region.

Lake Dunmore, in the towns of Salisbury and Leicester, is about five miles long and one mile wide. Tradition has it that during the colonial period, Lord Dunmore and party came up Leicester River as far as the site of the present village of Salisbury, proceeding thence on foot to the lake, where the earl waded into the water and, pouring upon its surface a libation of wine, christened this body of water "Lake Dunmore." Ethan Allen's Cave is one of the historic spots in this vicinity, much frequented in early days by the Green Mountain Boys. On the eastern side of the lake is Moosalamoo Mountain, 2,656 feet high. An interesting and picturesque feature of the region is Llana Falls, a series of cascades by means of which the waters of Silver Lake, situated 670 feet above Lake Dunmore, descend to the latter lake. Several hotels have been built on the shores of this lake.

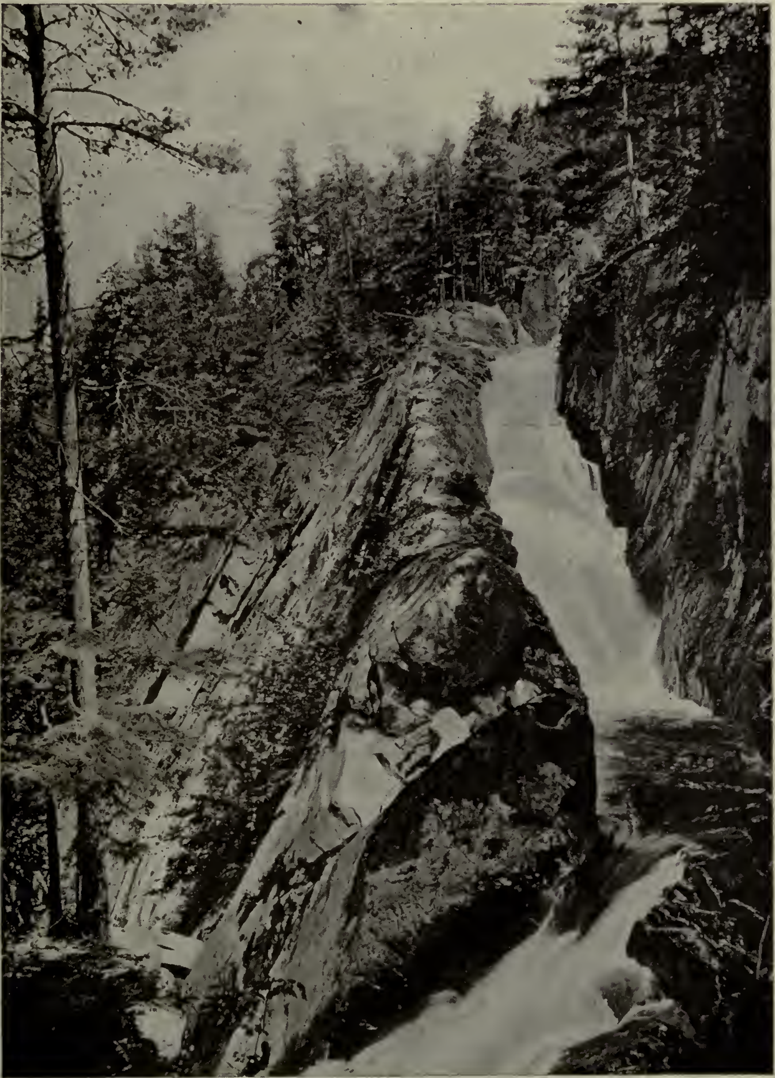
Lake Morey, in the town of Fairlee, is three miles long, and a drive of seven miles takes one entirely around the lake. It is a popular summer resort and its shores are lined with hotels and cottages. At Glen Falls, the water comes tumbling down over a huge moss-covered boulder. A shaded path leads to the summit of Echo Mountain. This lake is named for Captain Samuel Morey who, as early as 1793, operated a boat navigated by steam. It was claimed by Morey's friends that associates of Robert Fulton saw Morey's invention and robbed the Vermont inventor of the honor that belonged to him. Discouraged by his failure to receive what he believed to be just treatment, Morey caused the craft to be sunk in the waters of this lake which bears his name.

Lake Bomoseen, about eight miles long and two and a half miles wide, lies in the towns of Castleton and Hubbardton. This lake is surrounded by hills and it is possible to drive around its shores. Several large hotels and many summer cottages have been erected here. Lake St. Catherine, a charming body of water containing about 2,000 acres, is situated in the towns of Poultney and Wells. Caspian Lake, noted for its beautiful scenery and good fishing, is situated in Greensboro. Its shores are lined with summer cottages. There is a remarkable group of small lakes and ponds in Woodbury and Calais, a few miles northeast of Montpelier.

In a bank, forty feet above the Connecticut River, in the town of Brunswick, in northeastern Vermont, is a notable group of mineral springs. These springs are in a semi-circle, only a few feet apart, and the water of each is said to differ from the others in taste. They are said to resemble more nearly the chalybeate springs of Germany than any others in New England. From the heights above these springs may be obtained an extensive view of the Connecticut Valley.

The development of the tourist business is one of Vermont's greatest opportunities. The two best known resorts are Manchester and Woodstock. Manchester enjoys a large summer business. It is situated near Mount Equinox, a lofty and picturesque elevation. The village itself is located on a plateau 1,000 feet high and its broad main street is shaded by great elms. The Ekwanok Club has laid out an eighteen-hole golf course, open from June to November, which is said to be one of the finest summer golf courses in the United States, and the tournaments held here attract many of the best players in the country. Woodstock, one of the most beautiful of New England villages, famous for its splendid elms and attractive drives, draws a large number of tourists both summer and winter.

One of the chief attractions of Vermont, from a tourist standpoint, is its good roads. No state has better natural dirt roads and the main highways, to a considerable extent, have been improved, drained and surfaced with gravel, which makes a more desirable and an easier riding automobile road than crushed stone. Tourists speak



"Llana Falls is a series of cascades by means of which the waters of Silver Lake, situated 670 *feet above Lake Dunmore, descend to the latter lake"*

"Bennington is historic ground"

very enthusiastically of the Vermont roads. Noble elms mark the roadways through the villages.

The state contains several large and commodious hotels and many comfortable inns. There is an opportunity, however, to build many more hotels and to bring here a much larger proportion of the tourist public. Vermont also affords unequalled opportunities for the purchase of desirable sites for summer homes, which often may be obtained at prices almost ridiculously low.

With its great variety of natural scenery and its proximity to the large cities of the East, Vermont is fitted by nature to be the greatest tourist resort of the United States.

* * *

Although Vermont occupies only a small space on the map when compared with the great area of some of the other states of the Union, yet its mineral resources are very important. This little state leads the world in the production of marble and granite, and the deposits, apparently, are inexhaustible. The greatest center of the marble industry of the world is in the vicinity of Rutland, Vermont, particularly at Proctor and West Rutland, while the greatest center of the granite industry of the world is in and around Barre and Hardwick, Vermont.

Although twenty-six states furnish marble, Vermont supplies about seventy per cent of the finer grades suitable for monumental work and statuary. This state furnishes forty-one per cent of all the building marble used in this country, and the demand for this kind of stone is increasing. There are about one hundred varieties of marble quarried in Vermont, ranging from the purest white, suitable for statuary, to jet black.

Nearly forty of the states of the Union produce granite, some of these in large quantities, but Vermont easily leads in this great industry. The Green Mountain state particularly excels in the finer grades of granite, supplying either the material or the finished work for more than twice as many mausoleums and monuments as does any other state. Vermont granite is largely used also in the erection of many large public and semi-public buildings. There are at present about 140 companies quarrying or manufacturing granite, on a considerable scale, in Vermont. While the marble industry is largely in the hands of one large corporation, the granite industry, as a rule, is carried on by many comparatively small companies, although there are several large corporations; one at Hardwick, and a few at Barre.

There are many good granite deposits in other parts of Vermont. Some of these are operated upon a small scale, while others await development.

Vermont ranks second in the production of slate, being surpassed only by Pennsylvania. This state furnishes about one quarter of the slate sold in the United States. The principal deposits are in western Vermont near the New York border and in central Vermont, in Northfield, Berlin and Montpelier. The greater part of the Vermont product is used for roofing material, but considerable mill stock is produced. There are about forty companies now operating in the state.

For several years Vermont has ranked second in the production of talc and soapstone. The last United States Geological Survey report showed that during the previous year, Vermont had made the largest per cent of increase in quantity (fourteen per cent) and the largest in value of product (forty-six per cent) of any state in the Union.

"Vermont is by far the largest producer of asbestos in the United States," says a recent bulletin of the United States Geological Survey. There are large deposits of asbestos at Lowell, Eden and around Belvidere Mountain. These Vermont deposits are part of the same vein which is worked on a large scale in Canada, not many miles distant. The little hamlet of Chrysotile, in Lowell, is the largest producer of chrysotile asbestos in the United States. During 1911, the output increased nearly one hundred and thirty-two per cent in quantity and ninety-nine per cent in value over that of 1910. The demand for asbestos largely exceeds the supply and, at present, two-thirds of the product used in this country comes from Canada. Within the next few years there should be a large development of the asbestos deposits of Vermont and it is not improbable that, in the vicinity of these mines, an industry may spring up, not only mining asbestos on a large scale, but manufacturing it into its various products—an industry which shall compare with Barre and Hardwick in granite, and Proctor and Rutland in marble.

Vermont's stone products in 1910, the last year for which figures are available,

"A little more than a century ago William Jarvis brought to Vermont a flock of the famous Spanish Merino sheep. These animals were developed into a notable and valuable type"

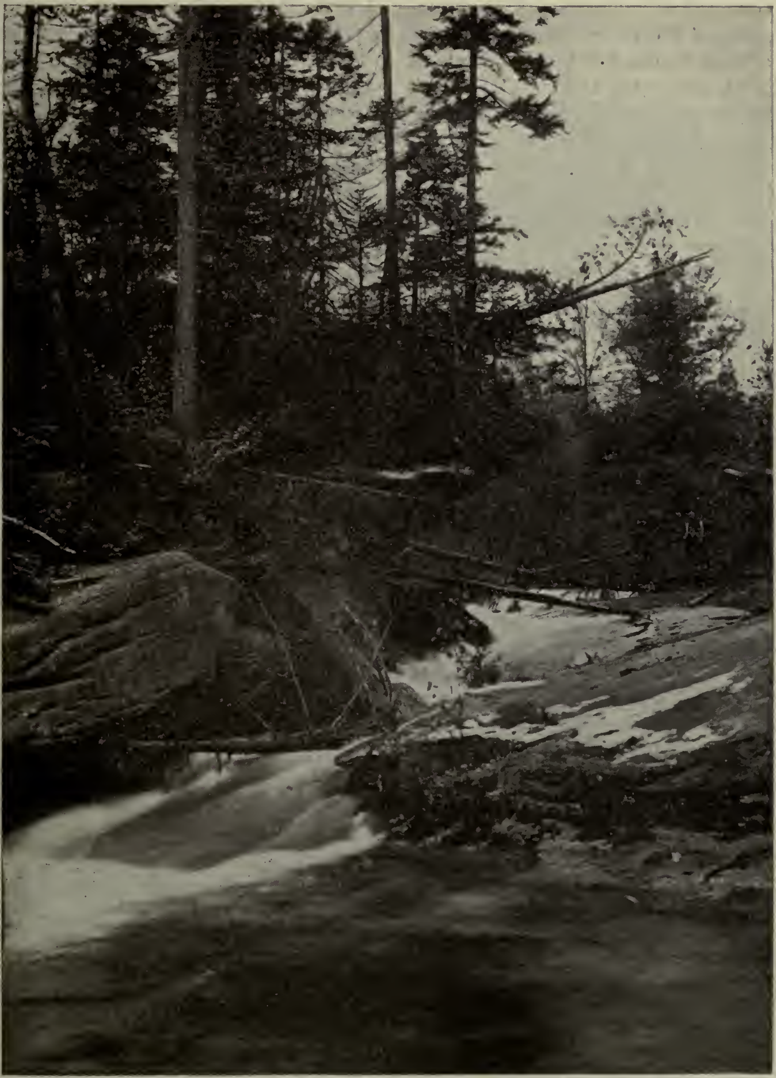
amounted, approximately, to $8,500,000. As already shown, the state ranks first in the Union in the production of marble, granite and asbestos, and second in slate and in talc and soapstone. This is an excellent record, but the output of these valuable mineral products may be largely increased. There are great possibilities in the further development of Vermont's important mineral resources.

Naturally, the mineral output of the state forms an important part of the industrial development of Vermont. While this is not yet one of the big manufacturing states, it contains, nevertheless, some very important industries, several of which are described in the sketches of Vermont towns and cities, which form a part of this article. The greater part of Vermont is served by three lines of railroads, the Central Vermont, the Rutland and the Boston and Maine. Through their affiliations with some of the greatest railroad systems of America, Vermont is well served from a transportation point of view. The state has a railroad mileage of 1,076.33 miles and an electric railroad mileage of 114.44 miles. Lake Champlain furnishes excellent water transportation, and freight may be shipped to New York by way of the Champlain canal and the Hudson River. Ambassador Bryce has called Lake Champlain "a noble, natural highway for commerce." The project of building a canal from St. Johns, Quebec, on the Richelieu River, the outlet of Lake Champlain, to Montreal, has been seriously considered. This would connect the St. Lawrence River with Lake Champlain and the Hudson, thus making an important deep water route from the Great Lakes to the New York seaboard.

The lumber industry of Vermont is of much importance. The last census report shows that the total capitalization of the sawmills and other wood-using industries of Vermont, in 1909, was $17,421,000, and the value of their annual product, $12,500,000. With proper consideration, this industry will continue its importance indefinitely. While there are many woodworking establishments in the state, a great amount of wood and timber is shipped out of Vermont as raw material for industries in other states, that ought, as a matter of economy, to be manufactured at home, close to the base of supplies. This is one of Vermont's many opportunities.

One of Vermont's greatest needs is more manufacturing. One of the most important assets of the state is its abundant water power. How to develop and utilize the unused water horse power of Vermont in a manner to attract industries to the Green Mountain State, is one of the greatest of present day problems in this commonwealth.

The average citizen of this country has little idea of the extent of Vermont's water power resources. From the summits and slopes of the Green Mountains flow hundreds of streams which unite to form at least twenty-two rivers of considerable size. The Connecticut River forms the entire eastern boundary of the state, and into it flow many smaller streams. Lake Champlain forms more than half the western boundary, and into it drain the four largest rivers of the state. Some of the rivers in northern Vermont empty into Lake Memphremagog. A few streams in southwestern Vermont flow into New York State and the headwaters of the Deerfield, one of the important Massachusetts rivers, are in southern Vermont. Practically all of these streams, rising as they do in the mountains, furnish excellent opportunities for power development. Recent statistics show that only six manufacturing states have as many developed power plants as Vermont, and the possibilities of further development are almost limitless, particularly if storage reservoirs are provided and, in a mountainous state like Vermont, not thickly settled, the difficulties are much less than in other more densely populated states. This is an age of hydro-electric development, and few states furnish opportunity equal to that of Vermont in the development of cheap electric power. In Granville, a branch of the White River falls over rocks one hundred feet high, with a perpendicular drop of fifty feet. The New Haven River has a precipitous descent in the town of Lincoln, furnishing many fine water powers. Silver Lake, in Leicester, is 670 feet above Lake Dunmore, to which its waters descend by a series of



"Vermont is a land of 'little rivers,' and it is safe to say that there is not a single town or city that does not contain within its territory some picturesque stream or pond or lake"

cascades. At Vergennes, Otter Creek descends thirty-seven feet, furnishing excellent power. There are five water falls on Otter Creek in the town of Weybridge.

There are a succession of cataracts on the west branch of the Deerfield River, in the town of Readsboro. The mountain streams of Woodford can be made to furnish a large amount of power. Stevens River, in Barnet, is the outlet of Harvey's Lake, and about 150 rods from where the river empties into the Connecticut has a fall of eighty feet in a distance of twenty rods. At Great Falls on the Passumpsic, in Lyndon, the stream descends about sixty-five feet in a distance of thirty rods.

The falls on the Winooski River, at the village of Winooski, furnish power for large cotton and woolen mills. One of the best powers on this river, and one which is now being developed on a large scale, is at Essex Junction. Pond Brook, the outlet of Hinesburgh Pond, furnishes good power. At Milton, the Lamoille River falls about one hundred and fifty feet in fifty rods. At Fairfax the Lamoille River falls eighty-one feet in a distance of thirty rods. Power is generated here for use in St. Albans, but not all the available power is used. The Missisquoi River at Highgate Center furnishes excellent power. The same river at Swanton furnishes good power for important industries and its development by Ira Allen, one of the famous leaders of early Vermont was begun about the year 1790.

Near the village of Morrisville the Lamoille River falls over a precipice twenty feet high and thirty feet broad. An artificial lake has also been created in this town and a fine municipal power developed. The north branch of the Lamoille furnishes good power in Waterville. In the northeastern part of Corinth, Waits River falls one hundred feet in a distance of a few rods. The streams of Barton furnish many good water powers. The Great Falls on the Clyde River in Charleston have a descent of over one hundred feet in forty rods. In the town of Troy the Missisquoi River flows over a ledge of rock seventy feet high.

It is expected that six thousand horse power will be developed at Clarendon. At Proctor, Sutherland Falls, on Otter Creek, descend one hundred and twenty-three feet in a short distance and furnish three thousand horse power. In Marshfield, Molly's Brook, a tributary of the Winooski, descends one hundred and eighty feet in eighty rods. On a branch of the North River, in Halifax, is a series of cascades, extending about one hundred rods, varying in height from fifteen to twenty feet each. The Claremont Power Company has developed two thousand horse power on the Black River in Cavendish at Cavendish Gorge, having tunnelled through one hundred and seventy-five feet of solid rock. The Black River, in crossing Springfield, passes over a succession of falls, aggregating one hundred and ten feet, in a distance of an eighth of a mile.

* * *

When Samuel Champlain, in the summer of 1609, was proceeding southward on the waters of the beautiful lake to which he gave his own name, on his voyage of discovery, he asked his Indian companions for information concerning the country to the eastward, to be known later as Vermont. His published journals tell us that the Indian guides assured him "that in these places there were beautiful valleys and open stretches fertile in grain . . . . with a great many other fruits."

The fame of the fertility of Vermont's soil is thus shown to be older than recorded history. Unnumbered centuries ago, a great glacier forced its way down from the Northland and, like a mighty plow, it turned and overturned the face of all this region. The granite rocks were torn apart and pulverized and, in the melting of this vast body of ice, the waters mingled with the vegetation of thousands of years, and this mixture was distributed over the region that we know as Vermont, thus making remarkably fertile the soil of the Green Mountain State.

Very properly, the French bestowed the name of Verd Mont, or Green Mountain, upon the lofty hills that form the backbone of the state from the Massachusetts border to the Canadian line, and the French term is preserved in the name of the state, Vermont. Thus the very name indicates a fertile and well-watered region.

Among a considerable number of people

"Mount Equinox is a lofty and picturesque elevation"

the impression has prevailed that Vermont farms are small, that the soil is rocky and sterile, that farming is conducted with difficulty, and that financial returns are meagre. These impressions are absolutely wrong, as will be shown from official sources.

United States census reports show that the size of the average farm in this country in 1910 was slightly over 138 acres, while at the same time the size of the average Vermont farm was more than 142½ acres. The size of the average Vermont farm is larger than the average farm in such states as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

In order to determine the relative fertility of Vermont soil, it will be necessary to make some comparison with crop yields and prices. The figures used in these comparisons are taken from the statistics of the Census Bureau, and, for the years since the last census was taken, from *The Crop Reporter*, a monthly publication of the Department of Agriculture. Corn is generally recognized as the king of American crops. Last year only eight states raised more bushels of corn per acre than Vermont. For the past four years, the average number of states raising more corn per acre than Vermont was six. Vermont's average yield per acre for the last four years was nearly twice the average yield for the whole country. During only one of the four years mentioned did one of the big corn-growing states surpass Vermont's yield in bushels per acre. During the forty-year period from 1870 to 1909, inclusive, Vermont ranks first among the states of the Union in average yield of bushels of corn per acre. Such a record hardly indicates a bleak and sterile soil. The average price for corn in Vermont paid farmers December 1, for the last four years, was more than forty-three per cent greater than the average price paid throughout the United States, and the average returns of Vermont corn land per acre for the forty years from the year 1870 to 1909 were more than twice as large as the average returns for the whole country.

Probably few persons think of Vermont as a wheat-growing state, and the amount raised is not large in the aggregate; but last year only five states, and those in the irrigated regions of the West, raised more bushels of spring wheat per acre than Vermont. The average Vermont yield per acre during the last four years was nearly twice the average yield for the United States. The average price paid in Vermont during the past four years was more than twenty cents per bushel greater than that reported for the whole United States. For the period 1870 to 1909, the average returns from an acre of Vermont wheat land were more than twice the average returns per acre for the United States as a whole. These figures are not intended as an argument to prove that Vermont is likely to become a formidable rival of the great prairie states in wheat-growing, but they do furnish an excellent illustration of the fertility of Vermont soil.

Last year only eight states raised more bushels of oats per acre than Vermont, and this state led all the big oat-producing states in average yield and price. A fact of which Vermont may well be proud is the record showing that for the forty-year period, 1870 to 1909, the Green Mountain State led the Union in average yield of bushels of oats per acre. Last year only seven states raised more bushels of barley per acre than Vermont. During the past four years Vermont has surpassed all the big barley-growing states to a marked degree in both average yield and price. For the period 1870 to 1909, only four states exceeded Vermont in the average yield per acre.

Last year only three states raised more bushels of rye per acre than Vermont, which led all the great rye-producing states in average yield and price. During the forty-year period, 1870 to 1909, only five states reported greater average yields per acre than Vermont. In 1912 only one state led Vermont in average yield of buckwheat per acre. During the past four years Vermont's average yield and price have exceeded the record of the leading buckwheat-growing states of the Union. For the period 1870 to 1909, inclusive, only one state showed a better average yield per acre of buckwheat than Vermont.

Last year only seven states raised more bushels of potatoes per acre than Vermont and during the past four years, Vermont's average yield has exceeded that of all the

"This body of water (Lake Willoughby) has been aptly called the 'Lake Lucerne' of Vermont"

great potato-growing states, with the single exception of Maine. Vermont's average for this period exceeds the average for the United States by more than thirty-three and one-half bushels per acre. For the forty-year period, 1870 to 1909, only two states reported a better average yield than Vermont. When Virginia potato-growers applied to the Department of Agriculture for advice as to the best place to obtain high grade seed, free from blight, they were referred to Vermont, and a large business in raising seed potatoes for the South has grown up here. Experts have declared that portions of Vermont were as suitable for potato land as the famous Aroostook County in Maine, and when the modern scientific methods of Aroostook County are employed here, Vermont will be able to rank with Maine in the production of potatoes.

Last year, fifteen states surpassed Vermont in tons of hay per acre, and the state ranked fifteenth in acreage, seventeenth in production, and eleventh in value of the product. Vermont is a natural hay-growing state, and while the record for 1909, as shown by census figures, indicated a hay crop valuation of more than $16,000,000, it is certain that Vermont can do very much better with more intensive cultivation. Tobacco is not extensively grown in Vermont, its production being largely confined to the southeastern part of the state in the Connecticut River valley; but where it is grown, large crops are obtained. Last year, four states—Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut—were tied for first place in pounds of tobacco per acre. Vermont's four-year average, 1909 to 1912, lacked only the merest fraction of being twice the average for the United States; while Vermont's average yield for the forty-year period, 1870 to 1909, was more than twice the average for the whole country. This is another striking illustration of the marvelous fertility of Vermont soil.

For the forty-year period, 1870 to 1909, Vermont led the Union in average returns per acre for the three most important cereals—corn, wheat and oats.

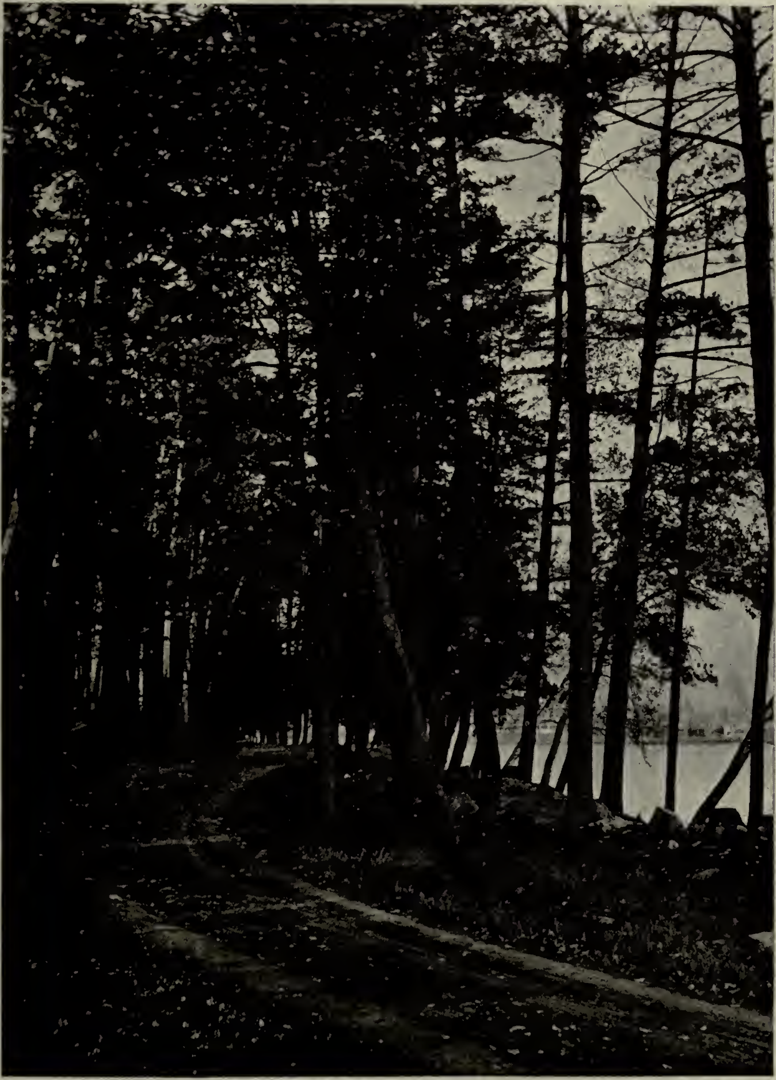
This record of crop yields may seem like dry statistics to some readers; but between the lines the discerning individual may find an eloquent record of the wonderful natural fertility of the little Green Mountain State, a record which hardly a state in the Union can equal, and it is certain very few can surpass it. These figures dispel, in most convincing and effectual manner, the prevailing notion that Vermont's soil is poor and that farming in this state is unprofitable.

One of the best natural apple-growing regions in the United States is to be found in the state of Vermont. The soil is fertile, the rocks are granite and limestone, and these are particularly congenial to the apple tree. In some states the soil is being limed for apple growing, but the Creator himself limed the soil of Vermont. The climate aids in giving flavor and keeping qualities that cannot be found in the western apple. The cool fall nights are particularly beneficial in giving color to the fruit. Already there are many fine orchards in the valley of Lake Champlain, but the Vermont hillsides are also well adapted to apple growing.

One of Vermont's greatest advantages is nearness to markets. Within a radius of five hundred miles from Montpelier, the capital of the state, is an urban population of more than twenty-one millions, at least half the urban population of the United States. This gives Vermont a tremendous advantage over western rivals. It costs practically twelve times as much to put a carload of Oregon or Washington apples into New York City as it does to transport a carload of Vermont fruit to the metropolis. Apple lands in those western states cost a thousand dollars per acre up. In the best apple-growing sections of Vermont, land costs fifty dollars and upward and a great deal of good orchard land can be obtained much less than fifty dollars per acre.

There are wonderful possibilities for apple growing in Vermont, and whenever the best modern methods are applied in this state, the result will be quite as satisfactory as in Oregon or Washington. Vermont has the advantage of excellent soil and climatic conditions, cheapness of land and proximity to markets.

It is possible largely to increase the production of Vermont maple sugar. The reputation of the product is well estab-



"Tradition has it that during the colonial period Lord Dunmore waded into the water, and pouring upon its surface a libation of wine, christened this body of water Lake Dunmore"

lished. One invariably thinks of Vermont when maple sugar is mentioned.

One of the most famous Vermont products is Morgan horses. It was said of the original Justin Morgan, founder of the breed, that he could out-walk, out-trot, out-run and out-pull every horse entered against him. While the Morgans have not been exploited as a breed of racers, some of the speediest trotters and pacers, like Dan Patch, Lou Dillon, Uhlan, Dariel, Audubon Boy, Major Delmar and Sweet Marie, have Morgan blood in their veins. Knox Morgan, a Peacham, Vermont, horse, won the first and championship prizes at the St. Louis Exposition. General Sheridan's Rienzi, on which he made his famous ride from "Winchester down to save the day," was a Morgan. General Custer's favorite horse was a Morgan. A Vermont Morgan was chosen as the sculptor's model for the typical American horse for the Chicago World's Fair. When the racing craze arose in America, the Morgan breed was neglected. Now strong effort is being made to revive the Morgan breed, its superiority being generally recognized. Every year at the Vermont State Fair, one of the most splendid agricultural exhibits held in the whole country, may be seen the finest exhibit of Morgan horses to be found in the United States. The national government has established a Morgan breeding farm of 435 acres at Weybridge, Vermont, the farm being the gift of Colonel Joseph Battell, of Middlebury, a lover and breeder of Morgans.

A little more than a century ago, William Jarvis, former United States Consul to Lisbon, Portugal, brought to Weathersfield, Vermont, a flock of the famous Spanish Merino sheep. These animals were developed into a notable and valuable type. They took many prizes, and for years shipments of Vermont Merinos have been made to Australia, South Africa and South America, to improve the quality of the herds of those regions.

Beautiful Lake Eden in Lamoille County, Vermont.

One of the principal features of Vermont agriculture is dairying. The verdant hillsides of the state, covered with a natural growth of sweet grasses, furnish splendid pasturage. In this little state are to be found the national headquarters of two of the great dairy organizations of the

Up and Down the Slope and Along the Ridge of the GREEN MOUNTAINS

By

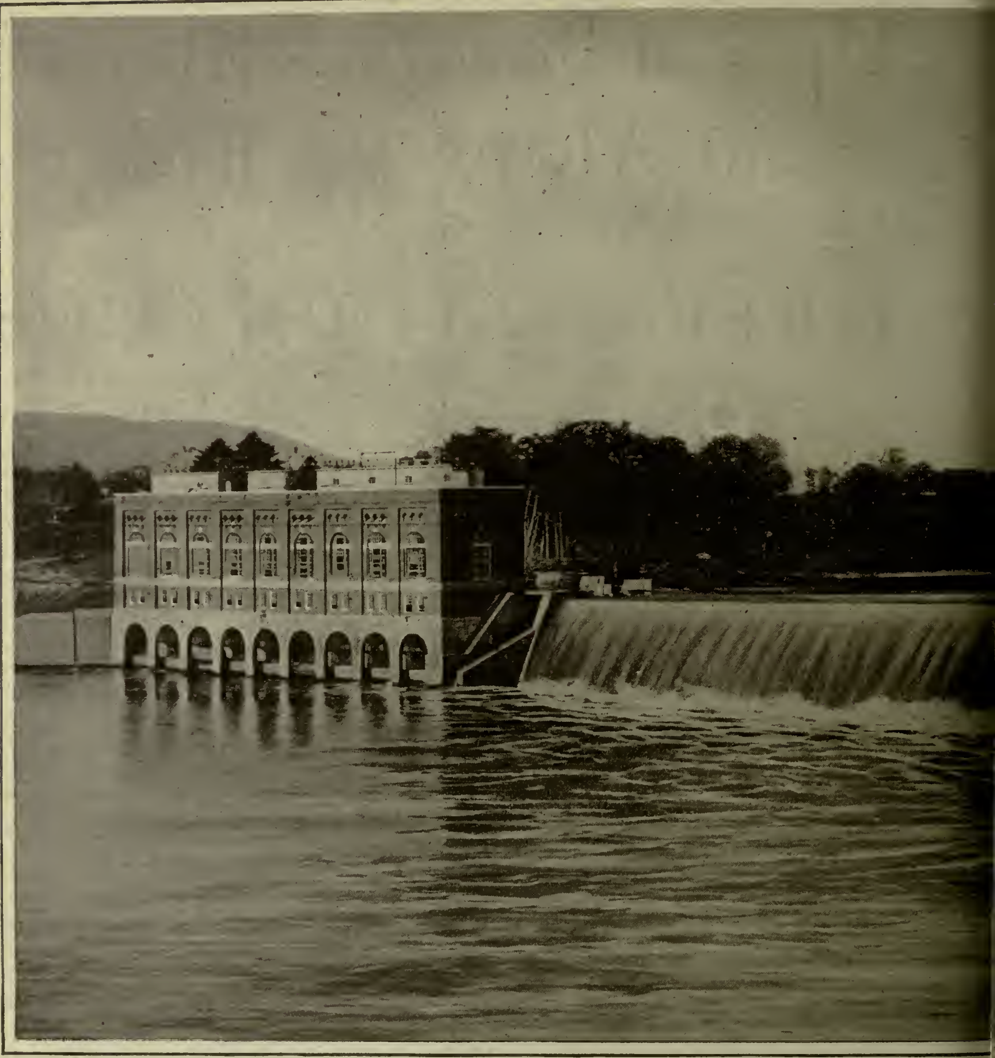
Bennett Chapple

VERMONT is almost equally divided by the Green Mountains into the eastern and western sections, and the Connecticut River, which lies along its eastern boundary, is one of the chief waterways of the state. Technically there is some dispute as to whether Vermont owns any of the Connecticut River, for New Hampshire, its sister state, claims the boundary to be the line of vegetation on the Vermont side of the river. The case is now in the courts owing to the attempt of New Hampshire to tax property and mills that had for years been in Vermont and recently found that the broadening of the river had excluded them from the line of vegetation—and they now "don't know where they are at." In the early days, during the fourteen years when Vermont was an independent republic, several of the New Hampshire towns seceded to Vermont, thus throwing the banks of the river within the Vermont line. Later these towns rejoined the state of New Hampshire, and as a natural consequence of these "periods of uncertainty," the dividing line became hypothetical.

Before the days of railroads, the river furnished a valuable highway of commerce, and by the use of canals and locks was navigable for a considerable distance up the state line. The railroads in building through this territory found many thriving villages which were ready for the coming industrial development.

At the village of Vernon, Vermont, just below Brattleboro, the Connecticut River Power Company, now a part of the New England Power Company, recently completed a dam thirty-two feet high across the Connecticut River, giving twenty-seven thousand horse power for electrical transmission. The dam backs up the water of the river for a distance of twenty miles. This tremendous power is in turn harnessed to all the other powers of the New England Power Company, which has four plants on the Deerfield River at Shelburne Falls, just below the state line.

Although these plants are technically without the borders of the state, Vermont may lay claim to their efficiency, for the storage dam at Somerset, Vermont, containing twenty-three billion gallons of water, is the key to the power situation on the Deerfield and insures an equalized flow of water the year round. The dam built to conserve this immense reservoir of water is two thousand feet long, six hundred feet thick at the base and more than one hundred feet high at the center. Another big storage project contemplated in this region will impound thirty-two billion gallons when the work has been completed. Several other water power plants on the Deerfield will be added



THE CONNECTICUT RIVER POWER COMPANY'S DAM ACROSS THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT VER
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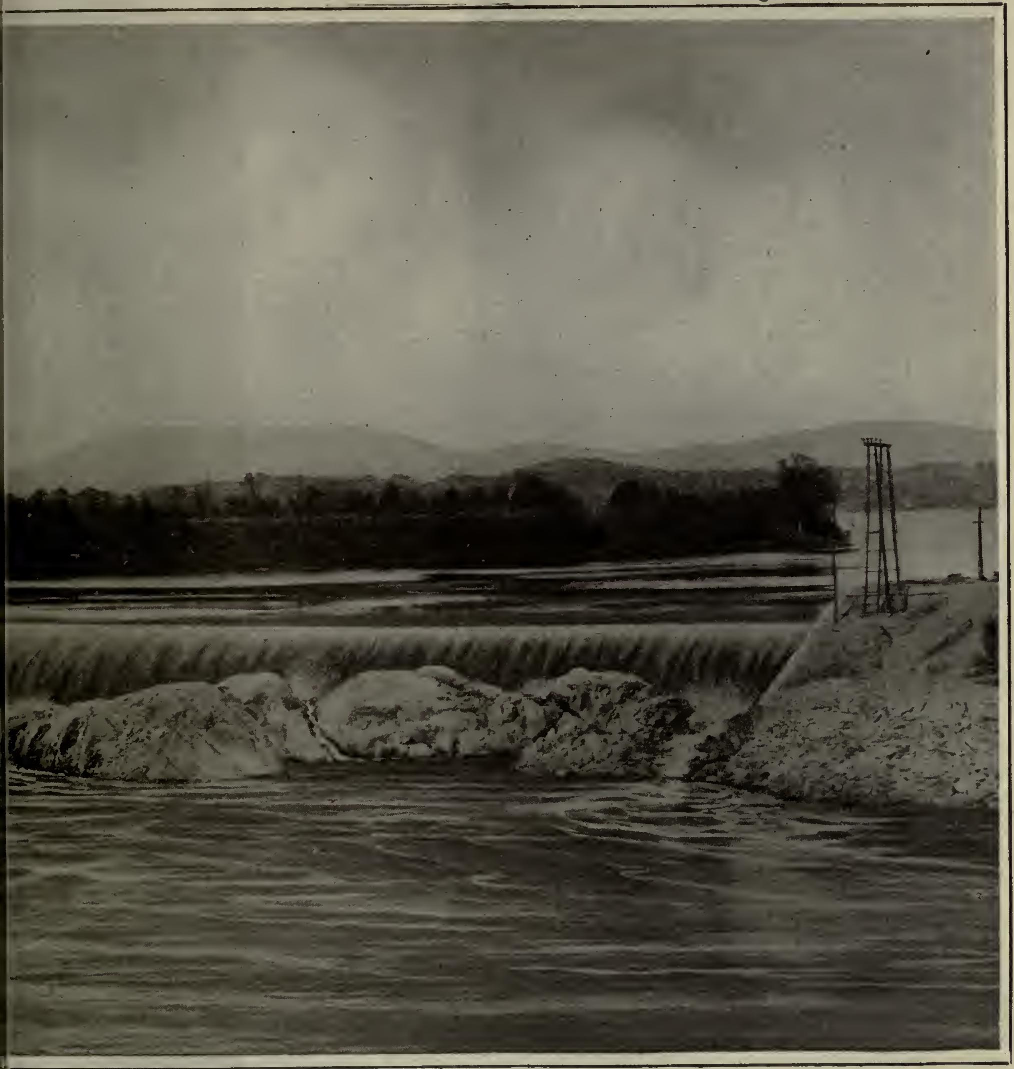
before the New England Power Company turns its attention to its long-promised development of the Connecticut River at Bellows Falls, and at what is known as Fifteen Mile Falls, toward the lakes that are the source of the river. When these developments are made, and the plants are linked together, there will be a total capacity of something like two hundred thousand horse power. This power—that is, the portion that has already been developed, amounting to sixty-nine thousand horse power—is already being carried in high tension wires to Fitchburg and Lowell, in the neighboring state of Massachusetts, and will soon be extended to Providence, Rhode Island, and adjoining towns.

What this means to the industrial growth of New England in its offering of cheap power is little realized. The struggle against the unfair advantage of inexpensive power will be over, for the New England Power Company carries its high tension



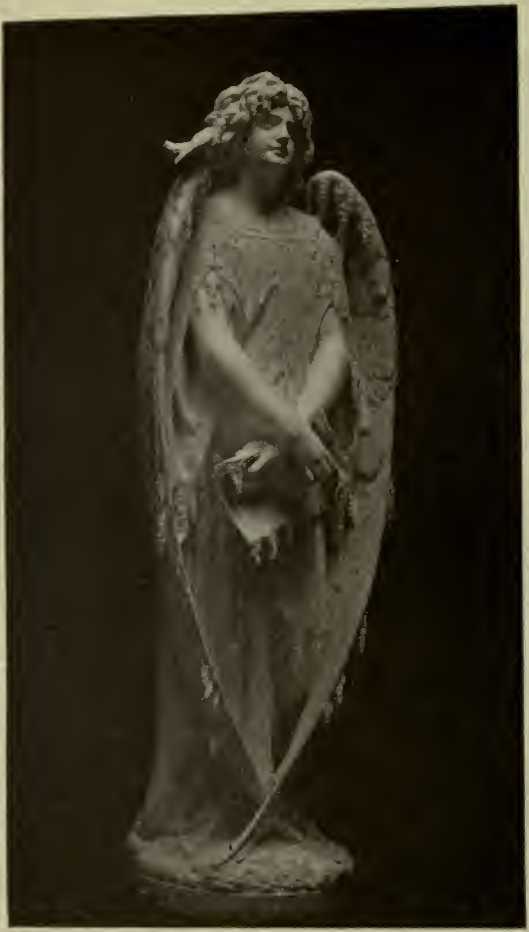
NT. THE DAM IS ONE OF THE LARGEST IN NEW ENGLAND AND BACKS UP THE WATER FOR

wires over a vast area covering a radius of eighty or one hundred miles.

* * *

Brattleboro, on the banks of the Connecticut, is the southern gateway from New England into Vermont. With a population that today exceeds nine thousand, it has shown a substantial gain which however did not manifest itself until the last two or three years. The reason for the sudden awakening undoubtedly lies in the utilization of cheap power which is now afforded to Brattleboro's new industries.

For its size, Brattleboro is one of the best known cities in the country. The eyes of the whole English speaking and literary world were focussed upon the town when Rudyard Kipling built a home in the outskirts and made it his American residence for many years. The English writer married a Brattleboro lady, and has been a frequent visitor to his wife's home. William Morris Hunt, a noted artist in his



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "SNOW ANGEL," WHICH WAS SCULPTURED FROM SNOW IN THE STREETS OF BRATTLEBORO BY LARKIN G. MEAD, THE GREAT SCULPTOR

day, was a native of Brattleboro, and the town has long been noted as an art and literary center. Mr. Arthur Wallace Peach, whose poems and stories have delighted readers of the NATIONAL and other magazines, is a native of Brattleboro. It was in Brattleboro, his boyhood's home, that Larkin G. Mead, the famous sculptor, conceived the idea of moulding a snow angel one New Year's eve, and when the people awoke to the chimes of "Ring Out, Wild Bells," in the morning, they found the beautiful ice figure in their streets, where it stood for several days until the sun melted it away. A replica in marble of this famous snow angel is now in the Unitarian Church at Brattleboro. The only institute for the blind and deaf in Vermont is the Austine Institution at Brattleboro, which was established about a year ago, partially by bequest and partially by state aid. The town has splendid churches and schools, and many neat, well-kept homes are silent testimonials to the wholesome Brattleboro atmosphere. The stores and all the public streets are modern and up-to-date, and serve the large farming community lying up the West River Valley, which has grown to be one of the most conspicuous vacation sections in Vermont.

Perhaps the name of Brattleboro is most familiar to many people as the home of the Estey Organ Company. Who can forget the Estey Organ, beloved of childhood days? And from what a small beginning did the great Estey industry spring! In a Brattleboro building which was used mainly as a grist mill, Jacob Estey, founder of the Estey Organ Company, laid the humble foundation for the largest organ factory in the world.

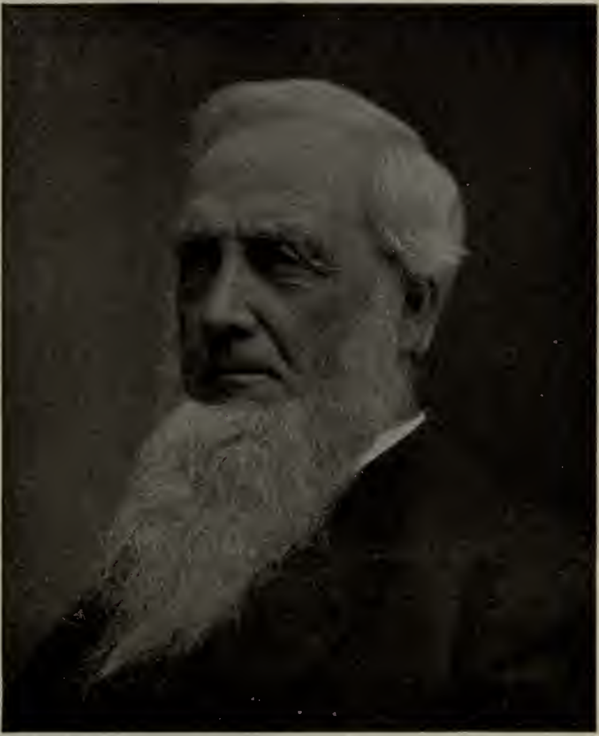
As the traveler today winds his way up the hill that overlooks Brattleboro and comes upon the clean, slate-covered buildings of this great institution, he realizes that no more ideal spot for the making of instruments could be imagined. Five hundred men are employed here, some of whom have been at work in

THE WELLS FOUNTAIN, WHICH STANDS ON THE SPOT WHERE THE "SNOW ANGEL" WAS BUILT the Estey factory for more than fifty years, putting into their work all the skill that has come to them as they have learned how to make "the sweet-toned Estey" an organ of world renown. The final touch that comes from skilled fingers and the judgment of minds which have been years in the training are incorporated in every Estey organ that leaves the great works on the hill. From father to son the work has passed down, and today the third generation of the Estey family is building the Estey organ. While the present factory and output far surpass the fondest dreams of its founder, yet the influence of his life and character has been made a watchword in the conduct of the business.

Today the Estey organ is known from Iceland to Tasmania. It has literally followed the missionaries around the world, its charm helping to "soothe the savage breast" wherever it has gone. Not only in remote regions but in the musical centers of Europe the Estey organ is favorably known. Two Estey organs grace the palace of the German Emperor, where the finest music of the continent is rendered. Although the Estey organ is generally regarded as an organ for the home and associated with "the good old songs" sung by the fireside, yet it is an Estey that sounds the strains of the most difficult opera in the Metropolitan Opera House at New York. Probably no name is more intimately associated with the town of Brattleboro than that of Estey, and there can be no doubt that the Estey Organ Company has made the name of Brattleboro worldwide. The House of Estey is promoting an industry whose value cannot be measured in dollars and cents, because the influence of good music has from the beginning shaped the character of individuals and nations.

Other lively industries in Brattleboro are the Fort Dummer Cotton Mills, which manufacture high-grade lawns; the Hooker Corser Mitchell Company, makers of overalls; the S. A. Smith Company, manufacturers of dies, and the Carpenter Organ Company, Brattleboro, also does a large amount of commercial printing for concerns located outside the state.

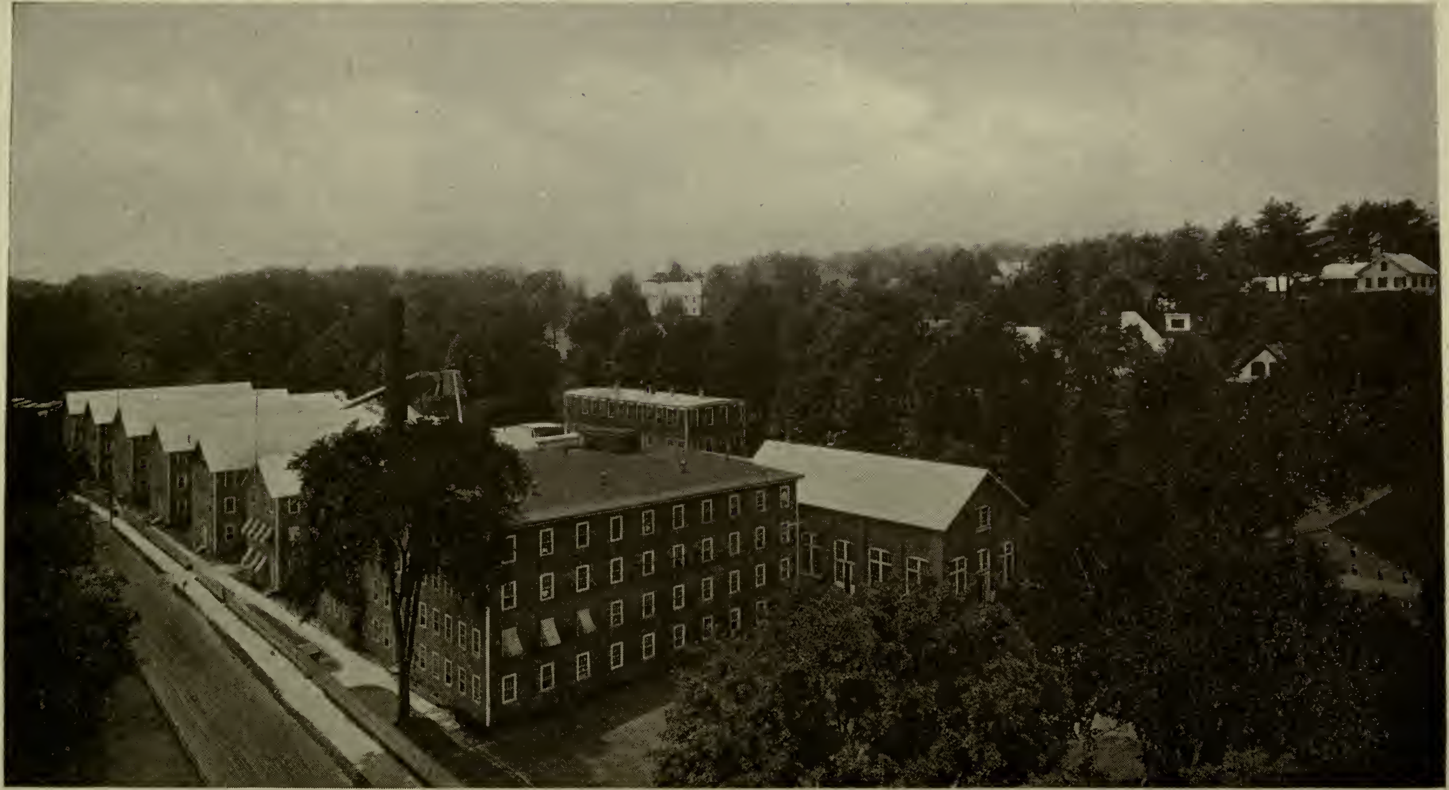
This in a measure constitutes the industrial life of Brattleboro, and as some of these institutions have been established within the past year, the future industrial development holds forth rich promises. The completion of the new line of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and the building of a new union station and yards will greatly facilitate its already rapid growth.



JACOB ESTEY, FOUNDER OF THE ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY

* * *

Along up the river in a narrow gorge at Bellows Falls is the paper-making center of Vermont. Five or six great paper factories, employing nearly fifteen hundred men and representing an investment of



HERE, NESTLING TOGETHER UNDER THE GREEN FOLIAGE ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, ARE TWENTY-FIVE BUILDINGS WHICH CONSTITUTE THE ESTEY ORGAN FACTORY, THE LARGEST INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

PRINCIPAL BUSINESS CENTER OF BELLOWS FALLS

three or four millions of dollars, are crowded together in one little narrow gulch below the falls.

Some fifty years ago the magnificent water power attracted ambitious manufacturers, and today twenty thousand horse power is utilized by the paper-making industry. When the power plant at the Falls is remodelled, at least forty thousand horse power is promised, which means that Bellows Falls is capable of great industrial development. Valuable mill sites are still available and can be had at low cost, and an abundance of power can be furnished to operate mills running the year round.

Here are located the mills of the Robertson Paper Co., one of the largest manufacturers of waxed paper in the world, and who send out a larger tonnage and make a greater variety of waxed papers than any other concern in the business.

All through the country the use of waxed paper is greatly increasing, due principally to modern sanitary laws as to drinking cups, also in the wrapping of meat, fish, spices, dairy products and confectionery.

Another unique and interesting article manufactured at Bellows Falls is the old style scythe snath or curved handle of the scythe used in cutting grass and grain. The firm of Derby & Ball at Bellows Falls is one of the largest of the four now operating in the entire country. The demand for scythe snaths seems to remain about the same as it was forty years ago—Bellows Falls is sending out from fifty to sixty thousand dozen snaths every year. The largest individual buyers are railroads who use the scythes along the "rights of way," especially on the broad prairies of the West. Then there is a considerable export trade, the largest shipments being sent to Australia and other newly-developed countries.

Snath-making is an intricate process,

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MANUFACTURING CENTER OF BELLOWS FALLS

though amateur carpenters might not believe it. Only the choicest of ash and cherry can be used, and the wood is in turn steamed, bent and dried so as to make its durability unquestioned. The scythe snath is often a family heirloom among the farmers, being handed down from generation to generation, and the old Yankee farmer is as particular about the curve and "set" of his snath as about any other implement on the farm. As someone happily put it, he is as jealous of the swing of the scythe as the enthusiastic golfer with his club.

One of the oldest institutions at Bellows Falls is the Vermont Farm Machine Company, which upwards of forty years ago began to make evaporators for maple syrup. Five thousand dollars was spent for the original patent, the principle of which is found in nearly all maple syrup evaporators of today. Later the company turned its attention to the making of the "Cooley Creamer," an invention which utilized the gravity system and cold water in separating cream from milk. This was a decided improvement upon ordinary methods of skimming cream from pans, but the modern United States Centrifugal Cream Separator has now succeeded the creamer, and has won many prizes at expositions and fairs throughout the country. Nearly a thousand employees represent this concern, which was the pioneer in the movement for the co-operative cream-gathering system of dairying. Up to the time of the invention of the cream separator, farmers delivered their milk to creameries, but today they deliver only the cream, retaining the skimmed milk for feed. The machines and appliances of the Vermont Farm Machine Company are sold in all parts of the world, and the business has shared in the general prosperity of the great dairying interests of this and other countries. It is one of the solid institutions of Vermont.

The population of Bellows Falls is about seven thousand, and throughout the village are many beautiful residential streets lined with attractive homes. On the corner, just off from a business street is a large yellow house which belongs to Hetty Green, the world-famous woman financier, who was born just across the river.

As a railroad center, Bellows Falls is favored with lines leading in four direc-

THE VILLAGE SQUARE AT SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT

tions, operated by the Rutland Railroad and the Boston & Maine. In addition to this the Bellows Falls & Saxton's River Traction Company have a six mile interurban trolley road connecting the two villages.

At Saxton's River is located the Vermont Academy, another of the splendid educational institutions for which Vermont has a national reputation. The Academy is the only school in Vermont which is not co-educational—which speaks volumes for the ambitious young ladies of the Green Mountain State—and is also the only educational institution in the state, apart from Vermont University, bearing the state name. The Academy is conducted on a very broad basis, and has the hearty support of leading Vermont citizens.

* * *

Journeying up the Connecticut River valley, it would be easy enough to overlook one of the most thriving little villages in the Green Mountain State unless the traveler should chance to meet a ubiquitous traveling man engaged in "working the trade" of Vermont. Then would the stranger be advised not to miss Springfield, the liveliest hustling center for its size in the whole state.

Springfield, Vermont, lies back from the river, six miles from the steam road, with which it connects by the Springfield Electric Railway, a standard gauge road that not only serves to convey passengers but also hauls freight cars to and from the village.

The population of Springfield today is around five thousand, and it has a reputation of being the fastest growing village in the state. Industrially it is one long, low hum, for it is the home of the famous Jones & Lamson Machine Company, among the world's largest manufacturers of turret lathes; the Fellows Gear Shaper Company, manufacturers of gear-cutting machinery; Gilman & Son, manufacturers of last-turning lathes; the Bryant Chucking Grinder Company, manufacturers of chucking grinders; and Parks & Woolson Company, manufacturers of cloth-finishing machinery. Machine shops make up the principal industry, and the necessity of skilled workmen makes the caliber of Springfield young men very high. By a recent vote of the selectmen, the high school is to include in its curriculum machine-shop training, with a special instructor. The practical work is done in the various machine shops, the students working in pairs, one week in school and the next in machine shops. In this way the young men can secure training that will enable them to step into good paying

JONES & LAMSON MACHINE SHOP IN THE VALLEY AT SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT

positions. Springfield also has one of the largest shoddy manufacturing plants in the world, the John T. Slack Corporation. Contrary to general opinion, shoddy is usually wool, reduced from woolen rags into woolen fibres simply by a p ocess. There are three hundred different grades of shoddy, many of which cost more than raw wool, although on the whole it is the free use of shoddy in the manufacture of woolen garments that keeps the price of wool from being exorbitant.

The Adnabrown Hotel at Springfield is one of the finest in the state. It was built up by the late Adna Brown, who for years was the moving spirit in the upbuilding of Springfield. His son, Colonel W. W. Brown, aide to the present Governor of Vermont, is now identified with the interests of Springfield, and is also the manager of the Parks & Woolson Company. An interesting observation of the industrial life of Springfield lies in the fact that every business there is owned by local capital. For many years the village struggled with adversity in carrying on its fight, but with the fortitude and hardihood of its early pioneers it has become a great center of machine shops.

Mr. James Hartness of Jones & Lamson is a member of the board of Governors of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and his knowledge of turret machinery has given him an international reputation. He has also recently added to his fame by the invention of a telescope by which observations may be made in a protected room.

The Colonial Light & Power Company of Springfield is ready to furnish power in any quantity desired by the growth of industry. Within the village limits, a distance of less than a half mile, there is a drop of one hundred and fifty feet on the Black River on which seven dams have been located, giving excellent water power for the section, and these in turn have been supplemented by auxiliary plants of steam, so that there may be no period of shut-down because of low water in the industrial life of Springfield.

* * *

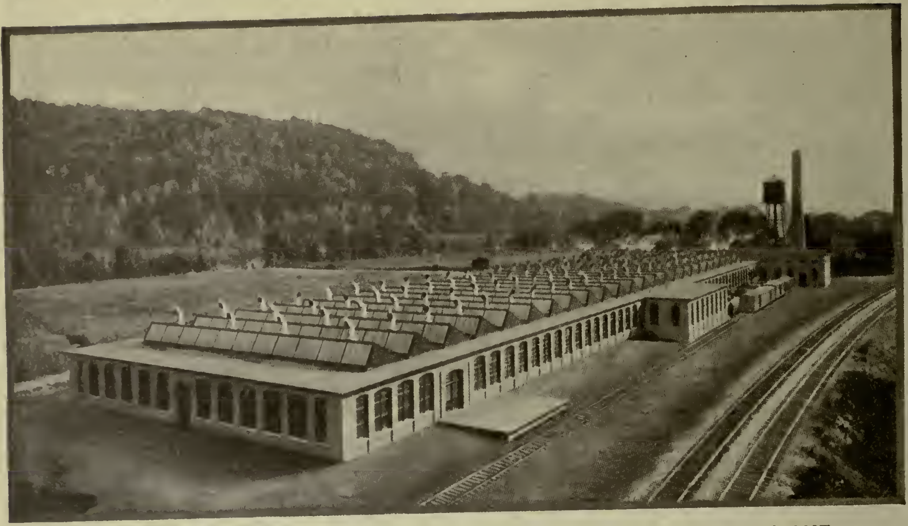
The next stop up the Connecticut River is Windsor, which this summer enjoyed the distinction of being the Post Office and working headquarters of the President; in other words, it is the summer capital of America. The summer White House lies just across the river in New Hampshire, about five miles distant. Windsor has taken on a new life with this distinction. A large flag floats across the narrow way that leads up from the station to the main street of the town to welcome the visitor. Granite pavements are being put in to take care of the increasing traffic, and there is an air of hustle and bustle to the little village which must in a measure surprise itself.

The Windsor Club is a newly organized social community, which has made over one of the old factory buildings into a very desirable meeting-place with restaurant, dance hall, bowling alleys and shower baths, and a membership of over five hundred. At Windsor also is located the famous Kennedy Arena, larger in area than the Madison Square Garden in New York City, being 300 x 80 feet, and built by Kennedy, the cracker magnate. It is here that Vermont has held its State Corn Show, and this year it will be occupied by the New England Corn Show.

Windsor, chartered in 1761, was at one time the capital of Vermont. In fact the Constitution of the Republic of Vermont was drawn up at Windsor on the second day of July, 1777, and for fourteen years Vermont was an independent state. Ira Allen, one of the heroes of Vermont history, was active in the drafting of this Constitution, and it was the first Constitution in the western hemisphere which forbade human slavery. In 1801 the Vermont State Prison was established at Windsor. So much for history.

The principal business at Windsor, that of the Windsor Machine Comapny, is one of the biggest industries of the state. This concern was started in 1888, at which time they commenced to manu-

ONE OF THE SEVEN DAMS AND FALLS AT SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT



PLANT OF THE WINDSOR MACHINE COMPANY AT WINDSOR, VERMONT

facture a line of lathes and turret machines, but since 1903 they have given their entire attention to the manufacture of Gridley Automatics—both single and multiple spindle. The factory has a floor area of about two acres and employs about 500 skilled mechanics. Shipments of Gridley Automatics are sent out from Windsor to nearly every country on the globe.

The principal difficulty at Windsor today lies in finding houses for its workmen, and for this reason the Windsor Associates is organized to build houses for workmen, putting them up in blocks, six at a time. In this and other work of a semi-public character looking to the advance of the city, Windsor finds a loyal friend and worker in Maxwell Evarts, General Counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad in New York City, who makes his home at Windsor. He has liberally supported every project to bring Windsor to the front, and with its location it should become one of the leading towns in Vermont.

The growth of the village during the last three years shows what can be done when the spirit of push and energy is really awakened. The three banks of Windsor have added to their deposits during the past ten years nearly one million dollars, while the population has increased a good fifth over the last census, today numbering about twenty-five hundred people, with a fine public library and excellent schools.

An important railroad center is found at White River Junction, where the Vermont

THE WATER POWER OF WINDSOR, VERMONT

State Fair is held every year in September. Just beyond is Wells River, in the center of a prosperous agricultural community.

* * *

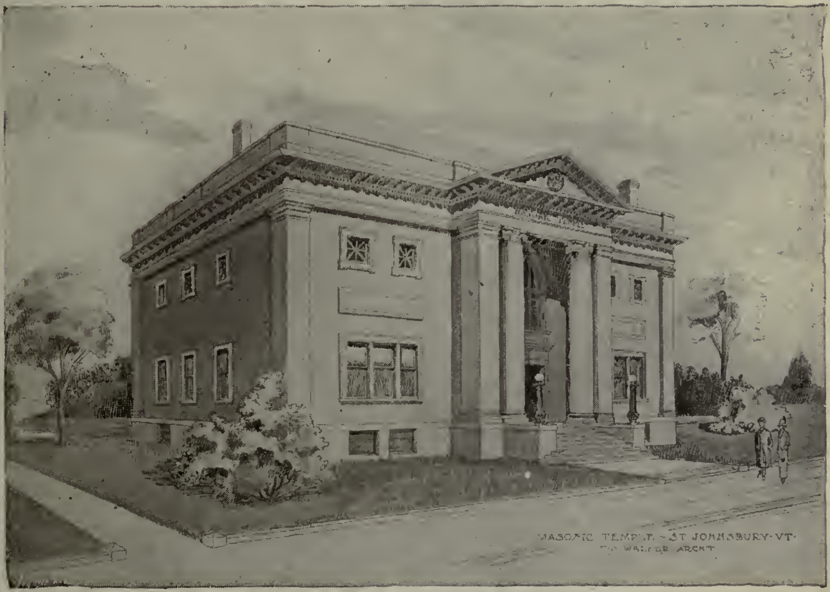
St. Johnsbury, sometimes referred to as the "scale city," is one of the principal portals of the state. Situated at the junction of the Passumpsic, Moose and Sleeper Rivers, it is 320 miles from New York, 186 miles from Boston and 149 miles from Montreal, and is the main distributing point for northern Vermont and New Hampshire.

The E. & T. Fairbanks & Company Scale Works, located at St. Johnsbury, are universally known as one of the largest scale-making concerns in the world, employing fourteen hundred men, mostly in the higher branches of the trade. The business, established by Thaddeus Fairbanks in 1830, came about in a peculiar way. In those early days the hemp industry was thriving in St. Johnsbury and the weighing of the hemp was one of the duties which devolved upon Thaddeus Fairbanks. To facilitate his work he devised an application of a lever under a platform connected to an old-fashioned steelyard. He made two or three of these crude scales for his neighbors and soon engaged regularly in making up the scales during the winter months and selling them during the summer. While working on these scales, Mr. Fairbanks made inventions which were fifty years ahead of his time but proved to be practical years after the business was in the hands of his successors, for the same type of railroad scale invented fifty years ago is in use today. This Fairbanks type of track scale, used on many of the railroads throughout the country, consists of transverse levers supporting a load connected to a series of longitudinal levers under the scale plat-

A VIEW OF THE PLANT OF THE FAIRBANKS SCALE COMPANY AT ST. JOHNSBURY, THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

RANDALL-WHIT

THE UPPER BUSINESS SECTION OF ST. JOHNSBURY form, and these in turn attached to connecting levers, transmitting the load to the beam or steelyard. Tremendous weights are handled in this way and the Fairbanks system has been endorsed in all parts of the world. The increase of the scale business throughout the past three years has been due in a large measure to the rigid agitation for correct weighing. This has eliminated many makes of inferior weighing machines. In this day when there is a special scale for weighing almost everything, the Fairbanks Scale Works at St. Johnsbury make a great variety of scales and all of them of a high order of merit.


MASONIC TEMPLE - ST JOHNSBURY VT
WALKER ARCHT

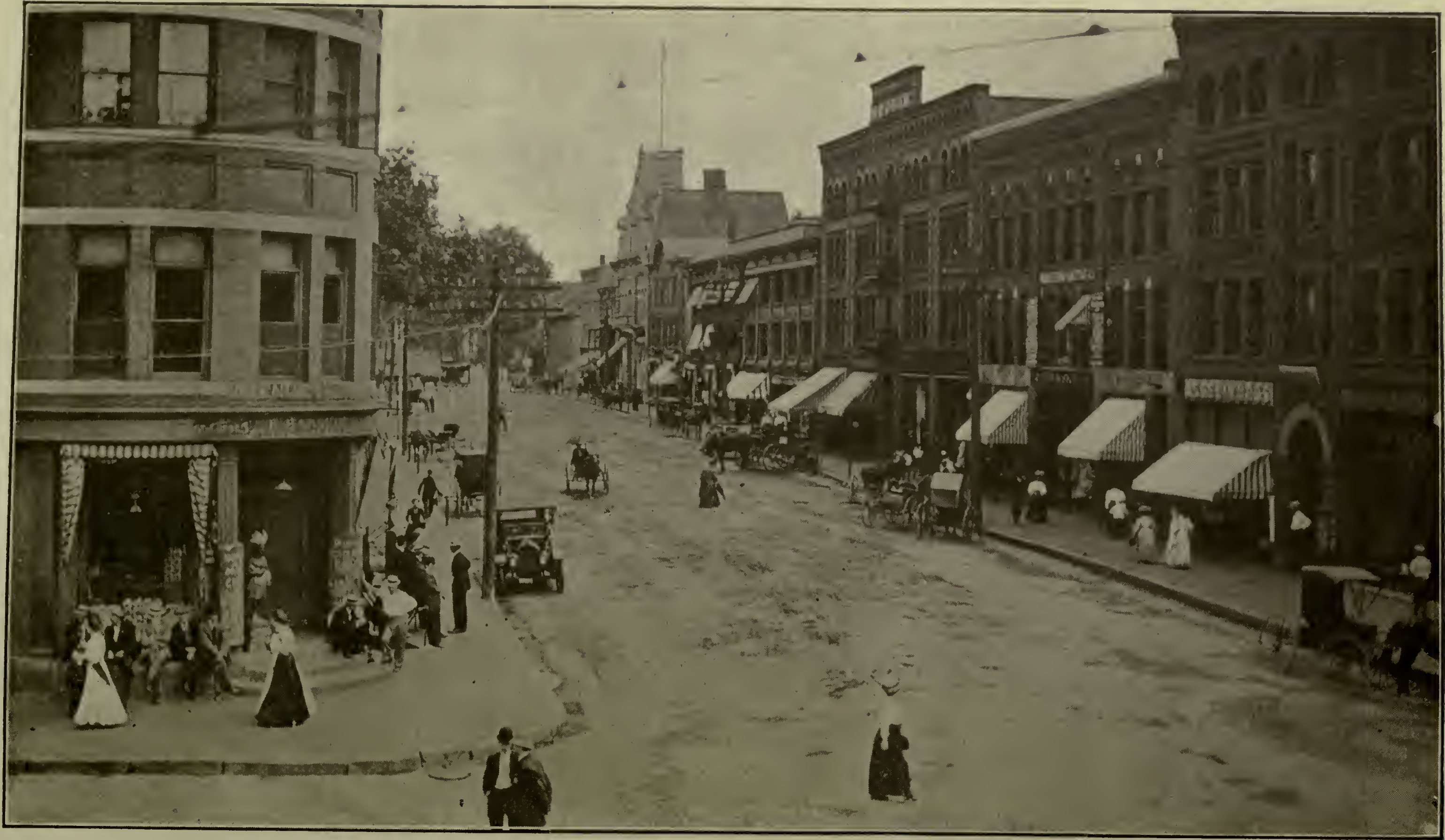
THE NEW MASONIC HALL AT ST. JOHNSBURY

In addition to the great scale factory, St. Johnsbury has many other substantial industries. The O. V. Hooker Machine Shop and the American Fork & Hoe Company have for many years been leading industries in the community. Grain from Western Canada is shipped into St. Johnsbury to large grain mills operated by A. H. McLeod Milling Company and Griswold & Mackinnon, and it is the largest grain centre in the state. A large coal and grain business is conducted at St. Johnsbury by E. T. & H. K. Ide, and no small part of the busy industrial life of the town is given over to saw mills and granite finishing works. St. Johnsbury also lies in the center of the principal Vermont sugar belt, and the Carey Maple Sugar Company is one of the world's largest purchasers and wholesalers of maple sugar. The Towle Maple Products Company, makers of the well-known Log Cabin product, has its plant at St. Johnsbury.

With a population of something more than nine thousand the village has shown substantial gains during the past decade. One of the difficult problems of St. Johnsbury is to house its workmen and to meet this problem the St. Johnsbury Realty Company is engaged now in building small houses for working men in different parts of the city.

As a banking centre, St. Johnsbury's four banks have aggregate deposits of about $8,000,000 and are rated among the strong financial institutions of the state.

The high standard of the social life of St. Johnsbury is indicated by the fact that no town of its size in New England has more valuable or attractive public buildings. There are ten magnificent churches, two hospitals, a free public library with an art gallery of rare paintings, Y. M. C. A. building, theatre, women's club house, a new Masonic Temple, and excellent school



THE LOWER BUSINESS SECTION OF ST. JOHNSBURY buildings; also the St. Johnsbury Academy, one of the state's best schools. One of the most beautiful buildings of the state is the Museum of Natural Science at St. Johnsbury, a gift from Colonel Franklin Fairbanks. Long an enthusiastic collector, the Colonel had filled his home with many rare specimens, and in 1890 decided to erect a Museum which should be endowed with a substantial sum for maintenance. No city, except perhaps the great metropolises, New York and Boston, can exhibit such a wonderful collection in natural history. Birds of all countries, native flowers, rocks and minerals are on exhibition, and the hall of science is used much by the children of the public schools in connection with their studies and research work. Part of the hall is given over to a local historical room, containing relics of early settlers. Among these is a wagon built by Thaddeus Fairbanks in 1816, some years before he began the manufacture of scales.

The Commercial Club of St. Johnsbury is one of the live organizations of the state. It is largely composed of young business men of the city, and just succeeded in assuring the erection of a new and modern hotel. A fine garage is operated by the C. H. Goss Company, and many automobile tourists cross Vermont at this section of the state and find it a charming part of their journey. As I stood on the curb I saw a car go by, flying the pennant of far-off Iowa in the beautiful town of St. Johnsbury. Every road leading in and out of the city gives a panorama that is only possible in a country of hills and mountains embellished in the emerald green of northern summer foliage.

A VIEW OF NEWPORT ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, THE GATEWAY TO VERMONT FROM CANADA

* * *

On beautiful Lake Memphremagog, which lies seven miles within the boundary line of the United States and nearly twenty miles within the Dominion of Canada, the village of Newport forms the terminus of the Boston & Maine and the Canadian Pacific railroads. Over in the distance, across the lake from this city of beautiful scenery, Jay Peak rears a towering head amid the morning mists and from Prospect Hill one may see twenty miles down the lake, far into the Canadian country. Built on a point of land projecting far into the lake, Newport is almost wholly surrounded by water. From the heights, the village is seen below under a curtain of shady trees that blend with the blue of the waters of the surrounding lake.

Throughout Orleans County, of which Newport is a part, are some of the finest roads to be found in the state. I had reason to test them in an automobile spin with ex-Governor G. H. Prouty, and wish it were possible to convey to the reader the impression that comes from the beautiful picture presented by the view of the lake from Shattuck Hill. All about the lake are shore line roads, and every new point of vantage commands new scenes, each seemingly more beautiful than the first. The neat, well-kept homes at Newport indicate that it is a town where everybody enjoys life and makes surroundings to suit. Honorable C. A. Prouty, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States, born and raised in Newport, has a beautiful home in the city. A new eight thousand dollar club house, built by the Memphremagog Club, is one of the finest in the state and has all the modern attractions and conveniences. The fine wharfage and dockage for boats on the lake brings much trade to Newport from the summer cottagers on the lake. The principal industry of Newport is lumbering. Since 1876 the Prouty-Miller Company has been sawing lumber in the vicinity and now operates three large mills. The Frost Veneer Seating Company is one of the largest concerns of its kind in the state and makes all sorts of veneered furniture, desk-tops, table-tops, mostly out of birchwood. In addition to this there is the B. F. Moore Company, manufacturers of overalls.

ONE OF THE THREE PLANTS OF THE PROUTY-MILLER LUMBER COMPANY AT NEWPORT

While the population of the village of Newport is only about twenty-five hundred, yet within a mile of the post office more than four thousand people have their homes. It is a beautiful home town in which to live and a delightful place to spend the summer.

Newport is the gateway to eastern Vermont from Canada, and occupies a conspicuous place among the towns and villages of Vermont.

THE BEAUTIFUL PARK AT SWANTON, VERMONT

Down the Western Slope

UP near the Canadian line on the western slope of the Green Mountains is the village of Swanton, one of the earliest settlements in Northern Vermont. This compact little village of forty-five hundred population is not only one of the most thriving industrial communities of the state, but claims unrivalled superiority as a shipping point because it is located on more railroads than any other single point in Vermont, including the Boston & Maine, Canada Atlantic, Central Vermont (main line and branches), and the Grand Trunk.

Swanton is the center of the Vermont lime industry, and "Swanton lime" is known the world over as the finest lime for bleaching purposes. Other limes are as good for use in building, but there are qualities in the Swanton lime that make it as indispensable to successful bleaching as the Bessemer process is in the steel industry.

At Swanton, also, took place the early discovery of some of the many marble quarries of Vermont, which were developed long before the railroads were built, the stone being transported to New York by water through Lake Champlain and down the Hudson River. The "Champlain Red" of the Barney Marble Company is a famous product of this region and enters into the embellishment and decorations of many modern buildings.

A leading industry at Swanton is the manufacture of the famous Robin Hood Smokeless Powder and ammunition by the Robin Hood Ammunition Company. This is the only manufacturing concern in America making both high-grade smokeless and ordinary sporting powders, as well as empty and loaded shells, primers and wads. Loading and selling the product of its own mills, it is wholly independent in the perfection of "Robin Hood" products. The powder mills are situated some distance back from the village and here the processes of one of the original inventors of smokeless powder are carried on.

The trade-mark is taken from the famous outlaw, "Robin Hood," of English history, and is illustrated by a fantastic pose of this character of ancient legend. More than two hundred and fifty people employed by the Robin Hood Company find exceptional conditions of light and ventilation in the handsome new factory buildings where the ammunition is prepared for the market. It seems paradoxical that this quiet little corner of Vermont should be furnishing ammunition for a large part of the country.

THE FALLS AT SWANTON, VERMONT

The United States Government, in its supply of special ammunition for gallery practice, is one of the largest customers of the Robin Hood Company.

The demand for smokeless powder has grown enormously within the last few years, to the profit of the industrial life of Swanton.

The large grain elevator business of the Bailey Company, as well as the thriving industry at the Lapelle Poultry Food Factory, indicate the prosperity of the agricultural community which surrounds Swanton. The first of October the village will hold a corn exhibit to include all of Franklin County. This will add greatly to the interest in the development of scientific agriculture, and Swanton has always been prompt to take the lead in such matters.

As a residential section, Swanton has all the beauties and advantages of the beautiful Lake Champlain region where summer hotels and cottages abound. The Taquahanga Club, which is the leading

SWANTON ELECTRIC POWER PLANT

ROBIN HOOD AMMUNITION CO.

THE ROBIN HOOD AMMUNITION COMPANY'S PLANT AT SWANTON, VERMONT

social organization of the village, has preserved and made as its home a fine old colonial house, built in 1804.

Swanton has the unique distinction of being the first village to acquire municipal lighting and water service and it has the good fortune of owning outright its own power and water supply, with ample provision for a city of half a million people, if necessary. The water comes from the beautiful Dream Lake, lying back of the mountains and noted for its great depth. It has been said that a plummet line has been dropped 276 feet without reaching the bottom. Swanton has all the power necessary for her industrial development, and herein lies the certainty of her future growth.

THE CENTRAL VERMONT RAILWAY STATION AT ST. ALBANS, VERMONT

Two hours' ride from Montreal, forming one of the most conspicuous and in wartime the most important of gateways between the United States and Canada, is the city of St. Albans.

During the Civil War the historic St. Albans' raid took place. The plan had been conceived by the Confederate government that if simultaneous attacks or raids could be made on each of the border cities by Southern soldiers, it would draw the attention of the Government to the necessity of protecting such points and would divide Federal forces. The plans were well laid, but only one intrepid young Southern officer was able to escape detection and get his little band through the lines. In the fall of 1864 first one and then another young man arrived in St. Albans, where they spent their time when not at the boarding house or hotels, fishing in the beautiful waters of Lake Champlain. On the 19th of October, twenty young Confederate soldiers led by a mere boy of twenty-one, Colonel Bennett H. Young, drove the people of St. Albans into the public park which was surrounded by a single rail fence, and guarding the enclosure threatened to shoot any who crossed the dead line, meanwhile robbing the banks and forcing the cashiers to swear allegiance to the Southern Confederacy at the point of a pistol. During the fight one citizen was killed and one of the raiders was also wounded. As the raiders fled to Canada on horses seized for the purpose, they burned the bridges after them, but the pursuit was so hot that they were captured soon after they crossed the border and were taken to Montreal as prisoners. The Canadian Government refused to deliver them to Vermont officials; regarding the raid as justified by the laws of war, although the case was hotly contested.

MAIN STREET, ST. ALBANS

The town of St. Albans was chartered in 1763 and the first settler was Jesse Welden. For the most part the settlement in and around St. Albans was effected by veteran Revolutionary soldiers who had become familiar with the fertile valleys while passing along the war trails to and from Canada. Today it has become one of the most fertile regions of New England, St. Albans being one of the greatest butter markets in the United States. Here are located the headquarters of the Central Vermont Railway, which has been called the "University of Railroad Men," because of the number of young men trained in the St. Albans offices who have gone out into the world to become leaders in railroad operation and construction. President E. J. Chamberlin of the Grand Trunk System, under which the Central Vermont is operated, began his railroad career in the railroad offices at St. Albans, likewise Mr. J. M. Hannaford, the new president of the Northern Pacific, and many other men who are now celebrities in the railroad world.

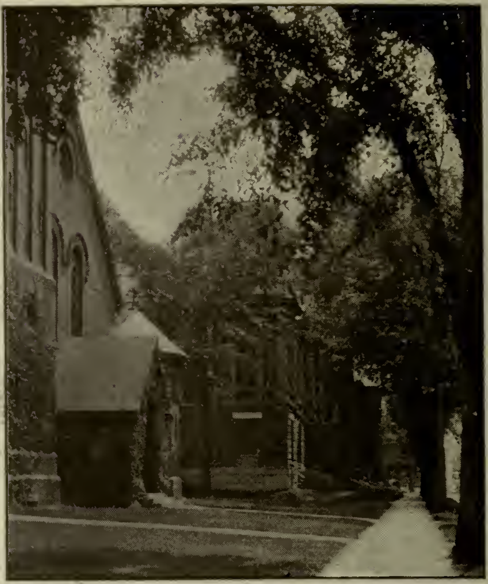
The first spikes securing the rails connecting several of the great Transcontinental systems of the West were driven by St. Albans men; and the first road into Chicago was laid by an expert born and bred in old Vermont. The old Puritan stock, nourished and strengthened by the ozone-laden Green Mountain air, is said to account for the extraordinary way with which Vermonters have always seemed to forge to the front.

St. Albans railroad history dates back to the early pioneer work of one John Smith, which was later taken up and enlarged upon by his son, Vermont's famous war governor, John Gregory Smith. Not only did he build the Vermont Central line through a sparsely settled country, but he had the experience of having the railroad taken away from him repeatedly, only to win it back again through a wonderful genius and indomitable enterprise. Not content with the tremendous tasks that confronted him during his incumbency as war governor and the building of the Vermont Central, John Gregory Smith became the first president of the Northern Pacific Railroad and built the first 450 miles west of St. Paul. Before he died in 1891, he presented to his home city a handsome bronze fountain which now graces the beautiful park in the center of St. Albans.

COLONIAL INN AT ST. ALBANS, VERMONT

St. Albans has many advantages to offer the automobilist who is making his summer vacation tour through Vermont. "Good Roads" are more than a slogan in the Green Mountain State and the improved condition of the highways will not only invite a multitude of automobile vacationists, but also will be of advantage to the native farmers. Vermont sees good results for every dollar expended in this work.

The scenery around St. Albans is especially beautiful. There are many elegant cottages and summer camps on the lovely shores of Lake Champlain, and for the motorist a trip skirting the Lake shore leaves nothing to be desired in the way of ever-changing scenery. The Adirondack Mountains across the Lake, towering out of the blue mists that overhang the Lake, and the Green Mountains to the rear casting the reflection of their velvet sheen across the sloping valley—all this makes a picture whose beauty and majesty can only be depicted by the highest artistic genius. Miles upon miles of the most beautiful valley form a vista within whose boundaries are to be found every known pleasure for the vacationist and, indeed, the mountains, lakes, rivers and valleys of Vermont make it the most beautiful state in all the Union. One of the most attractive camps of this region is Kamp Kill Kare, located on a peninsula known as Rocky Point, within a few miles of St. Albans, on the historic St, Albans Bay. This delightful spot is resorted to every year by a colony of forty to fifty young men under the direction of twelve or thirteen instructors. The camp is associated with the Pennington and Lawrenceville school of New Jersey. Nothing seems to build up a boy so much in physical development and growth as a summer vacation spent in this way, in the jolly companionship of his fellow-students under the tutelage of competent professors. The islands in the vicinity seem especially attractive and fitted by nature for golf and fishing clubs. The famous fishing grounds of the Great Back Bay entice anglers from all parts of the country, and here the gamey black bass play an important part in the pleasure of the summer cottagers. Splendid natural advantages and proximity to Montreal and other centers makes this region attractive for wealthy city folk to establish their country clubs.



CHURCH STREET, ST. ALBANS

The Central Vermont Railway system, which traverses the entire length of the state, is the key that unlocks "all outdoors" to the vacationist throughout a region extending from the beautiful valleys and the hillsides of the Lake Champlain region to the seashore about New London, Connecticut, its southern terminus.

St. Albans is the natural trade center for Franklin and portions of Lamoille and Grand Isle coun-

THE BOAT LANDING AT ST. ALBANS BAY

ties, which include a population of some fifty thousand people, all with excellent surroundings for farm exploitation and profit. Ex-Governor E. C. Smith, a son of the war governor, is operating a fifteen hundred acre farm just outside the city that is one of the "show farms" of the state.

The apple culture of Grand Isle is to Vermont what the potato culture in Aroostook County is to Maine. North and South Hero Islands are also noted for their fertility, and crossed by the Rutland Railroad they have quick access to the markets in New York and Montreal.

The keynote of any city's industrial development is its available low cost power, and St. Albans is especially fortunate in having a large volume of electric power developed at Fairfax Falls where the Lamoille River gives a total of three thousand horse-power, much of which is still available for new industries at a cost lower than can be quoted by any other New England city. Some of its industries have already grown to be nation-wide in their influence and significance. The St. Albans Foundry and Implement Company, manufacturers of threshers, shredders and saws, have established a market in all parts of the country, especially where the heat of the tropics put such machinery to its severest test for durability and strength. The Willard Manufacturing Company, producing fine white goods for southern trade, is one of the most successful business houses in the state, and illustrates what can be done with any kind of a business that is properly managed.

With an abundance of power close to the city, freedom from labor troubles, unexcelled railroad facilities, and low rates for unfinished products to its doors, St. Albans needs only an awakening to advance by leaps and bounds.

St. Albans is fortunate in being very largely the home of moderate, well-to-do people—with no poor class nor "idle rich."

THE SITE OF GRAND ISLE ORCHARD CLUB, NEAR BURLINGTON

Three of its banks have assets of more than two million dollars which is constantly being increased. As a matter of fact, Vermont is very strong in its bank deposits. —her savings banks especially proving that her people are frugal and amassing property. The largest special assets of the state in a banking way lie in its volume of western farm mortgages, many of which are held by the savings banks. This shows that Vermont has not only sent her young men West to build up cities, but she also loaned her money to furnish capital to the farmers of the West. Herein the Vermonters have shown their usual Yankee shrewd-

THE HARBOR OF BURLINGTON

ness, for St. Albans, together with other important financial centers of Vermont, is substantially interested in a source of investment that is not subject to stock speculation.

* * *

The metropolis of Vermont, the city of Burlington, is enthroned on the bluffs that fringe historic Lake Champlain. Far-famed for its beauty of location and its industrial importance, the city overlooks the blue waters beyond whose opposite shore, ten miles distant, the Adirondack Mountains of New York State lend a stately background, lit up by splendid sunsets and soft autumnal mists and hazes in the picturesque foreground. Inland the Green Mountains, with Mt. Mansfield and Camel's Hump, two of the tallest peaks of the range, offer the enticing de-

BATTERY PARK, BURLINGTON

LAMBDA IOTA FRATERNITY, BURLINGTON, VERMONT

lights of mountain climbing. Burlington has long held special charms for the tourist and has some of New England's best hotels, among them Hotel Vermont, with two hundred rooms and a beautiful roof garden on which one may sit and look over the city below and the surrounding country and constantly changing scenes of Lake Champlain. Both the Van Ness Hotel and the New Sherwood are also favorites of the traveling public. Thanks to the enterprise and ability of its hotel men, Burlington is an ideal city for conventions,—cool, inviting and well able to take care of its visitors.

Although Burlington lays claim to but twenty-one thousand inhabitants, this figure is doubled during the summer by

A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN BURLINGTON

THE VAN NESS HOUSE, ONE OF VERMONT'S MOST POPULAR HOSTELRIES

the hosts of tourists, many of whom are as regular visitants as the swallows that skim the lake on tireless wings. The city abounds in beautiful drives, and Fort Ethan Allen Park, which is reached by trolley and macadamized roads, is one of the noted public pleasure grounds of the state. From "The Lookout" on a high bluff, one can feast his eyes upon the fertile valleys and get a rare view of the lake. The splendid sheet of water, a veritable inland sea, extends like a great blue turquoise with emerald islands in a setting of sun-gilded mountain ranges. Close at hand is the Ethan Allen Farm where Ethan Allen, after escaping many dangers, eventually met his death by falling off a load of hay while getting his winter forage. Devil's Den, a hidden cave in a side hill, is pointed out as the spot where Allen miraculously escaped from the Indians in one of the many Canadian

HOTEL VERMONT, A THOROUGHLY MODERN HOTEL

Hager's Studio

OVERLOOKING BEAUTIFUL WINOOSKI VALLEY, NEAR BURLINGTON

raids. At the Ethan Allen Clubhouse, one of Vermont's leading social organizations, prominent visitors from all parts of the country are entertained with true Vermont hospitality.

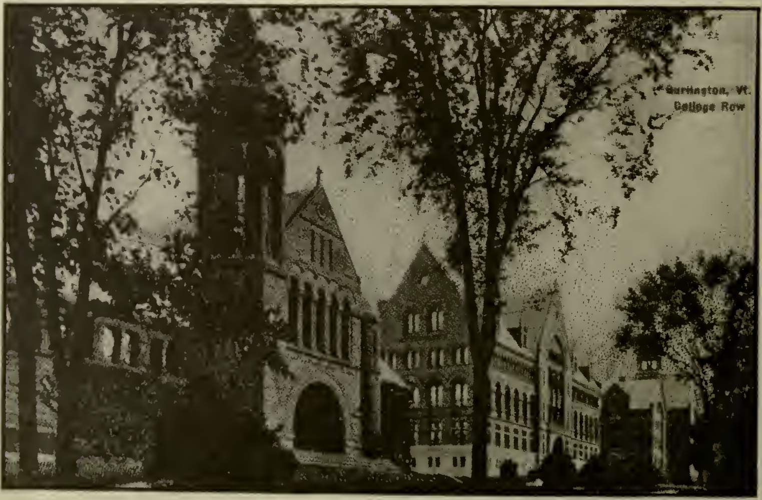
Excursions to Mt. Mansfield, twenty-five miles away, or to the hundreds of delightful, quaint villages on the mountain side, are made possible by the best automobile roads extant. Steamers daily sail from the harbor at Burlington to all the historic points in this region, including Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Plattsburg. The Lake Champlain Yacht Club regatta, held each year, is one of the picturesque sights of America, and Lake Champlain for the time is simply dotted over with the gay pennants and silver wings of yachts, sailing canoes and motor boats. In winter sports Burlington sees an opportunity that has not been fully developed. Last year a toboggan slide was built, and the Winter Sports Club, one thousand strong, was organized to conduct a carnival that should eventually rival the gay life at Montreal in midwinter.

On the hill overlooking Burlington is the University of Vermont and the medical college, one of the oldest institutions in the state. It was chartered in 1791 and its founder was Ira Allen, brother of Ethan Allen, one of the chief figures in Vermont history. During recent years the University has been especially developed along lines needful to the state. It has grown largely through the endowment of interested citizens and a movement is on foot to grant scholarships for worthy students the same as is done in other educational institutions. Not only in Vermont but throughout the nation this University is well and favorably known, and no college president is more highly esteemed by the student body and all the people of the state than its president, Doctor Benton. Among the several beautiful fraternity houses at the University of Vermont, the latest is that of the Lambda Iota Fraternity, the first of the local fraternities. The founders of the Lambda Iota included some of Vermont's most distinguished sons, including John Gregory Smith.

Burlington enjoys one of the most efficient and effective Merchant Associations that exists in the New England States. It is a thoroughly organized body of energetic business men who are doing good work for the city and state. Some of the best stores, whose reputation extends to New York and throughout New England, are located in Burlington.

In Burlington are made the world-renowned Diamond Dyes which, many years ago, placed in the housewife's hands small and cheap packages of aniline dyes. Major-General William Wells, commander of the First Vermont Cavalry, who distinguished himself at Little Round Top in the Battle of Gettysburg, was a member of the firm of Wells-Richardson, who started this business in 1881. The recent dedication of a monument to Major-General Wells, erected on the battlefield of Gettysburg, by a large delegation of Vermont soldiers, bore witness of the love and esteem of his comrades and his state.

Lumbering has always been one of the principal industries of Burlington, and the shore line of the city is still filled with piles of lumber and busy mills where the hum of the saws is heard night and day. The Venetian Blind Company, now in its thirtieth year, has factories at Burlington, and many chair factories and various wood-working concerns serve to maintain Burlington's prestige as a manufacturing center. At Winooski is a large woolen mill operated by the American Woolen Company, and the Porter Screen Company, one of the largest screen manufacturers in the world.



THE BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT AT BURLINGTON

The growth of summer colonies at Lake Champlain is attracting attention. The most recent and extensive project is the organization of the Grand Isle Orchard Club, eighteen miles above Burlington on the beautiful island from which it takes its name. The location is in a cedar grove that fringes the shore of the lake, surrounded by an orchard of ten thousand apple trees, whose perfume fills the air with sweetness. Thirty modern bungalows of native stone and shingle with center club house are to be erected if present plans are carried out. Running spring water, gas and electric lights and careful restrictions will make this club, when completed, one of the finest in the entire region. Many New York and Boston business men will find it a convenient distance, being an "over night" trip each way. "Camp Vermont" in the vicinity is one of the best-known boys' camps on the lake.

* * *

A short journey below Burlington on the line of the Rutland Railroad brings one to Vergennes, a promising industrial center whose early history is linked with the war trials of Vermont. The next stop is thence to Middlebury, the site of the famous Middlebury College, known for its distinguished alumni, for Middlebury College has a unique history and is ranked with the leading colleges of the country.

High up on a plateau to the left, descending the western slope of the state, is the town of Bristol, a beautiful, attractive summer place which draws many vacationists with its charms. An active Board of Trade loses no chance to offer opportunities to institutions desiring to locate within the state, especially for products made from wood. The Lawrence Memorial Library in Bristol, a gift of Colonel W. A. Lawrence, is one of the finest buildings in the state.

En route lies the quaint village of Brandon. Here was recently dedicated a monument to its celebrated son, Stephen A. Douglas. The occasion to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of Senator Douglas' birth, and many public men of the country were in attendance. Brandon is a delightful country town with no industrial activities to jar the even tenor of its way.

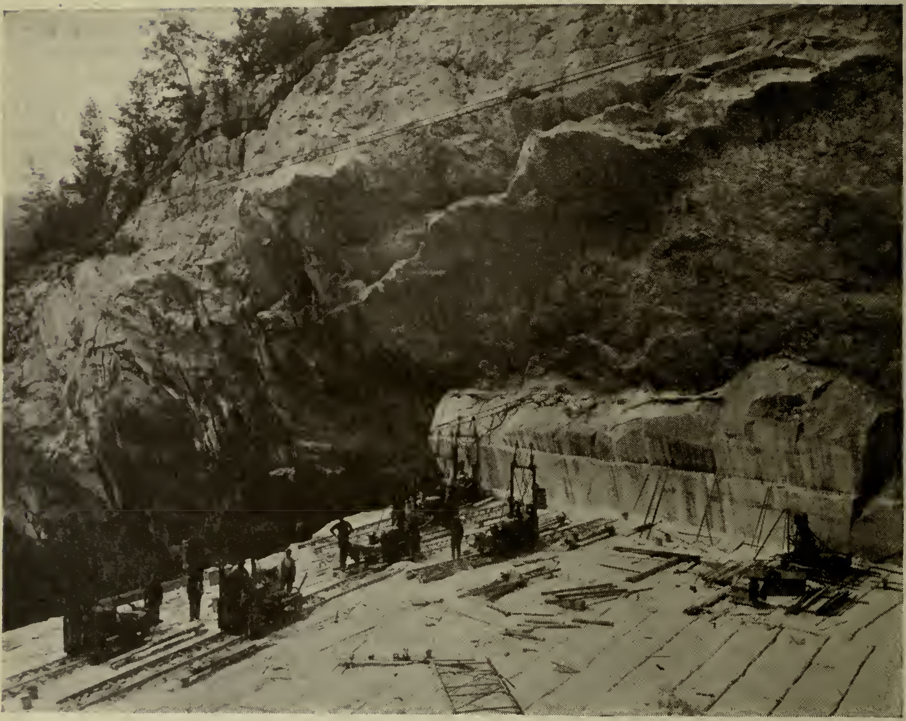
* * *

Looking from the car window the outcropping of white stone lying in the green fields, like patches of unmelted snow in springtime, is the first indication to the traveler that he is nearing the great marble belt of Vermont.

There is some dispute as to the place where marble was first quarried in Vermont. West Rutland, Danby and Dorset are rivals for the honor, and it is presumable that in all three places marble was produced before the year 1840, but no matter to which the distinction belongs, Rutland County stands supreme as the world's marble center.

It seems fitting that the largest marble business of its kind in the world should here be conducted. The Vermont Marble Company, situated at Proctor, and having plants at ten or fifteen outlying branches, was built up by the late Senator Proctor largely through the acquisition of smaller marble concerns operating along the famous marble belt, which extends from Belden's to Manchester—a distance of seventy miles. Here is quarried the highest grade of marble known, capable of the highest polish and embellishment for interior finish. The great Vermont quarries are sights not to be met with elsewhere in any part of the world. After a quarry is

THE LONG LINE OF DEEP QUARRIES AT WEST RUTLAND



OPENING A NEW QUARRY AT PROCTOR, VERMONT

opened up, the machines work along the top of the marble bed not unlike ice-machines and pulverize the stone, cutting troughs an inch wide. By means of these troughs the big blocks of marble are wedged out. There can be little blasting for fear the stone may be injured, and the small amount of blasting done is conducted very carefully.

Although marble costs more to produce in the rough, yet it is less expensive to finish, and thus comes into close competition with granite. The Senate Office building in Washington is perhaps the finest building yet built of Vermont marble. In almost any well-ordered American town some building—the Post-office, mayhap—will furnish a lasting testimonial to the effectiveness of Vermont marble. The new Catholic Cathedral at Buffalo, the most famous building of its kind in the country and now in course of construction, will use twelve hundred carloads of Vermont marble. Noted geologists declare that Vermont marble is a deposit of minute shell-fish, because in the marble quarries the prehistoric shell fossils are found from time to time in the cut stone. It is further found that in its composition Vermont marble has ninety-nine per cent of carbonate of lime. The difference between marble and limestone is that the crystals are visible to the naked eye in marble, whereas in limestone they are not.

In Center Rutland today the Vermont Marble Company has an exhibition of all the different kinds of marble that have been quarried—a wonderful collection. Marble is classified under twenty-five different headings. To the average person these naturally group themselves into half a dozen of the common varieties—white, light green, dark green, gray or blue and red. Green tints are chiefly in demand for interior work and give soft, cool color to the interior of banking offices, libraries, etc. White is more or less a standard of elegance in decoration. Some of the finest mausoleums have been produced from Vermont marble, the use of marble for this purpose dating back many centuries. The "Champlain Red" and the Vermont

THE "STOCK IN TRADE" OF THE MARBLE BUSINESS, FIFTEEN THOUSAND CARLOADS IN A SINGLE BLOCK PILE

Verde Antique, with its dark green and white markings, are favorite varieties for decorative purposes.

Modern electricity has furnished an important outlet for marble. All of the switchboards for the Westinghouse and General Electric Companies are finished in Vermont marble. It is the best non-conductor of all stone. Today marble is being used more than ever both for permanency and tasteful decoration, and whereas, formerly, Italian marble was considered indispensable for fine work, it has been largely superseded by the outputs of the Vermont hills.

The sawing and surfacing of the marble is largely done by sand. At the Proctor Mills the sand is carried over the mountain two and a half miles by an endless chain of aerial buckets, transporting ninety buckets an hour, which are automatically dumped into big receiving bins. The huge blocks of marble are sawed into sections of various thickness by bands of soft steel passing back and forth with flowing water to carry the sands beneath the blade, which acts as teeth to the saw. A large circular saw used in cutting special blocks is operated much like an ordinary wood saw except that its teeth are inlaid with bortz or "black diamonds," the only stone that will cut the marble satisfactorily.

Among the largest pieces of marble ever turned out at the Vermont Marble Works were the columns for the Curtis Publishing Company's plant in Philadelphia, which were thirty feet long, among the largest monoliths of marble ever produced in this country.

It is interesting to know what becomes of the small marble chips which come from the machines as the large pieces of stone are turned out. They are all gathered together and used for many purposes, among them the making of terrazzo floors wherein the chips are laid in cement. Much marble waste is also used by the pulp manufacturers, being dissolved into a liquor which chemically changes the wood into pulp. White marble dust for producing

SUTHERLAND FALLS AT PROCTOR, VERMONT, WHERE ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND HORSE POWER IS GENERATED

carbonic acid gas for charging soda water is consumed by thousands of tons.

The power used is largely electrical, furnished by the tumbling waters of the neighboring streams. Proctor is furnished with water-power, giving four thousand horse-power, from falls on Otter Creek. There is also an additional four thousand horse-power at Huntington Falls, and power plants at lesser falls in the vicinity.

The Vermont Marble Company is a wonderful example of American organization. Four thousand men are in its employ, and the profit-sharing company stores for the benefit of the employees enable every consumer to withdraw a substantial dividend at the end of each year, based on the amount of his purchases. The company turns the profit back to the consumer, retaining only four per cent for its investment. In addition, the time of the executive management of the business is given without charges.

The main hospital at Proctor, an important factor in the successful conduct of the business, has a staff of twelve nurses and accommodates twenty-five patients. Regularly the nurses visit the outlying plants and take care of the sick in the families of any of the employees. For this purpose the nurses are furnished with teams in driving from house to house, and their services are free. It is a beneficent work, for the Vermont Marble Company nurses not only heal the sick, but teach hygiene and cleanliness wherever they go. The employees include Swedes, Hungarians, Poles and Italians—the last class being regarded as the most skilled workmen, for they are born and bred stone-cutters, father succeeding son for generations back.

* * *

Lying among the Green Mountains, in one of the most delightful locations that can be conceived, Rutland presents real achievement in city planning. Its broad, shady streets, beautiful libraries, churches and hotels—not to speak of many elegant residences—have made it the pride of the surrounding country. Rutland's charter was granted fourteen years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and the little settlement located in the center of Otter Creek Valley promised even in the early days to yield rich agricultural returns.

Yet Rutland was destined to be an industrial as well as an agricultural center. During the last decade it has grown phenomenally, and it is conservatively estimated that the extent of its business amounts to more than ten million dollars annually. Long a conspicuous railroad center, its citizens were the builders of the Rutland Railroad which is today one of the most important lines in the state. Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, of railroad fame, were frequent visitors to Rutland in its exciting railroad history. Today, with five radiating lines of railroads, and twenty-five passenger trains a day to New York and Boston, Rutland enjoys all the advantages necessary to industrial development. It is said to have more mileage in its electric railway system than all the other cities in Vermont combined.

One of the two largest scale manufactories in the world is located in Rutland. The Howe Scale Works were established in Rutland in 1873, having started in Vergennes in 1853, and one gets an idea of their importance from records which show that of the sixty scale companies in America, fifty-eight concerns are making either Fairbanks or Howe scales, both products of Vermont inventors. The inventions in 1853 by Mr. F. M. Strong, which improved the multiplying lever platform scale, perfected what is known as the Howe Scale. Even the Russian, German, French and English companies manufacture on the lines of one or another of these systems. It is indeed a strange fact that an inland state like Vermont, a long way removed from coal, coke and iron, should today be making fifty per cent of all the scales sold in the Western hemisphere. Practically all the scales exported from America are those manufactured in Vermont.

Honorable John A. Mead, president of the Howe Scale Works, was the last of the Grand Army veterans to serve in any state as Governor. He held the executive chair at Montpelier during 1910–12, and his administration was marked for progressive movements along the line of good roads, better schools and agricultural education. He took hold of the scale business years ago, when it was in a precarious condition,

THE PLANT OF THE HOWE SCALE WORKS, RUTLAND, VERMONT, OCCUPYING NEARLY SEVENTEEN ACRES

POWER PLANT OF RUTLAND RAILWAY LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, RUTLAND, VERMONT

and has built it up into one of the largest in the country, with fourteen stores or branches in different cities of the country, doing a business of more than one million and a half dollars annually. The largest purchasers of the Howe Scale are the industrial concerns wherein modern efficiency requires them to get at the bottom of cost. The Howe Scale works has increased its plant from year to year—four new buildings were added last year, and two new ones are under construction at the present time. Many of the twelve hundred employees have never known what it is to work anywhere else, some having been on the payroll for fifty years. The plant has grown until it covers nearly seventeen acres.

One distinctive feature of the Howe Scale Works is the testing of every scale to its capacity before it is sent out. There are more than four thousand different patterns, the latest being an automatic weighing machine, weighing from twenty-five pounds to ten tons.

Among the important industries of Rutland is the F. R.Patch Manufacturing Company, the largest makers of stone and marble working machines in the world. The company was incorporated in 1892 by Mr. Patch; today it employs nearly two hundred men and ships machinery to all parts of America and indeed the whole world. This machinery largely takes the place of hand work in stone cutting. Mr. Patch himself knows the stone business from beginning to end. He used to work in the quarries, as he is fond of telling, and he has the advantage of being able to fill almost any position in his great plant. He has combined his thorough knowledge with strong common sense and an inventive faculty, and the machinery made in his works has revolutionized the stone finishing business.

Another important Rutland concern is the G. H. Grimm Co., which manufactures utensils for maple sugar makers. Here is a flourishing business that started in a simple, unpretentious manner and today sends its products to nearly every maple sugar camp in the country. A sugar camp of one thousand trees costs six hundred dollars for equipment, and should produce about four thousand pounds of sugar in a good season, proving a good return on the investment. The express companies of Vermont make special rates for sugar and syrup during the spring of the year, and it is as common for a Vermonter to send sugar and syrup to his friend in the West or South as it is for the Southerner to send North his choice grapefruit—an interchange of the season's greetings that is always delightful.

Summer Residence, R.T. Lincoln
Manchester, Vt.

"HILDENE," THE HOME OF ROBERT T. LINCOLN, MANCHESTER, VERMONT

The available water power of the section is practically unlimited. The Rutland Light, Heat & Power Company have a plant at Carvers Falls with a 120 foot fall and a new station at Chittenden, which will utilize a head of 420 feet from Chittenden Lake. The old dam at this lake is 72 feet high and when proposed developments are completed, Rutland and vicinity will have from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand horse power.

About two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is being expended in this work at the present time, and no matter what demand may be made by Rutland's industrial growth in the future, the needed power will be amply provided.

* * *

From Rutland the railroad branches into two diagonal lines, one leading to Boston and the other to New York. Here visible from the cars, the Green Mountains, in majestic splendor, seem to "greet the coming and speed the parting guest." In the distance, on the route to Bennington, towers the far-famed Equinox Mountain at Manchester, under whose cooling afternoon shadows the guests of the Equinox House gather, a happy, genial throng of automobile tourists and golf enthusiasts, for this is claimed to be the golfing center of New England. On the Equinak Club grounds, an eighteen-hole course, three miles and one-half in extent, is surrounded on all sides by huge mountains, dappled by many effects and hues by the sunlight, as the shifting clouds lazily drift across their heights. A statue of Ethan Allen in colonial costume, chiselled in Barre granite, occupies the center of a wide, grass-covered plaza, and inspires remembrances of the colonial days, when Manchester

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SITE OF DWELLING ON JAMES BRECKINRIDGE'S FARM, BENNINGTON VERMONT

played a conspicuous part in the organization and fighting of the Green Mountain Boys.

Midway between the Green Mountains and Taconic Range is "Hildene," the home of Robert Todd Lincoln, the son of Abraham Lincoln, located on the crest of a craggy precipice, overlooking the valley, that was doubtless washed by the grinding ice-flow of the glacier period. The house is a mile from the road, reached through a beautiful drive of white birch and fragrant pine. In the formal gardens in front of the house a wealth of bud and blossom in all colors continue from early spring until the late autumn.

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THE STARK PAPER MILL, HISTORIC BENNINGTON, VERMONT

All the highways leading from Manchester to Bennington where General Stark made his successful stand against the British, are byways of history. On the Breckenridge farm was spilled the first blood of the incipient Revolution, in the struggle of the Green Mountain Boys against injustice. The grindstone copings of the windows in the Stark Paper Mill, which still stands, are made from the stones that ground corn to feed Seth Warner's one hundred and fifty-six men who had marched from Manchester to the Battle of Bennington. Refreshed by their frugal meal, they were just in time to defeat Breyman's five hundred men and save the day for General Stark.

Many residents of Bennington are direct descendants of those engaged in the battle and in their family archives are interesting letters written at the time of the great battle. Among them is this unpublished letter written by Joseph Rudd, a lieutenant under Captain Dewey, to his father, which is valuable in that it establishes the fact that cannon was used in the battle, which was disputed for some time.

Bennington, Vt.,
Aug. 26th, 1777.

Honored Father: After my duty, I take this opportunity to write you, hoping these lines will find you well, as through the goodness of God, they leave me and my family. We met with a great deal of trouble on the 16th inst. Myself and brother John were preserved through a very hot battle. We killed and took, according to the best account we can get, about one thousand of the enemy, our loss was about thirty or forty. We marched right up against their breastworks with our small arms, while they fired at us with their field pieces every half minute, yet they never touched a man with them. We drove them out of their breastworks and took their field pieces and pursued and killed a great number of them. We took four or five of my neighbors—two Snyders and two Hornbecks. The bigger part of Dutch Hoosac were in the battle against us. They went to the regulars a day or two before the battle. While I was gone my wife and children went down to Williamstown. After I came home I went after them and found them at Landlord Simons. I now have them home again, my wife was nearly worried out. She had four children with her; Selinda was forced to run on foot. We expect the enemy will come upon us again, and what I shall do with my family, I know not. I would inform you that I received your letter dated Aug. 18th. I want to come and see you very much, but when I shall I know not. Remember me to brothers and sisters and inquiring friends. No more at present, but I remain your dutiful son until death,

Joseph Rudd.

In North Bennington, the tourists visit the old church which was used as a hospital for the wounded soldiers, and on the slope of Mount St. Anthony stands the Bennington monument, three hundred and six feet high, which can be seen for an immense distance by the approaching automobilist. Just in front of the monument is a statue of Colonel Seth Warner, whose swiftly-marching battalion turned defeat into victory.

MAIN STREET IN BENNINGTON, VERMONT

Here in North Bennington is General J. A. McCullough, the sturdy California pioneer who took up his residence in Vermont in 1871 after serving as attorney general of the state of California. He is one of the distinguished group of governors for which Vermont has ever been famous.

The Bennington County Vermont Improvement Association is one of the first organizations of its kind in New England. It is a co-operative association through which the county can join with the United States Government in the employment of a county farm agent, who, provided with an automobile, spends his time helping the farmers of Bennington County to solve many important problems. But one of the principal aims of the association is the improvement of the county roads, because it will bring better schools, better farms, better crops and better social conditions, as well as a larger volume of summer visitors.

The city of Bennington has been known for years as the center of the knit underwear industry. Today the various knitting concerns employ one thousand people, and in addition there is a large woolen dress-goods factory and the largest stereoscope and radiopticon factory in the world. The township of Bennington includes a population of nine thousand people, and has the distinction of being the first incorporated town in the state. In the early days it was something of a lumbering center, and extensive operations are still carried on along the mountain sides in the vicinity. Iron mines, that today are not worked because of the long haul of coal, once formed a prominent industry of the vicinity, and it is said that the first pig iron bars came from Bennington.

Another important industry is a foundry and machine shop, turning out machines for making gun powder. These machines have been shipped to nearly every country on the globe. In fact, Bennington itself was a big manufacturing center for gun powder during the Civil War. The mineral wealth around Bennington in its mines of "paper clay"—used in the manufacture of paper—and of ochre used in the manufacture of paint, are important industries.

But it is in its many and varied attractions as a summer resort that Bennington County is best known at home and abroad. Some of the most expensive summer homes in the state have been built here, and as the most accessible and nearest at hand of all of Vermont's Green Mountain regions, it holds out the "Welcome Sign" to the tourists of the nation.

JOSEPH SMITH'S MORMON COTTAGE AND MONUMENT, SOUTH ROYALTON, VERMONT

A QUARRY SCENE, BARRE, VERMONT

Along the Granite Ridge

AN unwritten political law of Vermont, which ancient custom has made as immutable as the granite of her mountains, is the alternate apportionment of its state and United States representatives, first to one and then to the other side of the Green Mountains. The two center counties, Washington and Lamoille, have been placed one in each group, thus equally balancing the fourteen counties of the state.

Throughout the center or mountainous part of the state are found many of the most delightful summer resorts and little villages that have been the Mecca of tourists for years; but the chief significance of this region does not lie alone in its appeal through marvelous scenery, historic associations and outdoor sports. In the production of granite, the untold wealth of which can only be conjectured, Vermont rivals the world.

Guarding every entrance into the city of Barre, Vermont, is a large sign post upon which is placed in letters of gold "The Home of Barre Granite, the Largest Granite Center in the World." Barre is today universally conceded to be the monumental granite center of the world, a fact which no one who visits the city is allowed to forget. The great quarries that loom high up on Millstone Mountain are steepled with derricks that swing their mighty arms in rhythm to the staccato roll of the compressed air drills, as they cut out the stone for the mausoleums and memorials of the world. No sight quite equals in effect that of a great granite quarry, where the hand of man has robbed the earth of its hardest treasures. The immense grout piles built out from the hillside by the waste stone are mute testimony of the care that attends the quarrying of

HOME OF BARRE GRANITE
BARRE VT.
LARGEST
GRANITE CENTER
IN THE WORLD

BARRE CITIZENS BELIEVE IN "LETTING PEOPLE KNOW." THESE SIGNS ARE ERECTED AT PROMINENT ENTRANCES TO THE CITY

perfect granite blocks for making monuments. Tons of stone that might be used for building purposes are wasted, for the slightest blemish or defect is not allowed in monument work. Upon this standard Barre granite has become famous the world over. The amazing fact that a hundred-foot cube of Barre granite represents at the present market price a value of from $1,000,000 to $1,125,000 gives an idea of the worth of Barre granite.

The Barre granite industry, although the largest of its kind in the world, seems only in its infancy. A large acreage of the stone is still undeveloped. Derricks driven by electric power are a great new advantage in the production of Barre granite, greatly adding to the efficiency of the plants and quarries. More than forty-five hundred skilled men are employed in this work, with wages amounting to something like $4,500,000 per year. The output of Barre granite last year was slightly more than three hundred thousand tons. The Barre railroad, connecting the quarries with the cutting sheds in the city, is thoroughly equipped for the work.

The Burns statue, which stands in the public square at Barre, is without doubt the finest granite monument ever carved. The stone for this statue was contributed by the Barre quarries, and the work was done in the Barre cutting sheds. On the sides of the monument are four panels in relief, representing scenes described in famous stories of Bobby Burns.

Barre is Vermont's third city in population, and is one of the most prosperous and fastest growing cities in all New England. In 1885 what is now Barre City and Town had a population of about two thousand. The same territory today has a population of about seventeen thousand. Barre has been, and now is, unusually successful from a financial and business standpoint. Well endowed with natural resources, and finely equipped in many ways, through perseverance and integrity it has taken advantage of its opportunities. The city has a fine school system, with an attendance the largest per capita in New England. The Goddard Seminary, an endowed co-educational institution, is noted for its equipment, thoroughness and lofty ethical standards.

Barre has a fine water system, with large storage reservoirs, a sewerage system, a new and ample fire station, with chemical engine, auto fire truck and a paid fire department. A large number of the streets are paved or macadamized, Barre granite being largely used. Barre merchants are prosperous, following modern ideas of merchandising, and show their wares in new and commodious business blocks. The railroad facilities comprise the Boston & Maine and Grand Trunk stysems, and a line of trolley cars between Barre and Montpelier.

No place in New England seems to have greater natural resources and attractions for men of business, or the investors of surplus capital. The equipment of the Barre granite quarries today is worked to the limit of its capacity. The demand for Barre granite is far in excess of the output and there is unlimited room for immediate and future development of her granite quarries. Business was never so prosperous as during the past year, and the addition of from one to two millions of dollars to the present capital of the working granite quarries of Barre should prove a safe financial investment. The Barre granite industry is no longer an experiment.

In and around Barre are beautiful roads and scenery. The drive through Williamstown Gulf is one of the famous automobile roads of the state.

Through this delightful country in a fleet of one hundred automobiles, Barre entertained two hundred and fifty delegates of the Retail Monument Dealers Association on a recent visit to the quarries.

* * *

Montpelier was made the capital of

THE BURNS MONUMENT IN BARRE

"WILLIAMSTOWN GULF," NEAR BARRE; ONE OF THE FAMOUS AUTO DRIVES IN VERMONT

WATERBURY VILLAGE AND HER MOUNTAINS

Vermont in 1807. Up to that time a quiet country village, its location as the seat of state government was due to its central location, which in those days meant a great deal, since all travel was by stage coach, carriage or horseback.

The first capitol building was built of wood and donated to the state of Vermont by the citizens of Montpelier. Until this time, it had been the custom for the legislature to meet around in different villages, much as a church sewing circle, or as someone has happily put it, the state house of Vermont was "on wheels."

On the front portico of the present capitol building, which was erected of Barre granite nearly sixty years ago, are two brass cannon, captured from the British at the Battle of Bennington, where the gallant General Stark declared, "We must whip the Red Coats or Molly Stark sleeps this night a widow."

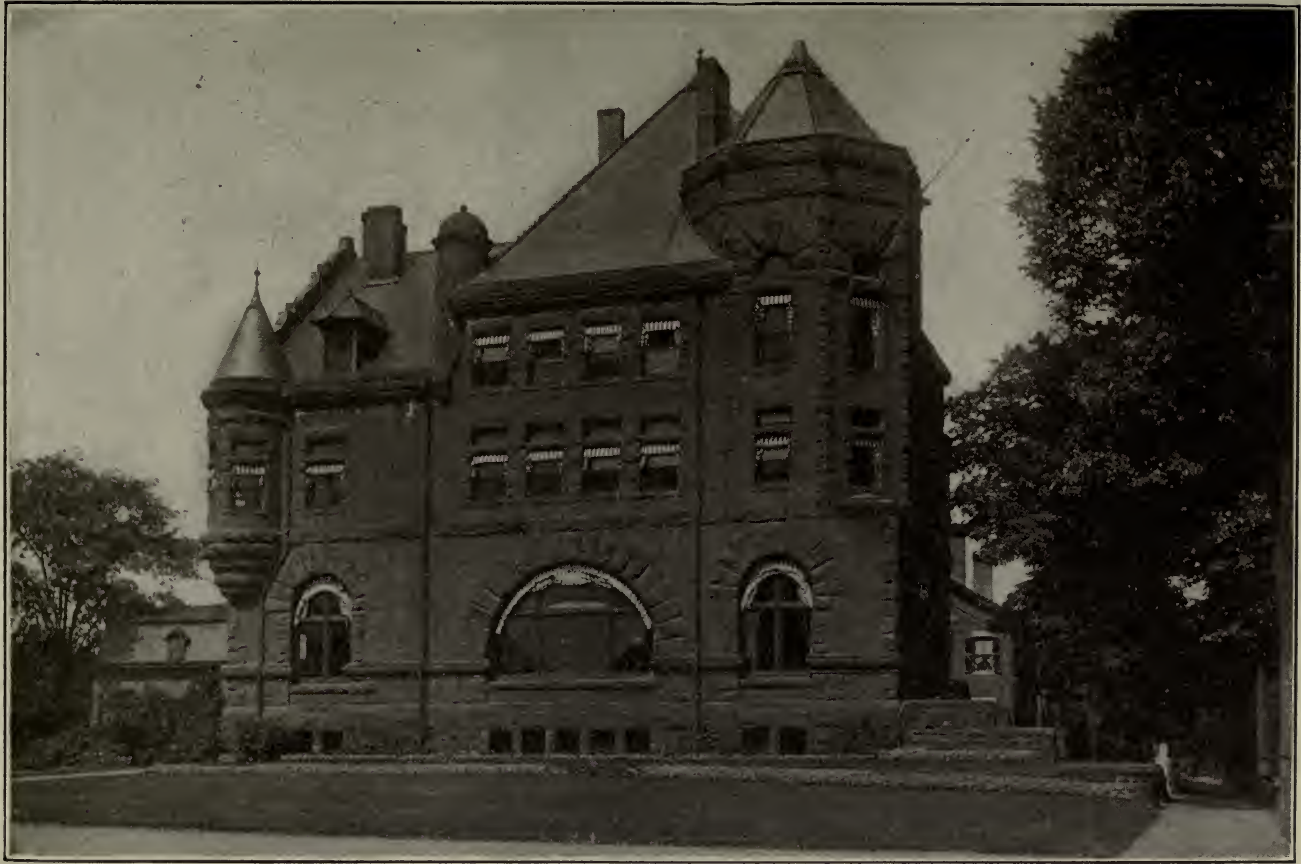
In the museum of the State Historical Society stands the old Daye printing press, the first printing press used in North America, and upon which was printed the first book issued north of Mexico.

The site of the capitol building at Montpelier is delightfully chosen. It is in the center of the city and is approached by a series of broad granite steps, and on either side is a wide plot of well-kept lawn. Fringing the monolithic granite columns at the entrance is a circle of stately elms, shading two modern Krupp guns, which were taken as spoils of war by Montpelier's illustrious son, Admiral George Dewey, at Manila Bay.

The Wood art gallery at Montpelier, a gift of Thomas Waterman Wood, who was a former president of the American Academy of Design, contains perhaps the best and most complete exhibition of Rembrandt copies to be found in the country. The Kellogg Hubbard Library includes a large collection of books and periodicals. The largest and finest municipal building in the state is the new city hall, with an auditorium, by far the largest of any in the state. The convenience of this hall as a meeting place attracts large conventions every year.

One of the important industrial assets of the city is the immense development of water power on the Winooski River. Two or three modern plants are already in operation, and as the need grows, further power will be available.

The Lane Manufacturing Company is one of the oldest institutions in the city,



THE NATIONAL LIFE BUILDING AT MONTPELIER and makes saw-mill machinery. A large number of granite cutting establishments are among the manufacturing industries of Montpelier.

Montpelier has sometimes been called the Insurance City because in the insurance growth of America it has played a part out of all proportion to its size and location, standing third in importance in New England. The National Life Insurance Company was founded in Montpelier sixty-five years ago. It is the largest fiduciary institution in the state and fifteenth in size in the United States, a truly remarkable condition because of Montpelier's seclusion in the hills of the Green Mountains, far removed from the larger cities. This has really been a contributing factor to the company's success, in preserving a reasonable economy of management. Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, father of Admiral George Dewey, was one of the founders of the company, which was originally organized on condition that insurance could be placed upon at least one hundred lives. Today there are 93,789 policies in force, and the amount of insurance is more than $150,000,000, with assets of $56,000,000. The National Life is a purely mutual company, and all of its property belongs to the insured, as there is no stock and the company only issues participating policies. Since its organization the Company, with assets credited, has paid out an amount equal to nearly one hundred and four per cent of the premiums received, a remarkable showing. Mr. Joseph A. De Boer, who has served the National Life as President since 1902, is one of the best known life insurance presidents in the country. A fixed policy of the company is to invest only within the confines of the United States and then only in non-fluctuating securities. One of the features is the annual publication of a full list of investments for the information of the policyholders and the public at large. Another important insurance company with headquarters at Montpelier is the Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company, which confines its business largely to the state of Vermont and is one of the strongest institutions of New England.

MAIN STREET, WATERBURY, VERMONT

The Vermont Power and Lighting Company furnishes Montpelier and Barre with an unlimited and uninterrupted supply of electric power. Recent additions to the equipment provide a steam power reserve of six thousand horse power, which means much to the industrial growth of this section of the state.

* * *

In the geographical center along the ridge of Vermont is Northfield, one of its oldest towns. It was founded in 1794, and is noted as the seat of the Norwich University, the military college of the state. Here Admiral Dewey received his preparatory training, and over five hundred Norwich students served as officers in the Civil War.

The handsome brick library in Northfield is the gift of George Washington Brown, vice-preisdent of the United Shoe Machinery Company. Mr. Brown was born in Northfield and his people were among the earliest pioneers from Connecticut, who pushed into the Vermont valley shortly after the Revolution and made their homes among the forest and hills of what is now Northfield. His ancestor, Jonathan Brown, was captured by the Indians in 1782 and held captive for two years in Montreal.

Congressman Frank Plumley of Vermont has his home in Northfield.

The home of Senator William P. Dillingham is at Waterbury, another thriving center in this region. Waterbury has a population of between two and three thousand and is the railroad station used by tourists visiting Camel's Hump and Mt. Mansfield. Waterbury itself is a popular summer resort. A trolley road gives good service to Waterbury and Stowe.

Near Waterbury is the far-famed Asbestos Mountain.

In the village of Stowe, which lies at the foot of Mt. Mansfield, more than five million feet of lumber are cut in one year, chiefly for boxes, wooden handles and novelty products, and Stowe is also a prosperous farming region.

RESIDENCE OF SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE, HYDE PARK, VERMONT

Near here is the Mt. Mansfield Trout Club, the scene of the political camp meetings of the state. The club owns an artificial lake of fifty-five acres, which has been stocked with trout. Within a single year more than eight thousand pounds of trout have been caught in this lake.

Among Stowe's noted public buildings is the H. C. Ackley Memorial Building, costing $50,000, a gift from an old Stowe boy who went West and made a fortune in the lumber business. In addition to this structure, the public library, post office and Soldiers' Memorial are the principal buildings.

From Stowe it is only a twelve mile auto trip through the mountains to Morrisville or Hyde Park, lying among the chain of villages that spans the upper part of the state.

Hyde Park is the county seat of Lamoille, one of the two central counties of the state. Politically, it is classed with the western side of the state, although it really lies in the very center, with its rare mountain scenery spread out like a panorama around the bluff on which it stands.

HYDE PARK INN, HYDE PARK, VERMONT, WHICH IS ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL SUMMERING SPOTS

Fourteen lakes, including beautiful Lake Eden, are included in the area of Lamoille County, and here the health seeker and lover of outdoor life finds pure air and pure water to contribute at all times to his enjoyment. One of the best automobile routes between Burlington and the White Mountains passes through Hyde Park, and its modern, up-to-date Inn is beautifully situated for the pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The town school, chartered in the old days as Lamoille Central Academy, is virtually a high school for the town of Hyde Park, furnishing excellent educational advantages to the young people of the community. Hyde Park enjoys a unique distinction as being the biggest little banking center in the state. In a little more than ten years the Lamoille County Savings Bank and Trust Company of Hyde Park has increased its deposits over two and one-half millions, and is one of the largest banks in Vermont.

Lamoille County National Bank is another strong financial Vermont institution, which handles the usual commercial discounts. Both of these institutions are known throughout the state as Carroll S. Page's banks, as Senator Page has been the principal factor in their substantial growth. Senator Page has lived in Hyde Park all his life and conducts the largest individual hide and calf-skin business in the world.

* * *

The little village of Hardwick, Vermont, on the cross line railway between St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain, is the world's center of the production of granite for building purposes. More than fifteen hundred stone-cutters and five hundred quarrymen are employed here the year round. In the great quarry on Robeson Mountain, seven miles from Hardwick, there are eleven derricks stretched along a cut-out a quarter of a mile long and one hundred and fifty feet from the top seam to the floor.

The cutting sheds at Hardwick are the largest in the world, containing every type of modern machinery for granite working.

People We Meet In Story Land

By

Antony Dee

WHY do we read the new novels? To forget our troubles, to pass away an idle hour, to keep up with the times—yes, and perhaps most of all to meet new people, the character creations of an author's brain. Fleeting popularity is the lot of the book or play which has no real people to win our approval or merit our dislike. It is the character creations rather than the plots that we remember in Dickens, the characters of George Eliot, of Thackeray, of Shakespeare himself. In the best of our recent books, the same interest is attached to the human equation. Plots may be more intricate, progress swifter, scenes more panoramic—but in the average best seller the characters still linger in the memory independently of the story's action. There are heroes and heroines, just as on the stage, and the best of our novelists still adhere to the old-time "star" system.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT
The English novelist and playwright whose latest success is "The Old Adam"

Mr. Arnold Bennett has given us a real old-fashioned hero in "The Old Adam". [1] We meet Edward Henry Machin (the same Edward Henry of "Denry the Audacious," a former success of Mr. Bennett's) as Alderman of Bursley, and one of the leading citizens of the Five Towns—the father of a delightful brood, and the husband of a splendid captain of domesticity—in a word, a successful man. But Edward Henry finds it dull. Nellie, his excellent wife, takes as a matter of course his achievements in the Five Towns, and in her quiet way dominates him completely at home. Now Edward Henry is a proud man at heart. He must have the admiration of his mate as well as of his townsmen. If success in the Five Towns does not keep Nellie worshipping at his feet, then he must conquer new worlds. It is "the old Adam" risen again.

Edward Henry decides upon a trip to London. He engages a suite at Wilkins', the most exclusive hotel, hires a valet, and takes steps to buy—a new theatre. The Regent Theatre, Edward Henry vows, will startle the world—will startle Nellie. His methods of management are certainly unique. His conduct at rehearsals reminds one of Bernard Shaw when Mr. Cyril Maude attempted to stage one of his plays. "He gave orders to every actor, and made life unbearable for the stage director," someone wrote of Shaw; Edward Henry does even better. He grossly insults England's greatest actress, who is to star in the Regent's first play, by asking her to talk so she can be heard in the gallery. Incidentally he narrowly escapes a love affair with another pretty and ambitious young actress. Launching "The Regent" is an exciting experience, and Edward Henry holds the upper hand for every single minute. Finally Nellie is brought to London—Nellie and all the little Machins

—to be present the great opening night. Here again in Edward Henry's curtain speech is a reminder of Mr. Shaw.

London is impressed; but the play refuses to make money, and Nellie is not properly convinced. Then does Edward Henry make his most spectacular "dash to the pole." He embarks for New York, and by masterful engineering, tracks down the most noted woman on both continents —a sort of Eva Tanguay—and secures her for a part in "The Regent's" play. Then does London stand completely aghast; do two continents pay tribute to Edward Henry. And Nellie? But the conqueror is brought home to her in an invalid's chair, with a bad case of what the simple old Bursley doctor diagnoses as "nerves." When during convalescence the resigned Edward Henry remarks weakly that hereafter the Five Towns are good enough for him—"I should think so, indeed," says Nellie.

MR. WILLIAM J. LOCKE
The greatly loved author of "The Morals of Marcus," "The Beloved Vagabond," and other delightful and whimsical stories. His latest book is "Stella Maris"

Mr. Bennett's kindly satire has never been more brilliant than in "The Old Adam." The book is full of wit, of color, of philosophy. Every character is complete and individual unto himself—or herself—for Arnold Bennett knows his women characters, whether they be Nellie the wife, Rose Euclid the spoiled star, or Elsie April the coquette.

Aside from this, "The Old Adam" bears out perfectly the promise of its sub-title, "An Adventure."

The same charm of character portrayal may be found in "Stella Maris" [2] Mr. William Locke's latest work. The scenes of "Stella Maris" are laid in England, as are those in Mr. Bennett's book, but there is no other parallel.

It is a little invalid girl who gives the title to "Stella Maris." Stella is an orphan, but her beautiful estate is managed by her aunt and uncle, and a host of servants who live only to serve their little mistress. Stella is indeed a Fairy Princess, and from her lovely chamber, looking out upon the sea, she commands the loving subjects of her domain. The "Great High Favorite" and the "Great High Belovedest" of Stella's kingdom are two friends, Walter Jerold and John Risca, the first an actor, the other a writer, and their affection for the little invalid brings out all the nobility of their souls. In their everyday lives both have to face the harsh blows of conflict and reality, but in Stella's sea chamber, they enter another world, and spin wonderful tales of the beauties of life outside. Risca in particular invents for the little girl a life program in fancy, even while he faces the bitterest trials a man can bear. With the passing years Stella Maris' influence strengthens, claiming more and more time and attention from the Great High Favorite and the Great High Belovedest.

And then one day Stella leaves her Fairy Kingdom; for a great specialist came down from London and in the miraculous way that great specialists have, released her from her couch in the sea chamber, and gave her permission to see the outside world. Poor little Stella!—for remember the beauties that Risca had painted for her in fancy.

It is difficult to go further in a skimming outline of the plot. Mr. Locke has all the time been skillfully working up to a period of breathless tension. Under the strain each character conducts himself precisely as we would expect—Stella, Risca, Jerold—the good Sir Oliver and Lady Blount; Stella's guardians—the unfortunate Louisa, and that pathetic little figure Urity, who herself is worthy to be the heroine of any story.

Mr. Locke's symbolism has the strength without the harshness of Ibsen's. We find it in the closing words of "Stella Maris."

The sickening storm of Stella's disillusionment has passed; she has been out in the world, and has suffered with the rest of human kind. Has any philosopher ever given a more inspiring picture of life than in the following?

"Herold rose, took a nervous pace or two. He could speak a thousand words of comfort; but he knew that her soul required a supreme answer, a clue to the dark labyrinth through which she had worked. What could he say? He looked through the window, and suddenly saw that which to him was an inspiration. He threw the folding-doors wide. It had stopped raining long ago, though neither had noticed.

"Come out in the terrace," said he.

She followed him into the dusty air. The sea still roared resentfully at the late disturbance of its quiet. The southwest wind that had brought up the storm horizon, and there below the rack was a band of dark but cloudless sky, and in it one star hung serene. Herold pointed to it.

"What have you done, dear?" His voice broke in a catch of exultation, and his usually nimble wit failed to grasp the lunatic falsity of the analogy. "You have done what that has done—come through the storm pure and steadfast."

"Not I, dear," she said, "but my faith in the God we breathe."

* * *

The heroine of "V. V's Eyes,"[3] Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison's new novel, has been greeted by many reviews as a "typical American girl." Surely, then, she should prove an attractive character—almost as attractive as "V. V." himself, the slum doctor whose pathetic, reproachful eyes give the book its title. Every one who writes of "V. V.'s Eyes" feels constrained to preface his remarks by reminding the reader that this volume is by the author of "Queed," a first book which two seasons ago created a sensation and speedily became a "best seller." The book market was eager to receive Mr. Harrison's second novel, and critics hastened their review notices. Each literary editor wanted to see what the other thought—or wrote—and practically every writer but one agreed that the book was an effort to be proud of. The policy of the dissenting critic is "It pays to be different," which perhaps had something to do with his comments.

"V. V.'s Eyes" is a long book, but never dull, for the plot has a number of pretty twists and turns. The story deals with the character growth of Miss Carlisle Heth, the daughter of an American manufacturer—a girl who is selfish because she has been brought up to be selfish, narrow for the same reason, coquettish because of custom, and aggressive because she must "make a good match." In the wealthy young Hugo Canning she finds the realization of her fondest dreams, but her smug happiness is little by little interrupted by the influence of the gentle "V. V.", who develops a soul in the quite soulless young lady, and makes her see life out of different eyes. Canning is no longer her ideal; after her regeneration they have nothing in common.

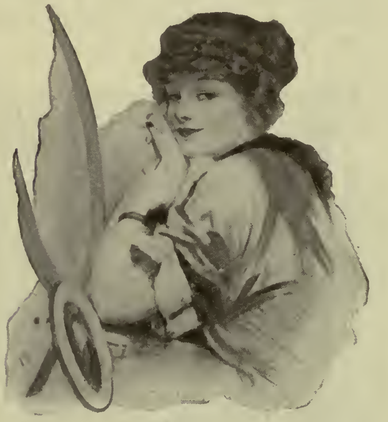
MR. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON
A Southern author who has followed his first success, "Queed," with "V. V's Eyes"

"V. V.'s" career ends in keeping with his life.—"How could a man wish it better of himself? Gave away his life every day, and at the end flung it all out, to save a factory negro. Don't you know that if he'd lived a thousand years he could never have put one touch to that?" So said one of the characters to Carlisle. And we leave her a woman—a glorious, noble woman. Surely "V. V.'s" life was not spent in vain!

"There are books of an age, of a class, of a country," but this is really a book for all time, for all peoples, for all the world which appreciates a great, vital story of a man who tried to obey the divine command "Leave all and follow Me"—and helped others in the imitation.

* * *

It is rather an odd coincidence that "The Flirt"[4] comes up on the review table beside "V. V.'s Eyes." One cannot help but wonder what would have happened Miss Cora Madison, who gives the title to Mr. Tarkington's book, had the grave young doctor "V. V." crossed her path. There is little of nobility or womanliness in the flirtatious Cora. She makes life miserable for her good father and mother, for her docile sister Laura, and for every decent young man who falls victim to her physical charms. Cora meets her match, however, in one Valentine Corliss, who deceives her as many a less worldly young lady has been deceived in a lover, and we leave her to elope as a last resort with an ugly cast-off suitor whom she in her heart despises. Cora is a well-drawn character, even though one holds her in contempt, and the Madison family are all interesting. The chief delight of the book lies in thirteen year old Hedrick Madison.



"THE FLIRT"
A glimpse of Miss Cora Madison, the heroine of Booth Tarkington's recent novel

Hedrick is the old-time mischievous "young brother" brought up to date. He is the only character in "The Flirt" who sees into his sister's methods. Let us have a glimpse of him—and incidentally of "The Flirt" herself—at the beginning of the story, when Valentine Corliss first comes to town, and calls on Mr. Madison. Laura has admitted the young man to the parlor, and her mother asks what he is like. Hedrick is drawing pictures on the floor.

"Why don't you ask Coralie?" suggested the sprawling artist, relaxing his hideous labor. He pronounced his sister's name with intense bitterness. He called it "Cora-*lee*," with an implication far from subtle that his sister had at some time thus Gallicized herself, presumably for masculine favor; and he was pleased to receive tribute to his satire in a flash of dislike from her lovely eyes.

"I ask Laura because it was Laura who went to the door," Mrs. Madison answered. "I do not ask Cora because Cora hasn't seen him. Do I satisfy you, Hedrick?"

"'Cora hasn't seen him!'" the boy hooted mockingly. "She hasn't? She was peeking out of the library shutters when he came up the front walk, and she wouldn't let me go to the door; she told Laura to go, but first she took the library waste-basket and laid one o' them roses—"

"*Those* roses," said Cora sharply. "He *will* hang around the neighbors' stables. I think you ought to do something about it, mother."

"*Them* roses!" repeated Hedrick fiercely. "One o' them roses Dick Lindley sent her this morning. Laid it in the waste-basket and sneaked it into the reception room for an excuse to go galloping in and—"

"'Galloping?" said Mrs. Madison gravely.

"It was a pretty bum excuse," continued the unaffected youth, "but you bet your life you'll never beat our Cora-*lee* when there's a person in pants on the premises! It's sickening." He arose, and performed something like a toe-dance, a supposed imitation of his sister's mincing approach to the visitor. "Oh, dear, I *am* such a little sweety! Here I am all alone just reeking with Browning-and-Tennyson and thinking to myself about such lovely things, and walking around looking for my nice pretty rose. Where can it be? Oh heavens, Mister, are *you* here? Oh my, I never, never thought that there was a *man* here! How you frighten me! See what a shy little thing I am! You *do see, don't* you, old sweeticums? Ta, ta, here's papa. Remember me by that rose, 'cause it's just like me. Me and it's twins, you see, cutie-sugar!" The diabolical boy then concluded with a reversion to the severity of his own manner: "If she was *my* daughter I'd whip her!"

"The Flirt" is a lively story, done in Booth Tarkington's own excellent manner. It has the benefit also of some splendid illustrations by Mr. Clarence F. Underwood.

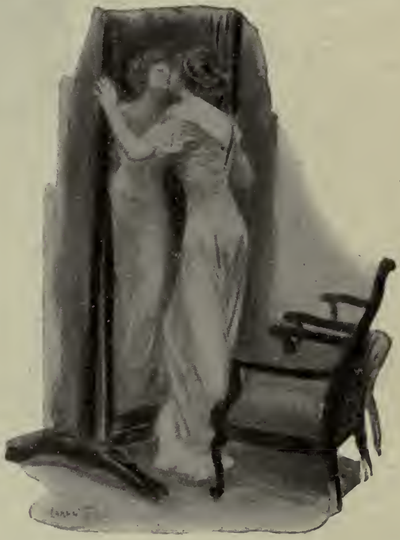
* * *

Perhaps the most complex character in "The Reef,"[5] Mrs Wharton's late novel, is the governess, Sophie Viner. At the opening of the story, Mr. George Darrow, an English gentleman, is crossing the channel on a visit to his old sweetheart, now a widow living on her husband's estate in France, with her stepson and little daughter. Just as Darrow is preparing to leave England Mrs. Leath wires him to postpone his visit. A little hurt at the rebuff, Darrow determines to go on to Paris, awaiting her letter. On the way he meets Sophie Viner, a young girl whom he had known as secretary to a notorious woman in London. She tells Darrow that she could no longer stand her position and is going to friends in Paris until she secures other employment. Darrow takes her under his guardianship during the trip across. Her friends are not in Paris, and Darrow, lonely himself and finding the girl an intelligent and congenial companion, takes her to the theatre and about sight-seeing in Paris. All might have gone well enough had not Sophie fallen hopelessly in love with him. Thus ends Book First.

We meet Darrow next at the beautiful old home of Mrs. Leath, a lady of rare intellect and nobility. She is deeply concerned over her stepson's engagement to her little daughter's governess, and seeks Darrow's advice. The governess, as far as she can learn, is a young woman of good character, but the young man's grandmother, an old French noblewoman, has the usual objections as to social rank. Darrow is alarmed to find that the governess is Sophie Viner. It becomes known that Darrow has met the girl before, and Mrs. Leath of course presses him for an opinion of her.

This is the situation which the author handles with a master hand. It is the most intimate character study. The effect of the subsequent developments—upon Mrs. Leath, upon Darrow, upon Sophie—is traced exquisitely. It is a psychological glimpse into the workings of three minds, all different, all more or less typical. "The Reef" is a book for the thinker; the student of human nature. It is written in pure, forceful English—but why stop to comment on Mrs. Wharton's style? Nearly every one has read "The House of Mirth" and "Ethan Frome." They know what to expect of Edith Wharton.

It is a large theme that Mr. H. G. Wells attempts in "Marriage."[6] This is another splendid, vital novel whose analyses go into the very souls of the characters. Marjorie Pope, a pretty young Englishwoman of the middle class, figures as the heroine. Her people try to make a conventional match between her and a moneyed man many years her senior, but Marjorie falls in love with a poor young scientist named Trafford, and she has the courage to elope with him. Then, being a very ambitious young person, Marjorie proceeds to "push" her husband on to achievement. Trafford is a genius, but his scientific researches make no money, and Marjorie urges him into commerce and politics. And so it goes—Marjorie constantly pushing on, for wealth, for social position, not selfishly, but for the greater glory of her husband and the children.



"YOU DARLING"
So said Miss Cora Madison, the flirtatious heroine of Booth Tarkington's new novel, daily to her own reflection

At last Trafford, weary of the struggle for the material, begins to ask "Whither?" He can go no further; his soul is crying out for something greater than riches. He wants to get away by himself for awhile, to think it all over. Marjorie, with her quick insight, sees the mistake she has made in starving her husband's spirit, and resolves to make any sacrifice to set matters right. So she persists in going with him on his trip to Labrador, and endures many hardships during Trafford's perilous wanderings, even to nursing him through a delirium in which he bares his very soul.

Marjorie Trafford might be called the average woman, who is ambitious in worldly things because she desires that her husband and children shall be exalted; the woman who at a crisis is capable of the greatest nobility and spirituality.

"Marriage" is a novel for the married; it is a wonderful study for any man or woman. Deep reading, however!

* * *

Could any tale of wild adventure have the fascination of a woman's life story? Among the most successful books of all ages are those biographical studies which glimpse into the inner life of woman, whether of high or of low station. Mr. Robert Herrick's new book "One Woman's Life"[7] gives in detail the story of Milly Ridge from the age of sixteen, when the Ridge family first moves to Chicago. Milly's mother is dead; her father is a sanguine, commonplace little man who clerks for a living. The house is kept by Grandma Ridge, who sees in Milly a determined, aggressive young person who will rise despite poverty, lack of breeding or humble station.

ROBERT HERRICK

An American writer who has a large following among thinking people. His new novel is "One Woman's Life"

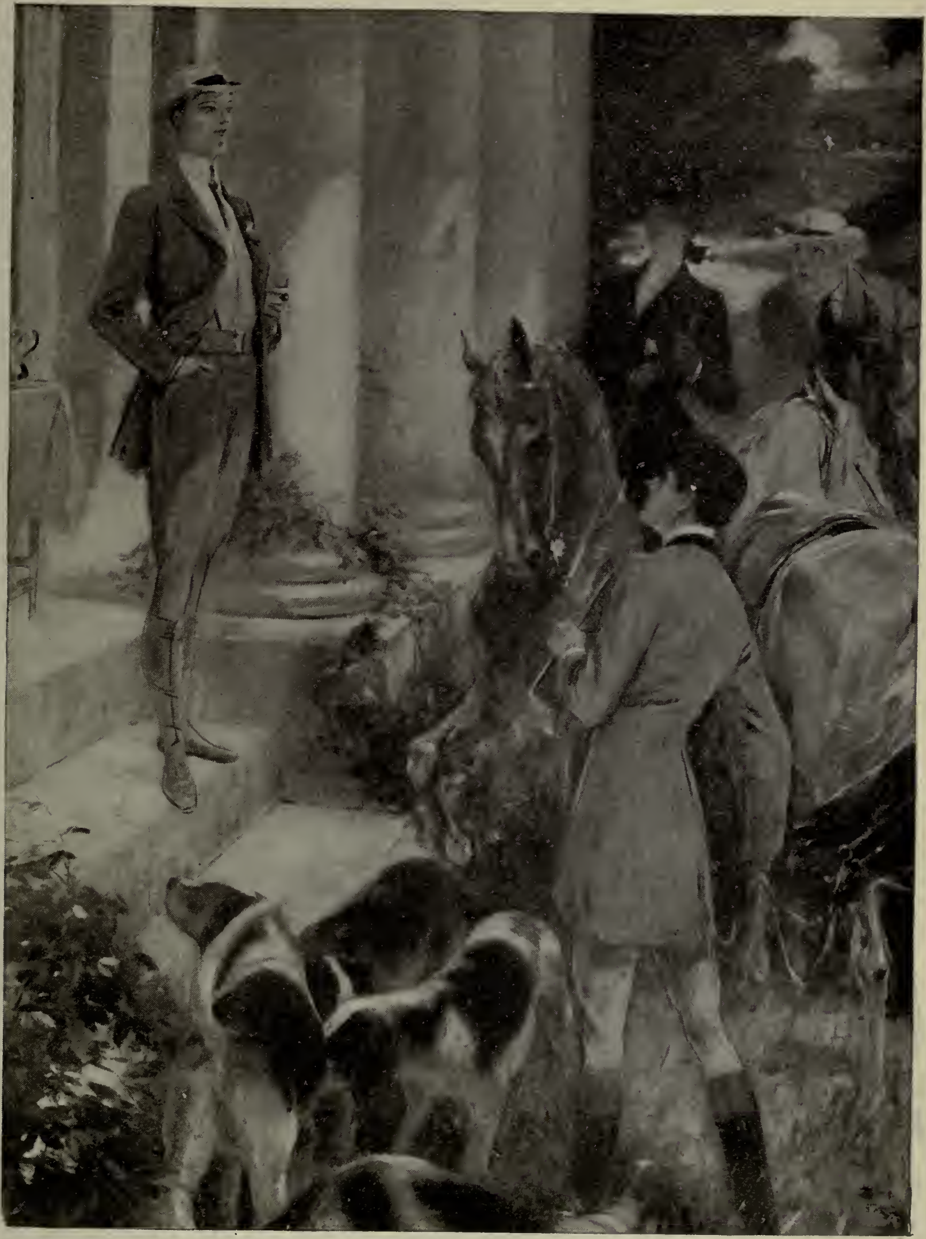
Milly has the selfishness of a woman who is struggling against fate to "be somebody." She cultivates people who can be of use to her, and in her early young womanhood, even engages herself to a boor who has position and a comfortable fortune to offer. But alas, Milly finds that her fiance is penurious, and risks all that she has won by breaking off the match. She has nearly decided upon another man, of more liberal bent, when suddenly she falls in love with a young newspaper illustrator. He has no money, but Milly sees a future for him with proper coaching, and they are married.

The story of Milly's wedded and subsequent life is told in the style of an impartial biographer. It is as though Mr. Herrick stood in back of the scenes and recounted without bias or prejudice the life of Milly Ridge, with a hint of the motives governing it. It is hard to know just what to think of Milly. One cannot like her; yet she has a certain fascination. She is a puzzle without seeming so to be. Perhaps that is what Mr. Herrick intended.

* * *

Primarily "The Valiants of Virginia"[8] and "Andrew the Glad"[9] are Southern stories, replete with Southern scenes and peopled with men and women who are Southern before they are anything else. The plots of both stories run along the same lines, and the dramatis personae in both books are almost wholly Southern. In "The Valiants" the hero, John Valiant, is a Northerner who has been banished from his Virginian home since babyhood for some reason which he knows not. The little heroine of "Andrew the Glad" faces the same conditions. Valiant returns to his native state in his young manhood and falls in love with a Southern girl whom all the laws regarding family feuds would make his enemy. It is almost the same with Andrew and Caroline in "Andrew the Glad." Both romances end well; both are sweet, pretty, wholesome tales, replete with romance and Southern adventure.

Young John Valiant is a good type of the chivalrous, high minded young Southerner who has been brought up under Northern influences. We meet him first at the failure of the great Valiant corporation which furnishes him the fortune to live up to his nickname, "Vanity Valiant," and to be the favored suitor of a reigning society belle. He cannot stay penniless in the city; he is fitted for no profession; so the young man goes to the old Virginia home, now deserted and surrounded by mystery. Some terrible stain seems to have tarnished the name of the Valiants of Virginia, and though the young man, with his charming and friendly manner, is gradually accepted by his neighbors, yet the unknown obstacle threatens completely to spoil his love affair with the beautiful Miss Shirley Dandridge (it should have been said before that Valiant's



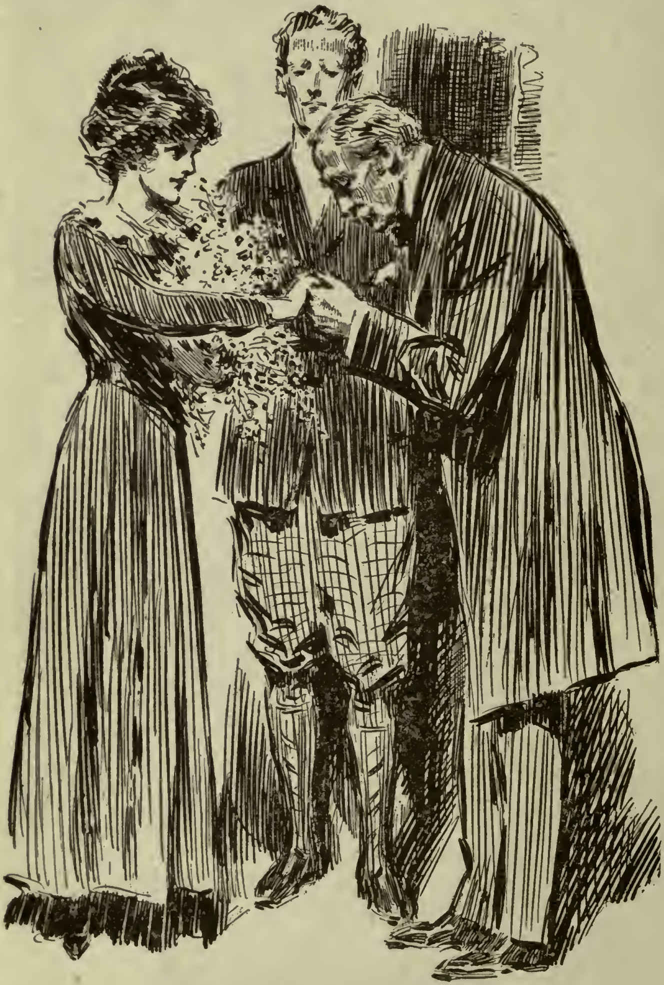
THE DASHING YOUNG "VANITY VALIANT"

Hero of Mrs. Rives' story of the Southland, "The Valiants of Virginia." (From a painting by André Castaigne)

former fiancée deserted him when he lost his fortune), a Southern girl who bears out all our dreams of the ideal heroine. Both the young people conduct themselves courageously under the strain, and the youth proves that he has claim to something nobler than the title "Vanity Valiant." He is a pleasing character, this gallant young fellow, and though he may be a puppet in the hands of fate, yet he has a certain individuality that makes us feel very cordial indeed toward "The

Valiants of Virginia." And since young lady readers must have romantic heroes, we have no right to bar John Valiant from our choice list of fiction-folk.

Though Andrew Sevier is honored by giving his name to the book, yet it is the charming little Caroline Darrah Brown whom we like most in "Andrew the Glad." As in the "Valiants" plot, Caroline has come South to the land of her ancestors, to find a blot on her family name. Only, being a girl—a very young, sweet, lovable girl—Caroline is spared the knowledge of her father's misfortunes, and she wins her way into all hearts. Even Andrew Sevier, the one man who by all laws of the South should despise her, falls victim to her charms, though he contrives not to show his love, and determines to leave home to resist temptation. But honest little Caroline Darrah, who has only a loving heart and a woman's intuition, sets at work to break down the barriers. At the end of the book we really leave her lover with a right to his title "the glad."


THE CHIVALRY OF THE SOUTH
Mr. R. M. Crosby's drawing of Caroline Darrah, the charming little heroine of "Andrew the Glad," and two of her admirers

* * *

Another pleasant person to meet is Sidney Burgoyne, the heroine of Kathleen Norris' novel "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne." Mrs. Norris will be remembered as the author of "Mother," a book enthusiastically praised by Colonel Roosevelt, and of many little heart stories for which the world is better. The scenes of "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"[10] are laid in Santa Paloma, California, which may be regarded as the typical aggressive American township. There are women's clubs, rival newspapers, the rich section and the slum district, and society—ah, yes, social struggle is the beginning and the end of life in Santa Paloma. To "*the* street" in Santa Paloma, to occupy the deserted old Holly mansion, come a young widow and her two children, reputed to be so wealthy that the lady is referred to as "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne." She has lived in Europe, has mingled with foreign nobility—in a word, Mrs. Burgoyne is decidedly worth cultivating. So dinners are given and parties are held in honor of the newcomer, who proves for all the pains to be a very simple and retiring young woman, and not at all disposed to enter the social race in Santa Paloma.

But if Mrs. Burgoyne was counted upon to create a sensation, it is certain that she met all expectations. Santa Paloma society was aghast at her simple manner of living. It must be admitted that the good ladies of the Bridge Club raised their eyebrows occasionally when their wealthy neighbor dressed her children in ginghams and kept only two maids—but with all her money!—Oh, power of silent wealth! And little by little the social leaders began to "pull in their horns" and follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Burgoyne.

Side by side with the regeneration of "*the* street" comes the re-birth of Barry Valentine, the ne'er-do-well young newspaper owner and scion of the oldest families of Santa Paloma, who having made in youth an unfortunate marriage, now lives a knockabout life with his three year old son Billy and a Japanese attendant. Mrs. Burgoyne, with her quiet nobility and ready offer of friendship, comes into Barry's life just when matters look most dreary, and she leads him through the darkness into the light.

Thus "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" joined the society of Santa Paloma. And not until the end of the story do we learn that she was not rich, after all—that the report was without foundation. But who will say that she belied her title?

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[1] "The Old Adam." By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.35. net.

[2] "Stella Maris." By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. Price, $1.35 net.

[3] "V. V.'s Eyes." By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, $1.35 net.

[4] "The Flirt." By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Price, $1.25 net.

[5] "The Reef." By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price, $1.30 net.

[6] "Marriage." By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Company. Price, $1.35 net.

[7] "One Woman's Life." By Robert Herrick. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price, $1.35 net

[8] "The Valiants of Virginia." By Hallie Erminie Rives. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.35 net.

[9] "Andrew the Glad." By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.30 net.

[10] "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne." By Kathleen Norris: New York: The MacMillan Company. Price, $1.25 net.

THE GOD OF THE BOOK

AN old Book's wisdom holds the faith of men.
Terrors of hell, and fears of Israel's Crowned
Have brought man's royal spirit to the ground.
He crawls upon the earth, a denizen
Of darkness, seeking deeper shadows when
The light of Science gleams from mound to mound.
His spirit's ears are sealed to every sound
That echoes Love, immortal Sovereign.

Blood has been shed in rivers like the sea
For love of One enshrined within a book,
And earth must bear forevermore the scar.
Is *His* the breath that stirs within the tree;
The voice compassionate above the brook;
The tender eye that pities from the star?

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy.*

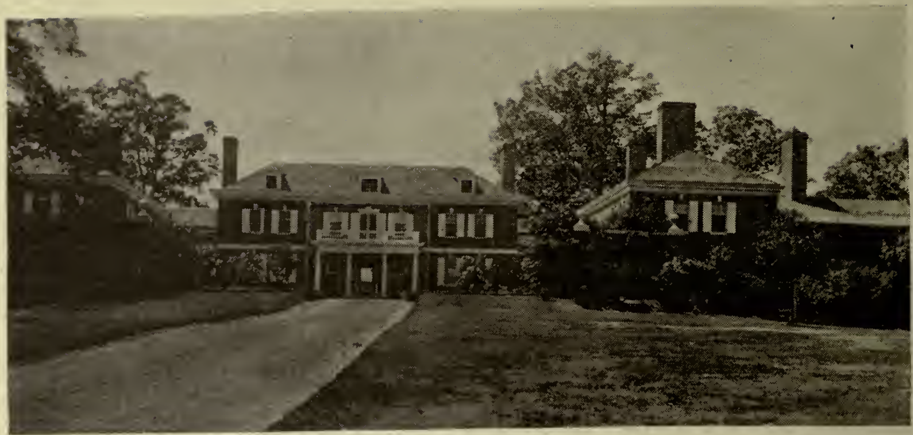


Photo by Clinedinst

HARLAKENDEN HOUSE FROM THE ROAD

Amid the Haunts of "Harlakenden"

by The Editor

AMID the glorious Green Mountains of Vermont the famous estate of "Harlakenden" stands within the bounds of Cornish, New Hampshire, just across the Connecticut River from Windsor, Vermont. Years ago this homestead was completed for Mr. Winston Churchill, just after he had published "Richard Carvel." Here I visited in the early springtime the distinguished young author then in the full tide of literary success. How well I remember the old church in Windsor, built one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and the ancient toll bridge that has been for so many years operated under a perpetual charter that must take tribute of horse and mare for all time.

The drive across the river is now called Wilson Drive, for here the President decided to establish the "Summer Capital of the Nation," and in early June workmen were building the Appian Way for the presidential chariot or automobile. No site more charming in its simplicity is to be seen amid the pines and oaks "in the strength of the hills" overlooking the beautiful river below. "Harlakenden" is only a few miles from Windsor, where the President's office is located at the Court House.

Cornish, with its permanent population of some two thousand, has a large influx of summer colonists. Here Maxfield Parrish loves to visit among the honest, hospitable "home folks" of Windsor and Cornish, and to paint those pictures of beauteous Egyptian blue tints that have adorned American publications and galleries. Stephen Parrish is also here, for this is a "parish" spelled with two "r's." Louis St. Gaudens and his gifted son have their studios at Windsor, and Kenyon Cox and his talented wife, Louise Howland King Cox, find inspiration in Windsor summers. Percy Mackaye, the poet, and Witter Bynner, known as the "suffrage poet," are also close at hand to consult with the President—in fact, the Wilson family find themselves among a colony of artistic friends and acquaintances. For beautiful "cottages," Windsor can hold its own; one has only to mention Miss Emily Slade's stately summer mansion, valued at $300,000.

Just across the river from "Harlakenden" are "Blow-Me-Down Pool," "Blow-Me-

Down Grist Mill," which has been grinding for generations past, and "Blow-Me-Down Brook," which sings on forever. The game preserves, known as Corbin's park, are near at hand, and the old swimming pool at "Blow-Me-Down Pond" will be reserved for the use of the President and his guests. "Blow-Me-Down" is a popular name in the vicinage of the summer capital, and does not suggest divination by blowing away fluffy dandelions to foretell presidential futurities. Everyone wondered why President Wilson should have chosen this as his summer resting place, but when you once pass that way, it is no longer a marvel. Mrs. Wilson and the Misses Wilson are interested in art, and here they can paint and sketch to their heart's content, and find congenial acquaintances among the elite of the most famous art schools.

Photo by Clinedinst

MUSIC ROOM AT THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER HOME

* * *

It was about fifteen years ago that Winston Churchill began to purchase land for the estate on which "Harlakenden" is located. The mansion was modeled after the colonial homes of Annapolis described in "Richard Carvel," and from time to time the property was added to, until the estate comprises about seven hundred acres and commands a splendid view of the Connecticut River and the Vermont valleys. There is nothing to obstruct the view from the house, which is built of splashed brick, giving it the effect of a remote antiquity. Mount Ascutney is in plain view, silhouetted against the western skyline. A few yards above the river bank, and in a forest of oak and pine about a quarter of a mile from the roadway, through a drive of majestic cedars, the house is located. The principal driveway follows the river bank for more than three miles, being bordered by lake and forest, and terminating at Pierce's Falls. In its deep shadows it is carpeted only with brown leaves into which the vigorous greensward cannot penetrate.

On the estate are two cottages in which the chauffeurs and regular servants of the executive house will be quartered, and here in the pasture is the cabin which first served as the "office" of Winston Churchill when he began writing his novels. Later it became the children's playhouse. There is a simplicity about "Harlakenden" in its colonial design that is fascinating. It is two stories high, but contains thirty rooms. Three sides form a court. Around this court at the time I was there the lilacs were in full bloom—a wall of beautiful plumes of purple with a cluster of white at either end. It is said that hereby hangs a romance, for it was in lilac-flowering time that Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill did their courting, and the lilac remains the favorite flower and perfume of the Churchill family.

The hall is suggestive of a baronial castle, and the old-fashioned panel-work reaches to the ceiling throughout the home. There are little colonial stairways in white, which are a delight to the eye. A fireplace, oak mantel and carved settees give a homely attractiveness to the reception room, and fireplaces everywhere suggest the coziness of early spring and late autumn evenings, and of stormy days spent indoors. The music terrace occupies the wing adjoining, and is furnished in the period of Henry II. Beyond in a corner commanding a view up and down the river is the study of Mr. Churchill, which will doubtless be used by the President for the same purpose. On the wall are portraits of Roosevelt, Lincoln, John Paul Jones, Daniel Webster, Admiral Farragut and other heroes mentioned in the novels of Winston Churchill. The dining room is furnished in Georgian designs, with a pilaster on either side. Outside in a semicircle on the crest of the hill is the lawn, and below are the bird houses. In every direction there is a Green Mountain and Granite State scenic panorama of which one could never grow weary. The President and his family will doubtless enjoy every minute of their rest and seclusion in the home of the distinguished author of "Richard Carvel," "Coniston," "Mr. Crewe's Career," and other volumes bearing the letter "C," which has played an important part not only in literature, but in the affairs political of the Granite State.

Photo by R. W. Goodhue, Windsor, Vt. (Copyrighted)

THE STUDY AT "HARLAKENDEN"

For two terms Mr. Churchill was a member of the New Hampshire legislature and gained his knowledge of politics

Photo by R. W. Goodhue, Windsor, Vt. (Copyrighted)

THE BEAUTIFUL EAST PORCH

by personal experience. On the panels of his study is his diploma as a graduate of the naval school of Annapolis, in the atmosphere of which he obtained much of his material for "Richard Carvel." Before the President took up his quarters at "Harlakenden," a goodly supply of Progressive and "Bull Moose" literature was removed, which indicated that "Harlakenden" had been a lively political headquarters in the recent presidential campaign, in which Mrs. Churchill also took an active part as an ardent advocate of "votes for women."

One corner in the beautiful home that appealed to me most was the little hall where books were stowed away under the stairway and in the walls. In the panels were the oil portraits of two of the Churchill children, whose bright little faces furnished a touch of home life that was irresistible. On the desk was a bust of Winston Churchill, and over the stairway a portrait of Mrs. Churchill—it seemed to be the family room. In the dining room were the trophies of the hunt: elk, deer, and wild boar's heads, and other treasure-trove of the northern woods.

In spite of the ceaseless caravan of automobiles that will pass this home on the hillside during the President's stay, the Wilson family find at "Harlakenden" seclusion and rest after a strenuous summer at Washington. Over "Harlakenden" floats the President's flag, and across the river he has constantly before him the mountains and hills of Vermont, once an independent republic, the only state in the Union that enjoyed this distinction except Texas. The sturdy independence of Vermont pioneers in early Colonial days when they had to defend their isolated homes with flintlocks against Indian assaults, has left its impress in the history of the country about "Harlakenden."

* * *

In all, "Harlakenden" is one of those places you read about in books, where the old-time spirit of hospitality is suggested in every room and furnishing.

TO THE APPLE

By JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE

HAIL, rosy-cheeked and ever wreathed with smiles,
  Pride of our nation,
Albeit sly and full of subtle wiles,
  Thou mute temptation!

Time immemorial thou hast been to man
  A fruitful college,
Dangling aloft a prize we sadly scan,
  Forbidden knowledge.

Nay, thou art heartless, apple, spite thy core.
  Dupes of thy jesting,
The human race in Paradise no more
  Is idly resting.

But busy in the teeming harvest fields
  Since that *Fall* season,
The mind of man insatiably wields
  The scythe of reason.

When thy mischievous, luring pranks shall stop
  Who may compute on?
What tricksy sprite whispered to thee to drop
  Beside our Newton?

Thou laughing trifler, didst thou feel no awe
  Thy soul appalling,
Betrayer of old Nature's grandest law
  By thine apt falling?

And yet thou smilest on with face as bright
  Artful and winking
To make the baby crow as guide aright
  The wise man's thinking!

A CHARTER OAK SENATOR

By

Joe Mitchell Chapple

TRAVELING through Connecticut, the land of steady habits, you do not have to consult the train conductor to know that you are not in Kansas. This little state is saturated with interesting historical events. It is filled with relics of Colonial and Revolutionary history. Its battlefields, ancient graveyards, monuments and buildings are well marked and visited by thousands. Every county has its historical society and its patriotic and genealogical organization. The memories of its beginning and the traditions handed down by its early inhabitants are among the choicest legacies of its people. The sites of the habitations of the Pequot and Mohegan Indians and their battlefields are there, and their campaigns and histories are accessible in the libraries and ancient records. The little red schoolhouse in which Nathan Hale, the martyred spy, taught school, has been purchased and moved onto one of the oldest burying grounds in the country, in New London. Jonathan Trumbull, the right arm of Washington, lived in the old town of Lebanon.

The people of the Nutmeg State know the history of their Commonwealth, and many can quote the description of the state given by John Fiske, who has recorded that Connecticut was founded by Parson John Hooker, of Newtown, Massachusetts, who with a large part of his congregation trekked down from the colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1636. Hooker's pilgrims, together with those who followed from Dorchester and Watertown, founded the towns of Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor. These migrations indicated strong allegiance between a church and its pastor. It was a renaissance of ancient Greek history, modified by centuries of added political and religious training. A board of commissioners governed the new towns, but at the end of a short time the towns chose representatives and held a General Court at Hartford, establishing the separate existence of the State of Connecticut in 1639. Here a written constitution was adopted, the first written constitution known to history. The constitution of Connecticut created a government and virtually gave birth to American democracy, and Thomas Hooker may well be called one of the early fathers of the republic. The United States government today is, in lineal descent, more nearly related to that of Connecticut than to that of any of the other thirteen colonies, according to this noted historian. The most noteworthy feature of the Connecticut republic was that it was a federation of independent towns, and that all attributes of sovereignty not expressly granted to the General Court remained, as of original right, in the towns. The governor and council were chosen by a majority vote of the whole people, and by a suffrage that was almost universal, there was for each township an equality of representation in the assembly. This miniature republic developed normally and grew until it became the strongest political structure on the continent. This was proven by the remarkable military energy and unshaken financial credit of Connecticut in the Revolutionary War. At this crisis Connecticut proved a prominent factor in the creation of a new nation, and when the Federal Convention of 1787 was called it was Connecticut with her compromise that secured equal state representation in one branch of the national government and popular representation in the other, so that Congress with its Senate and House of Representatives might be properly called "the Connecticut idea."

Photo by Harris & Ewing

"HE IS A SANE, LEVEL-HEADED CITIZEN"
Hon. Frank B. Brandegee, United States Senator from Connecticut

* * *

The more I traveled about in the towns with their graceful elms and romantic scenes, the homes of General Putnam and other worthies of Colonial and Revolutionary Wars, the more absorbed I became in Connecticut history. Through the younger Winthrop a liberal charter was secured for Connecticut from Charles II in 1662, which deprived the colony of New Haven of its separate existence and merged it with Connecticut. In 1687 Sir Edmund Andros went to Hartford to seize the Connecticut charter, but while disputing with Governor Robert Treat in a night conference the candles were extinguished, and when they were re-lighted the charter had disappeared. Captain Wadsworth had abstracted it and tucked it into the hollow trunk of a great oak tree, which grew in what was always afterward known as Charter Oak Place, and itself was thereafter known as the Historic Charter Oak. Connecticut lived and prospered under this charter until a new constitution was formed in 1818.

The area of Connecticut is 5,004 square miles. Its population in 1910 was 1,114,756. The number of persons engaged in manufacturing in 1909 was 233,871; in agriculture in 1899, 44,796; in trade and transportation in 1899, 71,714; and in all other occupations in 1899, 92,286. The capital invested in agriculture in 1910 was $159,399,771. The products in agriculture in 1899 was $28,276,948. The capital invested in manufactures in 1909 was $517,547,000. The products in manufacture in 1909 was $490,272,000.

New London, the home of Senator Frank Bosworth Brandegee, was founded by John Winthrop, the younger, in 1646, and there is to this day in complete repair the old grist mill, with its twenty foot overshot water-wheel grinding corn in the heart of the city, built by John Winthrop in 1650.

In a recent trip through Connecticut, meeting people in all parts of the state, it seemed that everyone joined in an expression of appreciation for Senator Brandegee. In view of the history of Connecticut one would not expect his state to send a wild-eyed radical to the United States Senate. By birth, instinct, education and environment, Senator Brandegee is just the kind of a Senator one would expect a sane, level-headed, orderly and prosperous people to send to the United States Senate. He believes in progress, but he does not think that mere motion is necessarily progress. He thinks that motion in the right direction is progress. He does not advocate changes simply for the sake of change. In his opinion one ought to look before leaping. He does not believe in keeping on the move for the sake of mere motion. He has always gone straight ahead himself, and has always moved upward. He graduated from Yale at the age of twenty-one; at twenty-four he was chairman of the committee on cities and boroughs in the Connecticut House of Representatives; at twenty-five he was corporation counsel of his home town; at thirty-five he was speaker of the Connecticut House; at thirty-eight he was a representative in Congress; and at forty he was a United States Senator. He served out the unexpired term of four years of the late Senator O. H. Platt, and in January, 1909, he was reelected for a full term of six years. His term of service will expire March 3, 1915. As a member of the House of Representatives, during the 58th and 59th Congresses, he served on the following Committees: Naval Affairs and Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture. Since he has been in the Senate he has served on the Committees on Education and Labor, the Philippines, as Chairman of the Committee on Interoceanic Canals, on Pacific Islands and Porto Rico, and is now the Chairman of the Committee on Pacific Railroads, the ranking Republican member of the Committee on Interoceanic Canals, and a member of the important Committees on the Judiciary, on Interstate Commerce, the ranking Republican member of the Committee on Patents, in which subject Connecticut is so greatly interested by reason of its inventive genius and its large manufacturing interests, and the Committee on the University of the United States. As Chairman of the Committee on Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game he put through the Senate the White Mountain and Appalachian Forest Reserve bill. He was Chairman of the select Committee of the Senate which investigated the so-called "Third Degree" abuses. He is a member of the special Senate Committee to investigate the alleged foreign combination against our tobacco. In the 62nd Congress he was a member of the Republican Steering Committee, which decides the order of business, and in this Congress he is a member of the Republican Committee on Committees which makes up the Republican membership of the Committees of the Senate. He is one of the "Inner Circle" and is consulted by the leaders as one of the Senators whose judgment is sound, and whose vision is clear.

* * *

Senator Brandegee takes a broad national view of public questions and of the responsibilities of his position. He is well read and well traveled. He has traveled extensively in Europe and has crossed to the Pacific on every trans-continental railroad line, and visited every state and territory in the West, including Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. As Chairman of the Committee on Interoceanic Canals he has visited the Isthmus of Panama several times, and is thoroughly familiar with the construction, operation and government of the stupendous canal enterprise. He took strong ground against the exemption of American coastwise shipping from the payment of canal tolls, first, because he thought that provision violated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; second, because American coastwise shipping did not need the exemption; third, because he thought that every ship that passed through the canal should help pay the Government for the work and expenditure made by the Government; fourth, because even if we had a right to make the exemption under the treaty, the game was not worth the candle—it simply incurred the ill-will and suspicion of our foreign friends, with no benefit to anybody except the coast-wise shipping interests, which already had a monopoly—as no foreign vessel, under our laws, is allowed to engage in our coast-wise trade. The position he took upon this great question was supported by many of the ablest statesmen, international lawyers and publicists in the country, and Senator Root now has a bill pending to repeal this exemption, which will probably be taken up at the next session of Congress.

There are ninety-six United States Senators, fifty-one Democrats and forty-five Republicans. Of the forty-five Republicans there are only thirteen who have been in the Senate longer than Mr. Brandegee. Of the fifty-one Democrats there are only nine who have been in the Senate longer than Brandegee. That is to say, of the entire membership of the Senate, which is ninety-six, only twenty-two Senators out of the ninety-six were there when Brandegee entered the Senate in December, 1905. In the brief period of seven years, only one year longer than a single senatorial term, he has seen seventy-four Senators go out of the Senate, and seventy-four new Senators take their places. To put it in another way, more than three-fourths of the Senators who were there seven years ago have left the Senate. Brandegee, therefore, stands among the first quarter of the Senate in point of seniority, or continuous service. He has the confidence of his colleagues on both sides of the chamber. One of the most prominent Senators of longest service told one of Senator Brandegee's constituents within a few weeks that many a Senator could be here for thirty years and not take so prominent a position as Brandegee had attained. This demonstrates why it is of advantage to a State to keep its Senators in office as long as they represent their State with credit. Mr. Brandegee is now forty-eight years of age. If he should stay in the Senate for the next thirty years he would then be no older than was his predecessor, O. H. Platt, at the date of his untimely death.

* * *

In New Haven they give an instance of the quiet, systematic, but none the less effective methods of Senator Brandegee. The authorities of New Haven, the largest city of Connecticut, thought that the time had come for the erection of a federal building for post-office and other governmental purposes commensurate with the importance of the interests involved, and in keeping with the architectural surroundings of the proposed location. The Chamber of Commerce and local authorities appointed a committee to go to Washington and advocate the appropriation. With the aid of Connecticut's senior senator they were successful. Subsequently the parcels post system was established, and for the accommodation thereof more space was necessary. It also appeared that when the plans were perfected, the materials proposed would not harmonize with the magnificent county court house which the city had recently erected facing on the historic New Haven Green. This Green was formerly the site of the old state house when New Haven was one of the twin capitals of the State. It immediately adjoins the campus of Yale University and is surrounded by some of the most beautiful structures of the city. The changes proposed involved an additional appropriation of about a half million dollars. The committee thereupon again appealed to the Senator, and he went to work upon the matter and carried it to success in such a way as to call forth the following statement from ex-president Taft, who has now become a resident of New Haven, and is Kent professor in the Yale law school. Ex-President Taft said, in a recent interview in a New Haven paper:

"In all its proceedings the committee's efforts were most ably seconded by Senator Frank B. Brandegee. In season and out of season, he has kept the local committee informed of what was the hitch here and what was the hitch there, so that action could be taken at the right time and in the right way to bring about the proper expedition and to avoid those obstructions which are almost inseparable from the procedure in the erection of public buildings. Senator Brandegee's action in this regard is of a piece with his general work for the government and for the community he represents. He has no taste for giving publicity to the work which he does, and with the personal knowledge I have of how much the New Haven community is indebted to him for the exceptional success that New Haven representatives had in pushing on this work, I feel that I should publicly note it and invite attention to it. As the head of the Panama Canal committee in the Senate, when the Republicans were in power, and now as the leading Republican on that committee, he has given a great deal of attention to the government's public work on the Isthmus. Similarly he has stood for the best things in the work of the judiciary committee, of which he is a most important member. . . . People generally don't understand that the really hard work of a Senator or of a Representative is done in committee, where the evidence is taken of the necessity for legislation, the facts are ascertained, the amendments to the bill as introduced are prepared, and where a report is agreed upon, on the faith of which, without very much discussion usually, the recommended legislation is enacted."

Such instances of the Senator's quiet, conscientious and effective work for his constituents could easily be multiplied. Writing of the Senator in the *Saturday Evening Post* within a year, Samuel G. Blythe, the celebrated Washington correspondent, spoke of him, under the title of "Who's Who—and Why" as follows:

"Now, then, to point a moral and adorn a nutmeg, let me say that Frank Bosworth Brandegee was running true to form. One of the specialties of that Senator of the United States is substituting the real for the false; and another of his specialties is having the quiet courage to do just this, which in these days of hocuspocus and persistent piffle is a trait worthy of celebration and is herewith celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance the traffic will bear.

"Young Brandegee—he is only forty-eight and has been a Senator since 1905—is a sane citizen. He looks at things that start many statesmen off on ghost dances, with a clear and proper perspective. He has a lucid idea of proprieties, precedents and pertinences. He distinguishes soberly between performance and promise. He is no grandstander, whirlwinder, spellbinder or handshaker. What he is is a modest, intelligent, efficient and level-headed person, with more disillusions than illusions, and a fairly comprehensive understanding of the principles on which this government is founded.

"Back of it all is a real sense of humor that forbids his putting crape bands on his hat and sleeve, and his view is broad enough to make him certain everything will come out all right in the end.

"There is no opportunity for an argument over the statement that the United States Senate has changed in personnel and in power in the past dozen years; but when you are looking for concrete examples, you will be in grave error if you pick Brandegee. There is a person who is a real Senator, not a spotlight Senator—a Senator who attends to his job, does his work, undertakes all his responsibilities, meets all his obligations, is efficient and capable, and doesn't parade around beating his breast and telling about it. There is a Senator of wide information, of sound education, of good understanding; one who is not self-conscious, is quiet, and only assertive when he has a point to make. Instead of cultivating publicity, he keeps away from it. He has things to do, and he does them without fuss or fume, and when the other Republican leaders want a little clear vision projected on a case in hand, they go to him.

"This quiet, unobtrusive, self-contained, capable citizen is one of the big men of the Senate, one of the powers in that body. His associates recognize him as a man of considerable ability and sound legal attainments, and he has a direct and commanding influence on affairs. . . . He is a clear and logical speaker, making no pretense to oratory; and there is no Senator more popular with his associates.

"Did I say he is a sane, level-headed citizen? Well, I desire to say it again. There is so little opportunity in these days to make that remark about our statesmen I trust the editor will let it go. Having dug one up, why not give three ringing cheers?"

In addition to the qualities and characteristics above mentioned, Senator Brandegee is recognized by his associates as one of the best presiding officers the Senate has known. He knows the rules of the Senate and administers them with precision and impartiality. Possibly his experience as speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives helped to qualify him for this important duty. During the last Congress he was in the chair as presiding officer of the Senate more frequently than any other Senator, except the President *pro tempore.*

* * *

Now we feel that we have responded to the requests from subscribers of the NATIONAL in Connecticut to tell more about Senator Brandegee. His aversion to publicity is well known, and many an ardent reporter has been baffled in an earnest and sincere attempt to obtain material from the Connecticut Senator that would adequately tell the story of his busy career at Washington. For all that, he is a favorite with newspaper men, because when he gives out a "story," it is accurate information worth while, but given with the modest request that his name be withheld in connection with matters of credit to himself.

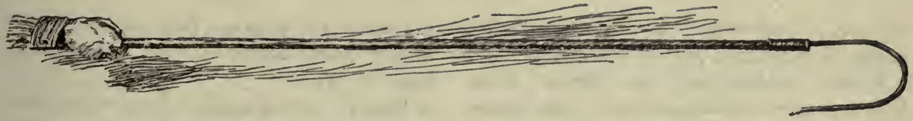
While Senator Brandegee is a resident of New London, every nook and corner of the commonwealth of Connecticut is familiar to him. The conscientious way in which he performs his duty without blare of trumpets is recognized by the people of his state, for he reflects in a typical way the Charter Oak sturdiness and independence that draws men to him. It has often been said that it is more important in public life to know how to converse than to orate, and many conspicuous orators are poor conversationalists, although brilliant debaters. Whenever you sit down to talk with Senator Brandegee, you are sure to learn something, because he is one of those men who thoroughly absorb the salient provisions and ultimate effects of any measure or bill under consideration. He is essentially a business man, one who is successful in aiding his co-laborers to clearly recognize the practical needs and necessities of the time, and prevent enthusiastic majorities from going off at tangents that are often as deplorable as they are disastrous. On the tariff situation few men are more thoroughly informed, not only on the necessity of sustaining industries already established and enlarging the many new avenues and channels of trade which have shown such a remarkable growth in Connecticut, but he has the knowledge of what is best for the welfare of the people at large.

Senator Brandegee's genial manner and speech are refreshing to those who have experienced the distant "pedestal" manner supposed to maintain Senatorial dignity. When he talks, one recognizes the rugged dignity and common sense associated with New England traditions. When all is said and done in official life, the qualities of the man himself are what count most of all.

STANDING ON THE BOUNDARY LINE

Each generation believes that it stands on the boundary line between an old bad epoch and a good new one. And still the world grows no better; rather worse, hungrier, less various, less beautiful. That is true, but there is consolation in the assurance that whatever becomes of this husk of a planet, the inner meaning of it, hope itself, God, man's ideal, continually progresses and develops.

—*George Calderon.*



An Amateur Hero

by Jean R. Smith

FUZZY WILSON crept noiselessly down the dark stairway. He knew exactly where the key hung—he had been the man of the family since Father's death less than a year ago. He cautiously closed and locked the back door. His trepidation gave place to a feeling of exultation as he sped onward. He was glad he took Frank's advice.

"Sure, you kin do it!" declared that staunch friend.

"I dunno," Fuzzy modestly hesitated. "I'd hate to git the hook."

"Aw, you won't. With that voice and them light feet you're sure to make a hit. S'pose you do git the hook—tain't no everlastin' disgrace. Brace up an' try agin."

Having decided to add to his small earnings by appearing on the stage, Fuzzy reasoned that it must be done without Granny's knowledge. Granny's younger days had been spent in a community in which theater going was considered one of the unpardonable sins. Fuzzy admitted to himself that Granny would undoubtedly object to the Courtland Theater.

His heart was beating rapidly when he arrived at the noisy, glittering scene of action. The good-natured manager gave him a place in the left wing where he could watch the professionals display their various talents. He was intensely interested in Sam Keeler's well-trained collie, in the magician's clever tricks and the strong man's remarkable feats. He was indifferent when the girl in pink sang, and innocently unconscious of the coarseness of Jack Rupert's jokes.

"What a cute little boy," a shrill voice said, and a hand playfully stroked Fuzzy's curly hair.

Fuzzy's spine straightened perceptibly, and the dignity of his fourteen years rested heavily upon him. He turned and gazed scornfully at the blond girl in pink. He detested her at that moment as thoroughly as he had the boy who nicknamed him "Fuzzy." He remembered with satisfaction the sound thrashing he gave that youngster—but the nickname stuck. He thought of Granny, and felt uncomfortable. He was sure she would not approve of the pink lady.

"Gee whiz! It's time for the amateurs to begin."

Fuzzy was seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to run home.

The fat boy, first on the amateur program was hissed when he appeared, and when he began to sing in a voice which did not carry beyond the first row, the audience at once demanded the hook. Fuzzy's eyes grew bigger and rounder when the competent, stoical manipulator of the hook reached out his dreadful instrument of torture, placed it round the fat boy's waist and firmly and not too gently pulled him off the stage.

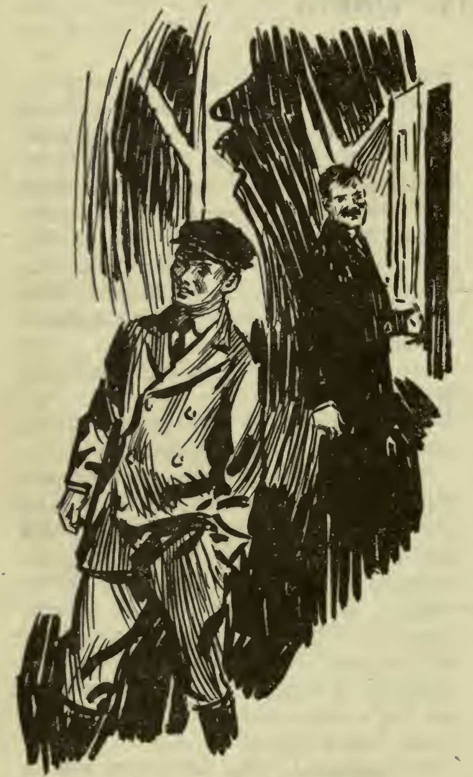
A frightened but determined-looking maiden next appeared and began to sing. The audience, at first barely tolerant, became hilariously enthusiastic. When she sang the chorus, her hearers boisterously but good-naturedly joined her.

"Congregational singing," bawled a voice from the gallery, and again Fuzzy thought of Granny.

A boy not much older than himself was generously applauded. After this, Fuzzy endured the agony of seeing three victims hooked from the stage in rapid succession. It was perhaps to avoid the monotony of a fourth failure that the manager, after introducing the white-faced and trembling Fuzzy, added coaxingly, "Give 'im a chance. There won't be no actors in the future if you don't give 'em a chance."

Fuzzy straightened his slender form. For a moment he forgot his fright, forgot his surroundings, forgot everything except an indefinable pride which possessed him.

"I don't want to be no actor." His clear voice rang to the farthest corner of the room. "I'm here to earn money for Granny."



He thrust his hand deeper into the pocket containing his prize and started homeward

A volley of shouts and laughter followed this announcement.

"Go ahead, kid, an' make good."

"Brace up, frizzle-top, and show us your stunt."

Fuzzy was again seized with stage fright. His head swam dizzily and his knees trembled. Oh, why had he been so foolish as to come? He almost felt the dreadful hook pulling him backward. Then above the din he heard Frank's voice urging him to action. Now he saw Frank's honest face beaming with interest and hopeful pride.

Fuzzy's courage rose. In a voice at first trembling, then strong, clear and sweet he sang the song Frank had taught him. By the time he reached the last verse, he was very much at ease. With appropriate gestures and roguish grimaces he informed his appreciative audience—

" 'There is a lady over there,
Ninth row and center chair,
She has pretty, fluffy hair,
  But it wouldn't be—
If her rat wasn't there!"

Then Fuzzy's light feet danced in time to his lively whistled accompaniment. The audience, highly pleased with his song, was hilariously delighted with his dance. When he finished, a quantity of small coin was thrown on the stage.

Happy, triumphant, Fuzzy was scarcely conscious of anything more until at the close of the program he stood in line with the other contestants for prizes. Like one in a dream he heard the deafening applause when the manager held the first prize above his head. He felt the five dollar bill in his hand and heard the manager's jovial invitation, "Come again, kid, and have another try."

He thrust his hand deeper into the pocket containing his prize and started homeward. His fingers clutched it again to make sure of its existence; then he actually pinched himself as an assurance of his own identity. Yes, he was really Thomas Raymond Wilson.

He remembered, as he re-entered his home, that Granny was somewhat deaf and that Little Sister slept soundly. He and his inherited tender conscience started an argument after he crept into bed.

"Was it right to deceive Granny? Was it safe to run off with the back door key? Was it—?"

The demands of sleep overcame his tired, active little body and he left conscience unanswered.

"Granny's got enough to worry about," he concluded when the discussion was renewed the next day. "Sister was sick such a long time when she had scarlet fever an' Granny's workin' awful hard an' still owin' on the doctor's bill. I got to git that five busted. It won't do to give it all to her at once."

Fuzzy received three dollars, his weekly earnings, from Frank that night after delivering his last bundle of papers. He ran home with a light heart. He ventured to add two dollars to the three just received. Think of being able to place five dollars in Granny's hand! His heart thrilled with pride. He hoped she would not question him too closely. His earnings varied from week to week.

Little Sister ran to meet him, her sunny curls flying, her pretty face shining with loving welcome. Fuzzy accepted and returned her embraces with the vigorous ardor he always displayed when none of the "fellers" were near. He noted the pathetically wornout condition of Little Sister's shoes and hoped there would be enough extra money to buy new ones.

"Oh, Tommy, five dollars! I hate to have you workin' so hard, my little man." Granny beamed upon him with mingled pride and solicitude. "My," she added, thinking of the dearth of plain sewing which had been brought to her, "*your* business must be pickin' up."

Fuzzy's blue eyes looked into hers confidently.

"Yes," he agreed cheerfully, "my business is pickin' up."

It has been stated before that Fuzzy possessed that old-fashioned moral attribute known as conscience. This emotion had been strongly implanted and carefully nurtured. Totally indifferent to psychological terms, he called his spark of celestial fire the "Other Feller."

Now the Other Feller seldom visited healthy little Fuzzy. Two or three times he had demanded and obtained an unconditional surrender, and occasionally accepted a compromise—but with reluctance. Tonight he followed Fuzzy upstairs.

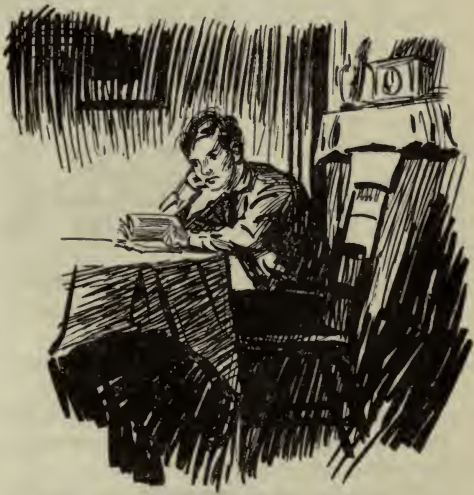
"It wasn't neither no lie." Fuzzy indignantly punched his pillow with a protesting little fist and tumbled into bed. "Not a *real* lie, anyhow," he continued. "You *know* I done it all to help Granny. W-e-l-l, smarty, if it *was*, it was just a *white* one. What? *They ain't no such thing?* They *is,* too. Aw, shut up. It wasn't a very bad one, anyhow."

The Other Fellow retreated.

Every day during the week that followed Frank praised his protege and at the same time urged him to seek further histrionic glory.

"Of course, you'll go ag'in," he insisted. "You stand a good chance to git another first prize an' if you don't you'll git *some* prize. Besides, more money'll be thrown on the stage next time. You're a favorite now, I tell you. You're crazy if you don't go ag'in, an' go soon before they forgit you. Go this week."

Fuzzy protested vigorously and earnestly. Nevertheless as the next amateur night approached, he hurried home after a late round with his papers, determined to repeat last Friday night's program. After all, it was an easy way to earn money—or would be if it wasn't for feeling so awfully scared. Surely he wouldn't be so scared another time. He was somewhat surprised, but very much gratified, because Granny asked no more questions about the extra money he had earned.



Fuzzy settled down comfortably for an enjoyable evening with a favorite Alger romance

A recent cold wave had changed the wet sidewalk into a treacherous sheet of ice over which Fuzzy gleefully progressed by means of energetic slides. A young woman walking ahead of him suddenly fell. Fuzzy ran to help her.

"Wait, I'm afraid I can't walk alone." She leaned heavily against Fuzzy's strong young shoulder. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle."

"Just around the corner—there is where my grandmother lives. If you'll come in you can rest awhile an' Granny'll put some liniment on your foot."

"Sure I will," agreed the girl. "I ain't no time to spare, but I can't walk far now while my ankle is so bad. And I can't do my stunt tonight—no stage business with a foot like this."

Fuzzy gazed at her curiously as they turned to enter the house, and she looked down at him with amused interest.

"Say, I know you," she exclaimed. "You're the little curly-haired boy that sang and danced at the Courtland last week."

"Oh, it's the pink lady," remembered Fuzzy. "Say," he paused with his hand on the door knob, "you won't tell Granny, will you, about last Friday night?"

"Why, no, not if you don't want me to. But what's the matter? Don't she want you to go?"

"Well, you see," began Fuzzy lamely, "she wouldn't understand. I don't want her to know it."

"All right; you can depend on me," promised the "pink lady."

Granny ministered to the injured ankle and at the same time became its owner's confidant and confessor.

"It's lucky you happened to be coming along, Tommy," she observed after their unexpected guest had departed. "Ain't it wonderful the way things come to pass? Do you know, the town she came from, where the young man she used to be engaged to lives, is only twenty miles from Mayville. I know his folks real well. An' she's promised to go home. She said I helped her a lot. I hope I did."

Fuzzy settled down comfortably for an enjoyable evening with a favorite Alger romance. After all, he reflected, it was just as well something happened to keep him home. Granny sat opposite industriously repairing the dress which Little Sister had just discarded.

Fuzzy's hero had overcome all obstacles, triumphantly mounting the pinnacle of success in boyish leadership, and the village bully was meeting the defeat and humiliation he deserved, when, without warning, the Other Feller intruded (the nerve of him!) and told Fuzzy he had lied.

Only last week Fuzzy thrashed a boy for calling him a liar. Now the Other Feller persistently marshalled before him memories of Granny's numerous virtues.

Granny was a brick, sure enough! To be sure she was rather particular about some things, but she wasn't like some grandmothers and mothers he knew—just tell a feller he can't do things and never tell why. Granny'd talk things over and give a boy credit for having some sense. She was so chummy, too—pretended to be interested in lots of things that she really didn't care a rap for just because she knew he'd be pleased—baseball was one of 'em. And now—

"Oh, well, shut up an' I'll tell her this minute."

In this rude manner Fuzzy dismissed the Other Feller. He tossed his book on the table and stood beside Granny's chair.

"Granny," he began, "I—I didn't exactly tell you the truth about that extra money. I didn't earn it sellin' papers."

He couldn't understand the look of joy which suddenly illuminated Granny's face.

"Tommy, I'm *so* glad you're tellin' me the truth." She grasped his arm and gazed lovingly into the honest, boyish eyes before her. "You just couldn't deceive your old Granny, could you?"

"Never again," declared Fuzzy stoutly. "But listen, Granny, you don't know what I done."

"Oh, yes, I do, my boy."

Fuzzy began to entertain vague suspicions against the pink lady.

"A woman came here Monday morning," continued Granny, "to see about some sewing. She noticed that picture of yours over there the minute she came into the room. 'Where have I seen that boy?' she says, and then she remembered and told me all about how you sang and danced last Friday night. She's Mrs. Ziegler and her husband is manager of the Courtland Theater."

"You've known it 'most a week! Well, what do you know about that?" Fuzzy embraced Granny energetically. "Anyone else," he exulted, "would of raked a feller over the coals somethin' fierce, but *you* kep' still—an' waited."

His SENTIMENTAL HIGHNESS

by

Horace Hazeltine

Author of "The Sable Lorcha," etc., etc.

[SYNOPSIS: Young Thomas Carter, self-made and favorite of Dame Fortune, who has risen from telegraph operator and society reporter to what he calls the "press and publicity game," goes to Europe to secure for a new ten-million-dollar New York cafe—the Cafe des Boulevardes—an Hungarian orchestra, led by a nobleman in whom he shall have excited the whole country's interest by means of cable despatches. Meeting on the steamer Miss Isabelle Guest, daughter of a Detroit millionaire, and in search of a title, he conceives the idea of getting her engaged to the nobleman when he shall have found him. By accident he discovers his man in the Kursaal band in Lucerne. It is Prince Cziraky, poor, proud and sentimental. The prince has fallen in love at sight with a young American girl who threw him a rose at the Kursaal, and whom he subsequently saw leave Lucerne in a touring car. Carter reveals his plan, engages "His Sentimental Highness" at a liberal figure, and takes him to Venice, whither Miss Guest and her friends have already gone. There he sets the stage for a romantic meeting.]

IV

MISS ISABELLE GUEST was in the hands of her maid, who with deft fingers was attaching a myriad of microscopic hooks to a corresponding number of infinitesimal eyes.

"Venetian mirrors!" snapped Isabelle scornfully, as she strove to view a quarter of her toileted self in the inadequate looking glass over her dressing table. "I've heard of Venetian mirrors all my life, as though they were in mirrors what the Guest Flyer is in automobiles, and this is how nearly the reality measures up to the ideal."

Pauline—Mrs. Tuttle—who, already arrayed in her best Detroit finery, sat by the open window dividing her attention between the panorama of the Canal without and the Irish lace sartorial masterpiece that was being fastened within, smiled whimsically.

"It is usually that way in life," she observed philosophically, utterly ignoring her friend's faulty premise. "Everything over here is more or less of a disappointment. The trouble is that we set our expectations too high."

There was not more than a year's difference in the ages of the two young women, and though that was in Isabelle's favor, the casual observer might have fancied the reverse; for Mrs. Tuttle was small-boned, slender and fair, while Miss Guest was built on rather heroic lines. There were those who described her as "queenly." She was tall and erect and pompous breasted. Her hair was a dark chestnut brown and her eyes a deep greenish blue, like the sea. Her complexion, however, was almost infantile, delicately tinted, soft, downy. Just now it was a shade flushed from suppressed excitement. The afternoon had been momentous. The evening promised to be still more so.

"We *can't* set our expectations too high," she denied flatly, and with more feeling than her friend's observation would seem to warrant. "You don't play golf, do you, Pauline? Therefore you've probably never heard the golf maxim: 'Never up; never in.' I believe in expecting the best, my dear—the very best my imagination can picture."

"And you'll get disappointment for

your pains. Now you're expecting this Prince Cziraky that Mr. Carter is to present to us tonight is a combination of all the heroes of romance that you've read about, and all the stage heroes that you've seen. And, you can take my word for it, Isabelle, you will be wofully disappointed."

Miss Guest's cheeks warmed. Impatiently she turned to her maid.

"Emma!" she cried. "What ails you? Your fingers are all thumbs. You've been a perfect age hooking me. You make me nervous."

"Besides," Mrs. Tuttle continued, "you are taking Mr. Carter's description of the Prince as thoroughly accurate. Now Mr. Carter is nice enough in his way. He's bright and quick and lively, but I shouldn't put much faith in his taste. He couldn't pick out anything for me from a paper of pins to a poodle dog."

Isabelle Guest stamped her adequate but shapely foot.

"Pauline Tuttle!" she stormed. "Stop it! I won't listen to you. You are a wet blanket, a cold-water thrower. Mr. Carter *has* taste. He is a charming young gentleman. He knows some of the best people in Europe. Think of him being able to induce such a young man as Prince Cziraky, the head of one of the noblest families in Hungary, to join him on his travels! And on the steamer he never so much as mentioned the Prince's name. That's what I call a real gentleman. How many Americans are there who wouldn't have boasted having such a friend?"

"Didn't he promise you, my dear, that he would introduce you to nobility?"

"Yes, he did. But he made sport of it. It was a joke rather than a boast."

Young Mrs. Tuttle laughed lightly.

"All I ask of you, Isabelle," she said, "is not to make a fool of yourself over the creature he has with him. He may be a prince and he may be a barber. Jack says that until there is a law passed by the European monarchies branding them 'sterling,' we'll never be able to tell the one from the other; they look so much alike."

"I'll thank your husband to mind his own business," was Miss Guest's acrid retort. "I'm perfectly able to take care of myself without any suggestions from him, and I want him to know it."

Pauline was imperturbable.

"My dear child," she remonstrated. "Do keep your temper! Jack, you know, merely takes a fatherly interest in you. He feels he is responsible until your father joins us, and he is quite right. You should appreciate it."

"Well, I don't, and I want him to know I don't. I came over here to enjoy myeslf and much enjoyment I get with a self-constituted guardian saying 'you mustn't' every minute. Are we going down to dinner now, or must we wait for that slow-coach, busybody husband of yours to finish his dressing?"

Mrs. Tuttle stood up.

"Jack has been dressed for half an hour," she said calmly. "I'm sure he is starving, but he always has endless patience where you are concerned. Come on, my dear. We mustn't try it too far."

Tommy Carter, gay, exhilarate, insouciant as usual, had encountered the trio during the afternoon in a corridor of the Palazzo Ducale whither he had been directed by the porter of the Hotel Europa, their chosen stopping place.

Isabelle had greeted him with glad, enthusiastic surprise, and at the first opportunity had drawn him aside to question him concerning the titled candidate he had so confidently promised to provide for her approval.

"I never fail to make good," he had bragged. "I have in Venice with me Prince Ernest of Cziraky, the head of one of the oldest and most illustrious families of the Hungarian nobility. And this evening you shall meet him. Of course, you understand, Miss Guest, that I can't bring him around to call as I would a friend back home. Your meeting must at least appear to be casual. So I have arranged for such a meeting. At eight-thirty this evening, there will be a gondola at your hotel to take you and your friends for a moonlight row down the line. I'll make it my business to have our gondola meet your gondola, and there you are!"

"Oh, lovely!" she had cried delightedly. "How clever you are, Mr. Carter! But tell me: What is the Prince like?"

"Like!" he had echoed. "Like the star

pitcher of the home ball team. A winner. You'll be wild over him."

Stubbornly he had refused to gratify her curiosity for particulars, so that now, as she hurried through her dinner, she was irritable with impatience, and could scarcely speak civilly to her two companions.

"Good Lord, Isabelle," Jack Tuttle said to her when for the sixth or seventh time she had struck at him with venomed tongue, "your Prince has my sympathy. If you're not very good from this minute on, I'll whisper a word in his ear about your temper."

The last half hour of the waiting period proved an eternity for Miss Guest. In strained silence she sat on the hotel terrace, while Jack and Pauline chattered incessantly across her; sat there, unmoved and unresponsive, while a group of good-voiced Venetians sang operatic selections from a gayly-lanterned float moored near the water steps; sat there alternately expectant and disappointed as gondolas and barcas arrived empty and went away filled.

It was five minutes past the appointed hour, according to Isabelle's diamond-and-ruby-studded watch, when the porter announced to Jack that a gondola awaited his party. And Isabelle as she took her place in the boat, was fairly vibrant with the emotion of the moment.

"Which way shall we go?" It was Tuttle who asked the question. From the incipiency of their tour, he had been making this identical inquiry. Mobile and good-natured to a fault, he was in tow of his wife and her friend. His outburst at dinner had been exceptional. Tall, slight, a little stooped, fair, bearded, he was a type of the half way successful American business man, with an abiding faith in feminine intuition.

The gondolier, with a succession of quick, deft strokes, turned the heavy indented iron prow of his craft at right angles to the shore, and bending strongly against his oar, was directing his course toward the Giudecca.

"Where is he taking us?" asked Tuttle undismayed by the silence which followed his usual question.

"We are Mr. Carter's guests, dear," Pauline informed him. "I suppose he gave directions."

As they passed the Custom House, with its gilded statue of Fortuna, and bore a little to the southeast, the moon, like an enormous illuminated balloon, seemed to float upward from the distant Public Gardens, and the next moment there was outspread beneath it a broad avenue of shining, quivering silver, which divided the steel blue of the far-reaching waters.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" cried young Mrs. Tuttle in a burst of appreciative enthusiasm. "Isn't it heavenly?"

For answer her husband grunted prosaically, and struck a match to light his cigar. Isabelle was too busy scanning the tide in every direction even to hear. At any minute, the other gondola was imminent. But there were a dozen points from which it might approach, and with only two eyes and a neck which refused completely to revolve, to keep absolute guard was impracticable.

And now that the moon was up just so far her task was made even more trying. For the splendor of that lighted stretch of canal added to the obscurity of all outside of it. The gondola of the Prince might be just behind or just ahead, and she could not know it until it emerged into that glorified pathway across which, at intervals distant and unrecognizable, silhouettes glided in silence from dark to dark.

The gondolier had veered still a little more to the eastward, and the Campanile on the Island of San Giorgio Maggiore was rising like a shadowy pointing finger as if to guide their course, when from the girl's lips broke a sudden, startled cry. Just behind her she heard the splash and sweep of a long oar, and as she turned in excited expectancy, there loomed, sudden at her very shoulder, it seemed, the halberd-mounted prow of an invading barca.

Jack and Pauline, still chattering, and with eyes hypnotically drawn to the rippling moonlit lane they were traversing, had neither heard nor seen, until Isabelle's cry aroused them. Then Pauline srceamed in affright and Jack sprang to his feet just as the two craft collided.

The shock sent their gondola careening, and the two women in panic clutched the sides and shrieked once again, while Jack, thrown off his balance by the impact, tottered, swayed and went down in a heap. A torrent of shrill, high-pitched Italian oaths was exchanged between the two gondoliers. The barges sheered off an arm's length from one another, and regained their equilibrium. And then, while the disturbed waters beat in little angry waves against their long, black sides, a figure rose in the bow of the invader, and with straw hat in hand, made humble apology.

"Why, it's Mr. Carter," exclaimed Isabelle in assumed surprise, her composure abruptly restored. "Isn't it, Mr. Carter?"

"It sure is," was the rejoinder. "And —why, the idea! Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle and Miss Guest. What luck!"

Jack gathered himself together and resumed the upright.

"Hello, Carter!" he said. He did not approve of subterfuge and his voice indicated it.

Pauline laughed constrainedly.

"I believe you knew all the time, Mr. Carter," she charged. "You did it to frighten us."

But Carter did not answer her. He was drawing forward a young man of much his own height and build. He had thrown a protecting, patronizing arm about the young man's shoulders.

"Allow me, ladies," he was saying, "to make you acquainted with my friend, His Serene Highness, Prince Cziraky! Mrs. Tuttle and Miss Guest. Princie, I want you to know Mr. Tuttle, too. He's one of our very best little American citizens."

His Serene Highness bowed. The ladies murmured their delight. Jack Tuttle said, "Pleased to meet you."

The moon rays bathed the Prince with the glamour of the theatrical spotlight; and Isabelle, viewing him with critical eyes, pronounced him good. He was all and more than she had hoped for. His great, dark eyes fascinated her. She read romance in them, and in spite of a certain hard sordidness, which was her inheritance, she was at heart romantic.

Cziraky, however, saw Miss Guest only in dim profile. The light was either behind her or at her side, and so her features were always in shadow. His memory of his ideal, nevertheless, was still fresh and fragrant. Back of the dark mask of shade he fancied those same enraptured features that had shone upon that afternoon at the Kursaal, in appreciation of his interpretation of the "Traümar i"; he sensed the soul which had spoken to his soul as she flung him the rose from her corsage; and he longed for the moment when he could speak to her of how she had inspired him, of how she had exalted him until the encore he had given was really more of her than of himself.

For an hour the two boats glided in company, so close that conversation between the occupants was at all times possible, if not continuous; and then, at Carter's suggestion, a course was steered for the Piazzetta, for he had learned that it was "band night" in the Piazza San Marco, and on "band night" all Venice is to be seen in the great square.

In the brief walk from the landing to the table-spread *terrasse* of the Cafe Florian, general design threw the Prince and Isabelle together. They were permitted, indeed, to lead the way, while the others followed quite out of earshot, with purposeful leisure. Yet, oddly enough the Prince now proved disappointingly taciturn. Either he had thought better of his intention to recall the Kursaal incident, it seemed, or he lacked ingenuity to bring about a favorable opening. On the contrary he spoke of Venice rather than of Lucerne, and to Miss Guest's dismay, forced the conversation into impersonal channels, so that she was afforded no means of judging, indeed, whether he was pleased with her or not.

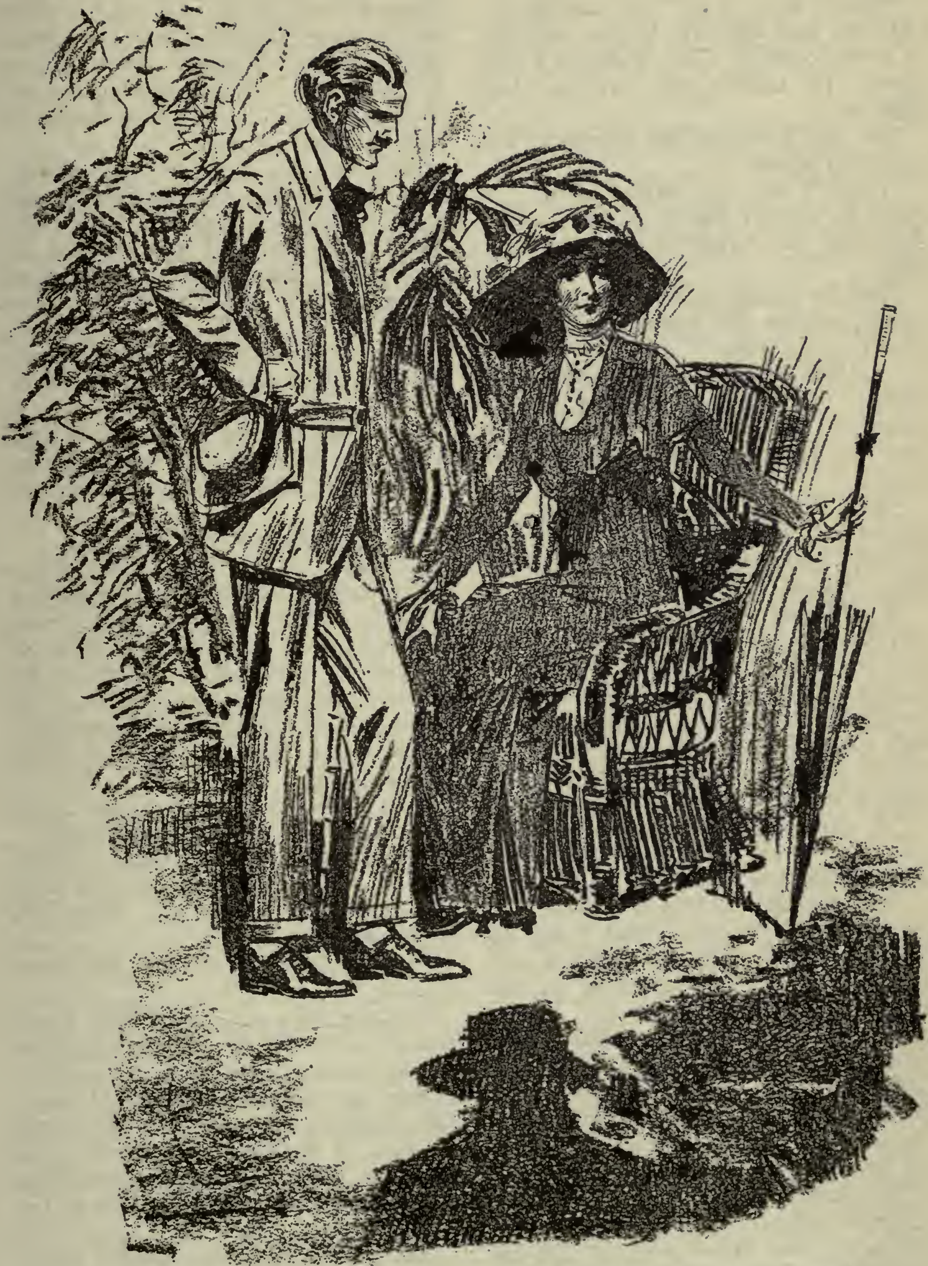
"You've met lots of American girls, I suppose, Prince," she had boldly essayed in an effort to draw him out, but he would not be drawn.

"Lots?" he queried, in his not-quite-sure way. "Many, you mean? No, not many have I met."

"Enough to form an opinion?" she persisted.

"From the small number, an opinion I dare not make," was his guarded answer.

At the chosen table before the Cafe, he, with evident design, placed himself next to Mrs. Tuttle, and only once did he



Carter had taken his camera to the Lido and had snapped the Prince and Isabelle in a dozen different poses, more or less conventional lean across it to address Isabelle. Then lifting a finger:

"Listen, Miss Guest," he said raptly. "Do you hear what the band is playing? It is the overture from Mascagni's new opera. In America you have not had that yet."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and raised her brows.

"Haven't we?" she replied tartly. "I guess we haven't missed it very much." And then she turned to Carter with a laugh.

That the passage was not lost upon the young exploiter was proved on the walk back to the Europa.

"See here, Miss Guest," he said a little sharply. "I don't think you are playing altogether fair. Don't you like Princie? He's the best thing in European court circles."

"He's the stupidest thing," was her rejoinder. "Did you tell him that dad is worth forty millions, and that I'm his only daughter?"

"I told him more than that. I told him that you had a candy disposition, and that you had always dreamed of marrying an Hungarian prince and buying his family castles back from the soulless usurers. And there you go and try to throw all my fish in the fire, by snapping his head off when he makes an effort to be nice to you."

"He never made an effort to be nice to me; that's why I did it. You've been nicer a thousand times than he has."

"Ah, but he's a Prince," Carter explained, "and I'm not. That makes all the difference." And he sighed a sigh intended to suggest something of the lovelorn. "He's kind of gun shy. Maybe you aimed at him a little too hard at first, However, I'll have another talk with him. and I'll bet you a sealskin coat to a collar button that he'll go on his knees and quote the Hungarian Omar Khayyam the next time he's alone with you."

This promised talk with His Serene Highness followed abruptly on the good-nights to Miss Guest and the Tuttles. As together Carter and he strolled along the quaint and narrow moonlit Via 22 Marzo, toward the rear entrance of their hotel, the American brought his charge to task.

"Princie," he said, in a tone more ripe with sorrow than with anger, "you're a disappointment to me. Haven't I been good to you? Haven't I paid your Swiss debts? Haven't I staked you to clothes, good goulash, a valet and spending money? Haven't I been a father and a mother to you? Haven't I found you a rich wife whom you can have for the asking? Haven't I promised to make you a bigger man in the United States than the President? And how have you returned it? Oh, Princie, Princie, how sorer than an aching tooth it is to have a stubborn Prince!"

Young Prince Cziraky cleared his throat. His dark skin looked pallid in the moonlight.

"It is one mistake I have made—one great, large mistake." His voice was very low, and he spoke without turning his head.

Carter turned upon him sharply.

"Mistake! Well, I like that! It's a pretty time to tell me you have made a mistake. Didn't I state the facts plainly enough for you? Didn't I dope it all out for you in good, plain, understandable English? And didn't you agree to go the limit? Where does the mistake come in?"

The Prince gazed at him with wide, imploring eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Carter," he murmured, "the lady is—is not—is not the—the lady."

"What!" the American yelled in indignation. "The lady is—is not the lady? What sense is there in that? What lady is—is not—what lady?"

"Miss Guest is not the lady that threw the rose."

"Oh, she isn't, isn't she? Well, what's that got to do with it? I haven't the faintest notion who it was made you a target. It was you who said it was she. I didn't. I never agreed to provide the rose thrower for you. I bargained to produce a rich American girl who was daffy over titles, and you bargained to make love to her. Isn't that so?"

The young Hungarian nodded dejectedly.

"Well, I produced her, didn't I? And you refused to make love—by heavens, you refused even to smile or smirk at her. It seems you're darn particular, for a poor fiddler. She looks pretty good to me—and her old gentleman has forty million hidden away in his silk socks." He paused for a moment, and then he laid a caressing hand on the Prince's square shoulder. "Why not be sensible, Princie?" he appealed. "I don't ask you to marry her and split up that forty million with Father Guest, since neither she nor the cash appeals to you; but I do ask you to be nice to her. Make her think you think she's about the only real dolly on the Christmas tree, and papa and I will do the rest. We won't let it come to the lace veil and orange blossom thing. I give you my word we won't."

But the Prince was persistently recalcitrant. At this suggestion he braced himself, as was his wont at times. His eyes snapped fire; his chin leveled and protruded, his shoulders curved backward.

"I cannot," he declared proudly. "I am a Cziraky. I am a gentleman of honor. I cannot for my own personal profit deceive the woman."

Carter stopped suddenly and pulled his companion round so that he faced him.

"All right," he decided. "All right. Have your own way, my lad. But don't forget the little bit of money you owe me. A gentleman of honor always pays, you know. And I want it!"

The Prince broke away roughly, angrily.

"You shall have it!" he cried. "*Ach Gott!* You shall have it!"

For a second Carter stood staring at him in amazement. Then as the humor of the situation broke in upon him he began laughing loudly, boisterously, until the narrow, quiet street echoed with his hoarse merriment.

"A prince!" he ridiculed. "You! Why you haven't the first mark, sign, symbol, index, token of a prince. Something's wrong. You're too good; you're too sentimental; you're too honorable. You can never make me believe in you again, Ernie, my angel. Never again! Never again! Why, you haven't the cloven hoof."

V

In the column cable which later that night Carter despatched to his syndicate of American newspapers, there was no mention, we may be assured, of the disturbing issue which had so unexpectedly arisen. On the contrary the romance in which he had already wildly interested his public was made to show abundant and sensational progression. The meeting between Miss Guest, the beautiful daughter of the Detroit millionaire, and the handsome Prince Charming, who in his breathlessly ardent quest had neither slept nor eaten for three days, was made thrillingly dramatic. A drunken gondolier was dragged into service to make plausible the collision which had utterly wrecked the Guest gondola, throwing the fair American into the raging waters of the lagoon from which the enamoured nobleman had rescued her at the peril of his own valuable life.

And not until this imaginative piece of composition was on the wires did Carter seriously attempt to face the problem which with such precipitancy had threatened to twist all his scheme askew. The Prince's rebellion was the last contingency he had dreamed of. It was, so far as he knew, a quite unprecedented course of action. Pauper princes, according to all historic authority, were the least particular regarding the personality of their American purchasers. So long as the price paid was liberal, it had hitherto made small difference to them whether the accompanying feminine encumbrance was blonde or brunette, young or old, erudite or imbecile. From the promoter's own standpoint, Cziraky was being given a chance, at least, to win a capital prize in the international marriage lottery; and so should be the very last person to complain. Of course Carter really had no intention of permitting the negotiations to reach the matrimonial conclusion. Mr. Guest would put a stop to the affair, he felt sure, before such a consummation was achieved. If not, then Carter himself would have to interfere, so that the Hungarian Band, led by Prince Cziraky, could give *eclat* to that new Broadway enterprise, the Cafe des Boulevardes.

He had even, somewhat indirectly, called the Prince's attention to this feature of the situation. And with what result? The Prince had opposed him with that obsolete quality in princes, his princely honor, and had backed his opposition with an apparent willingness to make financial restitution in support of his principles.

"But," said Carter to himself as he strolled homeward from the telegraph office, near the Piazza, "since he was bedfellow with Poverty when I found him, where under the Venetian stars is he going to get the money to pay me back? Nowhere. That's the answer. He can't do it. He's got to dance to my fiddling. When he wakes up tomorrow, he'll realize it. I've got chains on him. And so his princely honor is going to work on my end of the tug-o'-war, instead of on his. Therefore, why worry, Thomas, my boy? They can't beat you. You've got 'em whipsawed. Comin' and goin' the game is yours!"

The theory thus reached, though seemingly warranted by conditions, worked out badly in practice, for, on the following morning, while Carter, steeped in the lethe of contentment, still dreamed, Prince Cziraky was up and doing. And when, shortly after ten o'clock, the American, yet in his pajamas, sipping his matutinal coffee and puffing a cigarette, responded with a cheerful "Cone in!" to a nervous, but far from deferential knock on his door, it was His Serene Highness who presented himself.

A single glance conveyed to Carter that the change of mood which he had so optimistically expected, was absent. On the contrary, Cziraky's irritation had magnified over night. His attitude betokened militant rebellion. His usually placid brow was furrowed with a frown. His delicate, sensitive fingers were doubled into his palms.

For an instant the two faced each other in silence. Then Carter, unctuously cheerful, made the first pass.

"Oh, you Princie!" he greeted with a smile. "I'll bet you've been out, already, looking for the Rose Girl."

But the Prince's frown only deepened.

"I have been out," he replied gravely. "I have been out for a purpose. I am leaving Venice in an hour. Before I go, sir, I come to pay that money which you advance me."

Carter got quickly to his feet. As he rose, he dropped his cigarette into his coffee cup.

"I guess not," he said, conciliatingly. "I guess not. You're not going to desert me, Princie. I won't have it."

But Cziraky gave no heed. He was busy extracting a wallet from the inside pocket of his light gray Norfolk jacket.

"I have here," he resumed, as he drew out a folded sheet of paper, "a statement of the amount and the items which make it. Will you, if you please, be so good as to say if it correct is?"

The young American accepted the paper and without looking at it, began tearing it into small pieces.

"Princie," he said reprovingly, "I'm hurt; I'm offended. I thought you knew me well enough to take a joke. I don't want your money; I want you. I like you. We're pals. I want to make a success of you."

His Serene Highness continued unresponsive. He was counting out gold pieces now, and Italian paper currency, and though Carter vocally protested, he mentally marveled.

"I am leaving Venice in one little hour," the Prince repeated, as he extended the money, "and I pay you now every centime you have given me or spent for me. I pay my hotel bill already. I pay also the man you engage for me."

Carter clasped his hands behind his back and stood for a moment with bowed head. He saw his carefully planned project swaying dizzily, as he fancied the old Campanile must have swayed before it crumbled. Unless he could steady it—unless by some master stroke he could check that rocking, the whole fabric of his ingenious building would go on tottering to a fall.

Impatiently the Prince deposited his carefully counted money upon a marble-topped console which chanced to be conveniently placed.

"And now," he said sternly, "I go."

Carter made no move to detain him. On the contrary, he turned, without a word, and crossed the room to the open window. He heard the door opened; he heard it closed, sharply. Argument, pleading, cajolorie, were dulled tools, and he had no others with which to work his will. But, as he stood there, his lowered gaze drawn and held by the sun-gilt waters of the Grand Canal, his active brain responding alertly to his demand, was scurrying here and there, poking into corners, tumbling over stored memories, reviving rejected incidents, in the search for the one needful thing which would serve to avert the impending disaster.

He no longer strove to explain the Prince's sudden affluence. The fact that he had proved himself in funds was the fact which had cut the chain by which Carter held him, and the business of the moment was to forge a new link, rather than to bother over the origin of the shears which had severed the old one.

For the forging less than an hour now remained. Cziraky must not be permitted to leave Venice. He must be held; he must be brought back to Isabelle Guest, if only for a week.

Very little serious heed had the exploiter given to the details of that story of the "Rose Lady"—only sufficient, indeed, to weave it romantically into his first Venice cable, making Isabelle the heroine, while well assured that she was not. Nor had he, until now, given so much as a minute's thought as to whom the Rose Lady really was. But under the lash of necessity his subconscious mind presently submitted to him an episode and an observation, which dovetailed so nicely that revelation was the result.

Cziraky, he recalled, had spoken of seeing the Rose Lady enter a touring car in front of the Schweizerhof. It was that which had assured Carter that the Rose Lady and Miss Guest were not identical, for he knew that the Tuttles and their charming charge had walked to the steamboat landing and had there embarked for Flüelen, where they had arranged to take the train. But the personality of the other had not at the time interested him. Now, however, in reviewing the events of that morning, he recollected having waited some minutes on the terrace of the hotel for his friend's appearance; recollected that while so waiting a great eighty-horse-power Panhard car had been loaded, first with luggage and eventually with four passengers, and that one of these was a fair young American girl to whom he had been presented on the previous evening.

He remembered having waved his hat to her in farewell and then having promptly forgotten her, since finding her somewhat serious minded she had failed to impress him. And so *she* was the Rose Lady. He wondered now what her name was. He tried to recall it, but couldn't. But his memory of her face was better. He envisaged her perfectly. She was delicate-featured, pale almost to transparency, with great, soulful gray eyes, a rather severely straight little nose, and a piquantly determined chin. Her hair, which was abundant, was gloriously, unequivocally red—not a dull, rusty mixture like his own, but a brilliant, blazing flare of color, such as one sees in—

In search of a simile his gaze roved without. It swept the sparkling ripples of the Canal, passed rejectingly over a puffing vapor launch, touched lightly upon a scarlet scarf knotted about the waist of a gondolier, and after circling the somewhat over-decorated facade of the church of Santa Maria della Salute opposite, dropped to the marble steps which form its approach from the Canal, and there came to sudden, wide-eyed halt.

Two ladies were alighting from a gondola. Beneath the hat of the younger flamed that identical color.

With sudden eagerness Carter leaned forward, his hands gripping the window sill, his head and shoulders thrust out into the rare morning.

Beneath the hat of the younger flamed that identical hair.

VI

There had been occasions in the young life of Thomas Carter when a hurried toilet was an enforced necessity, but never before had he composed so elaborate an adornment in such brief space. Alone and unaided he accomplished a change from blue silk pajamas to white outing flannels, from red Turkish slippers to snowy buckskin yachting shoes, with also the incidental performances, such as bathing, shaving and brushing, within a scant seven minutes as ticked away by his own tallying timepiece.

Thus immaculately arrayed he had scurried downstairs, had spring into a waiting gondola and had been ferried across the

Canal to the Salute's tide-lapped steps, to be lost from sight a second later within the church's wide portal.

Then for a little while Venice had drowsed undisturbed by a single sign of Occidental bustle, but only for a little while. For, suddenly, from the gloom of the sacred vestibule a cry had rung out, and a passing gondolier had turned in startled surprise to see Carter's white-clad, panama-hatted figure flying down the broad flight of steps with waving, signalling arm.

His return to the Grand Hotel was propitiously timed. In the doorway he met an emerging porter with a bulky, familiar-looking pigskin traveling bag in each hand. Heavily he threw himself against the porter's rotund chest.

"Drop them, right where you are!" he commanded. And though the porter knew no word of English, he obeyed without question.

Five paces behind the porter walked the recalcitrant Prince.

"A minute with your Serene Highness!" Carter craved, with a grip upon the lapel of the youth's gray Norfolk jacket that would not be denied.

"But I have not the minute," Cziraky objected, struggling to be free. "I must not the train miss."

"After my minute you won't mind missing it," was the American's rejoinder. "For my part, I can't see why you're in such an infernal hurry, anyhow. What's the matter with Venice? *I* know it isn't Coney Island, but *you* haven't any such standard of comparison. Certainly it has Lucerne lashed at the mast. Come, sit down, Princie. I would have a word with thee!"

The Prince's rebellion took an aggressive turn. He embraced Carter with both arms.

"If you not let me go," he said, sharply, "I throw you as in the Kursaal garden."

But as he bent forward for the threatened grip, Carter hissed in his ear:

"The Rose Lady is here, you idiot. Now will you be good?"

And at that the hold of His Highness abruptly relaxed. For half a second he stood passive. Then:

"No, no," he said, shaking his head. "You think to make of me the fool, once more, again. Yes? But I am not so easy made the fool."

"I have never made a fool of you," Carter protested. "I misunderstood you. That was all. Now I understand, and I tell you she is here in Venice—now, today. I have seen her. She told me she threw you the rose. She thinks you're the George Washington—the Napoleon Bonaparte—the—Kossuth of the fiddle string. I know her name and I know her address. And if you are a very good little Princie, you shall have them both."

Thoroughly amenable once more, under the stimulus of this emphatic assurance, the romantic young nobleman consented to sit down. And Carter, in a chair facing him, read him the conditions of a new pact. It was his purpose, he told him, to be very lenient with him. Most men would have resented his course of action, would have thrown him over, would have let him return to his fiddling in Swiss summer gardens. But Carter gave the Prince his word that he was not like most men. He had set his heart on making a success of him. And so he had found the Rose Lady for him. He had also brought him back his money. He would re-engage the royal suite for him. Once more he should have Oscar, his valet. He should have the leadership of the Hungarian Band, too, at the new cafe on the Great White Way in little old New York.

And for all of this he asked only one small return. For seven days he must be patient. For seven days he must forget the Rose Lady. For seven days he must be one of the Tuttle party.

"But the Rose Lady," objected His Highness. "She may in seven days be gone away."

"On the contrary," declared Carter, "she will be still in Venice. She and her mother have taken an apartment here for a month. I swear it to you, Princie, on the honor of my Revolutionary forbears."

"And that other lady—that what you call Guest! I have not to love make with her?"

"Nix on the love thing," agreed Carter. "Only be nice to her. Tell her she has the most beautiful eyes you ever saw. Tell her her voice haunts your dreams. Tell her she reminds you of the Princess of Wurzburger or Pilsner or some other German brew. Pay her a few harmless, ineffective and uncompromising compliments, and I shall be satisfied. If you find it getting on your nerves, switch off to Mrs. Tuttle. Practice on 'em both, Princie, my lad, and then, when your day really comes, and you meet the Rose Lady, you'll be in fine form."

And without further cavil or demur the Prince consented. Moreover he grasped Carter's hand and shook it warmly.

"I thank you," he said, his voice aquiver. "I am very relieved. You know not what I suffer. In all my poverty I never before make such sacrifice. To pay back those monies I borrow on my locket, which I show to you in Lucerne. Never, never did I think to part with that. But now I get it back once. Now I happy am again, you see."

But Carter was less jubilant. He had won out for the moment, it was true; had won against odds, which for a time seemed overwhelming; had won again purely through the intervention of his good friend, the Dame. But he had been required to make concessions, and he questioned whither those concessions would lead him. That which twenty-four hours ago had appeared to be plain sailing, had suddenly become a course checkered with reefs. The romance of his imagination was proving no romance at all. The girl was not attracted by the Prince, and the Prince detested the girl. So long as he alone supplied the news of the courtship to the world, all would be well; but the day when other correspondents should swoop down upon his preserves and, interviewing the principals, discover the fake character of his sensation, could not much longer be delayed.

This, indeed, was the exploiter's chief fear. Lesser dangers lay in the possibility of Cziraky's unaided discovery of the Rose Girl and a repetition of his rebellion, of Isabelle's open quarrel with her pretending suitor, of the failure of Guest *pere* to enter his protest before the retirement of the Prince from the field.

Already Carter had determined that conveyance of the tidings of the situation to Isabelle's father should not be left to chance. It was quite in the line of his journalisitc duty to secure the millionaire's views on the threatened alliance; and so, to obtain the Russian address of the American manufacturer without in any way revealing his object, became one of the most vital of his immediate tasks.

The opportunity for its accomplishment occurred that afternoon at the Lido, the Venetian bathing beach, to which Carter, marshalling his little party of tourists, had proposed an excursion. The proposal had been preceded by a private conference with Isabelle Guest, whom he found still bitter against Cziraky.

"Don't mind him," he had said to her with a knowing wink. "Princes, you know, do not spoon like us of common clay. It isn't their way. Instead of going straight to the girl, they circle the aviation field and drop down on her mother, if she has one. If she isn't so provided, they go for her chaperone. Princie, therefore, devoted himself to your friend, Mrs. Tuttle. He thought that was the first move in the game. I've slipped it to him that American girls are not won in that way, and now he's ready to hand the sugar candy to you."

Carter had taken his camera to the Lido and had snapped the Prince and Isabelle in a dozen different poses, more or less conventional. To his delight Cziraky was politely assiduous in his attentions to the young lady, and the canny exploiter had observed with pleasure not wholly unmixed with pain that the Detroit girl was radiant in consequence.

It thus happened that Pauline Tuttle who had made similar observation appealed to Carter as to the advisability of permitting this progressive intimacy. Her husband, wishing to be able to say that he had swum in the Adriatic, had gone off in search of a bathing suit and a bath house, and Carter and she awaited his reappearance on the terrace of the new Excelsior Hotel.

"I am sorry you brought that man here," she said frankly. "Isabelle is so foolish, and I have very little control over her."

Carter pretended surprise.

"Why, he's all wool and a yard wide," he returned. "I thought I was doing her a service."

"Her father wouldn't listen to her marrying a foreigner."

"He wouldn't have to listen. They could quietly go South—elope, you know."

Mrs. Tuttle's eyes of china blue took on a look of alarm.

"Surely he wouldn't attempt that?" she gasped.

"What won't a fellow attempt when he's daffy over a girl, as he is?"

"Mr. Guest would never forgive me—never," she prophesied.

"Then you had better send for him to come here and take command" was Carter's suggestion. "Is he still in St. Petersburg?"

"No, he's gone to Moscow."

"You know his hotel?"

"Yes. Isabelle had a wire from him this morning."

"Then why not wire him the situation?" said Carter.

"Isabelle would be furious," she faltered. "She'd never forgive me."

"Would you feel better if he was informed how the cat is jumping?"

"I certainly should, and yet I—I—really hardly dare."

"Let George do it!" Carter grinned. "Give me the name of his hotel, and I'll wire him on my own responsibility. Between you and me, Mrs. Tuttle, I don't mind confessing that I'm all gone on Miss Guest myself, and I'm in no mood to see her carried off by such scum as an Hungarian princelet."

"Mr. Guest is at the Hotel Kremlin," said Pauline.

VII

Two more days of sightseeing slipped by without any change in the general situation. To Carter's telegram to Moscow, outlining the little romance and requesting a prompt expression of opinion, no reply had been received. Meanwhile the Prince, tamed by a promise, was gallantry itself, and Isabelle Guest dwelt in an Elysium all her own. The exploiter's cables had now been supplemented with letters for the Sunday editions, each illustrated with a plethora of photographs. From his principals in New York the projectors of the new Cafe, he had received two brief despatches. The first merely commented, "Good Work." The second announced: "You've caught the country," and advised: "Go the limit."

Yet all the while Carter was prey to a growing uneasiness. He was constantly reminded that he had paid dearly for the retention of the Prince in Venice. If the Rose Girl were anywhere but here, all might work out as he had planned, but owing to her presence his project was in momentary danger. He was not sure, either, that he could depend on Papa Guest to play the part assigned to him. Both Isabelle and her friend Pauline had declared that the millionaire was violently opposed to foreigners as matrimonial possibilities. Still, might he not, being wrapped up in his fair daughter, yield to her wishes in the matter? In that event the rupture between the supposed lovers would be brought about by Cziraky, and that was not what he desired. To carry out his plot, the Prince must be lovelorn. Otherwise there would be small interest in his American pilgrimage at the head of a native Hungarian band.

At the same time, while harassed by these threatening possibilities, the young American was smarting under a sensation altogether new to him. Propinquity had served to excite within his hitherto immune sensibilities a warm admiration for this dashing Detroit girl. Those very qualities which repulsed His Serene Highness—her Amazonian bearing, her independence of thought and action, her loud laughter, her free speech, her supreme confidence in her father's dollars—all strongly appealed to the self-made Tommy Carter; and though he knew that Cziraky's attentions were enforced, he nevertheless envied his every smile which bared for him the sumptuous Isabelle's glistening teeth.

When, therefore, on the evening of the fifth day of his stay in Venice, he found himself paired with Miss Guest at the Cafe Florian, the Prince having pleaded sudden indisposition and departed for his hotel, it was an oasis of rare delight in the barren desert of his self-denial.

Their party, augmented by half a dozen new American acquaintances, fellow-guests at the Europa, was the gayest in the place. Their merriment rang loud. Song and laughter echoed from ancient wall to ancient wall, with an accompaniment of clinking glasses, and minutes ran unheeded into hours. Through the never-closed door of the Cafe Carter saw the great square without, bathed in an instant with the pale green sheen of the late risen moon, and seeing it, was seized with a sudden romantic desire.

With lips close to the entrancingly pink ear of the young woman beside him he murmured softly his proposal.

"Come—you and me—a gondola together—in the moonlight."

Her eyes danced with mischief.

"But—" she whispered, hesitant.

"They'll never miss us," he encouraged. "Say nothing, slip off quietly. If anything is said, I'll volunteer to find you. Then I'll join you, outside, by the new campanile. Are you game?"

One of the party was telling a story. The others hung on his words, awaiting the climax. When the end was reached, Carter and Isabelle were stepping into a gondola from the steps of the Piazetta.

"It's like an elopement," she laughed as they settled into their places in the *felze*.

"I wish it were an elopement," returned her companion, with crude gallantry. But she made no rejoinder.

When, however, they had chosen their course—Isabelle delighted in viewing the palaces which lined the Grand Canal—Carter reverted to the subject.

"If you were only more democratic, Kiddo!" he said regretfully. "But it has to be a prince for yours."

She tossed her head, with a laugh.

"Any girl can marry an American," was her reply. "It's not every one that can become a princess."

"Nor every one that wants to."

"Oh, I don't know. They'd probably want to if they could afford it. Girls don't want a lot of things, when they know they can't have them."

Carter dropped his serious tone. It didn't fit him, and he knew it. Besides the time was not ripe for him to essay a rivalry to Cziraky.

"How has little Ernest been behaving?" he asked lightly.

"He's a dear," was her answer. "But he's awfully shy."

"That's characteristic of the deer," he told her. And then he asked bluntly, "You've learned to love him, eh?"

"Why, Mr. Carter," she exclaimed, "how stupid you are at times. Love him! Love! Not in a thousand years. I haven't even thought of such a thing. It's fortunate for me that I can endure him. I've made myself do that."

For a moment the young man was silent.

"Then—then," he stammered, "if it should all come to nothing—if—if—well, if Princie should back gracefully out, it wouldn't break your heart, eh?"

"No," she said decisively. "Oh, no. But—my pride—I fear my pride would suffer a great deal." She paused, thoughtfully, and then with a little laugh, went on, "But I have no notion of that. He knows that papa is very rich, doesn't he? I have tried to make him understand that. And, I suppose you told him."

"I told him that you employed a maid just to count your money—that Rockefeller and Morgan borrowed from your father every time they ran short; that he had to build a new bank every month to hold his surplus income."

"What a friend to have!" she cried merrily. "What a darling, unselfish boy you are!"

"Ain't I the creamy Camembert?" chuckled Carter. "I'm just the delicatessen thing with toasted crackers." In his exuberance he seized Miss Guest's hand and squeezed it with enthusiastic excess, and at that moment he hated the Prince, hated the projectors of the Cafe des Boulevardes, hated his business, hated all subterfuge.

Propelled by the rhythmic sweep of the gondolier's long oar the sable gondola glided smoothly over the moon-gemmed ripples of the canal, between centuries of romance. Palace after palace, each rich with histories of love, passion and intrigue, and each as mute as rich, loomed and faded like so many ghosts of the ages, as this man and this woman, prey to the eerie influences of the night, were borne silently on the way of the flooding tide.

It was late and Venice here seemed sleeping beneath a silver pall. For a time the voices of the two in the gondola were hushed. The regular grind of the oar against its notched fulcrum and the echoing plash of stirred waters but emphasized the stillness.

But presently, fitting into the mood of the voyagers, accentuating rather than disturbing the caressing serenity of the hour, there was carried to their ears faintly, yet sweetly, as from very far, the vibrant melody of what seemed to them dream music.

Again Carter laid his hand upon Isabelle's, softly this time, with a tenderness that was new and strange to him.

"Listen!" he murmured. "Listen!"

And as they listened the notes came clearer; the tones defined themselves.

"I thought it was someone singing," the girl whispered, "but it is a violin." At the next moment the tones dwindled again and slowly faded.

"It is someone playing up that side canal," Carter determined. And then he addressed the gondolier: "Hi, there, Pietro Pagliacci, turn around. Finda da mu-seek-a!"

"Si, si, signor," came the answer. And even as it came, the gondola circled, then crossed at an angle, and swung easily into a narrow waterway on the right. So narrow was it that the moonlight, cut off by the higher encroaching buildings, penetrated only in patches where there were openings between, or illuminated the upper stories of the edifices on one side with a sort of frieze of silver white.

But as they rounded a little curve a light peered at them out of the black, streaking the inky waters.

"It's a lantern on the prow of the fiddler's gondola," Carter interpreted. And then, while he was still speaking, the music ceased.

The cessation, however, was brief. Almost directly there floated down as from the skies, an exquisite harmony of chords, and together the two in the boat lifted their eyes to where on a balcony, in the full flood of the moontide, stood a figure in white—the slim, lissom figure of a girl, her bared arm moving with infinite grace to and fro in time to the measure.

"It is a serenade," cried Isabelle in delight. "Oh, how lovely! How perfectly lovely! He has played to her and now she is answering him."

As they drew nearer, Carter, his eyes still on the player, caught his breath sharply, experiencing abruptly a shock of dismay. For beyond all mistaking the girl fiddling there in the moonlight was the Rose Girl.

Instantly he hailed the gondolier.

"Stoppa!" he cried. "Here! Wait here. We don't want to—"

But Isabelle was differently minded.

"No, no," she commanded. "Go on, go on. I want to see the lover. Go close to his gondola, so that our light will fall upon him."

The gondolier had been taught by experience that the *Americana* is to be obeyed in preference to the *Americano*. He proceeded therefore without hesitation.

"I must see what the creature looks like that can draw a girl out on her balcony to play a violin to him at this hour of the night," was Miss Guest's explanation to Carter of her arbitrary action.

If he made rejoinder it was lost on his companion, for at that instant the prow of the gondola in which they were seated glided, within an inch of grazing, along the side of the other, the full glow of its headlight, surrounding and revealing like a calcium, the familiar figure of that young Hungarian prince whose indisposition an hour previously had forced him to exchange the delight of Miss Guest's company for the seclusion of his hotel.

He stood there with head thrown back and eyes upraised, drinking rapturously the sweetness of that melodic benison. His own violin was lowered. He held it, depending, in his left hand. His right hand gripped the bow. Isabelle noted these details, but most of all she noted his rapt absorption. Of their passing gondola he was utterly oblivious.

When they were quite out of earshot she turned to Carter.

"Who—who is that marble-faced thing—that—that—"

"Girl on the fire escape?" he supplied, with an effort to make a laughing matter of what he dreaded might be serious. "That's the new Juliet. Not the dead one they have buried up at Verona, but a new one—a flossy with red hair, who takes violin lessons and—"

"Why didn't you tell me the Prince

plays the violin?" she interrupted imperiously. "Why didn't you suggest that he serenade me?"

"To tell the truth," replied Carter, "I regarded it as the skeleton in his closet. I didn't think he'd like it trotted out."

"What do you mean? Why should it be a skeleton? Is it possible that he—that he—gives lessons on the violin? That he's her music master?"

The temptation was strong upon him to tell her the truth and profit by the ensuing disillusion. But whatever gain might be his, sentimentally, would be more than balanced by the wreckage of his enterprise. At all hazards he must make good with his employers. And so he laughed a little laugh of ridicule.

"Nothing doing in the music lesson business," he chirruped. "Oh, dear no. Fancy a Serene Highness instructing pupils how to wring squeals from the catgut! No, no, kiddo. But it's this way: To me a man that plays the piano or pulls a bow is only half a man. He's only just a step away from being a cute little sister. That's how I feel, and so I kept it dark that Princie liked to dally with the Sonata thing."

"I'll never speak to him again, never," Isabelle declared passionately. "Pretending to be in love with me and sneaking off to serenade that red-headed woman."

"If anything were needed to prove him the real thing in titles, it was just this," Carter told her. "You wanted a prince, didn't you? Well, when you get a prince you get this with him every time. Now, if you are the sensible girl I take you to be, you'll be good and say just nothing at all. Since you don't love him—and you say you don't—what's the odds?"

"I will not be humiliated," she answered with emphasis.

"Why, an American girl who becomes a Serene Highness digs humiliation out by the roots and forgets it," was Carter's rejoinder.

The profitless discussion was continued through the back canals, was pursued with wavering advantage along the main Venetian waterway, and ceased only at the steps of the Hotel Europa, where Carter handed his companion ashore.

Then he stood waiting while she crossed the apparently deserted terrace, and passed through the wide doorway to the dimly lighted interior. And when she had disappeared, he still stood lost for a moment in reflection. One of the contingencies he had feared had arisen. The Prince had found the Rose Lady for himself. And another contingency which he had not foreseen had developed. He, too, had found a Rose Lady—a glorious American beauty—who, in spite of his will, was crippling his efforts to round out his undertaking to a successful issue.

He turned to step back into the gondola, but was arrested by a figure emerging from the shadows of the terrace.

"Am I right in assuming that I speak to His Serene Highness, Prince Ernest of Cziraky?"

The questioner, standing revealed in the moonlight, was middle-aged, tall, smooth shaven. Carter ran him over with estimating eye and recognized another contingency. It was the advance guard of the army of special correspondents that he had been trying to avoid.

"Vot you essoom," he said, adopting on impulse a Weber-Fieldian dialect, "iss correction."

(*To be continued*)

As to circumstances—I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and if they can't find them, make them.

—*George Bernard Shaw.*

The GIRL, The DOLLAR And The BULL

by

Will Levington Comfort

Author of

"Fate Knocks at the Door," "She Buildeth Her House," "Routledge Rides Alone"

THE great mass of recent American fiction might be gathered together in one wing of the library of Congress and labeled, "The Girl, the Dollar and the Bull."

A stranger being critically informed that the short story is particularly an American expression, would find that the American novel is usually a short story enlarged. The same elements, the same plot turnings and devices; the same man-handled materials are caught and whipped through varying lengths of tale.

First, the Girl. This is a love story. The love of man and woman which these stories exploit, regarded by an adult whose mental surfaces are fresh and slightly warmed with ideals, must appear shifty and pestilential. The American fiction-writer equips his woman with everything to make her common as man. She is glib, pert, mundane. Her mind is a chatter-mill; she is a creature of fur, paint, hair and is absurdly young. The clink of coins is her most favorable accompaniment; and her giving of self is a sort of disrobing formality. The men who pursue her are forward and solicitous. The minds and souls of real women, the eternal challenging abstraction—womanhood—are not matters for the writer of today to use as story material.

The American fiction-writer equips his woman with everything to make her common as man. She is glib, pert, mundane. Her mind is a chatter-mill; she is a creature of fur, paint, hair and is absurdly young.

The Dollar story is a devotion of many issues and explains itself. It infests the so-called man's magazine, and the man's book. It has found its way on the theory that men are so occupied downtown with the money-master, that stories in the same rut will best appeal to their calcined intelligence. The theory has worked out.

The Bull story stands for the physical adventure story. The essential banality of a large portion of these products is truly difficult to conceive in anything like its real proportion. These stories are founded on the fight. The men who write them have not fared forth into the red open nor the gray seas. They have missed the big symphony behind the actual striking, straining, maiming, withering and healing of arms, legs and nerves. They do not respond to the deeper emotions which occasionally exist, nor to the usual emptiness behind the fight of man and man for a throne, a woman or the right to live. These have their place in boy-books and in the boy-parts of men's lives, but the books and magazines now considered are multiplied for adults and as such are stunted and diseased. Only here and there is a bit of real work—usually by a woman. The men writers seem hung up to dry at twenty-five. There is no manhood of mind.

* * *

Nowhere is the insincerity of the age more shamelessly brought forth than in the fiction market. The Twentieth Century Lie which abides in the pits of trade has marked it for its own. The products are thick with its power, clotted with its vitality. American writers have defeated themselves with their wonderful facility. They serve King Quantity; they are knit with his metallic soul. Just as the race loves that which is physical in woman, that which is flaring in art, and superficial in music, so it worships the obvious and the material in fiction.

This is a bleak age. A book, play or picture is either "rotten," or "swell"—in the mind of the average patron: and the young worker with the fine tools of expression is caught in the furious current of the race.

How clearly is this brought out in the lives of the numerous American writers and art-workers who divorce the wives of their youth in the first-fame-flush. They are not ready for the world's praise; the first tokens of success from a vapid surfaceage have caught them with their character-skeletons still rubbery. At such a time, more than any other, work should be their whole thought. Their terrible restlessness for completion is not answered by their own capacity to toil and serve, but they would find it in union with some beyond-woman. This should be regarded as a brutally frank confession that these authors and artists have not learned to look within, and are not building the qualities essential for greater work.

No note of objection is sounded here against separations of men and women, but when these are coincident with the sudden rise of material fortune, they can almost certainly be said to proclaim a streakiness of growth. No man is fit for his greatest work who has not built great powers of inner sustaining—upon which a mate may lean as well as the producer himself. If a woman has held to him through the gruelling punishments of early years, it is safe to say that she has qualities open to rich development. From a spirit of chivalry, if from no other, the man who has begun to win should develop these latent values.

Given a quiet room, and some thousand sheets of white paper, an evolved and decent mind may build a structure which rises through four planes of activity. The possibilities are so great that the real worker must praise God at each day's beginning. Doing his fullest and his bravest for a year, his own faculties are endowed with power and finish—equal to all the other good his work may accomplish. The average writer brings forth from his shop the same result that he calls from the woman who mates with him—a document of physical disorder. Art and the woman are dead to him in all their lovelier dimensions.

This is a bleak age. A man with the soul of a hack can never whip these generations of America. A book, play or picture is either "rotten," or "swell"—in the mind of the average patron; and the young worker with the fine tools of expression is caught in the furious current of the race . . . "Here are my years, and my devotion. Give me only, at the last, a tithe of thy lovely spirit that I may show men the real beauty which I now see from afar." This is the first cry of his ideals, but how faint is the sound against the answering roar of his world: "Here is food—pay the price; here is a woman to help you—buy her; here are your markets, but they want the labor of your hand, not of your soul. These are your mighty years; give them to me, and I will give you metal with which to buy all else!"

For the world pays speedily and well alone for that which is common.

The great worker must breast this torrent of the times, and come forth strong and clean. Besides, he must endure prodigies of failure and privation and scorn from imitators who crowd the worn ways of shame.

A bleak age, indeed, for the lover of reality! There is no solitude for him to go to for healing. The schools from which he has emerged are pandemoniums of preparation for so many thousand a year. In law he must be a scavenger first; in medicine he exchanges every conception of beauty and purity; in the church he must murder every thrilling impulse of modernity and return to the gods of his Nineteenth Century fathers; in literature he is called upon to serve quantity until the valor of his mind is stretched and inelastic; in painting he must bring his sacrifice to the stones of the lithographer, having them waylaid in the foothills of his growth to make posters and covers and calendars; in music he must be a tinkle-headed imitator whose product is a medley of strains that other composers have succeeded with. His rest is broken by the needs of the money-master, his mornings turned to fear from it; his ardors and dreams for the world's good are brushed away before the imperious gesture of this need; distances, food, rest, friends, his house, his woman—all are held apart from him, until the beast is placated. At the door of every activity—there stands the Dollar-Dragon. It turns his love of woman into the body of desire; all her flaws are covered by the chattels at her girdle; the children she bears are branded with its fear.

So a soul is required to cry into the teeth of a time like this: "You are evil in your every manifestation." A greater soul still is required to hold a clean place until the vile currents of the hour cease butting against him and sweep around, singing his strength. Yet when one plays his own clean game against the world's and wins—it is a victory. . . . There is weariness in such a victory, too,—and one shudders when he looks (with a thought of the future) into the eyes of a child.

ADVERSITY

I WATCHED the sculptor's hammer rise and fall,
  And saw the shapeless marble sheared away;
And slowly, holding heart and eye in thrall
  A face took form beneath the chisel's play.

From night more ancient than recorded time
  It rose to beauty's dawn; a spirit seemed
To breathe within, from out its prison climb
  Where through the ages it had slept and dreamed.

So wields adversity upon our lives
  His chisel and his hammer hopefully;
Ofttimes, with blow on blow, he rives
  Away the marble, setting beauty free.

He shapes our shapeless souls to wondrous deeds;
  He frees us from the bonds of circumstance;
Yet none his high, unselfish purpose heeds—
  We rage at him and scorn deliverance!

—*Arthur Wallace Peach.*

The TALKING CAT

By

Theodore Sheldon

FINNERAN lost his job with the news company because he had attained his majority—at least he would have given you this as the reason before he entered upon a recital of the more intimate and comprehensive details attending his dismissal and the strange adventure that befell him thereafter.

When he went out for lunch on his twenty-first birthday he visited a savings bank and from it drew some three hundred dollars. This sum represented what he had managed to tuck away since he had started to peddle papers a few years before; and now that he had a position that amply provided for his simple needs—he had no one to care for but himself—he had made up his mind to buy, as a side issue, a half interest in a news-stand up town.

As he walked along Broadway in the bright noonday sunlight Finneran felt the burden of his years quite as much as that of the small fortune in his pocket, and regarding himself as citizen and capitalist the idea seized him to celebrate both estates with what he termed a "swell feed." Forthwith he turned in at a restaurant with low ceilings and high prices and ordered a meal such as he thought befitting to the occasion.

Now Finneran was by no means a model youth; he possessed nearly all the milder failings usually to be found in those of his age and kind. A moderately indulged passion for dark cigars, light beers and vaudeville was about as far as he ever strayed from the "straight and narrow path."

And now as he sat at the table upon which the deferential waiter was carefully arranging his repast he thought of a sketch he had seen the night before in which a young man dined in his bachelor apartment and was served by his "man"; he recalled how very nice everything seemed; the shining silver and glistening cutglass; the easy grace with which the "man" had wound the snowy napkin around the wine bottle.

So Finneran ordered a pint of champagne. He had never tasted it before, but was he not twenty-one? And was not this his birthday?

II

The first actuality that presented itself to Finneran's jumbled senses was that he was standing on the platform of a good-sized railway station entirely unfamiliar to him. It was some seconds before he could urge his aching limbs into motion and every step cost him a pang of anguish in the cerebral region—pangs that were not lessened when he learned that he was a few hundred miles away from New York.

With the discovery that his watch, scarf-pin, and all but thirty-five cents were gone came a fleeting, hazy recollection of the day before and then his fuddled mind cleared a bit and he straightened up.

"Trimmed!" said he.

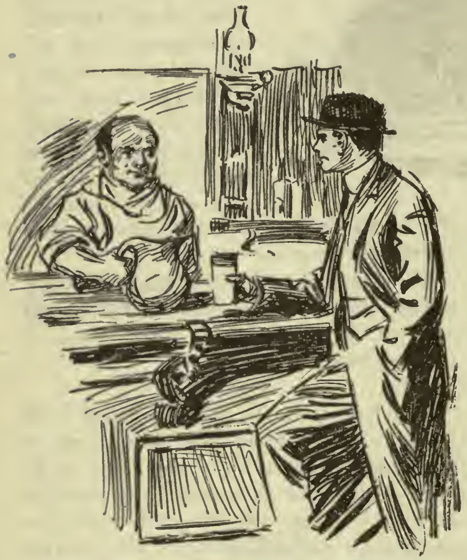
He walked through the spacious waiting room of the station and out into the streets of the strange city which he traversed for a considerable distance. As he plodded along he summed up the situation thus: for the first time in his life he had gotten drunk; he had, beyond all question, lost his job by not returning to the office; he had been robbed and had boarded or been put on a train—how, when or where he did not know—and here he was—everything he owned in the world gone and not a friend to whom he might turn!

Perhaps the full portent of his plight

did not descend upon him at once as he observed sententiously:

"Well, what do you know about that?"

Rather than wondering what he was going to do he set about viewing his surroundings. He found himself in an outlying section of the city where there were few tall buildings and many open lots. Ahead of him a short distance he saw a rambling, old-fashioned, white building with green blinds and from whose wide porch reared an unsightly gilt sign proclaiming the place to be Muller's Hotel.



For some time they talked and it appeared that Muller had that very morning sold the place for a snug sum in cash

The waning day had grown chilly and Finneran quickened his pace as he pictured the possibility of a meal that might be procured for very little money. He entered by way of the bar-room which had probably been a show-place of the town thirty or more years ago. Its ponderous, ornate mahogany bar, now black with time, was backed by dimmed mirrors set in dusty, carved framework, and in the centre was an ale-pump with its queer handles pointing upward over the once brightly polished spigots.

A few old sporting prints and grimy engravings hung on the walls beside age-dulled lithographs, and a decrepit German clock with a dingy dial banged out the hours incorrectly from a vantage point between the two windows.

The place was destitute of customers. Behind the bar stood a quaint figure—a little, roly-poly sort of man who wore a faded velveteen jacket with green lapels. His rotund, smiling face was surmounted by a black silk cap which he carried in rather a jaunty manner completely at variance with the rest of his attire.

He was caressing an enormous black cat that lay stretched out at full length on the bar. As Finneran approached he left off and inquired affably with a rich German accent what he might serve.

"A high glass of milk," answered Finneran, noting with some satisfaction a splendid cheese and a huge bowl of crackers at the further end of the bar. His hunger partially appeased, Finneran turned his attention to the cat.

"Some cat," he remarked as he reached out a hand to stroke the animal.

"O-oh, mein herr, be careful, please—he has a very bad disposition. He is —" but the words of the little man behind the bar died out in his astonishment as he saw the cat rise indolently and after regarding Finneran in a critical sort of way ambled over to him and butted its head against the outstretched palm in assured friendliness.

"Gracious goodness, Karl!" gasped the German, "what has come into you, yet?" Then to Finneran, "He don't like nobody—he bites."

Finneran was one of those strange anomalies of his sex who do not exclude cats in their affection for animals in general, and this Karl seemed to understand perfectly as he suffered Finneran to scratch his head behind the ears to the unbounded amazement of the little proprietor.

As if the extraordinary demonstration on the part of the cat had served as a formal introduction his master, after replenishing Finneran's glass from the milk pitcher, asked,

"You are from New York, yes?"

"Yep," sighed Finneran, "I am," adding after a gulp, "an' I wisht I was back."

Further pleasantries were precluded by the entrance of a rough-appearing man whose close-set, nervous eyes scanned the room and all in it before he reached the bar. In a hoarse voice he ordered a glass of whisky and shivered as he tossed it off.

The cat had taken up a dignified position on the end of the bar, sitting with his shiny forepaws close together and his tail curved majestically in front of them, an inch or so of it turned up. Next to the cat there stood an ancient stone matchsafe and into this the newcomer suddenly thrust his hand. It was evident that Karl either mistrusted the movement or disliked the man's looks, for he hooked out viciously and left a long, bloody scratch across the back of the impudent hand.

"Aha, you see?" said the proprietor, ignoring the man's oaths and addressing himself to Finneran, "He knows!"

The man, sucking his wound and muttering to himself, after another searching survey of the room, departed.

"Gee, that was a tough lookin' guy," commented Finneran. "Did you notice his eyes—so shifty and nervous like?"

"He's a stranger around here," said Muller, the proprietor.

"The cat had his number, all right," laughed Finneran.

For some time they talked and it appeared that Muller had that very morning sold the place for a snug sum in cash which even now was in the safe at the end of the bar and that in a few weeks he and Karl would journey to the Fatherland, there to live out their days in comfort.

After Muller had lighted a fire in the old stove he left the room and Finneran gazed out into the gathering gloom of the night. Alone, he lost himself in the depths of despair from which he was aroused by the return of Muller who bore a bowl of steaming soup, of which he graciously invited Finneran to partake. They sat at a big round table, and while the little, old German babbled away, sometimes to unlistening ears, Finneran took on new courage.

At length a few straggling customers came in and he was left to his own devices. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, and as the stragglers began to leave they spoke loudly of the nasty weather and turned up their coat collars before going out.

It was indeed a gloomy prospect, but Finneran at last pulled himself together, got up and bade Muller good-night. He could not bring himself to ask even a night's shelter from the man who had already shown him, a total stranger, such kindly hospitality. He figured he could find some cheap lodging house in the city and would look Muller up in the morning.

The fire in the old stove was now crackling away and the cat had sprawled out his great length in blissful repose on the metal mat beneath it.

"Good-night," said Finneran again, as he passed out.

"Good-night, mein herr, come again," called Muller.

Finneran had closed the door behind him and sallied forth into the driving, pelting rain. Ahead the lights of the town looked very dim and cold to him as he splashed his way to the paved walk opposite and started on his march to—*where?*

What a fool he was, he mused. Why had he not told Muller all about it instead of talking about the cat and listening to unimportant utterances? Muller was sympathetic and no doubt would have allowed him to sleep in the bar-room, at least, had he but asked. What was he to do, anyway? And thus his thoughts crowded one upon the other as he walked on.

Could he find a cheap lodging house in this up-state city, he asked himself and then a picture of the old-fashioned place he had just left, with its crackling stove, came into his vision and caused him to stop irresolute.

"I'll go back," he said, and he retraced his steps.

As he approached the house he saw light after light disappear—all save one—and then he discerned Muller's globular figure come out on the porch and push back the chairs, piling one atop the other; then tilting them back against the wall. Then the little man vanished within the house, leaving the door open through which the solitary light shone.

Finneran walked in and waited for a space. Muller did not return, nor was there a sound to be heard. Karl was still ensconced beneath the stove, the warm radiance of which held for Finneran a strong appeal. Still Muller did not come.

Should he call out? Over in a corner was a massive ice-chest of ancient design with its myriad of doors, small and large, so tall that it towered to within two or three feet of the high ceiling.

Finneran was hasty of impulse and now a thought came to him that took shape in action. He measured the height of the refrigerator, then lithely clambering up the front by means of the knobs and handles, he drew himself up on its dusty top where he lay at full length, panting at his exertion and daring.

He soon found that he could here stretch his tired legs with a moderate degree of comfort and that the warmth at the top of the room was most welcome. Here he would stay and make his explanations in the morning. He removed his coat and rolled it into a pillow just as Muller slowly entered the room.

Finneran peered over the fancy cornice which bordered his place of concealment and watched the old man as he fastened the doors and windows for the night. This having been accomplished Muller went behind the bar and emptied the contents of a greasy cigar-box, which consisted of coins and bills, into a canvas bag. This he placed in the little iron safe at the end of the counter.

It was then that Finneran realized what a foolhardy thing he had just done and what the consequences might be were he discovered, but there was no way out now. Karl emerged from under the stove, and with fore-legs extended to their utmost in front of him and his back curved upward to the highest point his hind legs could raise it, he yawned a prodigious yawn.

"Ach, so," said Muller from behind the bar, "you are awake now? Aha, Karlschen, you are the wise one—you know them all. If you could only speak!"

As Finneran looked down the old man's words recalled to him his natural gift of ventriloquism with which he had so often amused his companions and he now unhesitatingly undertook to simulate what he imagined would be the "speaking" voice of a cat.

"I can."

Finneran had not stopped to conjecture what would result from his trick, but he was none the less surprised. The cat finished its yawn and walked toward Muller who, in even, unruffled tones, exclaimed:

"So you *can* speak, eh? I always knew it. Why have you not spoke before?"

Nonplussed at Muller's placid acceptance of such a phenomenal thing as a talking cat, Finneran could scarcely command himself to carry out what he had commenced, but as he saw Karl jump up on the round table and curl himself up for a further nap he managed to say with some effort:

"Ask me in the morning."

"All right, Karlschen," said Muller gently.

Then he poured himself a glass of Kümmel which he drank to his image in the dimmed mirror back of the bar, saying, "Muller, you are getting old, yet." And he put out the remaining light and went off to bed.

III

Tired and worn out as he was, Finneran fell asleep with a smile on his lips. Some hours after he awoke dimly conscious that the room was flooded with a soft, pale light. The storm had ceased and the moon had come from behind the fast-moving clouds.

Stiff and sore from the hard surface upon which he had been lying, Finneran shifted his position and had just closed his eyes when he heard a slight metallic tapping sound. He raised himself on an elbow and gazed down into the weirdly lighted room. There kneeling before the little iron safe was the man with the close-set, nervous eyes.

He was tinkering at the antiquated lock with a bit of steel wire. On the floor beside him stood a flash lantern, by the rays of which Finneran could make out lying around various strange tools and a sinister looking revolver.

Now alertly awake Finneran figured he could easily overpower the man whose shaking hands betokened little strength, but he would alarm him in getting down from his perch and there was that ugly looking gun close at hand.

The burglar continued to poke away at the lock of the safe, his labored breathing making almost inaudible the noise made by his metal instrument.

Suddenly there was a soft thud.

The man turned with a fear-stifled gasp. In the moonlight across the room and facing him stood Karl. He had jumped down from his berth on the table and was taking his inevitable stretch—this time with highly arched back and jaws so widely agape that his gleaming, white fangs shone clearly in the white light.

"What are you doing there?" came in a shrill, nasal voice.

With a curious gurgling sound the burglar reached for his weapon and staggered to his feet. Karl, startled, jumped back on the round table.

"Me-aouw! Muller, Muller, hurry up! Ha, ha, ha! Me-aouw!" again came the high-keyed voice at which the intruder uttered a horrid scream and fell to the floor writhing in a fit.

Finneran was down in a twinkling—likewise Muller—and after the miscreant had been removed, bound and shrieking, to the prison ward of the hospital Finneran attempted to explain.

IV

Muller's place did a great business that morning. The news of what had happened spread with astonishing rapidity and to those who crowded into the bar Muller pointed out Finneran as the hero of the occasion.

"The cat deserves more credit than I do," declared Finneran rather sheepishly.

"They say they had ter put that feller in a straight-jacket up ter th' hospital," broke in a native, "an' that he keeps a-ravin' about a cat that spoke ter him," and everyone burst into loud guffaws.

"Sh," said Muller impressively in an undertone, "Karl *can* talk—I heerd him myself!"

V

When Finneran left for New York that day he rode in a Pullman, and the first thing he did on his arrival was to report to his "boss" to whom he related all that had befallen him.

The "boss" listened attentively, and when Finneran had done he said:

"Anyone who has the nerve to hand me that cat story deserves to get away with it. Get back on the job!"

THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

SHE bears no crown upon her brow;
  She boasts no lineage royal;
Her dower is to humanity
  A heart that's warm and loyal.
The proud Republic's child is she,
  The sovereign People's daughter;
Her winsomeness, her womanhood,
  Nature and Freedom taught her.

No herald cries before her path;
  No frowning guards attend her;
Her gracious ways proclaim her best,
  Her smile is her defender.
Let Kingdoms pledge their regal dames—
  God bless the People's daughter!
Her winsomeness, her womanhood,
  Nature and Freedom taught her.

Just a Little Country Maiden

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

JUST a little country maiden
  With no dower but health;
Not with wit or beauty laden,
  Youth my only wealth.
Yet the joy of life is mine;
  Earth seems fair, and dear.
And I have no wish to shine
  In some lofty sphere.

I have felt no vast ambition;
  Have not longed to roam.
Hope each day attains fruition.
  Right within my home.
Let the great world strain and strive,
  Never knowing rest.
Mine the joy to be alive,
  And to do my best.

So I tread my pathway singing,
  Light of heart, and free;
Conscious that the days are bringing
  What belongs to me.
Just a little country maid,
  Happy all the while;
Quite content my path is laid
  With earth's rank and file.

There is less of trouble in it,
  Than in place and power;
And more pleasure in each minute
  Than in fame's best hour,
Since content is in my heart,
  Nothing need I fear;
I rejoice and do my part
  Knowing God is near.

Never do I doubt or cavil,
  Over Nature's Cause.
My poor brain could not unravel
  Mysteries and laws.
I am part of all the Plan;
  Portion of the scheme;
So I do the best I can,
  While I work and dream.

Comedienne and Cook: *MAY IRWIN*

By

Ann Randolph

THE plot is full of variety, but if dissected presents: Gloria Gray, singing teacher—income small, oh, very small. Bosom friend recently widowed—or supposed to have been. Late husband was scion of Mayflower family which had refused to accept actress wife. Death of wealthy uncle of dear departed bestows fortune upon niece by marriage, on condition that heiress visit relatives-in-law. Tears, refusals—fortunate intervention of Gloria Gray. Widow is impersonated by Gloria; family repentant for former ill-treatment; eligible cousin falls victim to Gloria's charms. Marriage is proposed and accepted, then—dead husband comes back to life! What happens to the widow by proxy?

Otto Sarony Co. N.Y.

Truly May Irwin has made "back to nature" a living motto

Here is a farce that has the cleverness of a Sardou play. Adventures crowd so fast upon Gloria that she is overwhelmed—that is, if any situation could overwhelm Miss May Irwin; for Gloria Gray is her latest role, and "The Widow by Proxy," the new play into which she has put the magic of her personality. For four months last season, New York audiences laughed over "The Widow;" Boston welcomes her at the Plymouth Theater on Labor Day, and people in other cities are eager for her to begin the long "road tour," which will take her throughout the West and South.

Everyone who has seen May Irwin in "The Widow by Proxy" declares that she has never had a more effective play. It is splendidly suited to her talents, and while the comedy never for a moment loses vitality, Miss Irwin is able to sing several of her inimitable songs without stepping out of the character of Gloria Gray, and thus the audience is twice blessed—with a very clever and amusing farce and with the personality of Miss Irwin.

For who that has ever seen her can forget the infectious optimism of May Irwin? The mere mention of her name provokes a smile. Since as a child she joined Tony Pastor's company at the old Metropolitan Theater, New York, back in 1877, and American theatergoers have been contracting the May Irwin habit, until now, after some thirty-five years on the stage, this lively lady has

Thirty-five years and upwards on the stage in the most arduous roles, and—she is still May Irwin

multitudes of friends and admirers, in every state from coast to coast.

She has her English following, also, for when Miss Irwin made her first appearance on the London stage, with Augustin Daly's company in 1884, American talent was not on the sure footing oversea that it now holds.

Besides being one of America's leading comediennes, May Irwin has a reputation which she keeps "separate and distinct" from her calling—she is a cook and housekeeper of note. Many a housewife who has never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Irwin on the stage, can testify to the quality of a recipe bearing the Irwin stamp of approval. Yes, she can cook, and bake and brew, can Miss Irwin, and sweep, dust, clean and all the rest of it. Housekeeping is her pet diversion; she glories in it. Instead of touring Europe in the summer, Miss Irwin hastens to her model farm at Irwin Island, among the Thousand Islands, New York, and begins an arduous season in the kitchen, with her pots and pans, when she isn't out of doors feeding the chickens, horses or pigs. Truly May Irwin has made "back to nature" a living motto, and the bloom in her cheeks, the light in her eyes and her wholesome youthfulness are not the least of the charms and rewards of her career.

Thirty-five years and upwards on the stage, in the most arduous roles, and—she is still May Irwin. What more could one ask?

THE SULKING DREAM

Like the watched pot that never boils, no self-respecting dream ever comes true in the hour, or quite in the fashion of our hopes for it. It lurks, or sulks, until the back is turned, and then—for beauty always will have its own sweet way—steals in upon us unawares; or throws off its disguise of homeliness, and lo! we see that it was there already. We knew the dream, but did not realize its strange reality.

—*Roy Rolfe Gilson in "The Legend of Jerry Ladd."*

VERMONT

The Indomitable

By

Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN schooldays the little plot of green lying close to Lake Champlain was always an interesting part of the old geography map. In later years this fascination of Vermont and her Green Mountains increased as history disclosed the important part played by the state and her sons. Preserving as it has the pure American spirit and an intense love for the homes in their native hills, Vermonters may well be proud of their manhood. For generations, fathers and sons of Vermont have looked upon their homes with the adoration of a shrine. Men who have achieved wealth and prominence have returned in the sunset of life to enjoy the Green Mountain State, with the love of home intensified.

What can rival the first visit to Vermont—sweeping down through the Green Mountains on a railroad train, stopping here and there at little villages nestling in the valleys, or catching a fleeting glimpse of the neat schoolhouses on the hillsides—realizing that from these very mountains have gone forth hundreds of men eminent in all the walks of life?

While Vermont's population has been depleted as generations went by to recruit sturdy leaderships in the development of the middle and far West, Vermont has typified the solidity of American sturdiness. At Washington, the seat of government, the influence of Vermont is keenly felt. In the Senate chamber, the halls of Congress and through all the various departments of state, the virility of the Vermont spirit has spurred others on to greater things. Since it first convened, there has not been a session of the American Congress in which Vermont has not taken its proper part in making the laws of the Union. Vermont self-reliance and practical ideals of self-government have had a marked influence in the development of the nation.

Almost every hilltop in Vermont overlooks the birthplace of some man who has become famous in the history of the United States. Recently the centennial of the birth of Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois, was celebrated and many visitors have come to Brandon, Vermont, to peep at the little house, still standing, where the great statesman first saw the light of day. Bradford was the birthplace of Captain Charles Edgar Clark, who brought the *Oregon* around Cape Horn at the time of the Spanish-American War. A handsome painting of the naval hero hangs in the corridor of the State House at Montpelier, opposite the portrait of Admiral George Dewey, another distinguished Vermonter, who was born at Montpelier. Altogether there have been more than fourteen Senators and one hundred Congressmen representing other states, who were born in Vermont, among whom could be named Matthew H. Carpenter, Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania and Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska. Of the Congressmen, John A. Kasson of Iowa and Senator R. F. Pettigrew of

North Dakota, George Edmund Foss of Illinois and his brother, Governor Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts, are Vermonters. President Chester A. Arthur and Vice-President Levi P. Morton were Green Mountain boys, and William F. Vilas, Postmaster General under Cleveland; Alphonso Taft, President Taft's father, who was in Grant's cabinet, Secretary of War and Attorney General under Grant; and Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury under Roosevelt, are cabinet ministers who claim Vermont as their birthplace. Among the diplomats have been E. J. Phelps, Minister at the Court of St. James; George P. Marsh, Minister to Italy for twenty-five years; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia and Henry C. Ide, Minister to Spain and Governor General of the Philippines.

In sculpture, Vermont can claim Mead and Powers, the sculptor of the famous statue of the Greek slave; while in journalism, such leaders as Wilbur F. Story of the *Chicago Times;* James R. Spaulding, founder of the *New York World;* Henry J. Raymond, founder of the *New York Times*, and Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune*, are among the best known of many versatile and prominent editors who served as "printer's devils" in the Green Mountain State. In education are to be found the names of James H. Canfield, President of the University of Nebraska, and President J. C. Rankin of Howard University at Washington, D. C. Among Vermonters who have become historic in the hotel business are Paul Smith of Adirondack fame, Hiram Hitchcock and Elmer A. Darling of the famous Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City and the Leland family of New York and Chicago, and the Willards of Washington.

A roster of the big men connected with the industrial and business life of the country, past and present, includes such names as Colonel A. B. Chandler, President of the Postal Telegraph Company; William B. Strong, formerly President of the Topeka and Santa Fe; and A. A. Robinson, President of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway. Mr. Theodore N. Vail, President of the American Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company, has a typical Vermont farm at Lyndonville, Vermont. Vermont also furnished two presidents of the Northern Pacific road, Governor John Gregory Smith and Honorable Frederick Billings. The prophet Joseph Smith of the Mormon Church and his successor, Brigham Young, were natives of Vermont. What a record is this for a state whose total population today scarcely exceeds that of the city of Buffalo!

But although small in population Vermont is one of the most progressive states in the Union. In a little wooden office building at Essex Junction, any morning when the legislature is not in session, you can find the Secretary of State, Honorable Guy W. Bailey, busy in his home town opening up a tremendous mail which he smilingly explains is the result of advertising. Mr. Bailey believes that exploitation is the secret of business development, and his business is to develop a state.

Two years ago Vermont appropriated five thousand dollars to advertise its wonderful natural advantages as a summer resort and vacation ground, and the expenditure of this money reaped such splendid results that the aggressive Secretary of State readily gained an appropriation four times that amount the following year.

The new vacation book, written and compiled by Mr. Walter H. Crockett, a well-known Vermont newspaper man, and published by the Publicity Department of the State of Vermont, is without doubt one of the handsomest books of vacation literature ever put out, and Mr. Bailey is veritably deluged with requests for it from all parts of the country. Some of the queries are from banks, some from prospective vacationists, and many from automobile tourists who would like to include the Green Mountain trails in their itinerary.

It is something of an inspiration to see the way Mr. Bailey handles his mail—just as the general manager of a big business concern. Every now and then he comes to a letter from abroad, and one morning there were requests from British Columbia, the Isle of Pines and from a dozen different states in the Union. Many requests come to Mr. Bailey's office from foreign countries, which have to be translated. Always a pioneer, Vermont is one of the first states to appreciate the value of proper exploitation.

THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE LYNDON INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

Training Farmers in Vermont

An Outline of the Work Inaugurated and Carried on by Theodore N. Vail at the Lyndon Institute and Lyndon Agricultural School

ON the crest of an eminence, "Speedwell Farms," the three thousand acre country estate of Mr. Theodore N. Vail, overlooking the beautiful Passumpsic valley at Lyndonville, flies a yachting pennant from a mast one hundred and thirty-three feet high, announcing far and near "the owner on board" to those who would not otherwise climb the hill to the great white mansion. With the snowy walls of the mansion, a spacious lawn, a crystalline, rippling, tinkling fountain, and delightful old Vermont elms form a cool and quiet summer refuge, and from the lofty twin towers can be seen varied and ever-changing views of the Green Mountains.

Within, the homelike structure presents a cosy blending of sentiment for the old home with an appreciation of modern comforts and conveniences. The hundred-year-old farmhouse which Mr. Vail made his home twenty-five years ago has been preserved intact within the greater walls of the present mansion. An old family sun dial regulates the great household, and a silver-toned bell calls the farm hands "from labor to refreshment."

Arching arbors all aglow with the verdant colors of Vermont connect the house with large conservatories and fruit houses wherein tropical plants, palms, orchids, orange and lemon trees flourish the year round. In the fruit houses are many different varieties of grapes on whose vines more than nine hundred huge bunches have been counted even while bleak winds whistled without. Peaches, nectarines, cherries, figs and all kinds of fruit that Mr. Vail is fond of are raised in his own fruit houses. He loves to pass through and pick and eat the fruit direct from the vine or bush, just as he gathered strawberries in the pasture when a boy. A large "pink house" and "rose house" keeps the table supplied with cut flowers the year round. The conservatories and house are supplied with heat from a central station, and the electric light and power used on the farm is supplied from a hydro-electric plant which Mr. Vail built at Halls Mills on the Passumpsic River two miles away. Here is generated one hundred horse power which is distributed to all parts of the farm, and all work is done as far as possible by electric motors to save time, labor and expense, for as Mr. Vail insists, Speedwell is not a fancy estate but a real farm.

Especially fond of horses, Mr. Vail finds great delight in driving a coach and six across the rolling hills at a pace that recalls stagecoach days. His stables of fancy horses contain an exhibition ring tastefully decorated, and he is able to provide his guests with a "horse show" on short notice. In a large glass case are flags, and blue, red and white ribbons, won by Mr. Vail's horses at state fairs and horse shows. While chiefly interested in Percherons and Kentucky coach horses, he has taken a great interest in the breeding of Welsh ponies, and it is doubtful if the Welsh hills can furnish better specimens than are now grazing in his pastures. The work-horse stable also has an array of blue ribbons to its credit. At the present time there are twenty-seven horses in this stable used for farm work, and they have a record of the real work in the field and on the road that counts.

* * *

For years the dairying interest in Vermont has been paramount among farmers, and Speedwell Farms is no exception. A large cow barn with two silos carrying two hundred and fifty tons each, providing for over two hundred head of cattle, is filled with registered Jersey and Brown Swiss stock, with many blue ribboners among the number. Every cow has a name as unique as a Pullman car, such as Eunice, Brunhilde, Kundry—even a grand opera name does not exempt a record for milk and butter. These records are kept every day of the year, and they are now being tested for advance registration. Hirz, the prize winner of Speedwell Farms, has a record of over fifteen thousand pounds of milk and seven hundred and fifty-four pounds of butter in one year. In the dairy the milk is deprived of the cream by separators driven by electrical power, and the great hay loft containing about seven hundred and fifty tons is filled by hoisting machinery. Everywhere it is "press the button" and the work goes on, and the charm of modern farm life in all practical phases is exemplified.

In clean dry quarters wherein "pigs is pigs," there are something over one hundred and twenty pure Chester white hogs, compactly built and combining the maximum of meat and a minimum of bone and waste. The skim milk from the creamery is conveyed underground direct to their feeding troughs and is kept cool and sweet. Slaughter and cooling rooms adjoining have every convenience for cutting and preserving pork in all its various food forms.

"Speedwell Farms" is also noted for its large and beautiful stock of choice fowl, including barred and white Plymouth Rocks, brown, white, single comb and buff Leghorns, rose and single comb Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes and Pearl Guineas. Besides the fowls, part of the structure is devoted to wild game, mallard ducks, muscovys, African geese, Belgian Hares and Pekin and Indian runner ducks. The income from the sale of eggs and stock from the Speedwell Farms is very considerable each year because the quality ranks always premiere.

More than a thousand acres for a sheep walk have recently been added to the Vail farm. It has not yet been stocked, but in another year Speedwell Farms will be able to take its place among the big sheep-raising centers of the state. Apple orchards of something over three thousand trees tell the story of the luscious Vermont flavor in fruit. The fame of the State's historic product is maintained by twelve thousand maple sugar trees on the farms, with a substantial yield each year. There are five different sugar camps, and the output is about twenty tons of pure maple sugar each season. Here one has a realization of what the genuine maple sugar tastes like.

Every building on Speedwell Farms with the exception of the hospitable mansion on the hill in gleaming white, is painted red with white trimmings, and furnishes a rural picture in colors that would charm an artist. A blacksmith's shop, paint shop and carpenter shop are centrally located, and fire protection is provided by an eight-inch pipe line and numerous hydrants. Artificial ponds for the wild ducks, pony baths and trout preserves add to the picturesque surroundings. A stone crusher on the premises has furnished macadam roads for the vicinity, and the signs of a well-ordered, well-managed farm industrial center are everywhere in evidence.

"SPEEDWELL," THE HOME OF MR. THEODORE N. VAIL AT LYNDONVILLE, VERMONT

Speedwell is altogether a practical experiment station, managed as directed with the fervor of an enthusiast who loves all "outdoors." Walking about the farm with Mr. Vail, one soon discovers that he knows details and has the same wonderful grasp of intelligent, constructive farming as in the other great enterprises he has so successfully managed. His clear-eyed vision of the future, requiring better and still better, more intensive and intelligent farming, shows how fundamentally he built his premises from cause to effect.

Although not a native of Vermont, Mr. Vail laughingly suggests that his name begins with the same letter, and he is a thorough Vermonter, having been a resident of the state for thirty years, as he puts it "of his own free will and accord." The state has no more public-spirited or loyal citizen, and the work he is doing along educational lines in Lyndon will mark an epoch in Vermont's industrial progress.

* * *

The Lyndon Institute was chartered in 1876 as a Free Will Baptist denominational academy, and as such it struggled along some years with little success. It was forced to close its doors for two or three years and was later re-opened as a non-sectarian school. Mr. Vail has been a trustee of the institution for several years, but about a year ago he decided that Lyndon should have an Institute and School of Agriculture that should not only rank but actually become the best of their kind. The village readily turned the academy over to Mr. Vail, whose executive ability and financial assistance were thrown into the work. The best educators were obtained at salaries impossible to consider under the old regime. The school buildings were overhauled and repaired, new dormitories built, additional grounds purchased and every convenience and requirement of a thoroughly modern Institute and Agricultural School provided. The curriculum was concentrated upon the purpose of furnishing a practical education and meeting the needs of Vermont boys and girls. While the Institute and School of Agriculture are independent institutions, they are working together with a common purpose, and some members of the faculty in one school assist those in the other in supplementing and making all the work as complete and practical as possible.

The Institute fits its pupils for college along the same lines as other secondary schools, with an eye on the fields. In the commercial department the course of study has been made more practical and extends through four years' work instead of two for the student, which gives Lyndon high rank among commercial colleges of the country. A preparatory course of one year enables pupils entering from rural sections to fit for the institute. This greatly increases the opportunities to attend the school, and will serve still further to recruit the ranks of the sturdy Vermont boys who have achieved things. Over one hundred pupils were enrolled last term in the academic course. They came from the farms and villages about, many of them "self-boarders" working their way through school in the good old way. A brief course is provided in the institute under the instructors of the regular agricultural school to create a fundamental interest in agriculture. This is a limited course intended to give an insight into the science of agriculture so that all pupils may specialize if they desire to take up the work in earnest later. The development of self-reliant and intelligent initiative is a basic purpose.

The teachers' training course, which is put in by the State Board of Education, fits pupils for instructors, and yet does not conflict with the work of the regular normal schools. The Musical Department affords a four years' course in piano-playing, which fits many of the pupils to enter conservatories and become teachers of music. In every department the practical side of student life is emphasized, assuming that all must be fitted to know how to make a living and "make good" themselves.

It is in the one-year course of practical Home Economics that the Lyndon Institute will rival any institution of its size in the world. Mr. Vail is very insistent upon practical education and feels that this course will be of incalculable benefit to the young women of the state. Large, well-ordered kitchens have been established for training in culinary science, and then there are sewing rooms, fully equipped for teaching dressmaking and millinery. Students are here prepared to plan and care for a home with economy and intelligence, which, in the last analysis, is the very essence of popular education.

* * *

The School of Agriculture with its two-year course has already proven a practical demonstration of Mr. Vail's purpose to make farming an attractive and profitable pursuit. Under the direction of skilled professors every known detail of farm life is worked out in actual tests, including soil testing, soil culture, stock judging, planting, seeding, the actual building of barns, dairies, wagons and metal work and blacksmithing for making rough farm tools, and repairing machinery. Every new building and farm shed of the Agricultural School, from the cement roofing to extensive electric lighting equipment, has been the work of the students. The blacksmith shop contains ten modern forges built of concrete by the students and with their own material they are taught farm repairing, setting tires, making tongs, hooks, spreader chains and hardware of all kinds. One winter over forty-five thousand feet of timber were cut for farm-building purposes by the students, and they know how to log and clear lands, fitting themselves as pioneers to go to any timber country and work out the problems that confronted their forefathers.

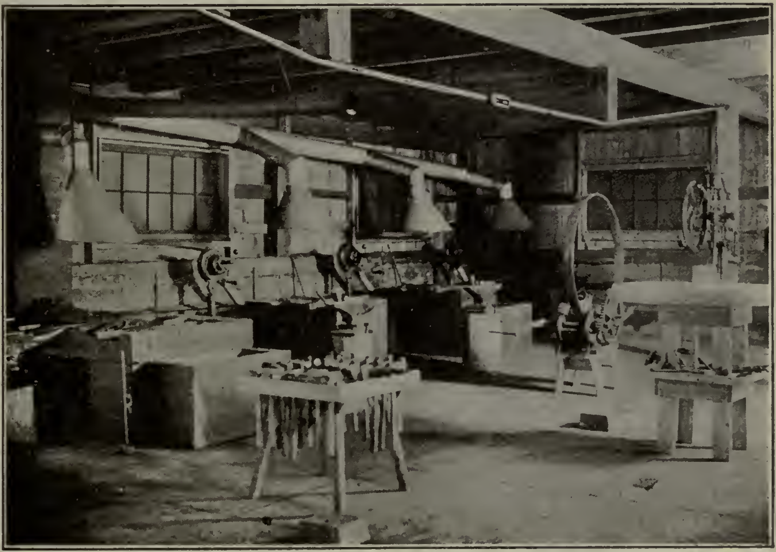
A considerable area of Speedwell Farms has been turned over by Mr. Vail to the Lyndon School of Agriculture for experimental farming. The school owns its own farm equipment, with thirty-five registered Ayrshire, Holstein and Jersey cows and seven horses. The boys have recently built a large model cow barn and dairy. In soil cultivation some interesting and valuable results have been obtained by the students. A nine acre field, which had for years shown a record of five tons of hay, was made to yield thirty-six tons the subsequent year by scientific treatment of the soil. This is an illustration of results—and results count.

Two classes of students attend the Agricultural School—those who can afford to pay the cash tuition of $200 per year, one of the best investments that could possibly be made, and those who enroll under the working payment system, which is open to Vermont boys only. The tuition for these students is charged against them in the regular way, but for working during the school year they receive a maximum of fifteen cents per hour, while during vacation they are allowed $25 a month with board. Every year an increasing number of Vermont boys take advantage of this plan to work their way through school, as many of their fathers did. Last year there were sixty-five students in the School of Agriculture, and of this number forty were working students.

* * *

After a visit at Lyndon one can understand why the allurements of large business and executive power cannot wean Theodore N. Vail from his great life purpose centered in the hills of Vermont.

He has the sturdy purpose of the old Roman and Greek philosophers in holding fast to ideals, but never losing sight of human nature and the natural lines of evolution. When he stood before the graduation classes of Lyndon Institute and Lyndon School of Agriculture last June, he delivered an address replete with homely and practical epigrams. While his blue eyes sparkled with kindly wit, yet there was an earnestness in the words of this man, big in stature, big in mind and big in heart, that will not be forgotten. He was here giving the mature fruit of experience gathered from activities that started on the farm, covered a range of gigantic undertakings in the United States, Europe and South America. His address has been widely read and quoted and is a message laden with the wisdom of achievement to the young men of America. The influence of his words passes far beyond the boundaries of Vermont. Although first and last a Vermont farmer in the true sense of the word, Theodore N. Vail remains a citizen in the broadest conception—pointing the way toward greater free, real, representative democracy than was dreamed of when the new republic was created by the pioneers. The address is here given in full:



THE BLACKSMITH SHOPS OF THE LYNDON SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

"*Graduates:*

"This is more to you than a school commencement; it is to you who are starting out to contend with stern realities the real commencement of life.

"So far, your work has been with the history, the theories, and the experiences of others. Now you must come up against concrete conditions and through your own experience find out the real value of what you have learned, learn how best to utilize it and how to make it produce for you results; in other words, you will make your own history and get your own experience.

"You probably have lots of ideals, you are doubtless strong in hope and faith, but as you go along many of your ideals will be shattered and many of your hopes will be dampened and you will at times require all of your persistence and faith to keep from utter discouragement.

"*It is from your failures and your disappointments, if rightly used, that you will get your valuable experience. It is by overcoming and rising above them that you will achieve your successes.*

"Lincoln once said to the effect that intelligent perseverance only would accomplish great results. Nothing truer was ever said, and if you will take it to your hearts, think well what it means, analyze it with intelligence, apply it conscientiously, you need have no fear of your future. Intelligence in all things is necessary to success, and your success will be in the measure and to the extent that your plans, ambitions, hopes and particularly your labor and your actions are controlled and directed by intelligence and common sense.

"And in this connection, I want to speak of labor. We hear much of the dignity of labor, the nobility of labor, that the laborer is worthy of his hire, that labor is entitled to what it produces.

"*Labor performed in a shiftless, unthinking, unintelligent, instinctive way is neither dignified nor noble; it is never profitable.*

"The only thing that makes labor profitable, dignified or noble is the intelligence that is used in directing it, and that intelligence which directs it may be either your own or that of others, and to the extent that it is yours, you will get the full value that is produced by both your labor and your intelligence, and to the extent that it is the intelligence of others which directs your labor, you must share with the others the value of what is produced.

"Do not confound labor directed by intelligence with expert or skilled labor, which may be performed in a wasteful, unintelligent, perfunctory or instinctive way. Expert or skilled labor, when working on the separate units of a large structure or on a large organization must be directed by a supervising intelligence that the separate units may be brought, each into its proper place, with as little indirection or loss of effort as possible.

"Intelligent labor or intelligent direction or organization of labor is that which enables you or others to produce greater results with less, or at least the same amount of labor than it would otherwise produce, and the one whose intelligence brings about such result is entitled to and should get a share of the savings or the increased results.

"You can't get something for nothing, you can't live by your wits and feel comfortable or respectable—any gain at another's loss will react on you.

"*All the great and permanent gains in this world come through constructive work, creating new values to old things by making them better and more useful, by creating new things of value to the world, or by the organization of those forces which bring about these results.*

"This applies as closely to the farm as any other pursuit or vocation in life.

"I will repeat here in substance what I have often said before—First: determine

JUDGING STOCK AT THE LYNDON SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE what you want to do, then acquire an understanding of all that is necessary to accomplish it most profitably and efficiently, then go about the doing of it in an orderly and effective way. By knowing what you want to do and how to do it in advance of the doing there is no waste effort or lost work, and you will find in this the most effective offset for the high cost of living that has yet been devised.

"Observe; keep your eyes open; when you see a farmer with a neat-looking farm, sleek, well-fed cattle, a good horse, nice comfortable carriage, clean front yard and good garden, just watch how he does it and if you can catch him at work, for that kind of a farmer has lots of time to read and visit and take such recreation from his labor as every man should take, you will find he works effectively, thinks out and plans his work, does not dawdle, but works when he does work. He directs and drives his work, his work doesn't direct and drive him. He believes that a stitch in time saves nine. He doesn't wait for the door or gate to break itself down for want of a nail or a stone to drive it.

THE KITCHEN OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE OF THE LYNDON INSTITUTE

"*Remember that it doesn't take any longer, if as long, to do a piece of work when it should be done than it does to do it after it should have been done, and besides, when done in time it is much more effective.*

"*The best kept house is that of a housewife who never seems to be busy or in a hurry. If you want anything done promptly, go to a busy man.*

"Be forehanded, to use an old-fashioned expression, and unless it is in the legitimate conduct of your business, don't make use of credit and never use your credit in any business that you are not thoroughly familiar with and thoroughly understand—if you are bound to speculate make it a cash transaction.

"*It doesn't take any longer to earn a dollar before you spend it, than it does to earn it after it is spent, and besides if you have it in hand you are apt to spend it more wisely.*

"Wait for luxuries and even comforts until you can pay for them and you avoid the discomforts of the future pay day. Over-expansion of individual credits is what produces bankruptcy and panics. No power on earth can produce either when credit is kept within legitimate and reasonable bounds.

"We have been speaking of intelligence. "*Don't fall into the mistake of forming your own opinion of your own intelligence or capacity—let others do that. It is only in politics that your own claims to your own greatness are taken seriously and where promises will be taken sooner than a good record. In real life it is reputation that obtains confidence for you, and reputation is based on performance; not on promise.*

"Be jealous of your reputation. You may sometimes, even after the exercise of the best efforts, be unfortunate, but if you have good reputation you can soon get on your feet; but don't get into the habit of being unfortunate. It is not often that misfortune is persistent without a cause, and when there is cause beyond your control a good reputation will stand you in great assistance.

"Don't depend too much on others. People get tired when called on too much.

"*The strongest pull and the heaviest push in this world are those which you yourself create.*

"Remember if others have push or pull it is because of some force they exert through some reputation they have created. Observe—see how they obtained it and get one for yourself. Be selfishly independent of, but kindly helpful to others and you cannot help but enjoy life.

"Deliberately and with careful consideration choose your vocation in life and then stick to it. The other man's job looks easier, but it isn't. Don't be all the time thinking you would rather do this or would rather do something else. You know Bret Harte said once, or rather one of his characters did, that he had noticed that people didn't generally get their 'd'rathers.' I might 'd'rather' be standing on the platform in a graduating class listening to the good-natured advice of some old man, but the wishing wouldn't do me any good. So I will wish you good luck and everything that is good in this world, and I would be willing to guarantee it to you if you will be as earnest in your work as I am in my words to you.

"To parents and all: We have a school or schools here which should be in every way acceptable to all of you. We have the trustees, the educators, the people, the pupils and the children. But endowments, trustees, educators, parents, children, each working by themselves indifferent to each other, cannot make a successful school.

"Mutual support and confidence—co-operation—teamwork on the part of all, and respectful subordination on the part of the pupils only can make a good school. If you will only realize this and act in accordance with it we will have a school or schools to be proud of.

"To the Pupils and Children—it is upon you—it is upon the graduates that the school sends forth, that the future reputation of the school rests. Your future standing in the community or in your business or your profession will be largely based upon the work that you are doing here or in other schools; remember this when tempted to neglect opportunity, to infringe discipline, to obstruct or embarrass the working of the school.

"*Don't fall into the error of thinking that in these days there is no opportunity—there is more now than ever.*

"Look at the list of names of men that control or are interested in the great constructive work of the world, those who have accomplished something, and you will find ninety-nine or more of every hundred started at the bottom rung of the ladder and unaided, except by their ability, enterprise, persistency, climbed up from rung to rung to their present position.

"*The to-be successful ones attract attention —it is never necessary to have attention called to them.*

"Have proper respect for your position. All of us are units in the social structure, and each in his or her own particular position is an important unit. If each fills that position, accepting all its responsibilities and fulfilling all its requirements, not disturbing all around with unrest or dissatisfaction, being ever ready to move into other positions as opportunity and conditions make it possible or desirable, all will go well and each will have done his duty to the State, the family, and to himself."

THE DORMITORY OF THE LYNDON SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IN the quiet of the Vermont hills lives a poet and author whom THE NATIONAL has long regarded as a friend. There have been few recent issues of the magazine without some offering from Arthur Wallace Peach. Perhaps it was a bit of verse like "Youth and Age," or a more sustained flight like "Adversity"; again it may have been "In Times of Need," or something wholesome and optimistic in fiction. Many readers have asked us for something concerning this author, whose work—especially verse—has appeared in nearly all of the magazines; but Mr. Peach preferred to keep his "usual habit of silence," declaring that his life was of interest in "a subjective way only," and was really quite uneventful.

The announcement of the Vermont issue of THE NATIONAL, however, brought forth a few biographical facts from the poet of Brattleboro, for, while material was being collected in the Green Mountain State, Mr. Peach wrote: "I am a Vermonter, born and bred, and educated. My birthplace is Pawlet, Vermont; my home, Brattleboro, Vermont; and in the Brattleboro schools and in Middlebury College Vermont, I received my education. I have other Vermont affiliations. July 9, 1913, I was married to Mabel Fletcher Barrows, who was born in Brattleboro, received her education in Brattleboro schools and at Bradford Academy, and is the daughter of Mr. Edward Bruce Barrows, one of Brattleboro's leading business men. Vermont is surely written into our lives." And the readers of THE NATIONAL have surely been admitted into a life's romance—for Mr. Peach's letter was written shortly after that eventful date, July 9, 1913, and bore the postmark of Bread Loaf, Vermont, where the honeymoon was spent. It will be noted that in the middle names of the groom and bride's father appear the names of two of Scotland's bravest warriors and patriots, "The Wallace" and "The Bruce," and it is not unlikely that some drops of the blood of the martyred Wallace and of Bruce, the victor of Bannockburn, flow in the veins of the young people. Mr. Peach's paternal ancestors were English. His father was

MR. ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH
A young Vermont poet and short-story writer who is a favorite among the NATIONAL'S court of contributors

educated for the ministry, graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary, but failed in health and died when comparatively a young man. His mother is a descendant from John White, who settled at Lancaster, Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century. Of his parents Mr. Peach writes feelingly. He says:

MR. TRUMAN A. DeWEESE
A well-known journalist and advertising expert whose book, "The Bend in the Road," describes the charm of life in the country

"Books in his library were my first companions, and under the guidance of my mother, who is a lover of poetry, were invaluable in giving me an insight into the works of the great poets and writers of our literature. The music of verse attracted me first, before I was old enough to grasp the thought. The poets opened my eyes to the beauty of the inner and outer world, and the wonder of that first vision has not failed. With this insight came the early realization that the world is a very interesting place with very interesting people and situations. Out of these interests is born my enthusiasm for writing and the themes that make story and poem possible."

It was while at college that the young author did his first serious writing, both in verse and in prose. Before graduation his name was beginning to appear in the magazines, though his poetic labors were begun at a time when good verse was scarce and in little demand by the popular publications. But Longfellow was the master whom the young Vermonter wished to follow, and song and saga were kept virile and inspiring, sweet and clean. His wholesome Puritan type of training and the inspiration he drew in youth from his beloved Longfellow, and from Whittier, Bryant, Lowell and other great makers of the past have kept him true to early visions and ambitions. He is optimistic as to the future of verse. "I think that lovers of poetry are on the increase," he says. "Certainly the last few years prove this, and I have the friendliest word for the editors who gave me a courteous consideration when I was absolutely unknown. The future looks promising for better and finer work, and life more interesting as the miles lengthen." Surely there is bright success in store for this young man, who has but recently passed his twenty-seventh milestone.

A new story of Mr. Peach's, "Plotters Twain," is scheduled for the November NATIONAL, and we believe that it will delight every lover of boys and dogs—and as Don Marquis says, "dogs and boys always go together."

* * *

FROM the busy pen of Mr. Truman A. DeWeese, who has done a wide range of editorial work, comes one of the most charming books on country life and farm home-making that has been given to American readers since Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden." Among the thousands of city-wearied denizens Mr. DeWeese has awakened a new interest in nature and natural living.

"The Bend in the Road" is made to lead the way to a little ten-acre section of a worn-out eastern farm, on which the author and his family spend most of their summers, and which, although money-making appears not to have been made a material factor in the scheme of occupancy and improvement, appears to have paid big dividends in happiness, health and noble thoughts, as well as a dividend in values and no small item in actual profits.

The farm is located across the road from Elbert Hubbard's farm at East Aurora, and the remembrance of seeing the author at the very "Bend of the Road," which furnished the book with its happy title, enhances my interest in the story. Then and there his talk and action were suited to the words he has written—it was in raspberry time—and farmers, present and prospective, real or fancy, will find this book altogether delightful and wholesome.

A genial, hearty, humorous story of his rural experiences, punctuated by keen and timely satire and reverent and cheerful views of life and thought, make the book, although in no sense didactic or "preachy," one which it is restful, pleasant and profitable to read and consider, one that one wants to read on a farm amid appropriate scenes. It is above all a pleasant reminder that Americans, however active and successful in the strenuous conflict of business competition, may be as sweet and sound at heart as Mr. DeWeese's own fruit trees on his beloved "Hill Top Farm." The little book, which is published by Harper & Brothers, is tastefully printed and bound, and the illustrations are worthy of the letter press and especially in keeping.

Writing books and magazine articles is merely a mental diversion and relaxation for Mr. DeWeese. His more active and serious employment is found in directing and originating the advertising of the Shredded Wheat Company, one of the most successful pure food manufacturers in the world.

* * *

DURING the past few years, much has been written on the subject of prison conditions and reform. Among others Mr. Warren J. Brier's article in the NATIONAL, "The Incarceration of Ambrose Brodhead," provoked a storm of discussion. Many times the query came: "Is nothing being done to improve prison conditions?" Correspondents confessed their ignorance on the subject, because they had never been brought in touch with this phase of life; thus Mr. Brier's article made a doubly strong impression. Perhaps no present-day writer is better able to discuss prison conditions than Mr. H. B. Warner, who as it happens is not a journalist at all, but an actor and one of high standing in his profession. Mr. Warner's interest in the subject dates back a number of years, but his exhaustive study, the knowledge that makes him an authority in matters pertaining to prison life, were gained when he was given the title role in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Paul Armstrong's great crook play. Before he appeared as "Jimmy Valentine," Mr. Warner had acquainted himself at first hand with the life and conditions he expected to por-

MR. H. B. WARNER
The celebrated actor. He is also an authority on prison conditions and reform, and will contribute a sketch on the subject in a forthcoming issue of the NATIONAL

tray on the stage. He read prison reports from all parts of the world, met wardens and prison officials both in America and in England, as well as convicts and ex-convicts. His performance in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" was one of those inspired bits of acting that is seen perhaps once in a lifetime. Audiences in all parts of the country gave him ovations, while many a letter from the "silent audience" behind prison walls assured the young actor that his investigation had been worth while. He played before the inmates of San Quentin Penitentiary, California, in the open air, and prison authorities were so gratified with the results that Mr. Warner was begged to give a performance for the prisoners in almost every city where he appeared.

In the October number of the NATIONAL, Mr. Warner has promised to outline some of his impressions on prison reform, with an account of conditions as he has found them. We have long hoped for something from Mr. Warner on this subject; but an actor with a new play is the busiest of men, and "The Ghost Breaker," in which Mr. Warner is now starring, played for ten weeks in Chicago after its season's run in New York, with but a brief intermission before opening in Boston on Labor Day for a second season. Thus there has been little time during Mr. Warner's busy weeks for literary effort.

Mr. Henry Byron Warner is the youngest of our successful dramatic stars—he is only thirty-four. He is London born, the son of Charles Warner, a celebrated English actor, best known to playgoers in this country for his masterly interpretation of Coupeau in "Drink," the famous temperance play which Charles Reade derived from Zola's novel, "L'Assommoir."

The younger Warner was educated in the Bedford grammar school, London, and at Oxford University. His father endeavored in every legitimate way to keep him from taking up the stage as a profession. He secured for him a desirable position as secretary to a rich patron of the turf, but this employer lived only a short time. Having thus tried to please his father, the young man decided to follow his own ambitions and course in life.

So "Harry" Warner, as he is familiarly known, began to act—first in small parts His first real triumph was as the Rev. Mr. Eden in Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend," in which Miss Grace Warner, his talented sister, also played. Then he under-studied his father and scored a success as D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers," when through illness his father was unable to appear. His career in America has been marked with one success after another in parts of increasing importance. He first starred three seasons ago in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the powerful prison play, and is now having triumphant success in "The Ghost Breaker." He is easily one of the best artists on the stage today.

Mr. Warner is versatile as well as successful. He played Rugby so well while at college that he was urged to become a professional athlete. He has won no little renown as a skillful swordsman. No doubt he would have made an efficient secretary to the turf patron, his first employer. Again, he could lecture on prison conditions, and like our esteemed Secretary of State, gain a Chautauqua following. He can also write—lucidly, forcefully, entertainingly, as readers of the October NATIONAL will find.

* * *

WHO does not remember the days when as a boy he delighted to lie face down on the floor, or as a girl curled up in the big rocker or great lounge, feeding the eye and imagination, while the leaves of some picture book or illustrated history were turned. A distinguished American gentleman, not long ago a member of the president's cabinet at Washington, said the other day that for many years he had tried to find a picture seen by him in youth, in a book printed over sixty years ago, which he thought was called "The American Advertiser." It depicted a thrilling incident of the Revolutionary War, and through all the years of professional and political activity, this rude woodcut had been an interesting and oft-recurring memory.

Like household names, certain pictures are almost universally known and remembered. A century ago there were few Americans old enough to read or still young enough to remember, who had not a lively recollection of the crude wood-cuts of the "New England Primer," or the illustrations of Poor Richard's Sayings, and certain historical pictures. Half a century ago, Peter Parley's and Goodrich's histories, with more artistic prints, made almost universally known "The Battle of Bunker Hill," of "Lexington and Concord," "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Surrender of Cornwallis," "Signing the Declaration of Independence," "Perry's Victory." The Civil War period was especially rich in all kinds of historical, patriotic, sentimental and political delineations, many of which are now being republished and sold in vast quantities.

Few of us indeed ever lose our interest in pictures. They amuse our babyhood, interest and inspire our youth, and help to relieve the ennui when sickness or old age takes away the activities of manhood and womanhood. It is proposed to add to our list of "books the people built," a book of "Heart Pictures," containing a large number of illustrations, which have for some reason become dear to the hearts of the senders. We would like to receive letters, taking up this subject, and voicing the opinions of the writers as to the desirability of attempting to collect and prepare the material for such a work. It would help if each one would suggest the picture that has most impressed itself on the mind of the writer, not on account of its mere artistic excellence, but because of its influence, sentiment, curiosity or associations, and preferably one that has been indeed a picture beloved, prized and affecting in some degree the life of the writer.

Should the matter be taken up, a list of premiums will be awarded, and the successful pictures published in the best style possible. As a general rule, mere portraits will be excluded from the competition, as not over four or five hundred pictures can be accepted. Where large engravings are concerned, a cabinet size photo, taken by a good operator, will be all that is needed; and the same is true of illustrations in rare and valuable books; but these suggestions are made only to aid in considering the desirability of undertaking this unique work.

Let our readers think about their favorite "Heart Picture" and write their ideas to the editor, so that the work of selection and publication can be brought to a speedy conclusion.

* * *

SPEAKING of the happy marriage which Mr. Arthur Wallace Peach recently celebrated, we are reminded that another of our popular contributors became a benedict this summer. Mr. Harold de Polo, the author of the unique "Padre Bernardo" stories, wrote a casual note (after the manner of young bridegrooms) to the editorial office a few days after his wedding, making vague mention of the matter, perhaps thus thinking to escape congratulations. Why are bridegrooms so coy and diffident? With the letter was enclosed a story appropriately entitled "A Woman's Love," but unfortunately the manuscript readers were divided in opinion as to its allurements and gave their preference to "Padre Bernardo's New Cassock," another Bernardo story which presents the beneficent old Mexican pastor in a new adventure. The character drawing in "Padre Bernardo's New Cassock" is as delightful and subtle as in all the Bernardo stories, and the well-laid plot has surprising developments.

Some notable fiction offerings have already been scheduled for the October NATIONAL. The new serial will be "The Dalrymple Mystery," by Octave Thanet, one of America's most noted novelists, and author of "The Man of the Hour," "The Lion's Share," "By Inheritance" and other popular works. "The Dalrymple Mystery" is after the manner of the old-time "thrillers," graced with skilful character portrayal. It lives up to its title as well as to its author's reputation.

"A Flurry in Sea Food" is one of Archibald Webster's best humorous yarns. It has to do with a fish eye trust—yes, a corner in fish eyes. The story has atmosphere and humor as well as plot, and the suspense is kept up to the last moment. "Paula Peyton, Pessimist" is a pleasing bit of character drawing. Paula is a young lady who comes of noted New England stock, and finds it uncomfortable to live up to her family name and friends. In New York she decides to become a

Bohemian and incidentally an authoress who—like Aunt Gladiola, the lady novelist in Mr. Bartholomae's farce, "Kiss Me Quick"—can "live her books." "What Happened to Paula" presents some amusing developments.

A delightful domestic story is Lucile Byerly Miller's "The Gods That Fall." It is one of those epochal stories, introducing us first to three girls, at the end of their college days, and again to the same trio, ten years later. The story is strikingly illustrated by Mr. H. W. Packard.

The advertising pages carry an announcement of the great South American article that Mr. Peter MacQueen will contribute to the October NATIONAL. Not only is Mr. MacQueen one of the greatest travelers in the world today, but as former President Roosevelt declares, "Peter is a good fellow" who knows how to write in a clear and entertaining manner. He is terse and vigorous, takes the reader along with him in a friendly, personal sort of way,—in a word, Peter MacQueen is the ideal guide for the Rocking Chair tourist.

The Henry Clay Barnabee "Reminiscences" of forty years on the stage will be an important feature of the October NATIONAL. A variety of entertaining, colloquial articles and stories will make a real "all star" issue in the month of the Harvest Moon.

* * *

SOMETIMES an innocent mistake on the part of a well-meaning editor bestirs the wrath of readers. Usually it is righteous wrath, even though editors are only human and fallible; but surely a special apology is due for an error which occurred in the Washington Department of the July NATIONAL. In speaking of the activities of Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette, the fateful remark occurred, "In no state as yet have women the right to vote for President." Hardly was the magazine off the press before the editor learned the error of his ways. Mrs. Claude U. Stone, the wife of Congressman Stone of Illinois, set matters right and added the following remarks:

"As a matter of fact no President of the United States elected within the past forty-four years has reached his high estate without having had the assistance of women's votes, for even so long ago the men of Wyoming had granted the full voter's franchise to the women of their state.

"Full suffrage was obtained in Colorado in 1893, in Utah and Idaho in 1896, in Washington in 1910, in California in 1911. In the last presidential election the women of six states participated; since that very recent occasion those in four more states, Oregon, Arizona and Kansas, also Illinois, have become qualified, and though in the meantime we win no others, we shall have in 1916 almost four million women casting their ballots for presidential electors.

"A rough estimate shows that about one-fifth of the Senate and about one-eleventh of the House are now responsible to women constituents as well as to men."

To prove to the ladies that the sterner sex also was concerned over the mistake, we quote these letters to and from the editorial office:

Editor National Magazine:—To help keep up the reputation of the State of Washington, I write to tell you that the women in this state have every privilege in voting that the men have, and thousands of them last fall cast their votes for President (presidential electors). Our constitution was amended in 1910 to give women *equal* suffrage. I am of the opinion that the law just passed in Illinois will allow women to vote for presidential electors, as well as all constitutional state officers.

Very truly yours,
W. J. BRIER.

Everett, Washington.

My dear Mr. Brier:—Your cordial favor of the 21st at hand. Thank you for calling my attention to the fact that the State of Washington gave the women the right to vote for President. Have been "called down" on all sides for making this error. Will do my best to make amends and straighten myself out. You will recognize at once that the mistake was unintentional, as I am enthusiastic for the cause, and my sympathy rests with them, God bless them!

Yours sincerely,
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

Boston, Mass.

An article giving a poll of opinions from women in every part of the country will appear in the October NATIONAL. The question relates to "The Duty of Women"—and the ladies have, as in the famous Rest eulogy, seen their duty and done it." The contributions come from readers scattered far and wide—from Massachusetts to California. The opinions are widely different, covering many phases. They show that the ladies are thinking.

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